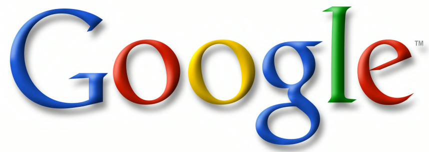

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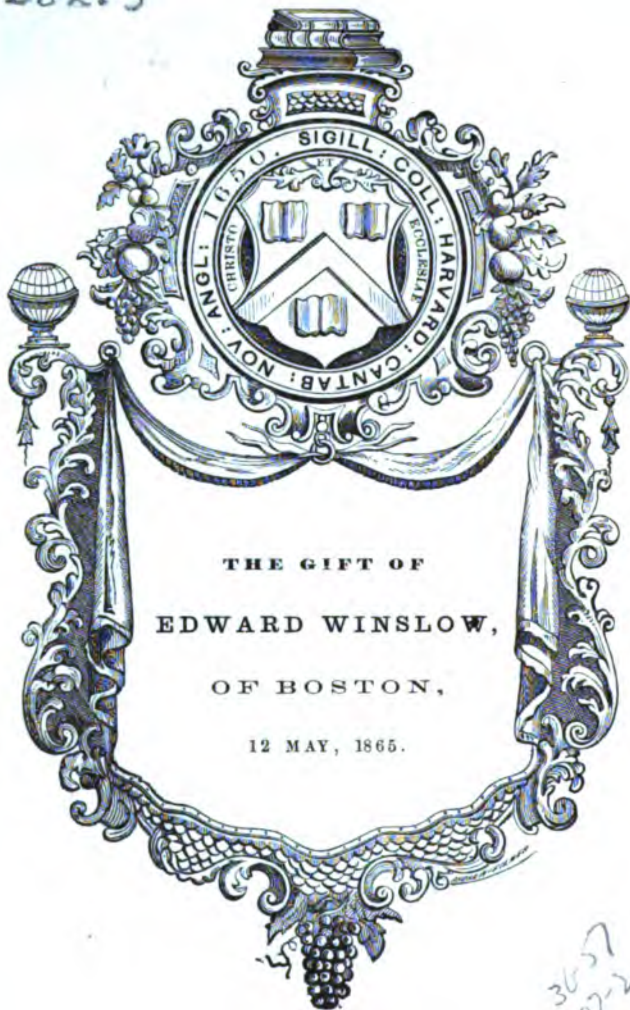

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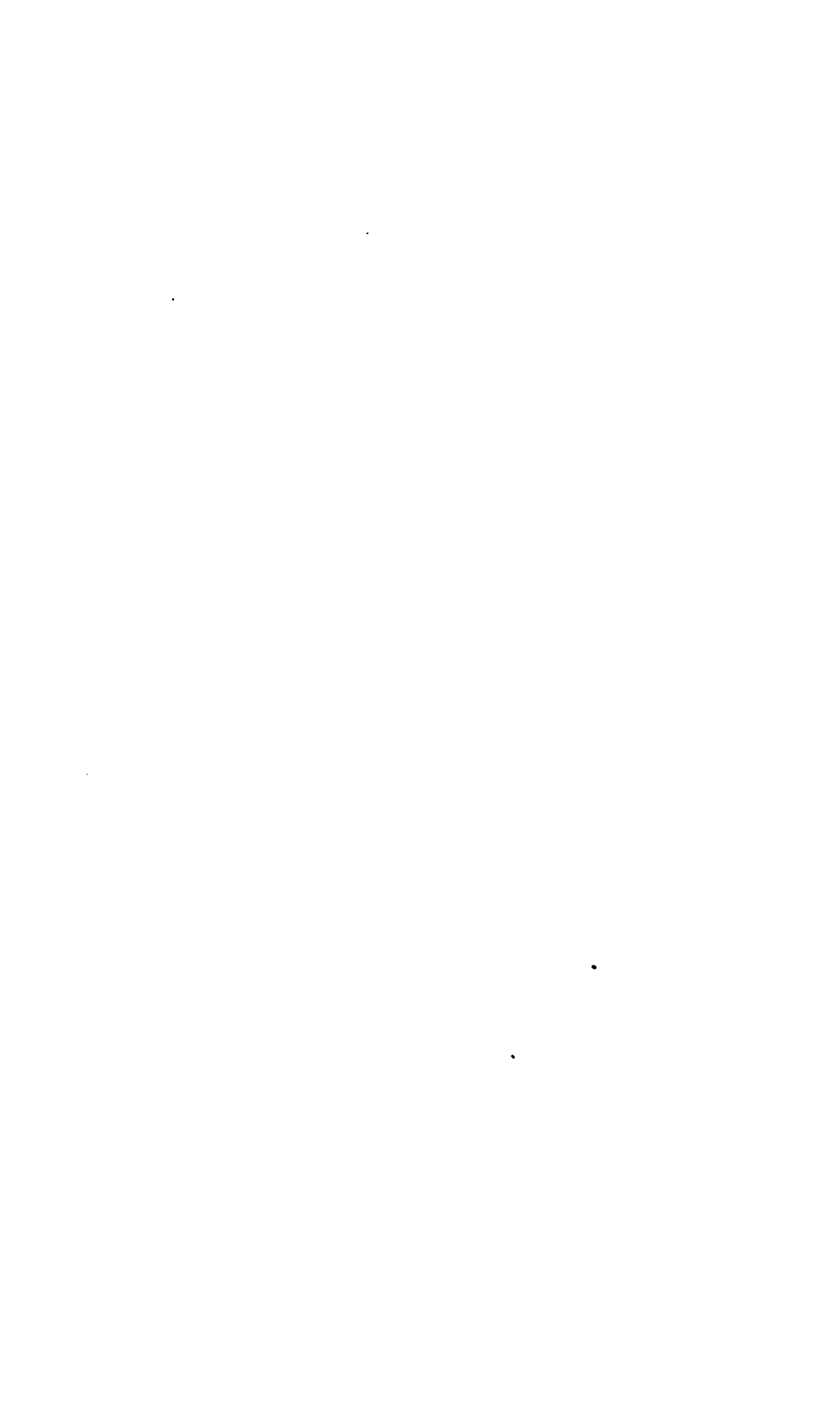

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THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY 1, 1828.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LETTERS TO THE STUDENTS OF GLASGOW. BY T. CAMPBELL.

Letter VI.

In my last Letter I treated of the Alexandrian school, and of its principal ornaments down to the Augustan age. The name of that period will remind you that, before its close, the literary spirit of Rome had not only arisen, but reached its acmé, so that I shall now think it time to diverge from Greek to Roman literature.

The debts of the Roman Muses to those of Greece are universally known; but let neither that fact, nor the trite familiarity of Latin names, make us indifferent to this subject. If all the works in the Latin tongue were but translations from the Greek, they would still afford us a conception of many productions that would have been otherwise unknown; and which might, at the worst estimate of the translating language, be likened to casts of perished sculptures, that may instruct and delight us, though their clay retains not the diaphonous surface of the original marble. But the Romans, though often, were by no means always, the mere translators of the Greeks; and even in remoulding Hellenic treasures, they were far from having left them unstamped with traits of their own proud and peculiar character. The language of Livy and Tacitus—the language that has been the most general interpretess between the ancient and modern world—the language of the most powerful people that ever existed, needs no apology for its claims upon our interest.

What a spell to our associations lies in the name of Rome!—

> "The city that so long
> Reign'd absolute, the mistress of the world,—
> The mighty vision that the Prophets saw,
> And trembled."*

It is true that her history may often provoke us by the sight of merciless skill and strength usurping the honours and the very name of virtue. The Romans crushed in Italy and Greece more germs of civilization than they ever planted on the face of the earth. They were pitiless ravagers of the world; and unhappily their downfal was so long deferred, as not to give us the comfort of seeing the nations whom they oppressed avenged in their own generation.

But, still, of all ancient histories, that of Rome affords the longest lessons in political experience. It shows us, in vast and clear views, the glory and usefulness of certain attributes, that would have been

* Rogers's "Italy."

pure virtues in the Romans, if they had been exerted only in self-defence. It exhibits also a just reaction in the moral world, and inculcates the doctrine of a general Providence, by showing that all iniquitous earthly power tends to work its own overthrow. For Rome exhausted herself by her conquests, and poisoned herself with the fruits of her own rapacity, till at last she lay under the vengeance of the outraged world, like a blind and gigantic malefactor, so bloated and agonized as to be indebted to her executioners.

The land where Roman greatness walked forth from its cradle had several other ancient appellations, such as Hesperia, Saturnia, and Œnotria, besides that of Italia. Hesperia, however, was only a vague name, under which Spain also was sometimes included; and the other names belonged only to parts of Italy, though they were extended by poetic licence to the whole. The word Italia itself, in Greek geography, originally designated only what is now the South of Calabria; and no Greek writer before the Messinian Alcæus, in the year of Rome 557, can be found to have applied it to the whole Peninsula. Some sixty years later, Polybius uses the name of Italy in its widest extent; and in the Augustan age it had superseded every other prose appellation of the country.

In spite of this narrow acceptation of the word Italia among the early Greeks, however, it is by no means clear that the Italians themselves had the same restricted geographical notion of the country to which they imparted their name. Conrad Mannert,* one of the ablest of modern classical geographers, contends that at every known period of history they attached the same idea as the moderns to the name of Italy. It is not contradicting this assertion to apply the qualifying recollection, that though the natives, in a general sense, considered all to be Italy from the Sicilian Straits to the Alps, yet, until the time of Augustus, they esteemed Cisalpine Gaul and Venetia less expressly Italian soil than the rest of the Peninsula. The former territory had been conquered, even in Roman times, by a people so distinct from the Southern Italians, that their long occupation of the land might seem, if one may use the expression, to have unitalianized it; whilst Venetia, on the eastern side of this northern part of Italy, was held by a race, in all probability, Sclavonic, and equally distinct in speech and breed both from the Gauls and Italians.

These circumstances account for the country south of the Apennines and the Rubicon being held to be more expressly Italy than the region north of those boundaries. It may be added that Augustus, unlike the moderns, brought Istria within the limits of Italy. Yet, with these modifications, the assertion may still be hazarded that the Italians always meant the same territory that we mean by the name of Italy. In looking, indeed, at the map of the country, one is struck by the distinct boundaries which Nature has assigned to it as a mighty whole, investing it with the sea on two sides, and disjoining it from Europe by the Alps, that sweep round its northern amphitheatre. Such a country one might expect to have had early one wide-spread appellation. And if Mannert be right, Italy had this collective and not partial name from a primitive people, the Itali, who were more generally the ancestors of its subsequent population than either the Illyrian, Iberian, Hellenic, or Gaulish

* Geographie der Griechen und Römer von Conrad Mannert.

race, who, at different periods, made conquests in the Peninsula, sometimes mastering its coasts and sometimes its interior.

Those earliest questions, however, in Italian antiquities are too abstruse and complex to be stated in narrow limits; and I shall avoid them as much as I can, since they bear but very remotely on the history of Roman literature. At the same time, before I enter on that subject, I am unwilling altogether to omit such a general notice of Italy as may bring before you some remembrances both of its past and recent state. As it is a country where civilization may be said scarcely ever to have died, the glories of its ancient and modern ages reciprocate a lustre on each other; and the imagination, in hearing of its classic places, demands to know what objects they now present to the traveller. Literary history, too, is but a dry study when it presents only books and authors, abstracted from all recollections of the scenery, climate, age, and people, in the midst of which they were produced. In speaking of Italy, preparatory to entering on the literature of Rome, I shall of course avoid going too far into such collateral objects of interest; but, for the present, I invite you to accompany me on the map of that country, whilst I endeavour to sketch its geographical picture.

The stupendous Alps may be called the peculiar property of Italy; for though they branch into other countries, this country alone looks up to their whole semicircular chain, extending from the Gulf of Genoa to that of Venice. Hannibal was the first traveller over the Alps who was great enough to make them famous as the natural, though not impregnable, ramparts of Italy. It is clear that he must have passed over Mont Cenis. From thence alone could he have had a view through the vale of Souza to the distance of some thirty miles of the plain which is watered by the Po.

Cæsar was the first who thought of subduing Transalpine Gaul. For this purpose he chose the nearest and already well-known way through the territory of the Salassii, over the Grecian Alps and the lesser Saint Bernard, by which route he was brought immediately to the exit of the Rhone out of the Lake of Geneva, and to the neighbourhood of the Helvetians.

Eight years employed in his plan of conquering Gaul, Cæsar drew troops and warlike supplies to his army out of Italy, and every winter he came back thither in person over the same passes of the Alps with an increasing retinue. It was not, however, till Augustus's time that the Romans became very familiar with the Alps, when those mountainous tracts were opened up to them in all directions, and different names were assigned to their different portions. The lowest part of them that dips into the Gulf of Genoa, and separates Nice and Piemont, had been already denominated the Maritime Alps. New appellations, however, were now introduced. The chain that divided Gaul and Italy from the sources of the Var and the Stoura to Mont Iseran, were called the Cottian Alps, from Cottius, a Gallic chieftain that reminds us of Caractacus in Britain, though he was more fortunate. From thence to Mont Blanc the mountainous mass was called the Grecian Alps, owing to the fable of Hercules having entered Italy in that direction. From Mont Blanc extends a chain called the Pennine Alps, to Adula, or the greater Mont St. Bernard, which divides the Valey and the rest of Switzerland from Italy. Lastly, the Rhætian Alps cross the Tyrol and approach those of Carinthia, forming a suite of mountains

six hundred miles in sweep, and unparalleled for grandeur and picturequeness.

The following enumeration of the ancient provinces of Italy, though different from the Augustan division, has been adopted by most geographical writers—namely, I, Liguria: II, Gallia Cisalpina: III, Venetia, including the Carni and Histria: IV, Etruria: V, Umbria and Picenum: VI, The Sabini, Æqui, Marsi, Peligni, Vestini, Marrucini: VII, Roma: VIII, Latium: IX, Campania: X, Samnium and the Frentani: XI, Apulia, including Daunia and Messapia, or Japygia: XII, Lucania: XIII, Bruttii.

I. Liguria.—This land, in its old geographical meaning, extended into Gaul, and even to the Pyrenees, where Scylax speaks of the Ligurians and Iberians living together. But when the Romans had mastered Italy, the name of Liguria was limited to its north-western corner. On the west it was bounded by the river Varus, near the Maritime Alps: on the north by the Po, in its course eastward to the vicinity of Placentia. An oblique line along the Apennines as far as the source of the Macra, and then that river itself, formed its eastern limits; whilst the whole of its southern side was open to the sea. Liguria will thus be found to be represented on the modern map by the Duchy of Genoa, and by Southern Piemont up to Mont Viso.

The known residence of the Ligurians in Italy is so remote, that we may safely reject all theories of their Gallic or Celtic or Spanish origin. As little could they be congenerous with the Veneti, who never came to this part of Italy. It may be concluded that they were pure and primitive Itali. Dionysius, indeed, makes them parents of the Siculi, and gives them a king of the name of Italus. That the Ligurians and Siculi lived together at Rome long before the time of Romulus, we are expressly told by Festus.

The military character which Livy gives of this people surpasses even his accustomed eloquence.* During the first Punic war, their troops were the mercenaries of Carthage; and it was not till long after the second, that Rome could be said to have subdued them. Accustomed as the Romans had been at that time to easier enemies, they would have much rather peaceably exchanged their own wine and oil for the honey and cattle and fine timber of the Ligurians, than have been obliged to besiege them in their highland castles, or to meet their brazen targets and terrific war-cry, that so often surprised them in the narrow glens. But to maintain a western dominion, the mountains of Liguria were an indispensable perch for the Roman Eagle. And after a struggle of eighty years those mountains were won at last; though not till the natives had been slaughtered or torn alive from their country almost by myriads.

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* "Is hostis," says Livy of the Ligurians, "velut natus ad continendam inter magnorum intervalla bellorum Romanis militarem disciplinam erat: nec alia provincia militem magis ad virtutem acuebat. Nam Asia, et amenitate urbium, et copia terrestrium maritimarumque rerum, et mollitia hostium regiisque opibus, ditiores quam fortiores exercitus faciebat. In Liguribus omnia erant quæ militem excitarent: loca montana et aspera quæ et ipsis capere labor est, et ex præ-occupatis dejicere hostem: itinera ardua, angusta, infesta insidiis; hostis levis et velox et repentinus, qui nullum usquam tempus, nullum locum quietum aut securum esse sineret: oppugnatio necessaria munitorum castellorum laboriosa simul periculosaque: inops regio quæ parsimoniâ astringeret milites, prædæ haud multum præberet."

In character, however, the martial Ligurians are described by the ancients as not more moral than their present representatives in Piemont are said to be,—of whose turn for extravagant fiction, a modern traveller alleges it to be a decisive proof that they have so many native stories beginning with the words "AN HONEST PIEMONTESE."

This part of Italy has but few classical monuments; but to interest the heart and imagination, it still has Genoa and her noble memory,—Genoa, that lent her mariners to our English Edwards—that was for a time, indeed, Queen of the Mediterranean—the rival of living Venice, and the likeness of departed Greece—and that still, even in our own days, had patriots courageous enough to execrate the infamous cession of their country to Sardinia by Metternich and Castlereagh.

II. Gallia Cisalpina sometimes meant all Northern Italy; but its limits, more strictly defined, correspond on the modern map only to part of Piemont, together with Parma, Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna.

In the reign of Tarquinius Priscus at Rome, the Gauls began their irruptions into Italy, and for seventy years new tribes continued to pour into it through the passes of the Alps. Driving the polished Tuscans out of the country which is now called Lombardy, they pushed on to the south, and at the end of two centuries were within the walls of Rome, from whence they were bought off and not beaten by Camillus. But the tide of destiny changed, the Romans in their turn attacked them; and the Gauls, forced back from the Adriatic to the Po, and from the Po to the Alps, had only a last chance for vengeance and recovery of losses, by attaching themselves to Hannibal. His fate sealed theirs; and twelve years after the second Punic war, Cisalpine Gaul was a Roman province.

At the fall of the empire, the Heruli, under Odoacer, established themselves on both sides of the Po, and made Ravenna their capital; but had scarcely finished their conquests when they were swept down by the Ostrogoths, whose power however was shaken by Belisarius, and destroyed by Narses. But Italy had no sooner been brought back under the power of the eastern emperors than the Longobardi, breaking in from Pannonia and the German forests, in 567, founded a powerful kingdom that bore their name, in the great valley of the Po. Stephen II. the Bishop of Rome, looked with jealousy on this foreign dominion: he crossed the Alps to wait in person on Pepin, King of the Franks, and implored him to come and protect the church in Italy. Pepin accepted the invitation, and fought the enemies of the church. Charlemagne completed the work of his father, in whose house, when a boy twelve years old, he had seen the holy Pontiff. He subdued the Lombards, and on a memorable Christmas night was presented by the Pope with the Roman imperial diadem. Never was there a more dexterous throw of the fisherman's net, or a gift more productive to the giver. The church obtained a champion, the Bishop of Rome became a spiritual emperor, and the power of church and state was henceforth, with some casual exceptions, indissolubly united.

Yet there was still a spirit of independence in Italy, and the emperors of Germany found it their interest to comply with it. Republican ideas sprang up, and were perpetuated. In the twelfth century all the Lombard cities chose their own magistrates, and deliberated on peace and war, as well as on their local interests. Frederic Barbarossa

was the first emperor who attempted to establish absolute power in Italy. Milan, at that time the head city of Lombardy, was besieged, famished, and reduced to a heap of ruins by that Imperial ruffian. After a truce of terror the oppressed Republics again confederated. Happily Barbarossa was so mad as to attack the Romans, and the Vatican for once launched its thunders on the side of Liberty. The excommunicated emperor was defeated by the Lombards, and with difficulty skulked out of the field. But the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and the change of elective into hereditary magistrates, effected in those Republics more than external enemies could have done. The Milanese, in the thirteenth century, had eight thousand knights and two hundred and forty thousand men under arms. Into their subsequent history it is hardly interesting to inquire. On the death of the Sforza family, the Duchy of Milan fell to Spain, in 1700, and from thence was consigned to Austria.

Whilst the whole of that tract, the very garden of Italy, which is now called Lombardy, was in the power of the Etrurians, the blessings of its natural fertility must have been enhanced by considerable civilization. Its succeeding occupants, the Gauls, who drank hard, and frequently out of the skulls of their enemies, were unlikely to be scientific farmers, though the country is still described as rich in their possession. By the time of Polybius it was a Roman province, and its productiveness is represented by him as perfectly marvellous ; for, making all allowance for the comparative value of money, a land where the traveller could be sumptuously entertained at an inn at the cost of less than a halfpenny a day, must have been blessed with cheapness, even according to ancient ideas.

Of the present state of Lombardy, under its Austrian masters, statements are different. Charles Pictet, a very recent writer, paints the happiness of its farmers, and the beauty of its farms, in the most enchanting colours. Other travellers, as well as Malte Brun the geographer, speak of it as a country exhibiting extreme contrasts of luxury and wretchedness ; and it would be strange indeed, if things were otherwise under a government which, though it has not encouraged exactly the same drinking cups as those of the Gauls, has done its best to degrade and dishonour the skulls of the living. Yet, cursed as it is by a foreign yoke, it is clear that the land is still exuberant and lovely. The luxury of plantation, says Pictet, is so thick over all Lombardy that the eye of the traveller cannot pierce its depth. He journeys on through an horizon that is always veiled before him, and which unfolds itself only as he advances, thus raising a succession of pictures that raise as well as reward the imagination. The plains of Milan also present certain objects that pleasingly resemble the figures of ancient bas reliefs ; such as the low-wheeled and massive rustic cars, the oxen adorned with garlands, the female peasants with their hair buckled up with a silver arrow, the sheep with pendent ears, and the shepherds with their mantles flung gracefully over the left shoulder—familiar and living reminiscences of classical antiquity, that I should think must touch the heart more agreeably than the most elaborate monuments.

III. The north-east angle of Italy, formed by the Alps and the head of the Adriatic Gulf, was the site of the Roman province of Venetia, corresponding, on the modern map, pretty nearly to the territory of the late republic of Venice, or to the eastern part of what Austria calls her

Lombardo Veneto Kingdom; only the Roman Venetia, from the time of Augustus, included Istria. The Heneti, or Veneti, who gave this region their name, were probably of Sclavonic origin; but their settlement in Italy was so ancient, that it cannot be ascertained whether they found this part of it unoccupied, or displaced the Tuscans. Their fifty cities which are known to have flourished before the Romans came among them, one of which, Patavium, alone,—a place of cloth and other manufactures,—could bring 20,000 men into the field; their famous horses and wines, and their trade in amber, which was so plentiful that strings of it were worn by their poorest women as necklaces,—these, and other circumstances, mark them to have been considerably civilized; but of their language no monument remains.

Constantly fighting with the Gauls, the Veneti early attached themselves to the Romans, and made no opposition to the spreading power of that people in Italy. Rome, in turn, treated them as friends, and allowed them to retain their constitution and their free towns, whilst it delighted in grinding the Gallic hordes. The Venetians therefore prospered under the Roman Empire, but they suffered dreadfully during its fall, from their land being the main thoroughfare between Rome and her enemies; and many of their finest cities never recovered from the devastations of the Goth and the Hun.

In the fifth century, a remnant of the Veneti had fled from the wasting sword of Alaric to some islands at the mouth of the Brenta, where they founded two small towns, Rivoalto and Malamocco. There they first eluded and then defied succeeding invaders; and in the year 697 those isles had become populous. From the Emperor Leontius they obtained authority to elect a Doge. Pepin, King of Italy, gave them territory on either side of the Adige: and Rivoalto, uniting itself to its dependencies, became modern Venice, with her 150 islands and 300 bridges. In the ninth century this Republic was great at sea; in the twelfth it equipped fleets for the Crusaders; in the thirteenth it shared in the capture and spoils of Constantinople: during several centuries it was the vanguard of Europe against the Turks; and for 1300 years never saw a conquering army within its walls, till the French entered it in 1797.

The appearance of Venice is still at once glorious and curious. Its churches, and palaces, and private buildings, have an air of magnificence truly Roman. Its school of painting excites the noblest recollections; and its rampart for protecting the city and port against the storms and swell of the Adriatic—a vast pile, formed of blocks of Istrian marble, running along the shore and connecting island with island for the space of nineteen miles—reminds us of the Piræus of Athens, and, if finished, would rival any work of human construction.

Yet, proud as the story of Venice may be, it has nothing illustrative of permanence in human affairs, or in national character. Its government, originally popular and free, was ages ago crushed by the aristocracy, who finally organized a Constitution having oppression for its end, and espionage and assassination for its means. This gentle government was removed by the horrors of French invasion. Venice was then merged in the Cisalpine Republic, and, in 1805, in the kingdom of Italy. By the Congress of Vienna, it has been since made a part of the Lombard Venetian realm already mentioned.

The Venetian gentlemen draw well under the yoke of Austria; they

spend their days in gallantry, or in lounging at a casino, and never read any thing but a music-book. When we recollect that this was the land of Livy, and the mother of modern republics, Venice offers a melancholy and a monitory spectacle.

IV. Etruria. The three last-mentioned provinces fill up the whole of Northern Italy. Shortly below the western beginning of its Peninsular shape, the Roman province of Etruria stretched along the sea from Luna to the Tiber, and was bounded on its other sides by Liguria, Cisalpine Gaul, Umbria, the Sabines, and Latium. It thus comprehended what is now the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and the patrimony of St. Peter. The former territory fell into the power of the Goths at the dissolution of the Roman Empire. The Lombard Alboin made it a fief of his crown, and Charlemagne made it a county of his empire. In process of time the Tuscan cities asserted their municipalities, and assisted the Pope against the Empire. Pisa, Sienna, and Florence, were the most important of these Republics; their chiefs bore the title of Gonfalonier. In the fourteenth century they were grown rich by commerce, but the stronger began to oppress the weaker. Florence seized upon Pisa, but soon after lost her own liberty by permitting the power of the Medici to become hereditary. After the extinction of that family, in 1737, the Grand Duchy passed to the Duke of Lorrain. His house was dispossessed of it by Napoleon, who gave it to his sister Eliza. At last, in 1814, the ancient Archduke re-entered its government.

The ancient Etrurians—by the Greeks first called Tyrseni, then Tyrrheni—by the Romans Etrusci and Tusci—and by themselves Rasena, or Raseni—are, of all the nations that preceded the Romans in Italy, the most worthy of attention. Before the existence of Rome they had arts, arms, commerce, and political institutions, the memory of which Theophrastus and Aristotle thought worthy of preservation. The discoveries of their national monuments point out Etruria to have been their main and original Italian abode; but their colonies were at one time far spread over Italy, till want of union made them a prey to the Gaul, the Samnite, and the Roman; when their broidered carpets, their silver plate, and their richly-dressed and beautiful slaves, became a booty to soldiers.

Though their general greatness is known, their particular history has fallen into great obscurity. If I may touch on so thorny a subject as their origin, I would say that Mannert's theory on this subject appears to me the most simple and satisfactory. Niebuhr may be more original, but he has yet to learn Mannert's art of making his opinions intelligible. According to Mannert, the Etrurian breed was a mixture of early Pelasgi, who came by sea, and overpowered, or incorporated with the aboriginal Umbri; and of a second tribe of Pelasgic origin, who came from a settlement in Lydia. This mixture of Pelasgic comers made the nation maritime, which the Umbri had never been. It also gave a difference to the Etruscan language from that of the surrounding Italians, and a mode of writing from right to left that bespeaks an eastern source. Etruria had not only a language, but a literature of her own. Poems of different kinds, and tragedies, which were probably translated from the Greek, may be supposed to have been played in her gigantic theatre at Fæsulæ. The music of the Romans was derived from Etruria, so were the songs of their scenic stage, the badges of

their magistracy, and the ensigns of their army. Rules for interpreting the will of Heaven by lightning and otherwise, reached the Etruscans through the kindness of Tages, a wise subterraneous dwarf; and from Etruria they came to Rome. The Romans originally obeyed them as laws, and rather relaxed their ties than cast them aside.

Yet after all it is exceedingly probable that the intellectual character of the Etruscans has been exaggerated. The government of their confederated, but ill-united cantons, was aristocratic, defective in popular spirit, and enslaved by superstition. Their gigantic architecture itself, it is to be feared, could not have been produced without bondsmen and task-masters, and by this constitution Etruria fell.

Etrurian greatness had reached its summit in the third century of Rome. In the next the Campanian cities were lost beyond the Apennines, Veia, and Capena. The fifth century passed in an irresolute struggle with the prevailing star of Rome. After that time the Etrurians enjoyed a long repose, until their last but ineffectual resistance to Sylla.

V. The Province of Umbria lay between Etruria, on the west; Gallia Togata* on the north, the Sabini on the south, the Adriatic on the east, and Picenum on the south-east. On the modern map it is represented by the Duchies of Spoleto and Urbino.

The Umbri were confessedly the most ancient inhabitants of Italy. After the arrival of the Pelasgi Tyrrheni, and the rise of Etruria, the Umbrian nation began to decline. Originally, their limits had been much wider than those marked out for them when they became a province; but the Tuscans, we are told, took from them three hundred towns, and dislodged them from the north of Italy. Both the Etrurians and Umbri, however, had soon to contend with the Gauls, who drove the latter from the Adriatic shores to their central mountains. On the ebb of Gallic power, that of Rome flowed fast upwards in Italy, and the Umbri seem to have offered but little resistance to the Romans, to whom they submitted in the fifth century of the city.

This part of Italy belongs at present to the Roman see, and the inhabitants still take a pride in believing themselves descended from the Romans. The people of Spoleto glory in showing the gate and its ancient inscription, at which their ancestors repulsed Hannibal, when advancing, flushed with confidence as he was after his victory at Thrasymenus. Such ancient monuments seem to annihilate the antiquity of our own. Yet the pride of Umbria can only be said to exist in memory. Her blue skies, and her classic mountains, still remain to her; the breed of her snow-white heifers, that supplied victims of sacrifice in the time of Virgil, are still as spotless and fine as ever; and the identity of many of her olive-grounds that may have been planted by classical Roman hands, can be traced back for ten centuries. But man has degenerated here. Beggars in the day-time escort the traveller in large congregations; and on the road to Terni—Terni that gave birth to Tacitus the historian, and to the Emperors Florian and Tacitus—there is an entire village surrounded with walls, the whole inhabitants of which are mendicants, and nothing but mendicants unless they be robbers.†

In my next Letter I shall conclude this general sketch of Italian Antiquities, preparatory to entering on my more express subject of Roman Literature.

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* Another name for Gallia Cisalpina.

† Voyage en Italie, par L. Simond, vol. i. p. 165.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.*

We are not among those who look upon the present race of authors as a set of ill-used gentlemen; on the contrary, we are of opinion, that at no other period of our literary annals have they, generally speaking, met with so nearly the just measure of their deserts, at the hands both of the critics and the public. We do not believe that a single striking instance can be pointed out, among living writers, of a reputation built up without foundation, or of a solid foundation remaining long without an answerable superstructure above it. We do not mean that false pretensions are not frequently puffed into a momentary popularity; for in this, as in all other cases, money and favour will have their way, and perhaps ought to have it. If there were not a great deal of falsehood put forth to the world in connexion with matters of this nature, there would be a proportionate lack of truth. And on the other hand, nothing is so easy as to keep down a reputation for a time, where those who take upon themselves to state the case, and examine the evidence, happen to "have the ear of the court," and are at the same time gifted with much malice and a little wit, joined to and set in motion by envy or personal pique. But these results, however skilfully brought about, are in both cases equally brief. In fact, a grossly mistaken notion of literary merit cannot long and generally prevail in the present day. Time was with us, when it required a hundred or so of years to make known to English readers the merits of "Paradise Lost." Now, as many days would suffice to spread the fame of such a work over the civilized world. And though the "Triumphs of Temper" might, even in our own day, have been passed off as the Triumphs of Poetry, for a week or a month, the next would have found them just where they are.

We have been led into these observations by the peculiar circumstances under which we find the work, the title of which stands at the head of our paper. The two first volumes of it have now been before the world for three or four years; and we will venture to assert that during that period, no one other work has come forward, presenting more deep, serious, and interesting claims upon public attention.

It is our intention, in the present article, to do our poor endeavour towards extending the reputation of a work, in the composition of which, the author, relying on his own talent and originality, seems to have rejected the elements of popularity which other writers have employed.

The title of the work bespeaks its form. It consists of conversations, for the most part between the illustrious dead of former ages; among others, between Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney, Queen Elizabeth and Cecil, Milton and Andrew Marvel, Lord Bacon and Richard Hooker, Washington and Franklin, David Hume and John Home, Johnson and Horne Tooke, &c.; and, among those of antiquity, Eschines and Phocion, Demosthenes and Eubulides, Pericles and Sophocles, Aristoteles and Calisthenes, Cicero and his brother Quinctus, &c. &c. With respect to those particular conversations just enumerated, perhaps the most explanatory notion we can convey of them is, that they are such as the very persons in whose mouths they are put may be supposed to have held in their actual intercourse with one another; such, no less in point of thought and sentiment than of style and manner. In a word, it is no extravagant praise of them to state a belief, that the illustrious persons whose names are borrowed for the occasions respectively, never expressed themselves in a manner and to an effect more worthy of their exalted fame; we mean, so far as each discussion goes. With respect to the subjects discussed, they are of great variety, and include most of the great moral and political questions which have from time to time agitated the highest intellects of the world, and on which the strength and happiness of nations and society, and consequently of every individual form-

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* Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen, by W. S. Landor, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo.

ing these, depends. There is not a human being, from the highest to the lowest in the scale of existing society, that is not more or less interested in the views sought to be developed in most of these admirable conversations; and there is not one conversation, among those of the kind to which we are now referring, that does not include either some new moral or political truths, or some new light thrown upon those which were before recognized, or some new mode of setting forth, or enforcing, or illustrating them. But besides these calm discussions of high moral and political questions, there are conversations having for their subjects various other matters, more or less grave, or light, or even humorous; and finally, several which seek to develope character and passion merely, and which should rather have been called dramatic scenes than conversations. Some of the most beautiful and effective portions of the volumes will be found among these latter.

Mr. Landor has shown by this work that he possesses much intellectual acuteness; great clearness and vigour of understanding; a high proportion of that only true wisdom which consists in the ability to judge justly, and to choose, according to that judgment, on general questions of right and wrong; and withal, a very considerable knowledge of the natural springs and movements of the human heart. But blended with, and occasionally rising above and triumphing over all these except the last, are the poetical qualities of his mind—the sensibilities, the sympathies, and the imagination: and from these it is that spring, together with some of the highest beauties, what will be looked upon as the errors and blemishes of the work before us.

We will proceed to point out those conversations in the two first volumes which strike us as most worthy of attention, and then present the reader with an extract or two from the third volume, which is scarcely yet in the hands of the public. Indeed, a rapid glance at the contents of the whole work may perhaps not be thrown away; since it will show that all classes of readers—not excepting the merely idle and desultory, who seek momentary excitement alone—will find something here to suit their various tastes and habits.

The first volume of the Imaginary Conversations opens with one between Richard Cœur de Lion and the Abbot of Boxley. It is short, and written in parts, with force and spirit; but partakes more of the nature of a scene from a drama than a formal conversation, and is far from being satisfactory or complete.

The second conversation is entirely to our tastes. It is between Sir Philip Sidney and his friend Lord Brooke,—he who caused himself to be described on his tomb as "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." It is full, to overflowing, of beauty—of that highest and rarest class of beauty which results from the willing union of poetry with philosophy. The friends sit together beneath a spreading oak in the Park at Penshurst, and talk in strains of calm, pure, and unaffected wisdom, worthy of themselves and of the place. Their talk is desultory,—as such talk, uttered in the presence of such scenes, must and should be. But it touches on no subject idly; and leaves none that it touches till it has brightened and beautified it with thoughts and images, no less new than just. We are strongly tempted to give some passages—one in particular, on the nature and causes of happiness, beginning at p. 23. But we must refrain. One paragraph, however, we must give—the concluding one (spoken by Sidney) on this subject—because it is applicable in a very beautiful manner, and might be offered as a sort of motto, to all the finer portions of Mr. Landor's labours.

"O my friend! is it nothing to think that this hand of mine, over which an insect is creeping, and upon which another more loathsome one ere long will pasture, may hold forth to my fellow men, by resolution of heart in me and perseverance, those things which shall outlive the least perishable in the whole dominions of mortality? Creatures, of whom the best and weightiest part are the feathers in their caps, and of whom the lightest are their words and actions, curl their whiskers and their lips in scorn upon similar meditations. Let *us* indulge in them: they are not weak,—suckled by Wisdom, taught to walk by Virtue." (i. 35.)

The third dialogue is between Henry IV. of England and Sir Arnold Savage, an ancestor of the author, who was twice Speaker of the Commons

in that day, and who distinguished himself by that famous speech to the King, in which, in the name of the people, he refused the supplies "till every cause of public grievance was removed." The dialogue is very short, and is conducted on both sides with a cool and temperate dignity that is very characteristic. It is founded on the speech alluded to, and concludes with the following very kingly proposition, and the noble replication to it, either of which, uttered openly in our own more refined day, would throw a whole court into consternation.

"*Henry.* Faith! I could find it in my heart, Sir Arnold, to clip thine eagle's claws, and perch thee somewhere in the peerage.

"*Savage.* Measureless is the distance between my liege and me; but I occupy the second rank among men now living, forasmuch as, under the guidance of Almighty God, the most discreet and courageous have appointed me, unworthy as I am, to be the great comprehensive symbol of the English people."

The fourth conversation is between Southey and Porson; somewhat long, but characteristic. It is almost entirely critical, with the exception of an amusing story (and no doubt a true one) which Porson relates, how he was one evening inveigled, by a young after-dinner acquaintance, into a fashionable rout, thinking he was going to enjoy a comfortable supper of oysters and porter, at the cyder cellar!

The fifth conversation, between Oliver Cromwell and Walter Noble, is excellent. Nothing can be better than the way in which the character of Cromwell is hit off—cold, cruel, sarcastic, and (as Noble is made to say very finely) witty over blood, as other men are over wine. The dialogue consists of a remonstrance by Noble against the proposed death of Charles, and a defence of it by Cromwell.

The sixth conversation is between Eschines and Phocion; and it takes us at once into the heart of antiquity, in a manner and with an effect that we scarcely believed any living writer to be capable of. This, after all, is the forte of Mr. Landor, who, in addition to his natural qualities for the task, is unquestionably one of the most accomplished classical scholars of his day. We do not mean that he could have capped Greek verses with his master, the late Dr. Parr: but we must venture to think that, in regard to all the true uses, and even the applications of scholarship, he is as much superior to that undoubtedly distinguished person, as Raphael, for example, was to his master, Pietro Peruzino;—and superior to him much in the same manner, namely, by the faculty and the habit of awakening into forms of life and beauty what the other left comparatively dry, spiritless, and dead. Of this fine dialogue, which treats of three or four topics, but chiefly of will-making, and of eloquence, we shall only say that it is in all respects worthy of the speakers—in style, in sentiment, in argument, in matter, in effect. We must again say of this dialogue, and of several others of a similar kind, it is difficult to believe that the supposed speakers themselves ever uttered, within the same space, finer thoughts in better words.

The seventh conversation is between Queen Elizabeth and Cecil. It is on the subject of Spenser, and his complaint on the delay in the payment of his pension as Poet Laureate; and nothing can be more spirited and royal than the strain in which the Queen chides her counsellor for his narrow-thoughted parsimony in that matter.

The eighth conversation is between James I. and Isaac Casaubon. It is full of acute remarks and strong reasoning, but is not one of those on which (we suspect) readers of any class will dwell with much pleasure, unless it be the violent anti-Catholics of our day and country—in whose sight it will perhaps, cover, like charity, some of the multitude of sins (as they will think them) which Mr. Landor has been guilty of in another sort. It is chiefly occupied in arguments against and vituperations of popery. The spirit of it may be judged of by the following passage:—

"So long as this pest exists on earth, religion will be a prostitute, civilization a starveling, and freedom a dishonoured outcast, a maimed beggar."

The ninth conversation is between the author in his own person, and an

Italian nobleman, the Marchese Pallavicini. The painful nature of the chief subject is relieved by some very interesting remarks on the wretched taste of the modern Italians in scenery and domestic architecture.

The tenth conversation is a sort of war-scene, written with great spirit, pathos, and dramatic effect. It springs out of the death of a young English officer in Egypt, and offers a fine tribute to the character of Kleber, at the expense of the rest of his countrymen, for whom Mr. Landor never loses an occasion of expressing his ineffable contempt.

The eleventh conversation, between Bishop Burnet and Humphrey Hardcastle, will succeed in puzzling most of its readers, before they discover its exact object and tendency; and we are not among those who can very clearly explain it to them. What seems pretty certain however is, that the concluding portion shadows forth under another name the author's notion of Lord Byron as a poet and a man: so at least we gather from a note, in which the author expresses his contrition at having painted the picture. He need not have been uneasy, provided he had not written the note in question. There are several of these allegorical representations of real and living persons scattered up and down throughout the work: but, such is our simplicity in these matters, the passages in question would have been merely unintelligible to us, had we not heard it whispered that, like the beef-eater in "The Critic," they represent "statesmen in disguise."

The twelfth conversation is between the celebrated Peter Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the President du Paty, who visited Italy during Leopold's government, and whose acquaintance was sought by him. It is, perhaps, upon the whole, the very finest of all these conversations, both as regards the reader and the writer; for it must be confessed that, after all, the noblest, because the most useful office a man can perform towards his fellow man, and the rarest that men do perform, is to search out, to disseminate, and to enforce wise and just views on the nature and effects of those laws and institutions by which societies are constituted, and in virtue (or in vice) of which we "live and move and have our (moral) being." This dialogue, which is of great length, is engaged chiefly in discussing various important points of law and of religion, as connected with the government of a state; and we really think it but poor praise to say of it, that we know not where else to turn, among the writings of our own day, for so much pure and true political wisdom, set forth in such clear, concise, and appropriate language. Mr. Landor himself will probably, before the date of these remarks, have discovered (if indeed he ever doubted it) that it is of little consequence his work not having yet found its way to the parlours and drawing-rooms of the million; since this dialogue alone will show him that it has evidently penetrated to the secret closets of the twenty who lead (or drive) that million, who have not dared quite to disregard it.

The thirteenth conversation, between Demosthenes and Eubulides, is a very excellent one. Its chief subjects are oratory and style; but it contains also many fine remarks and illustrations on other matters; and also two or three bitter, but we cannot think very successful attacks upon some celebrated moderns, after a fashion that may be best illustrated by a paragraph. Professing to speak of the projects of despotism that were contemplated in his day, Demosthenes says,

> "What an eulogy on the human understanding! to assert that it is dangerous to choose a succession of administrators from the wisest of mankind, and advisable to derive it from the weakest! There have been free Greeks within our memory, who would have entered into an holy alliance with the most iniquitous and most insolent of usurpers, Alexander of Pheræ, a territory in which Thebe, who murdered her husband, is praised above all others of both sexes. O Juno! may such marriages be frequent in such countries!"

The fourteenth conversation consists of a mock interview between Bonaparte and the President of the Senate who comes to deliver him an address. It seems introduced merely for the purpose of hanging a note upon it, which is intended to be an estimate of the late Emperor of the French, but will by most be looked upon as a tirade against him.

The fifteenth conversation is between the Abbé Delille and Mr. Landor; and is almost wholly critical. As might be expected, the Englishman has much the best of it. Indeed, the half-pastoral, half-Parisian Abbé is pretty nearly demolished by the attacks of his friend on all his hitherto immaculate models. The air of ineffable superiority which the unknown Englishman assumes over the idol of the Parisian salons, and the equally ineffable air of simplicity with which the latter, as in duty bound, bears it, are very amusing; and they are no less characteristic of each of the parties. This conversation, which in all probability actually took place (or something very like it), must have sent the good Abbé home in a most amiable state of mystification as to the pretensions of all the French poets extant,—himself alone excepted,—whom Mr. Landor, of course, does not meddle with.

The sixteenth conversation is between the late Emperor Alexander and Capo d'Istria. It is a very clever and acute exposé of the views and policy of the European Courts respectively, in relation (chiefly) to the Greek question. It will, however, strike the reader of this dialogue that the author has "'oer-informed" one at least of the speakers—as indeed he himself has suggested, in a very characteristic note, in which he candidly complains of his inability to write down to many of his speakers.

The seventeenth conversation is a very short, but very beautiful and interesting one, between Kosciusko and Poniatowski.

The eighteenth and last conversation in this volume, is between Middleton and Magliabechi, and touches on various points of religious faith, but chiefly on the duty and efficacy of prayer, which Middleton is known to have doubted, or rather disbelieved. We do not find any thing positively to except against in this dialogue; and there is also some very acute reasoning in it, on the part of Middleton; and two or three most edifying stories from the worthy Italian. But, nevertheless, it is one of about five or six in the whole three volumes, that we could without much intreaty have been induced to spare.

We find that our limits put it out of the question for us to give even a glance at the contents of the second volume.

We now turn (too late, we fear) to the new volume which is scarcely yet in the hands of the public. We shall wave every thing in the shape of formal criticism on it; partly as being in a great measure anticipated by what we have already said, but chiefly that we may give all the rest of our space to an extract or two: not that these can be made to prove or illustrate more than portions of what we have said of this excellent work; for, such is the variety of its contents, no one dialogue that we could give would do more than speak for itself. The book, to be appreciated, must be read.

As an example of what may be looked upon as the political portions of this work, we may refer to the dedication of this third volume, which is addressed "To Bolivar the Liberator." The reader will find it written in a strain of pure, fervid, and fearless eloquence, of which he has hitherto met with few specimens in the day in which he lives—a day than which none ever stood in greater need of such eloquence. We will now give (as much on account of its brevity as its beauty) a dialogue illustrative of what may be called the dramatic portion of these volumes:—

TIBERIUS AND VIPSANIA.*

"*Tiberius.* Vipsania, my Vipsania, whither art thou walking?

Vipsania. Whom do I see? my Tiberius?

Tiberius. Ah! no no no! but thou seest the father of the little Drusus. Press him to thy heart the more closely for this meeting, and give him....

Vipsania. Tiberius, the altars, the gods, the destinies, are between us.... I will take it from this hand of thine, and thus shall he receive it.

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* "Vipsania, the daughter of Agrippa, was divorced from Tiberius by Augustus and Livia, in order that he might marry Julia, and hold the empire by inheritance. He retained such an affection for her, and showed it so intensely when he once met her afterwards, that every precaution was taken lest the meeting should recur."

Tiberius. Raise up thy face, my beloved! I must not shed tears. Augustus! Livia! ye shall not extort them from me. Vipsania, I may kiss thy head.... for I have saved it. Thou sayest nothing. I have wronged thee; ay?

Vipsania. Ambition does not see the earth she treads on; the rock and the herbage are of one substance to her.

Let me excuse you to my heart, O Tiberius: it has many wants; this is the first and greatest.

Tiberius. My ambition, I swear by the immortal Gods, placed not the bar of severance between us. A stronger hand, the hand that composes Rome and sways the world....

Vipsania. .. overawed Tiberius. I know it; Augustus willed and commanded it.

Tiberius. And overawed Tiberius! Power bent, Death terrified, a Nero! What is our race, that any should look down on us and spurn us! Augustus, my benefactor, I have wronged thee! Livia, my mother, this one cruel deed was thine! To reign forsooth is a lovely thing! O womanly appetite! Who would have been before me? tho' the palace of Cesar cracked and split with emperors, while I was sitting in idleness on a cliff of Rhodes, eyeing the sun, as he swings his golden censer athwart the heavens, or spanning his image, as it overstrides the sea. I have it before me; and though it seems falling on me, I can smile at it; just as I did from my little favourite skiff, painted round with the marriage of Thetis, when the sailors drew their long shaggy hair across their eyes, many a stadium away from it, to look thereon, and to mitigate the effulgence from the brightest effigy of the brightest God.

These too were happy days: days of happiness like this I could recall and look back upon with unaching brow.

O land of Greece! Tiberius blesses thee, bidding thee rejoice and flourish.

Why cannot one hour, Vipsania, beauteous and light as we have led, return!

Vipsania. Tiberius! is it to me that you were speaking? I would not interrupt you; but I thought I heard my name, as you walked away and looked up toward the East. So silent!

Tiberius. Who dared to call thee? thou wert mine before the Gods.. do they deny it? Was it my fault....

Vipsania. Since we are separated, and for ever, O Tiberius, do not let us think on the cause of it: do not let either of us believe that the other was to blame: so shall separation be less painful.

Tiberius. O mother! and did I not tell thee what she was, patient in injury, proud in innocence, serene in grief!

Vipsania. Did you say that too? but I think it was so: I had felt little. One wave has washed away a thousand impressions of smaller from my memory. Could Livia, could your mother, could she who was so kind to me..

Tiberius. The wife of Cesar did it.. but hear me now, hear me.. be calm as I am. No weaknesses are such as those of a mother, who loves her only son immoderately, and none are so easily worked upon from without. Who knows what impulses she received? She is very kind; but she regards me only; and that which at her bidding is to encompass and adorn me. All the weak look after power, protectress of weakness. Thou art a woman, O Vipsania! is there nothing in thee to excuse my mother.. so good she ever was, so loving to me!

Vipsania. I quite forgive her; be tranquil, O Tiberius!

Tiberius. Never can I know peace.. never can I pardon.. any one. Threaten me with thy exile, thy separation, thy seclusion! remind me that another climate might endanger thy health!.. There death met me and turned me round. Threaten me to take our son from us! our one boy! our helpless little one! him whom we made cry because we kissed him both together.. rememberest thou? or dost thou not hear? turning thus away from me!

Vipsania. I hear; I hear; O cease, my sweet Tiberius! stamp not upon that stone.. my heart lies under it.

Tiberius. Ay, there again death, and more than death, stood before me. O she maddened me, my mother did, she maddened me.. she threw me to where I am, at one breath. The Gods cannot replace me where I was, nor atone to me, nor console me, nor restore my senses. To whom can I fly? to whom can I open my heart? to whom speak plainly? There was upon the earth a man I could converse with, and fear nothing: there was a woman too I could love, and fear nothing. What a soldier, what a Roman, was thy father, O my young bride! How could those who never saw him have discoursed so rightly upon virtue!

Vipsania. These words cool my breast, like pressing his urn against it. He was brave: shall Tiberius want courage?

Tiberius. My enemies scorn me. I am a garland dropt from a triumphal car, and taken up and looked on for the place I occupied . . and swung away and laughed at. Senators! laugh, laugh . . Your merits may be yet rewarded . . be of good cheer! Counsel me, in your wisdom, what services I can render you, conscript fathers!

Vipsania. This seems mockery: Tiberius did not smile so, once.

Tiberius. They had not then congratulated me.

Vipsania. On what?

Tiberius. And it was not because she was beautiful, as they thought her, and virtuous, as I know she is, but because the flowers on the altar were to be tied together by my heart-string. On this they congratulated me. Their day will come. Their sons and daughters are what I would wish them to be; worthy to succeed them, and ready too. I would not make them love me, as they must do, for it: but this will pass away.

Vipsania. Where is that quietude, that resignation, that sanctity, that heart of true tenderness?

Tiberius. Where is my love? my love?

Vipsania. Cry not thus aloud, Tiberius! there is an echo in this place. Soldiers and slaves may burst in upon us.

Tiberius. And see my tears? There is no echo, Vipsania; why alarm and shake me so? We are too high here for the echoes: the city is all below us: methinks it trembles and totters: would it did! from the marble quays of the Tiber to this rock. There is a strange buz and murmur in my brain; but I should listen so intensely, I should hear the rattle of its roofs, and shout with joy.

Vipsania. Calm, O my life! calm this horrible transport.

Tiberius. Spake I so loud? Did I indeed then send my voice after a lost sound, to bring it back; and thou fanciedst it an echo? Wilt not thou laugh with me, as thou wert wont to do, at such an error? What was I saying to thee, my tender love, when I commanded . . . I know not whom . . . to stand back on pain of death? Why starest thou on me in such agony? Have I hurt thy fingers, child? I loose them: now let me look! Thou turnest thine eyes away from me. Oh! oh! I hear my crime! Immortal Gods! I cursed then audibly, and before the sun, my mother!"

We could have wished to give one whole conversation of those which are assigned to some of the great names of antiquity, but the best of these are rather long, and we have already passed our limits. We should have been glad, had our limits permitted, to have presented some specimens of these noble compositions, particularly the second conversation, between Demosthenes and Eubulides, which relates chiefly to the news, which is supposed to have just reached them, of the death of Philip.

In concluding our most imperfect and inadequate notice of these volumes, we must be allowed to generalise our opinion of them as a whole by stating, that, together with oversights and errors, both of matter and of style, and a few (we should perhaps say, not a few) extravagancies both of sentiment and opinion, (resulting, in almost every instance, from a vehemence of temper, acting upon what will by many be looked upon as an almost fanatical love of political liberty, and a consequent hatred of those things and persons who hourly bring what remains of it into peril,) we conceive this work to include a geater proportion of profound and original thinking, of moral and political wisdom, of elegant scholarship, of acute criticism, and of eloquent, poetical, and just expositions and enforcements of all these, than is to be found within the same number of consecutive pages in any other work of the day.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. XX.

The last Clonmel Assizes.

THE delineation of the leading members of the Irish Bar is not the only object of these sketches. It is my purpose to describe the striking scenes, and to record the remarkable incidents which fall within my own forensic observation. That these incidents and scenes should take place in our courts of justice, affords a sufficient justification for making the "Sketches of the Irish Bar" the medium of their narration. I might also suggest, that the character of the Bar itself is more or less influenced by the nature of the business in which it is engaged. The mind of any man who habitually attends the assizes of Clonmel carries deep, and not perhaps the most useful, impressions away from it. How often have I reproached myself with having joined in the boisterous merriment which either the jests of counsel, or the droll perjuries of the witnesses, have produced during the trial of a capital offence! How often have I seen the bench, the jury, the bar, and the galleries of an Irish court of justice, in a roar of tumultuous laughter, while I beheld in the dock the wild and haggard face of a wretch who, placed on the verge of eternity, seemed to be surveying the gulf on the brink of which he stood, and presented, in his ghastly aspect and motionless demeanour, a reproof of the spirit of hilarity with which he was to be sent before his God! It is not that there is any kind of cruelty intermixed with this tendency to mirth; but that the perpetual recurrence of incidents of the most awful character divests them of the power of producing effect, and that they

> "Whose fall of hair
> Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
> As life were in't,"

acquire such a familiarity with direness, that they become not only insensible to the dreadful nature of the spectacles which are presented, but scarcely conscious of them. But it is not merely because the Bar itself is under the operation of the incidents which furnish the materials of their professional occupation that I have selected the last assizes of Clonmel as the subject of this article. The extensive circulation of this periodical work affords the opportunity of putting the English public in possession of many illustrative facts; and in narrating the events which attended the murder of Daniel Mara, and the trial of his assassins, I propose to myself the useful end of fixing the general attention upon a state of things, which ought to lead all wise and good men to the consideration of the only effectual means by which the evils which result from the moral condition of the country may be remedied.

In the month of April 1827, a gentleman of the name of Chadwick was murdered in the open day, at a place called Rath Cannon, in the immediate vicinity of the old Abbey of Holycross. Mr. Chadwick was the member of an influential family, and was employed as land agent in collecting their rents. The person who fills this office in England is called "a steward;" but in Ireland it is designated by the more honourable name of a land agency. The discharge of the duties of this situation must be always more or less obnoxious. In times of public distress, the landlord, who is himself urged by his own creditors, urges his agent on, and the latter inflicts upon the tenants the necessities of his employer. I have heard that Mr. Chadwick was not peculiarly rigorous in the exaction of rent, but he was singularly injudicious in his demeanour towards the lower orders. He believed that they detested him; and possessing personal courage, bade them defiance. He was not a man of a bad heart; but was despotic and contumelious in his manners to those whose hatred he returned with contempt. It is said that he used to stand amongst a body of the peasantry, and, observing that his corpulency was on the increase, was accustomed to exclaim, "I think I am fattening upon your curses!" In answer to these

taunts, the peasants who surrounded him, and who were well habituated to the concealment of their fierce and terrible passions, affected to laugh, and said " that his honour was mighty pleasant; and sure, his honour, God bless him, was always fond of his joke!" But while they indulged in the sycophancy under which they are wont to smother their sanguinary detestations, they were lying in wait for the occasion of revenge. Perhaps, however, they would not have proceeded to the extremities to which they had recourse, but for a determination evinced by Mr. Chadwick to take effectual means for keeping them in awe. He set about building a police barrack at Rath Cannon. It was resolved that Mr. Chadwick should die. This decision was not the result of individual vengeance. The wide confederacy into which the lower orders are organised in Tipperary held council upon him, and the village areopagus pronounced his sentence. It remained to find an executioner. Patrick Grace, who was almost a boy, but was distinguished by various feats of guilty courage, offered himself as a volunteer in what was regarded by him as an honourable cause. He had set up in the county as a sort of knight-errant against landlords; and, in the spirit of a barbarous chivalry, proffered his gratuitous services wherever what he conceived to be a wrong was to be redressed. He proceeded to Rath Cannon; and without adopting any sort of precaution, and while the public road was traversed by numerous passengers, in the broad daylight, and just beside the barrack, in the construction of which Mr. Chadwick was engaged, shot that unfortunate gentleman, who fell instantly dead. This dreadful crime produced a great sensation, not only in the county where it was perpetrated, but through the whole of Ireland. When it was announced in Dublin, it created a sort of dismay, as it evinced the spirit of atrocious intrepidity to which the peasantry had been roused. It was justly accounted, by those who looked upon this savage assassination with most horror, as furnishing evidence of the moral condition of the people, and as intimating the consequences which might be anticipated from the ferocity of the peasantry, if ever they should be let loose. Patrick Grace calculated on impunity; but his confidence in the power and terrors of the confederacy with which he was associated was mistaken. A brave, and a religious man, whose name was Philip Mara, was present at the murder. He was standing beside his employer, Mr. Chadwick, and saw Grace put him deliberately to death. Grace was well aware that Mara had seen him, but did not believe that he would dare to give evidence against him. It is probable, too, that he conjectured that Mara coincided with him in his ethics of assassination, and applauded the proceeding. Mara, however, who was a moral and virtuous man, was horror-struck by what he had beheld; and under the influence of conscientious feelings, gave immediate information to a magistrate. Patrick Grace was arrested, and tried at the summer assizes of 1827. I was not present at his trial, but have heard from good authority that he displayed a fearless demeanour; and that when he was convicted upon the evidence of Philip Mara, he declared that before a year should go by he should have vengeance in the grave. He was ordered to be executed near the spot where his misdeed had been perpetrated. This was a signal mistake, and produced an effect exactly the reverse of what was contemplated. The lower orders looked upon him as a martyr; and his deportment, personal beauty, and undaunted courage, rendered him an object of deep interest and sympathy upon the scaffold. He was attended by a body of troops to the old Abbey of Holycross, where not less than fifteen thousand people assembled to behold him. The site of the execution rendered the spectacle a most striking one. The Abbey of Holycross is the finest and most venerable monastic ruin in Ireland. Most travellers turn from their way to survey it, and leave it with a deep impression of its solemnity and grandeur. A vast multitude was assembled round the scaffold. The prisoner was brought forward in the midst of the profound silence of the people. He ascended and surveyed them; and looked upon the ruins of the edifice which had once been dedicated to the worship of his religion, and to the sepulchres of the dead which were strewed among its aisles, and

had been for ages as he was in a few minutes about to be. It was not known whether he would call for vengeance from his survivors, or for mercy from Heaven. His kindred, his close friends, his early companions, all that he loved and all to whom he was dear, were around him, and nothing, except an universal sob from his female relatives, disturbed the awful taciturnity that prevailed. At the side of Patrick Grace stood the priest—the mild admonitor of the heart, the soother of affliction, and the preceptor of forgiveness, who attended him in the last office of humanity, and who proved by the result how well he had performed it. To the disappointment of the people, Patrick Grace expressed himself profoundly contrite; and, although he evinced no fear of death, at the instance of the Roman Catholic clergyman who attended him, implored the people to take warning by his example. In a few moments after, he left existence. But the effect of his execution will be estimated by this remarkable incident. His gloves were handed by one of his relations to an old man of the name of John Russel, as a keepsake. Russel drew them on, and declared at the same time, that he should wear them "till Paddy Grace was revenged:" and revenged he soon afterwards was, within the time which he had himself prescribed for retribution, and in a manner which is as much calculated to excite astonishment at the strangeness, as detestation for the atrocity of the crime, of which I proceed to narrate the details.

Philip Mara was removed by Government from the country. It was perfectly obvious, that if he had continued to sojourn in Tipperary, his life would have been taken speedily, and at all hazards, away. It was decided that all his kindred should be exterminated. He had three brothers; and the bare consanguinity with a traitor (for his crime was treason) was regarded as a sufficient offence to justify their immolation. If they could not procure his own blood for the purposes of sacrifice, it was however something to make libation of that which flowed from the same source. The crimes of the Irish are derived from the same origin as their virtues. They have powerful domestic attachments. Their love and devotion to their kindred instruct them in the worst expedients of atrocity. Knowing the affection which Mara had for his brothers, they found the way to his heart in the kindest instincts of humanity; and from the consciousness of the pain which the murder of "his mother's children" would inflict, determined that he should endure it. It must be owned, that there is a dreadful policy in this system. The Government may withdraw their witnesses from the country and afford them protection; but their wives, their offspring, their parents, their brothers, sisters, nay their remotest relatives, cannot be secure, and the vengeance of the ferocious peasantry, if defrauded of its more immediate and natural object, will satiate itself with some other victim. It was in conformity with these atrocious principles of revenge that the murder of the brothers of Philip Mara was resolved upon. Strange to tell, the whole body of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Rath Cannon, and far beyond it, entered into a league, for the perpetration of this abominable crime; and while the individuals who were marked out for massacre were unconscious of what was going forward, scarcely a man, woman, or child looked them in the face, who did not know that they were marked out for death. They were masons by trade, and were employed in building the barrack at Rath Cannon, on the spot where Chadwick had been assassinated, and where the funeral of Patrick Grace (for so his execution was called) had been performed. The peasantry looked in all probability with an evil eye upon every man who had put his hand to this obnoxious work; but their main object was the extermination of Philip Mara's brothers. They were three in number—Daniel, Laurence, and Timothy. On the 1st of October they were at work, with an apprentice in the mason trade, at the barrack at Rath Cannon. The name of this apprentice was Hickey. In the evening, about five o'clock, they left off their work, and were returning homewards, when eight men with arms rushed upon them. They were fired at; but the fire-arms of the assassins were in such bad condition, that the discharge of their rude mus-

ketry had no effect. Laurence, Timothy, and the apprentice, fled in different directions, and escaped. Daniel Mara lost his presence of mind, and instead of taking the same route as the others, ran into the house of a poor widow. He was pursued by the murderers, one of whom got in by a small window, while the others burst through the door, and with circumstances of great savageness put him to death. The intelligence of this event produced a still greater sensation than the murder of Chadwick; and was as much the subject of comment as some great political incident, fraught with national consequences, in the metropolis. The Government lost no time in issuing proclamations, offering a reward of 2000*l*. for information which should bring the assassins to justice. The magnitude of the sum induced a hope that its temptation would be found irresistible to poverty and destitution so great as that which prevails among the class of ordinary malefactors. It was well known that hundreds had cognizance of the offence; and it was concluded that, amongst so numerous a body, the tender of so large a reward could not fail to offer an effectual allurement. Weeks, however, passed over without the communication of intelligence of any kind. Several persons were arrested on suspicion, but were afterwards discharged, as no more than mere conjecture could be adduced against them. Mr. Doherty, the Solicitor General, proceeded to the county of Tipperary, in order to investigate the transaction; but for a considerable time all his scrutiny was without avail. At length, however, an individual, of the name of Thomas Fitzgerald, was committed to gaol upon a charge of highway robbery, and in order to save his life, furnished evidence upon which the Government was enabled to pierce into the mysteries of delinquency. The moment Fitzgerald unsealed his lips, a numerous horde of malefactors were taken up, and farther revealments were made under the influence which the love of life, and not of money, exercised over their minds. The assizes came on; and on Monday the 31st of March, Patrick Lacy and John Walsh were placed at the bar, and to the indictment for the murder of Daniel Mara pleaded not guilty.

The Court presented a very imposing spectacle. The whole body of the gentry of Tipperary were assembled in order to witness a trial, on which the security of life and property was to depend. The box which is devoted to the Grand Jury was thronged with the aristocracy of the county, that manifested an anxiety far stronger than the trial of an ordinary culprit is accustomed to produce. An immense crowd of the peasantry was gathered round the dock. All appeared to feel a deep interest in what was to take place, but it was easy to perceive in the diversity of solicitude which was expressed upon their faces, the degrees of sympathy which connected them with the prisoners at the bar. The more immediate kindred of the malefactors were distinguishable by their profound but still emotion, from those who were engaged in the same extensive organisation, and were actuated by a selfish sense that their personal interests were at stake, without having their more tender affections involved in the result. But besides the relatives and confederates of the prisoners, there was a third class amongst the spectators, in which another shade of sympathy was observable. These were the mass of the peasantry, who had no direct concern with the transaction, but whose principles and habits made them well-wishers to the men who had put their lives in peril for what was regarded as the common cause. Through the crowd were dispersed a number of policemen, whose green regimentals, high caps, and glittering bayonets, made them conspicuous, and brought them into contrast with the peasants, by whom they were surrounded. On the table stood the governor of the gaol, with his ponderous keys, which designated his office, and presented to the mind associations which aided the effect of the scene. Mr. Justice Moore appeared in his red robes lined with black, and intimated by his aspect that he anticipated the discharge of a dreadful duty. Beside him was placed the Earl of Kingston, who had come from the neighbouring county of Cork to witness the trial, and whose great possessions gave him a peculiar concern in tracing to their sources the disturbances, which had already a formidable character, and in-

timated still more terrible results. His dark and massive countenance, with a shaggy and wild profusion of hair, his bold imperious lip, and large and deeply set eye, and his huge and vigorous frame, rendered him a remarkable object, without reference to his high rank and station, and to the political part which he had played in circumstances of which it is not impossible that he may witness, although he should desire to avert, the return. The prisoners at the bar stood composed and firm. Lacy, the youngest, was dressed with extreme care and neatness. He was a tall handsome young man, with a soft and healthful colour, and a bright and tranquil eye. I was struck by the unusual whiteness of his hands, which were loosely attached to each other. Walsh, his fellow prisoner and his brother in crime, was a stout, short, and square-built man, with a sturdy look, in which there was more fierceness than in Lacy's countenance; yet the latter was a far more guilty malefactor, and had been engaged in numerous achievements of the same kind, whereas Walsh bore an excellent reputation, and obtained from his landlord, Mr. Creagh, the highest testimony to his character. The Solicitor-General, Mr. Doherty, rose to state the case. He appeared more deeply impressed than I have ever seen any public officer, with the responsibility which had devolved upon him; and by his solemn and emphatic manner rendered a narration, which was pregnant with awful facts, so impressive, that during a speech of several hours' continuance he kept attention upon the watch, and scarcely a noise was heard, except when some piece of evidence was announced which surprised the prisoners, and made them give a slight start, in which their astonishment and alarm at the extent of the information of the Government were expressed.* They preserved their composure while Mr. Doherty was detailing the evidence of Fitzgerald, for they well knew that he had become what is technically called "a stag," and turned informer. Neither were they greatly moved at learning that another traitor of the name of Ryan was to be produced, for rumours had gone abroad that he was to corroborate Fitzgerald. They were well aware that the Jury would require more evidence than the coincidence of swearing between two accomplices could supply. It is, indeed, held that one accomplice can sustain another for the purposes of conviction, and that their concurrence is sufficient to warrant a verdict of guilty; still Juries are in the habit of demanding some better foundation for their findings, and, before they take life away, exact a confirmation from some pure and unquestionable source. The Counsel for the prisoners participated with them in the belief that the Crown would not be able to produce any witnesses except accomplices, and listened, therefore, to the details of the murder of Daniel Mara, however minute, without much apprehension for their clients, until Mr. Doherty, turning towards the dock, and lifting up and shaking his

* The speech of Mr. Doherty was highly eloquent. He took occasion to describe the general condition of the county in language equally simple, powerful, and true. To the causes of that condition he did not advert, for it did not fall within his official province to do so; but he has since, in the House of Commons, pointed out what he conceived to be the real sources of these deplorable evils. I regret that Mr. Doherty did not take the pains to publish his speeches at Clonmel. Justice has not been done to the diction in the newspapers in which they were reported. The publication of those speeches in an authentic form would not only evince the talents of the able advocate by whom they were delivered, but would also have the effect of showing, in a striking view, the unfairness of not allowing the Counsel for the prisoners to speak, while the Crown enlists all the power of rhetoric against them. The fault is not with Mr. Doherty, but in the system. "Aperi os tuum muto, et vindica inopem," is written in golden letters in the Court. The law, instead of vindicating the poor man, shuts his Counsel's mouth. I have seen many cases where a powerful speech might have saved a prisoner's life. A good appeal to the Jury would have preserved two of the men who were convicted of the murder of Barry at Clonmel. It is said that Judges would not have time to go through the trials if Counsel for the prisoners were allowed to speak. In other words, they would be delayed from their vacation villas upon circuit.—What an excuse!

hand, pronounced the name of "Kate Costello." It smote the prisoners with dismay. At the time, however, that Mr. Doherty made this announcement, he was himself uncertain, I believe, whether Kate Costello would consent to give the necessary evidence; and there was reason to calculate upon her reluctance to make any disclosure by which the lives of "her people," as the lower orders call their kindred, should be affected. The statement of Mr. Doherty, which was afterwards fully made out in proof, showed that a wide conspiracy had been framed in order to murder Philip Mara's brothers. Fitzgerald and Lacy, who did not reside in the neighbourhood of Rath Cannon, were sent for by the relatives of Patrick Grace, as it was well known that they were ready for the undertaking of "the job." They received their instructions, and were joined by other assassins. The band proceeded to Rath Cannon in order to execute their purpose, but an accident prevented their victims from coming to the place where they were expected, and the assassination was, in consequence, adjourned for another week. In the interval, however, they did not relent, but on the contrary, a new supply of murderers was collected, and on Sunday, the 30th of September, the day preceding the murder, they met again in the house of a farmer, of the name of Jack Keogh, who lived beside the barrack where the Maras were at work. Here they were attended by Kate Costello, the fatal witness, by whom their destiny was to be sealed. In the morning of Monday, the 1st of October, they proceeded to an elevation called "The Grove," a hill covered with trees, in which arms had been deposited. This hill overlooked the barrack where the Maras were at work. A party of conspirators joined the chief assassins on this spot, and Kate Costello, a servant and near relative of the Keoghs (who were engaged in the murder), again attended them. She brought them food and spirits. From this ambush they remained watching their prey until five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was announced that the Maras were coming down from the scaffolding on which they were raising the barrack. It appeared that some murderers did not know the persons whose lives they were to take away, and that their dress was mentioned as the means of recognition. They advanced to the number of eight, and as I have already intimated, succeeded in slaying one only of the three brothers. But the most illustrative incident in the whole transaction was not what took place at the murder, but a circumstance which immediately succeeded it. The assassins, with their hands red with the gore of man, proceeded to the house of a farmer in good circumstances, whose name was John Russel. He was a man of a decent aspect and demeanour, above the lower class of peasants in station and habits, was not destitute of education, spoke and reasoned well, and was accounted very orderly and well conducted. One would suppose that he would have closed his doors against the wretches who were still reeking with their crime. He gave them welcome, tendered them his hospitality, and provided them with food. In the room where they were received by this hoary delinquent, there were two individuals of a very different character and aspect from each other. The one was a girl, Mary Russel, the daughter of old Jack Russel, the proprietor of the house. She was young, and of an exceedingly interesting appearance. Her manners were greatly superior to persons of her class, and she was delicate and gentle in her habitual conduct and demeanour. Near her there sat an old woman, in the most advanced stage of life, who was a kind of Elspeth amongst them, and from her age and relationship was an object of respect and regard. The moment the assassins entered, Mary Russel rushed up to them, and with a vehement earnestness exclaimed "Did you do any good?" They stated in reply that one of the Maras was shot; when Peg Russel (the withered hag) who sat moping in the reverie of old age, till her attention was aroused by the sanguinary intelligence, lifted her shrivelled hand, and cried out with a shrill and vehement bitterness, "You might as well not have killed any, since you did not kill them all." Strange and dreadful condition of Ireland! The witness to a murder denounces it. He flies the country. His brothers, for his crime, are doomed to die. The whole population confederate in their death. For weeks the

conspiracy is planned, and no relenting spirit interposes in their slaughterous deliberations. The appointed day arrives, and the murder of an innocent man is effected, while the light is still shining, and with the eye of man, which is as little feared as that of God, upon them. The murderers leave the spot where their fellow creature lies weltering; and instead of being regarded as objects of execration and of horror, are chid by women for their remissness in the work of death, and for the scantiness of the blood which they had poured out. Thus it is that in this unfortunate country not only men are made barbarous, but women are unsexed, and filled

———" From the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty."

These were the facts which Mr. Doherty stated, and they were established by the evidence. The first witness was Fitzgerald. When he was called, he did not appear on the instant, for he was kept in a room adjoining the Court, in order that he might not avail himself of the statement and fit his evidence to it. His testimony was of such importance, and it was known that so much depended upon it, that his arrival was waited for with strong expectation; and in the interval before his appearance on the table, the mind had leisure to form some conjectural picture of what he in all likelihood was. I imagined that he must be some fierce-looking, savage wretch, with baseness and perfidy, intermingled with atrocity, in his brow, and whose meanness would bespeak the informer, as his ferocity would proclaim the assassin. I was deceived. His coming was announced,—way was made for him—and I saw leap upon the table, with an air of easy indifference and manly familiarity, a tall, athletic young man, about two or three and twenty, with a countenance as intelligent in expression and symmetrical in feature, as his limbs were vigorous and well-proportioned. His head was perfectly shaped, and surmounted a neck of singular strength and breadth, which lay open and rose out of a chest of unusual massiveness and dilation. His eyes were of deep and brilliant black, full of fire and energy, intermixed with an expression of slyness and sagacity. They had a peculiarly watchful look, and indicated a vehemence of character, checked and tempered by a cautious and observant spirit. The nose was well formed, and deeply rooted, but rose at the end with some suddenness, which took off from the dignity of the countenance, but displayed considerable breadth about the nostrils, which were made to breathe fierceness and disdain. The mouth of the villain (for he was one of the first magnitude) was composed of thick but well-shaped lips, in which firmness and intrepidity were strongly marked; and when opened, disclosed a range of teeth of the finest form and colour. His hair was short and thick, but his cheek was so fresh and fair, that he scarcely seemed to have ever had any beard. The fellow's dress was calculated to set off his figure. It left his breast almost bare, and the knees of his breeches being open, a great part of his muscular legs appeared without covering, as his stockings did not reach to the knee. He was placed upon the chair appropriated to witnesses, and turned at once to the Counsel for the Crown in order to narrate his own doings as well as those of his associates in depravity. I have never seen a cooler, more precise, methodical, and consistent witness. He detailed every circumstance to the minutest point, which had happened during a month's time, with a wonderful accuracy. So far from manifesting any anxiety to conceal or to excuse his own guilt, he on the contrary set it forth in the blackest colours. He made himself a prominent actor in the business of blood. The life which he led was as singular as it was atrocious. He spent his time in committing outrages at night, and during the day in exacting homage from the peasantry, whom he had inspired with a deep dread of him. He walked through the county in arms, and compelled every peasant to give him bed and board wherever he appeared. In the caprices of his tyranny, he would make persons who chanced to pass him, kneel down and offer him reverence, while he presented his musket at their heads. Yet he was a favourite with the populace, who pardoned the outrages com-

mitted on themselves, on account of his readiness to avenge the affronts or the injuries which they suffered from others. Villain as the fellow was, it was not the reward which tempted him to betray his associates. Though 2000*l*. had been offered by Government, he gave no information for several months; and when he did give it, it was to save his life, which he had forfeited by a highway robbery, for which he had been arrested. He seemed exceedingly anxious to impress upon the crowd, that though he was a "stag," it was not for gold that he had sold the cause. Life itself was the only bribe that could move his honour, and even the temptation which the instinctive passion for existence held out to him, was for a long while resisted. Mr. Hatchell cross-examined this formidable attestator with extraordinary skill and dexterity, but he was still unable to shake his evidence. It was perfectly consistent and compact, smooth and round, without any point of discrepancy on which the most dexterous practitioner could lay a strong hold. The most unfavourable circumstance to his cross-examiner was his openness and candour. He had an ingenuousness in his atrocity which defied all the ordinary expedients of Counsel. Most informers allege that they are influenced by the pure love of justice to betray their accomplices. This statement goes to shake their credit, because they are manifestly perjured in the declaration. Fitzgerald, however, took a very different course. He disclaimed all interest in the cause of justice, and repeatedly stated that he would not have informed, except to rescue himself from the halter which was fastened round his neck. When he left the table, he impressed every man who heard him with a conviction of, not only his great criminality, but his extraordinary talents. He was followed by another accomplice, of the name of Ryan, who was less remarkable than Fitzgerald, but whose statement was equally consistent, and its parts as adhesive to each other as the more important informers. They had been left in separate gaols, and had not had any communication, so that it could not be suggested that their evidence was the result of a comparison of notes, and of a conspiracy against the prisoners. This Ryan also alleged that he had informed merely to save his life. These witnesses were succeeded by several, who deposed to minute incidents which went to corroborate the informers; but notwithstanding that a strong case had been made out by the Crown, still the testimony of some untainted witness to the leading fact was requisite, and the Counsel for the prosecution felt that on Kate Costello the conviction must still depend. She had not taken any participation in the murder. She could not be regarded as a member of the conspiracy; she was a servant in the house of old John Keogh, but not an agent in the business; and if she confirmed what the witnesses had deposed to, it was obvious that a conviction would ensue; while, upon the other hand, if she was not brought forward, the want of her testimony would produce a directly opposite result. She was called, and a suspense far deeper than the expectation which had preceded the evidence of Fitzgerald was apparent in every face. She did not come, and was again summoned into court. Still Kate Costello did not appear. Repeated requisitions were sent by the Solicitor-General, but without effect; at length every one began to conjecture that she would disappoint and foil the Crown, and the friends of the prisoners murmured "that Kate Costello would not turn against her people;" an obvious feeling of satisfaction pervaded the crowd, and the prisoners exhibited a proportionate solicitude in which hope seemed to predominate. Suddenly, however, the chamber-door communicating with the room where the witnesses were kept was opened, and one of the most extraordinary figures that ever appeared in that strange theatre an Irish court of justice, was produced. A withered, diminutive woman, who was unable to support herself, and whose feet gave way at every step, into which she was impelled by her attendants, was seen entering the court, and tottering towards the table. Her face was covered, and it was impossible, for some time after she had been placed on the table, to trace her features; but her hands, which were as white and clammy as a corpse's, and seemed to have under-

gone the first process of decomposition, shook and shuddered, and a thrill ran through the whole of her miserable and worn-out frame. A few minutes elapsed before her veil was removed; and when it was, the most ghastly face which I have ever observed was disclosed. Her eyes were quite closed, and the eyelids shrunken as if by the touch of death. The lips were like ashes, and remained open and without movement. Her breathing was scarcely perceptible, and as her head lay on her shoulder, her long black hair fell dishevelled, and added to the general character of disordered horror which was expressed in her demeanour. Now that she was produced, she seemed little calculated to be of any use. Mr. Doherty repeatedly addressed himself to her, and entreated her to answer. She seemed unconscious even of the sound of his voice. At length, however, with the aid of water, which was applied to her mouth, and thrown in repeated aspersions over her face, she was in some degree restored, and was able to breathe a few words. An interval of minutes elapsed between every question and answer. Her voice was so low as to be scarcely audible, and was rather an inarticulate whisper, than the utterance of any connected sentence. She was, with a great deal to do, conducted by the examiner through some of the preliminary incidents, and at last was brought to the scene in the grove where the murderers were assembled. It remained that she should recognise the prisoners. Unless this were done, nothing would have been accomplished. The rod with which culprits are identified was put into her hand, and she was desired to stand up, to turn to the dock, and to declare whether she saw in court, any of the men whom she had seen in the grove on the day of the murder. For a considerable time she could not be got to rise from her seat; and when she did, and stood up after a great effort over herself, before she had turned round, but while the rod was trembling in her hand, another extraordinary incident took place. Walsh, one of the prisoners at the bar, cried out with the most vehement gesture,—" O God! you are going to murder me! I'll not stand here to be murdered, for I'm downright murdered, God help me!" This cry, uttered by a man almost frenzied with excitation, drew the attention of the whole Court to the prisoner; and the Judge inquired of him of what he complained. Walsh then stated with more composure, that it was unfair, while there was nobody in the dock but Lacy and himself, to desire Kate Costello to look at him, for that he was marked out to her where he stood. This was a very just observation, and Judge Moore immediately ordered that other prisoners should be brought from the gaol into the dock, and that Walsh should be shown to Kate Costello in the midst of a crowd. The gaol was at a considerable distance, and a good deal of time was consumed in complying with the directions of the Judge. Kate Costello sank down again upon her chair, and in the interval before the arrival of the other prisoners we engaged in conjectures as to the likelihood of Walsh being identified. She had never seen him, except at the grove, and it was possible that she might not remember him. In that event his life was safe. At last the other prisoners were introduced into the dock. The sound of their fetters as they entered the Court, and the grounding of the soldiers' muskets on the pavement, struck me. It was now four o'clock in the morning; the candles were almost wasted to their sockets, and a dim and uncertain light was diffused through the court. Haggardness sat upon the spectators, and yet no weariness or exhaustion appeared. The frightful interest of the scene preserved the mind from fatigue. The dock was crowded with malefactors, and brought as they were in order that guilt of all kinds should be confused and blended, they exhibited a most singular spectacle. This assemblage of human beings laden with chains was, perhaps, more melancholy from the contrast which they presented between their condition and their aspect. Even the pale light which glimmered through the court did not prevent their cheeks from looking ruddy and healthful. They had been awakened in their lonely cells in order to be produced, and, as they were not aware of the object of arraying them together, there was some surprise mixed with fear in their looks. I could not help whispering to myself as I surveyed

them, "what a noble and fine race of men are here, and how much have they to answer for, who, by degrading, have demoralised such a people!" The desire of Walsh having been complied with, the witness was called upon a second time to place the rod upon his head. She rose again, and turned round, holding the fatal index in her hand. There was a deep silence through the court; the face of Walsh exhibited the most intense anxiety, as the eyes of Kate Costello rested upon the place where he stood. She appeared at first not to recognise him, and the rod hung loosely in her hand. I thought, as I saw her eyes traversing the assemblage of malefactors, that she either did not know him, or would affect not to remember him. At last, however, she raised the rod, and stretched it forth, but, before it was laid on the devoted head, a female voice exclaimed, "Oh, Kate!" This cry, which issued from the crowd, and was probably the exclamation of some relative of the Keoghs, whose destiny depended on that of Walsh, thrilled the witness to the core. She felt the adjuration in the very recesses of her being. After a shudder, she collected herself again, and advanced again towards the dock. She raised the rod a second time, and having laid it on the head of Walsh, who gave himself up as lost the moment it touched him, she sank back into her chair. The feeling which had filled the heart of every spectator here found a vent, and a deep murmur was heard through the whole court, mingled with sounds of stifled execration from the mass of the people in the background. Lacy also was identified; and here it may be said that the trial closed. Walsh, who, while he entertained any hope, had been almost convulsed with agitation, resumed his original composure. He took no farther interest in the proceeding, except when his landlord gave him a high character for integrity and good conduct; and this commendation he seemed rather to consider as a sort of bequest which he should leave to his kindred, than as the means of saving his life. It is unnecessary almost to add, that the prisoners were found guilty.

Kate Costello, whose evidence was of such importance to the Crown, had acted as a species of menial in the house of old John Keogh, but was a near relation of her master. It is not uncommon among the lower orders to introduce some dependent relative into the family, who goes through offices of utility which are quite free from degradation, and is at the same time treated, to a great extent, as an equal. Kate Costello sat down with old Jack Keogh and his sons at their meals, and was accounted one of themselves. The most implicit trust was placed in her; and on one of the assassins observing "that Kate Costello could hang them all," another observed, "that there was no fear of Kate." Nor would Kate ever have betrayed the men who had placed their confidence in her from any mercenary motives. Fitzgerald had stated that she had been at "the Grove" in the morning of the day on which the murder was committed, and that she could confirm his testimony. She was in consequence arrested, and was told that she should be hanged unless she disclosed the truth. Terror extorted from her the revealments which were turned to such account. When examined as a witness on the trial of Lacy and of Walsh, her agitation did not arise from any regard for them, but from her consciousness that if they were convicted her own relatives and benefactors must share in their fate. The trial of Patrick and John Keogh came on upon Saturday the 5th of April, some days after the conviction of Lacy and of Walsh, who had been executed in the interval. The trial of the Keoghs was postponed at the instance of the prisoners, but it was understood that the Crown had no objection to the delay, as great difficulty was supposed to have arisen in persuading Kate Costello to give completion to the useful work in which she had engaged. It was said that the friends of the Keoghs had got access to her, and that she had refused to come forward against "her people." It was also rumoured that she had entertained an attachment for John Keogh, and although he had wronged her, and she had suffered severe detriment from their criminal connexion, that she loved him still, and would not take his life away. There was, therefore, enough of doubt incidental to the trial of the Keoghs to give it the interest

of uncertainty; and, however fatal the omen which the conviction of their brother conspirators held out, still it was supposed that Kate Costello would recoil from her terrible task. The Court was as much crowded as it had been on the first trial, upon the morning on which the two Keoghs were put at the bar. They were more immediate agents in the assassination. It had been in a great measure planned, as well as executed by them; and there was a farther circumstance of aggravation in their having been in habits of intimacy with the deceased. When placed at the bar, their appearance struck every spectator as in strange anomaly with their misdeeds. They both seemed to be farmers of the most respectable class. Patrick, the younger, was perfectly well clad. He had a blue coat and white waistcoat, of the best materials used by the peasantry: a black silk-handkerchief was carefully knotted on his neck. He was lower in stature, and of less athletic proportions than his brother John, but had a more determined and resolute physiognomy. He looked alert, quick, and active. The other was of gigantic stature, and of immense width of shoulder and strength of limb. He rose beyond every man in court, and towered in the dock. His dress was not as neatly arranged as his brother's, and his neck was without covering, which served to exhibit the hugeness of his proportions. He looked in the vigour of powerful manhood. His face was ruddy and blooming, and was quite destitute of all darkness and malevolence of expression. There was perhaps too much fulness about the lips, and some traces of savageness, as well as of voluptuousness, might have been detected by a minute physiognomist in their exuberance; but the bright blue of his mild and intelligent eyes counterbalanced this evil indication. The aspect of these two young men was greatly calculated to excite interest; but there was another object in court which was even more deserving of attention. On the left hand of his two sons, and just near the youngest of them, sat an old man, whose head was covered with a profusion of grey hairs, and who, although evidently greatly advanced in years, was of a hale and healthful aspect. I did not notice him at first, but in the course of the trial, the glare which his eye gradually acquired, and the passing of all colour from his cheek, as the fate of his sons grew to certainty, drew my observation, and I learned on inquiry, what I had readily conjectured, that he was the father of the prisoners at the bar. He did not utter a word during the fifteen or sixteen hours that he remained in attendance upon the dreadful scene which was going on before him. The appearance of Kate Costello herself, whom he had fostered, fed, and cherished, scarcely seemed to move him from his terrible tranquillity. She was, as on the former occasion, the pivot of the whole case. The anticipations that she would not give evidence "against her own flesh and blood" were wholly groundless, for on her second exhibition as a witness she enacted her part with much more firmness and determination. She had before kept her eyes almost closed, but she now opened and fixed them upon the Counsel, and exhibited great quickness and shrewdness in their expression, and watched the cross-examination with great wariness and dexterity. I was greatly surprised at this change, and can only refer it to the spirit of determination which her passage of the first difficulty on the former trial had produced. The first step in blood had been taken, and she trod more firmly in taking the second. Whatever may have been the cause, she certainly exhibited little compunction in bringing her cousins to justice, and laid the rod on the head of her relative and supposed paramour without remorse. At an early hour on Sunday morning the verdict of guilty was brought in. The prisoners at the bar received it without surprise, but turned deadly pale. The change in John Keogh was more manifest, as in the morning of Saturday he stood blooming with health at the bar, and was now as white as a shroud. The Judge told them that as it was the morning of Easter Sunday, (which is commemorative of the resurrection of the dead,) he should not then pronounce sentence upon them. They cried out "A long day, a long day, my lord!" and at the same time begged that their bodies might be given to their father. This prayer was uttered with a sound resembling the wail of

an Irish funeral, and accompanied with a most pathetic gesture. They both swung themselves with a sort of oscillation up and down, with their heads thrown back, striking their hands, with the fingers half closed, against their breasts, in the manner which Roman Catholics use in saying "The Confiteor." The reference which they made to their father drew my attention to the miserable old man. Two persons, friends of his, had attended him in court, and when his sons, after having been found guilty, were about to be removed, he was lifted on the table, on which he was with difficulty sustained, and was brought near to the dock. He wanted to embrace John Keogh, and stretched out his arms towards him. The latter, whose manliness now forsook him, leaned over the iron spikes to his full length, got the old man into his bosom, and while his tears ran down his face, pressed him long and closely to his heart. They were at length separated, and the sons were removed to the cells appointed for the condemned. The Judge left the bench, and the court was gradually cleared. Still the father of the prisoners remained between his two attendants almost insensible. He was almost the last to depart. I followed him out. It was a dark and stormy night. The wind beat full against the miserable wretch, and made him totter as he went along. His attendants were addressing to him some words of consolation connected with religion, (for these people are, with all their crimes, not destitute of religious impressions,) but the old man only answered them with his moans. He said nothing articulate, but during all the way to the obscure cellar into which they led him, continued moaning as he went. It was not, I trust, a mere love of the excitement which arises from the contemplation of scenes in which the passions are brought out, that made me watch this scene of human misery. I may say without affectation, that I was (as who would not have been?) profoundly moved by what I saw; and when I beheld this forlorn and desolate man descend into his wretched abode, which was lighted by a feeble candle, and saw him fall upon his knees in helplessness, while his attendants gave way to sorrow, I could not restrain my own tears.

The scenes of misery did not stop here. Old John Russel pleaded guilty. He had two sons, lads of fifteen or sixteen, and, in the hope of saving them, acknowledged his crime at the bar; "Let them," he said, in the gaol where I saw him, "let them put me on the trap if they like, but let them spare the boys."

But I shall not proceed farther in the detail of these dreadful incidents. There were many other trials at the assizes, in which terrible disclosures of barbarity took place. For three weeks the two Judges were unremittingly employed in trying cases of dreadful atrocity, and in almost every instance the perpetrators of crimes the most detestable, were persons whose general moral conduct stood in a wonderful contrast with their isolated acts of depravity. Almost every offence was connected with the great agrarian organisation which prevails through the country. It must be acknowledged that, terrible as the misdeeds of the Tipperary peasantry must upon all hands be admitted to be, yet, in general, there was none of the meanness and turpitude observable in their enormities which characterise the crimes that are disclosed at an English assize. There were scarcely any examples of murder committed for mere gain. It seemed to be a point of honour with the malefactors to take blood, and to spurn at money. Almost every offence was committed in carrying a system into effect, and the victims who were sacrificed were considered by their immolators as offered up, upon a justifiable principle of necessary extermination. These are assuredly important facts, and after having contemplated these moral phenomena, it becomes a duty to inquire into the causes from which these marvellous atrocities derive their origin. But before I proceed to suggest what I conceive to be the sources of a condition so disastrous, it is not inappropriate to inquire how long the lower orders in Ireland have been habituated to these terrible practices, and to look back to the period at which they may be considered to have had their origin. If these crimes were of a novel character, and had a

recent existence, that circumstance would afford strong grounds for concluding that temporary expedients, and the vigorous administration of the law applied to the suppression of local and ephemeral disturbances, would be of avail. But if we find that it is not now, or within these few years, that these symptoms of demoralisation have appeared, it is then reasonable to conclude that there must be some essential vice, some radical imperfection in the general system by which the country is governed, and it is necessary to ascertain what the extent and root of the evil is, before any effectual remedy can be discovered for its cure. This is a subject of paramount interest, and its importance will justify the writer of this article, after a detail of the extraordinary incidents which he has narrated, in taking a rapid retrospect of antecedent events, of which recent transactions may be reasonably accounted the perpetuation. In doing so, some coincidence may be found with what the writer may have observed elsewhere, but the fear of incurring the imputation either of tediousness or self-citation shall not deter him from references to what he conceives to be of great and momentous materiality. The first and leading feature in the disturbances and atrocities of Tipperary is, that they are of an old date, and have been for much more than half a century of uninterrupted continuance. Arthur Young travelled in Ireland in the years 1776, 1777, and 1778. His excellent book is entitled, "A Tour in Ireland, with general Observations on the Present State of that Kingdom." Although the professed object of Arthur Young in visiting Ireland was to ascertain the condition of its agriculture, and a great portion of his work turns upon that subject, yet he has also investigated its political condition, and pointed out what he conceived to be the chief evils by which the country was afflicted, and the mode of removing them. He adverts particularly to the state of the peasantry in the South of Ireland, and it is well worthy of remark that the outrages which are now in daily commission, were of exactly the same character as the atrocities which were perpetrated by the Whiteboys (as the insurgents were called) in 1760. "The Whiteboys," says Arthur Young, in p. 75 of the quarto edition, "began in Tipperary. It was a common practice with them to go in parties about the country, swearing many to be true to them, and forcing them to join by menaces, which they very often carried into execution. At last they set up to be general redressers of grievances—punished all obnoxious persons who advanced the value of lands, or held farms over their head; and, having taken the administration of justice into their own hands, were not very exact in the distribution of it. They forced masters to release their apprentices, carried off the daughters of rich farmers, ravished them into marriages, they levied sums of money on the middling and lower farmers, in order to support their cause, in defending prosecutions against them, and many of them subsisted without work, supported by these prosecutions. Sometimes they committed considerable robberies, breaking into houses and taking money under pretence of redressing grievances. In the course of these outrages they burned several houses, and destroyed the whole substance of those obnoxious to them. The barbarities they committed were shocking. One of their usual punishments, and by no means the most severe, was taking people out of their beds, carrying them naked in winter on horseback for some distance, and burying them up to their chin in a hole with briers, not forgetting to cut off one of their ears." Arthur Young goes on to say that the Government had not succeeded in discovering any radical cure. It will scarcely be disputed that the Whiteboyism of 1760 corresponds with that of 1828; and if, when Arthur Young wrote his valuable book, the Government had not discovered any "radical cure," it will scarcely be suggested that any remedy has since that time been devised. From the period at which these outrages commenced, the evil has continued in a rapidly progressive augmentation. Every expedient which legislative ingenuity could invent has been tried. All that the terrors of the law could accomplish, has been put into experiment without avail. Special commissioners and special delegations of counsel have been almost annually despatched into the disturbed districts, and crime appears to have only under-

gone a pruning, while its roots remained untouched. Mr. Doherty is not the first Solicitor-general of great abilities who has been despatched by Government for the purpose of awing the peasantry into their duty. The present Chief Justice of the King's Bench, upon filling Mr. Doherty's office, was sent upon the same painful errand, and after having been equally successful in procuring the conviction of malefactors, and brandished the naked sword of justice, with as puissant an arm, new atrocities have almost immediately afterwards broken forth, and furnished new occasions for the exercise of his commanding eloquence. It is reasonable to presume that the recent executions at Clonmel will not be attended with any more permanently useful consequences, and symptoms are already beginning to reappear, which, independently of the admonitions of experience, may well induce an apprehension that before much time shall go by, the law officers of the crown will have to go through the same terrible routine of prosecution. It is said, indeed, by many sanguine speculators on the public peace, that now, indeed, something effectual has been done, and that the gaol and the gibbet there has given a lesson that will not be speedily forgotten. How often has the same thing been said when the scaffold was strewed with the same heaps of the dead! How often have the prophets of tranquillity been falsified by the event. If the crimes which, ever since the year 1760, have been uninterruptedly committed, and have followed in such a rapid and tumultuous succession, had been only of occasional occurrence, it would be reasonable to conclude that the terrors of the law could repress them. But it is manifest that the system of atrocity does not depend upon causes merely ephemeral, and cannot, therefore, be under the operation of temporary checks. We have not merely witnessed sudden inundations which, after a rapid desolation, have suddenly subsided; we behold a stream as deep as it is dark, which indicates, by its continuous current, that it is derived from an unfailing fountain, and which, however augmented by the contribution of other springs of bitterness, must be indebted for its main supply to some abundant and distant source. Where then is the well-head to be found? Where are we to seek for the origin of evils, which are of such a character that they carry with them the clearest evidence that their causes must be as enduring as themselves? It may at first view, and to any man who is not well acquainted with the moral feelings and habits of the great body of the population of Ireland, seem a paradoxical proposition that the laws which affect the Roman Catholics furnish a clue by which, however complicated the mazes may be which constitute the labyrinth of calamity, it will not be difficult to trace our way. It may be asked, with a great appearance of plausibility, (and indeed it is often inquired,) what possible effect the exclusion of a few Roman Catholic gentlemen from Parliament, and of still fewer Roman Catholic barristers from the bench, can produce in deteriorating the moral habits of the people? This, however, is not the true view of the matter. The exclusion of Roman Catholics from office is one of the results of the penal code, but it is a sophism to suggest that it is the sum total of the law itself, and that the whole of it might be resolved into that single proposition. The just mode of presenting the question would be this: "What effect does the penal code produce by separating the higher and the lower orders from each other?" Before I suggest any reasons of my own, it may be judicious to refer to the same writer, from whom I have extracted a description of the state of the peasantry, with which its present condition singularly corresponds. The authority of Arthur Young is of great value, because his opinions were not in the least degree influenced by those passions which are almost inseparable from every native of Ireland. He was an Englishman—had no share in the factious animosities by which this country is divided—he had a cool, deliberate, and scientific mind—was a sober thinker, and a deep scrutiniser into the frame and constitution of society, and was entirely free from all tendency to extravagance in speculation, either political or religious. Arthur Young's book consists of two parts. In the first he gives a minute account of what he saw in Ireland, and in the second, under a series of chapters, one of which is appropriately entitled "Oppression," he states what he

conceives to be the causes of the lamentable condition of the people. Having prefixed this title of "oppression" to the 29th page of the second part of his book, he says, "The landlord of an Irish estate inhabited by Roman Catholics, is a sort of despot, who yields obedience in whatever concerns the poor to no law, but his own will. To discover what the liberty of a people is, we must live amongst them, and not look for it in the statutes of the realm: the language of written law may be that of liberty, but the situation of the poor may speak no language but that of slavery. There is too much of this contradiction in Ireland; a long series of oppression, aided by many very ill-judged laws, has brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of a most unlimited submission: speaking a language that is despised, professing a religion that is abhorred, and being disarmed, the poor find themselves, in many cases, slaves, even in the bosom of written liberty! . . . The abominable distinction of religion, united with the oppressive conduct of the little country gentlemen, or rather vermin of the kingdom, who were never out of it, altogether bear still very heavy on the poor people, and subject them to situations more mortifying than we ever behold in England." In the next page after these preliminary observations, this able writer (who said in vain fifty years ago, what since that time so many eminent men have been in vain repeating,) points out more immediately the causes of the crimes committed by the peasantry, which he distinctly refers to the distinctions of religion. "The proper distinction in all the discontents of the people is into Protestant and Catholic. The Whiteboys being labouring Catholics, met with all those oppressions I have described, and would probably have continued in full submission, had not very severe treatment blown up the flame of resistance. The atrocious acts they were guilty of made them the objects of general indignation: acts were passed for their punishment, which seemed calculated for the meridian of Barbary: it is manifest that the gentlemen of Ireland never thought of a radical cure, from overlooking the real cause of the disease, which, in fact, lay in themselves, and not in the wretches they doomed to the gallows. Let them change their own conduct entirely, and the poor will not long riot. Treat them like men, who ought to be free as yourselves: put an end to that system of religious persecution, which for seventy years has divided the kingdom against itself. In these two things lies the cure of insurrection—perform them completely, and you will have an affectionate poor, instead of oppressed and discontented vassals; a better treatment of the poor in Ireland is a very material point to the welfare of the whole British empire. Events may happen which may convince us fatally of this truth. If not, oppression would have broken all the spirit and resentment of men. By what policy the Government of England can, for so many years, have permitted such an absurd system to be matured in Ireland, is beyond the power of plain sense to discover." Arthur Young may be wrong in his inference, (I do not think that he is,) but, be he right or wrong, I have succeeded in establishing that he, whose evidence was most dispassionate and impartial, referred the agrarian barbarities of the lower orders to the oppression of the Roman Catholics. But the passage which I have cited is not the strongest. The seventh section of his work is entitled "Religion." After saying that "the domineering aristocracy of five hundred thousand Protestants, feel the sweets of having two millions of slaves," (the Roman Catholic body was then not one third of what the penal code has since made it,) he observes, "the disturbances of the Whiteboys, which lasted ten years, (what would he now say of their duration?) in spite of every exertion of legal power, were, in many circumstances, very remarkable, and in none more so than in the surprising intelligence among the Insurgents, wherever found. It was universal, and almost instantaneous. The numerous bodies of them, at whatever distance from each other, seemed animated by one zeal, and not a single instance was known, in that long course of time, of a single individual betraying the cause. The severest threats and the most splendid promises of reward had no other effect than to draw closer the bonds which cemented a multitude to all appearance so desultory. It was then

evident that the iron hand of oppression had been far enough from securing the obedience, or crushing the spirit of the people; and all reflecting men, who consider the value of religious liberty, will wish it may never have that effect,—will trust in the wisdom of Almighty God, for teaching man to respect even those prejudices of his brethren, that are imbibed as sacred rights, even from earliest infancy; that, by dear-bought experience of the futility and ruin of the attempt, the persecuting spirit may cease, and toleration establish that harmony and security which, five score years' experience has told us, is not to be purchased at the expense of humanity."

This is strong language, and was used by a man who had no connecting sympathy of interest, of religion, or of nationality with Ireland. So unequivocal an opinion, expressed by a person of such authority, and whose credit is not affected by any imaginable circumstance, must be admitted to have great weight, even if there was a difficulty in perceiving the grounds on which that opinion rested. But there is little or none. The law divides the Protestant proprietor from the Catholic tiller of the soil, and generates a feeling of tyrannical domination in the one, and of hatred and distrust in the other. The Irish peasant is not divided from his landlord by the ordinary demarcations of society. Another barrier is erected, and, as if the poor and the rich were not already sufficiently separated, religion is raised as an additional boundary between them. The operation of the feelings, which are the consequence of this division, is stronger in the county of Tipperary than elsewhere. It is a peculiarly Cromwellian district, or, in other words, the holy warriors of the Protector chose it as their land of peculiar promise, and selected it as a favourite object of confiscation. The lower orders have good memories. There is scarce a peasant who, as he passes the road, will not point to the splendid mansions of the aristocracy, embowered in groves, or rising upon fertile elevations, and tell you the name of the pious Corporal, or the inspired Serjeant, from whom the present proprietors derive a title which, even at this day, appears to be of a modern origin. These reminiscences are of a most injurious tendency. But, after all, it is the system of religious separation which nurtures the passions of the peasantry with these pernicious recollections. They are not permitted to forget that Protestantism is stamped upon every institution in the country, and their own sunderance from the privileged class is perpetually brought to their minds. Judges, sheriffs, magistrates, Crown counsel, law officers,—all are Protestant. The very sight of a court of justice reminds them of the degradations attached to their religion, by presenting them with the ocular proof of the advantages and honours which belong to the legal creed. It is not, therefore, wonderful that they should feel themselves a branded caste; that they should have a consciousness that they belong to a debased and inferior community; and having no confidence in the upper classes, and no reliance in the sectarian administration of the law, that they should establish a code of barbarous legislation among themselves, and have recourse to what Lord Bacon calls "the wild justice" of revenge. A change of system would not perhaps produce immediate effects upon the character of the people; but I believe that its results would be much more speedy than is generally imagined. At all events, the experiment of conciliation is worth the trial. Every other expedient has been resorted to, and has wholly failed. It remains that the legislature, after exhausting all other means of tranquillising Ireland, should, upon a mere chance of success, adopt the remedy which has at least the sanction of illustrious names for its recommendation. The union of the two great classes of the people in Ireland, in other words, the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, is in this view not only recommended by motives of policy, but of humanity; for who that has witnessed the scenes which I have (perhaps at too much length) detailed in these pages, can fail to feel that, if the demoralization of the people arises from bad government, the men who from feelings of partisanship persevere in that system of misrule, will have to render a terrible account?

VINDICIÆ MAGOGIANÆ; OR, A MODEST DEFENCE OF GOG AND MAGOG.

"Thou shalt answer for this, thou slanderer."—DRYDEN.

A MORE wanton and unprovoked attack upon two more orderly and inoffensive individuals, than the libel upon Gog and Magog in the last number of the "New Monthly Magazine," was, I verily believe, never committed to paper. If the writer of it had not been as ignorant of general and natural history as he has proved himself to be of individual character, he must have been aware that, by a benignant provision of Nature, the superior power of all the larger animals, disproportioned as it is to their increased bulk, is moreover neutralised by their peaceable and harmless disposition, those which are physically the most formidable, being morally the most amiable and philanthropic. Such an arrangement was obviously necessary for the protection of all inferior creatures, and it will accordingly be found in universal operation. The immeasurable Kraken, for whose existence we have episcopal authority, is not recorded to have ever committed one single aggression, his diving down with Munchausen, when the Baron had taken the unwarrantable liberty of lighting a fire upon his back, being simply an act of self-defence, and one which the meekest Christian might excusably perpetrate if he could thus get rid of all his backbiters. The immense serpent that once stopped the march of a whole Roman army, although to him doubtless, as well as to the Dragon of Wantley, "Houses and churches were only geese and turkeys," did not gobble up a single centurion, notwithstanding the averment of Pliny that they awoke the Python out of a sweet sleep by bringing a battering-ram to bear upon his back-bone, a process which might have excused some little degree of pettishness. Mammoths and that other still more gigantic animal, whose skeleton extending to one hundred and seventy feet in length, has lately been discovered in America, I firmly believe to have been most meek and innocuous creatures, Atlantean lambs, colossal deer, gigantic innocents, whose peaceable character is sufficiently established by the fact that they have become extinct; for had their nature been carnivorous and fierce, it is much more likely that they should have swallowed up the last of some of the defenceless races, than that they themselves should have ceased to exist. They have evidently fallen a sacrifice to their amiability, and need no better monument than their bones, which, like those of the Spartans at Thermopylæ, seem to say to the traveller—"Go! and tell to all the world that we lie here in obedience to the laws of benevolence and love."

If we turn from these uncertain or extinct animals to those which still inhabit our globe, shall we not invariably find those of the hugest bulk and power the most gentle, meek, and inoffensive. The great fish that swallowed up Jonah surrendered him again without hurting a hair of his head, or even charging any thing for his three days' lodging. Far from interfering with our fishing-grounds, or the courses of our steam-boats, to which he might prove himself a most formidable antagonist, the mighty but modest whale betakes himself to the very extremities of his own element, deep in the Polar seas, but, alas! not beyond the reach of that universal enemy—man. The human, or rather the inhuman biped, traverses those icy fields, plunges his har-

poon in the back of his unsuspecting victim, and instead of pouring oil upon his wounds, like a good Samaritan, endeavours to extract oil out of them. Is not such cruelty enough to make the stoutest whale blubber? Little thinks the gentle reader when he is sitting beside his spermaceti candles, or the clear bright flame of his lamp, enjoying the supreme luxury of reading the present article in the New Monthly, that he is indebted for it to the stupendous whale, the native burgher of the floods, whose last breath is, as it were, exhaling from the glass of the lamp or the flaring wick. The gentle reader literally makes light of his death, adverting not to the conclusive throes and heavings of the cetaceous breast when the sufferer, stuck all over with harpoons, like the front wall of Northumberland House, plunges and rushes through the roaring abysses of the deep, churning the waters into foam, and dying them with blood, until they resemble a devil's punch-bowl of raspberry-cream, in the midst of which he at length dies himself. Strange that we should thus get light from the darkest depths, fishing up, as it were, an arctic moon to irradiate the midnight streets of London; nor less strange that our beauties should be rendered shapely by the most unwieldy of fishes, and that the symmetrical bust which captivates the lover's eye should be only built up upon a bracket of whalebone. Can we wonder that Love declines being himself a stay-maker, when he discovers the secrets of the trade! If Cupid were honest, his bow should be wrought of whalebone and his dart should be a harpoon.

And the elephant, the largest of all terrestrial animals, is he not as bland and mild as the huge-ribbed monarch of the waters? Timid and graminivorous, he desires only the uninhabited wilderness for his domain, where he may live, like a four-legged hermit, upon pulse and herbage; but man, the universal robber, stops the elephantine traveller upon his own highway, transplants his ivories, and robs him of his trunk. If the case were reversed, what a hubbub would be made of such an outrage in the police reports; how the walls would be plastered with bills headed "Robbery and Murder!" in large letters, and what rewards would be offered for the apprehension of the truculent perpetrator! Never was this intelligent and noble animal known to commence aggression upon man; and even in his death he heaps blessings and comforts upon his murderer. The most colossal of quadrupeds. "the half-resoninag parent of combs," supplies us with traps for catching the little nameless wanderers of the capillary forest; with tetotums for amusing our children; with harpsichord-keys for our young ladies, who, when they are "warbling immortal verse and Tuscan air," little perpend what obligations they owe to the tusk of the elephant;—with balls for billiard-players, who knock about the teeth of the forest-monarch with no more ceremony than my lady's scull is sometimes "knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade;"—and, finally, with dice, those fearful instruments of misery and ruin, in which shape it may be thought that the elephant has taken an ample, though unintentional revenge upon mankind.

But why dissert we upon colossal beasts and fishes, when it would be more germane to our subject to confine ouselves to those human giants, of whom Gog and Magog may be presumed to be the types or images? The rebel giants, as they are termed in the ancient mytholo-

gy, I discard, together with the "Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimeras dire," as altogether fabulous; for none of the race were ever given to rebel, but are rather remarkable for an aversion to pugnacity, and a most drum-like propensity to be beaten, when they are compelled to wage involuntary war. Goliah of Gath was slain by a stripling; Og, King of Bashan, was overthrown by the Hebrews; Sampson, tall as he was, was outreached by a woman; the Giant Ferragus, although he was eighteen feet high, was knocked on the head by Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne; Colbrand, the colossal Dane, was made to bite the dust by our own Guy of Warwick; Jack the Giant-killer's exploits are well known to all readers of authentic history; and, in short, we hardly ever meet with an ogre, ogress, or towering Fee-fa-fum, who does not suffer his, her, or its head to be cut off by some hop-o'my-thumb dwarf or duodecimo Dreadnought. Does not this incontestably establish the meek spirit of the folio editions of humanity, and prove that "suffering is the badge of all their tribe," that they have patiently endured a persecution which has pushed their whole race under ground? Patagonians above six feet high are no longer to be found, the Brobdignagians are extinct, Irish giants are becoming scarce—they have all followed the Mammoth and the Megatherium, and the Lilliputians are undisputed lords of the creation.

And now, not to travel any longer out of the record, pass we at once to Gog and Magog, whom I hold to be fashioned after some Roman, or Grecian, rather than any Danish or Saxon model, seeing that there is a graceful down-looking attitude about the head, worthy of Antinous himself, and that the costume approximates closely to the Roman. I am ready to throw down the gauntlet in defence of their symmetry and proportions against all oppugners, Christian, Jewish, or Mahometan. How should your correspondent, Mr. Editor, know the proper conformation of a giant of the Magogian dimensions? Was he ever one himself, or did he ever see one? *Heu! nos homunculi!* are we little mannikins, pigmies, Lilliputians, to set up our own puny forms as models for the Titans! What arrogance and conceit! The Ouran-outang might as well find fault with Apollo for not being made like himself. We laugh at the fable of the ape and her young one, and yet our vanity betrays us into the self-same delusion. I maintain that the figures of Gog and Magog, superhuman in their very nature, and therefore not amenable to the tailor-like admeasurements of men, are consistent, appropriate, and gigantical, showing a disdain of mortal rules, that irrefragably proves their autocratical independence and heroism. "It is great," says Shakspeare, "to have a giant's strength, but it is base to use it like a giant;" thus falling into the vulgar error of supposing that they are prone to violence and oppression. Let Gog and Magog confute both him and the correspondent of the New Monthly, (I beg pardon of the former for the association,) and all other maligners of the Titanian race. There have they stood, age after age, looking tranquillity, never stirring an inch, nor uttering a word, nor once wielding the weapons wherewith they are so fearfully armed. Their swords, like those of Harmodius and Aristogiton, should be entwined with wreaths of olive, to intimate that they are the preservers, not breakers, of the peace. Whom have they injured, whom attacked, whom put in bodily fear? Who has brought an action of assault and battery against them? Who

ever saw them leap from their pedestals on a Lord Mayor's day, and run a-muck at the Mayor and Corporation? Conceive what horrors they might have perpetrated, what dropsical stomachs they might have tapped with their long lances; what apoplectic and plethoric throats they might have severed with their swords, had they become intoxicated with the fumes of wine and viands, and committed that Lapithæan outrage to which I have ventured tremblingly to allude! Let us be duly grateful for their forbearance. They have worn daggers, but used none; they have preserved the same placid and imperturbable expression of countenance, when the myriad faces that surrounded them have all been distorted with rage. "Their delights were dolphin-like, and showed themselves above the elements they moved in." The "tantæne cœlestibus iræ" would not apply to them; for, whatever divinities they may represent, they know not the touch of anger. Like sun-dials, their faces register "nil nisi serenas horas."

And if they must be removed and expelled the City, as your Correspondent so flippantly recommends, by what process are they to be dislodged? What officer will serve a writ of ejectment upon them? and will the City Marshal, even with his sword by his side, the Lord Mayor's warrant in his hand, and a bottle of valour in his head, venture to beard them upon their brackets? Is Gog, like a great wooden doll, to be dandled and fondled, or kicked and cuffed, at the caprice of its civic mistress? or is Magog a mighty Punch, that Lignum vitæ Roscius, who may be cudgelled *ad libitum* and with impunity, unless the cackling of the mannikin's bubble-and-squeak voice may be deemed a punishment of his assailant? It may be easy to pass a decree for their dethronement; but once more, I ask, who is to bell the cat? The first workman that picks at them with his iron crow may be assured that they will have a monstrous crow to pick with him in return. They will not be quietly knocked down by the hammer, like an auctioneer's lot, nor collared by a rascal beadle, nor be bound with cords as Gulliver was by the Lilliputians, without making some fearful effort to shake off their pigmy assailants, "like dew drops from the lion's mane." How, if in their just indignation, finding their long-suppressed voices, they utter a terrific shout, "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," tear their swords from their scabbards, leap down into the shaking and loud-echoing hall, and make minced-meat of the Mayor and Corporation! How, if each, like another Sampson, puts his hand upon the wall and buries himself, together with his Philistine persecutors, in the ruins of the building! Are these tremendous hazards to be wantonly encountered? Never was it less necessary than at the present time, when the citizens need not bid the giants fly from them, since they themselves have voluntarily fled from the giants. Who dwells within their purlieus, or "even within the verge of Temple-Bar?" Alas! the descendants of William Walworth no longer inhabit the street which he has immortalised. All have deserted their palladium—fled from the civic Lares and Penates, and sought out new abodes amid the terra incognita of Russell and Torrington Squares.

Thus pensively and profoundly was I meditating, seated, one evening, upon a stone bench in Guildhall, when, as the gathering gloom invested the solemn faces of Gog and Magog, rendering them mysteriously dim and indistinct, methought I saw them slowly shut their eyes,

nod their heads, fall asleep, and actually begin to snore. Never did I hear any thing more sonorously grand and awful than that portentous inbreathing of Gog and Magog, resounding through the Gothic vastness of Guildhall; but behold! how omnipotent is the dreaming imagination! I myself had been dozing; the sound of my own nose, transferred by a metonymy of the fancy to the nostrils of those wooden idols, had become, as it were, the living apotheosis of a snore, which had subdued me by its sublimity. Most fortunate was it that I awoke; for, on attentively inspecting the faces of the figures, I saw them working and writhing with all the contortions of the Pythoness or the Sibyl, labouring in the very throes of inspiration, struggling with the advent of the prophetical afflatus. At length their lips parted, when, in a low, solemn voice, that thrilled through the dark, deserted, and silent hall, they poured forth alternately the following vaticinal strain, each starting and trembling as he concluded:—

"From Bank, Change, Mansion-house, Guildhall,
 Throgmorton, and Threadneedle,
From London-stone, and London-wall,
 When City housewives wheedle
To Brunswick, Russell, Bedford Squares,
 And Portland-place, their spouses,
Anxious to give themselves great airs
 Of fashion in great houses,
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal."

"When merchant, banker, broker, shake
 In Crockford's club their elbow,
And for St. James's clock forsake
 The chiming of thy bell, Bow;
When Batson's, Garraway's, and John's,
 At night show empty boxes,
While cits are playing dice with dons,
 Or ogling opera doxies;
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal."

"When City dames give routs and reels,
 And ape high-titled prancers,
When City misses dance quadrilles,
 Or waltz with whisker'd Lancers;
When City gold is quickly spent
 In trinkets, feasts, and raiment,
And none suspend their merriment
 Until they all stop payment,
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal."

I was reflecting what dire calamities would fall upon the doomed City, since the era of luxury, corruption, and desertion thus denounced had now manifestly arrived, and Gog and Magog were actually starting and trembling upon their pedestals, when the hall-keeper, shaking me by the shoulder, exclaimed—"Come, Sir, you musn't be sleeping here all night! Bundle out if you please, for I am just a going to shut the great gates." H.

TABLE-TALK ABROAD.—NO. V.

The Court of Common Pleas.

"In those days the Judges of the Common Pleas were Mansfield, Chambré, Rooke, and Heath, all able men and excellent judges. Sir James Mansfield had succeeded to the present Earl of Eldon, on the advancement of the latter to the woolsack; and it really resembled the overtaking of Eternity by Time, for the one was decisive in the same ratio the other was disposed to pause and hesitate. With a proper confidence in his powers, Mansfield justified his nomination to the Bench by a zealous discharge of his duty, and his appearance and manner there I thought equally imposing, and as eminently adapted to the high station he occupied. His silvery and projecting eyebrows, rivalling the snowy whiteness of his wig, gave him a venerable air, and would have announced no ordinary length of years had not his bold and ruddy countenance, the energy and emphasis of his gesture, combined with a firm and somewhat harsh tone of voice, given evidence that the infirmities of age had as yet been sparing in their inroads on his constitution, while his addresses from the Bench no less testified the integrity of his moral faculties, and the very fact of his being enabled to keep the Serjeants themselves in something like decent order, (the brotherhood was certainly composed of milder elements than they are now —they were neither presuming nor exuberantly vivacious) bespoke in him the possession of vigour of purpose and execution which none of his successors (save Gifford, during the short period he presided over the rebel coifs,) have apparently been enabled to attain. Best has equal spirit, but less dignity; there is too much of the 'Sono anch' io Fratello'* in his composition; he identifies himself on and off the Bench with the Hermandad;† and, when disposed, he finds his powers insufficient to bend, much less to break the bundle of sticks. Then, it is said, (I know not with what truth,) that there is a *Tu Brute* inclination at times in some one or other of his colleagues, to encourage mutiny and insurgency against the sovereign will: be it as it may, there now exists but one specific for supererogatory excitement, and, as a ring is the very first thing they resort to as Serjeants, let that which has been termed 'an Art of Peace,' be at once and finally resorted to as the only remedy. To return to Sir James Mansfield.—Shortly after his elevation, he was offered a peerage by Government; but, although there were those attached to him to whose advancement he was naturally not indifferent, could it have been legitimately obtained, and to whose interests he was any thing but callous, he was induced to decline the proffered honour. Off the Bench he showed himself a fine, hale, hearty old man; and when he put on his buckskins and other Nimrod attributes of dress, verily he might have been taken for some ancient and long-practised huntsman, for he was powerful of make, strong of limb, of active habits, bluff, bold, and somewhat uncourteous when he would. Lord Kenyon used to eye his Prestons with ineffable contempt, as he reflected upon the improvidency of his brother judge; and regard his own interminable doeskins, on which age had bestowed a hue scarcely less sombre than the silken robe that hid them, and to which

* I also am a brother. † Brotherhood.

long rubbing (a practice he had when he charged the Jury) gave a gloss that any polisher of mahogany might have envied.

"It was, as I remember, on a fine summer morning, (if such a thing be amongst the other fine things of London,) that returning to town through the fields north of the metropolis, at an unusually early hour, I observed before me one whose strange movements and unaccountable gestures led me at first to the belief of his being deranged; for as, with form as upright as Lord Tenterden's conduct, he paced nervously and manfully along, he threw aloft as he went a ponderous cudgel, which, having performed the requisite number of evolutions in upper air, was caught in his powerful grasp as it fell, and again expedited on high, with as much energy as it was caught in its descent, with ease. Long he pursued this violent exercise, with a degree of perseverance and exertion that would have exhausted a round dozen of the dandies of this day, and, while he thus gave play to his muscles, trod lightly and firmly: his figure was, as I said, strong and not inelegant; he was habited in black, and with the utmost care and neatness, and my curiosity was awakened to ascertain who might be this matinal *athléte*. As I approached him, he turned suddenly without discontinuing his gymnastics, or evincing the slightest embarrassment at being observed; and to my low and reverent courtesy, the cudgel-playing Chief Justice removed his beaver and replaced it, while yet his far-sent Djerrid was somersetting above, and, clutching it again, pursued his homeward course to breakfast, and then to law. I am morally certain that he often wished in Court that he had but that vivacious shilelah in his grasp when as some brother in a moment of brief excitement——I know not how it is, but no sooner has some dull, long-plodding jurisconsult, by the especial compassion of the Chancellor for his age or infirmities, been vested with the coif, than all his homelier and quiescent ideas become active, deranged, and unsettled; and the black patch on his wig has the immediate effect of a blister on the head, without the beneficial results of that vesicatory application in regard to the fever of the brain. There may be some secret with the craft or brotherhood; but the comparison is unfair, as there is no unanimity in their association; it is rather a Carbonari meeting, where all are cousins, and all cozening, where their language and manners are scarcely less common than their pleas. Sir James was learned as a lawyer, and a sound Judge, with some trifling bias, it may be (haply to himself unknown) towards the 'powers that be;' his feelings were warm and readily excited, but without irritability, although his voice and manner might often induce the idea that his passions had been effectually aroused. I never beheld him more earnest and energetic than on occasion of charging the Jury in an action tried before him between the late John Kemble, as proprietor of Covent-garden Theatre, and Henry Clifford the barrister, when the merits of the celebrated O. P. Row came under discussion, and Clifford stood the advocate of popular rights (more fitly termed popular wrongs), as the tragedian the defender of his interests and property. The opinion of the Chief-Justice was warmly and decidedly expressed in favour of the latter, and in prejudice of the 'honest counsellor,' and his exposition of the law of the case was so forcibly opposed to the legality of the proceedings of the *Pitt* party, that, relying upon its effect on the twelve

'good men and true,' he hesitated not, on their retiring—(it was untimely certainly; for a verdict, if it be reversible, should never be anticipated)—to address the people, in endeavouring to impress on their minds the impropriety of the conduct pursued towards the theatrical manager, and in cautioning them against the recurrence of scenes tending to the disturbance of the public peace, and which 'would be now pronounced, by the decision of a just, impartial, and enlightened jury, equally unjustifiable, and subjected to correction of no trifling character, which would, on any future occasion, be as strictly as decidedly enforced.' He had scarcely ended his address ere the twelve matter-of-fact judges appeared in the box, and at once gave an unanimous and unqualified verdict in favour of Clifford, with damages against Kemble (trifling in amount, it is true), in direct contradiction to the directions of the Judge, and as much to his amazement and disappointment as to the high delight of the assembled million, which filled the Hall in eager and anxious expectation of the event. One involuntary shout of ecstasy, prolonged and forceful as the well-expressed aspirations of Donnybrook fair—as a gentle difference of opinion at a female Bible Society—as the simultaneous burst of a Drury-Lane chorus in the Coronation Anthem—as the war-cry of fifty men or two women in a fight,—rang through the Hall, startled Lord Ellenborough in his distant den, threw Lord Eldon's nerves into Chancery, and excited many a quickly-successive pinch of snuff from Sir Archibald Macdonald in his hold, completely exchequering his ideas. I never saw a man so thoroughly posed as Sir James; he stood aghast, thunderstruck, and confounded; for when moved he always got upon his feet:—he cast one glance of fear and distrust at the rebellious dozen, and with a wrathful shake of head, which drew down clouds of powder from his perruque, left the court hastily, and in silence.

"I remember Lord Cochrane passing through the Hall at the moment his new-found constituents were indulging their vocal propensities. With all his service, he was neither weatherbeaten nor care-worn then. There was an expression of curiosity and wonder in his true Caledonian and right manly countenance, as he viewed the vagaries of Westminster. He knew as little of his companions at that time as he did of either disgrace or fear. To him it was truly Scot and Lot—a little time and much was changed. Twenty years have since gone by, and with them Bonaparte and South American slavery, the Turkish power in Greece, Brummel and Skeffington, Sheridan and Canning, Sheriff Parkins and Joanna Southcote, Kemble, Clifford, O. P. Rows, and what not?

"There was also Sir Giles Rooke, a good, quiet, simple, 'sad, and gentlemanlike person,' who, after having devoted a long life to the arduous study of the law, was seized in his patriarchal days with a taste for novel-reading—Mrs. Radcliffe, George Walker, the Burney, and even the emanations of the Minerva Press. He was, it is said, as little choice in the selection of writers as eager in the perusal of their works; and with all the fervour of a curtain-firing chambermaid, would sacrifice the hours best adapted to repose and rest, after the wearying duties of the day, to the enjoyment of maudlin sentiment or the horrors of overstrained romance. Often would the morning sun find Sir Giles in bed, pursuing, with no wonted ardour, the progress of some tale of

sorrows of love; participating in the deeper miseries of 'Fatal Sensibility,' or the sublimer horrors and more perplexed mysteries of 'The Dumb Nun of St. Bog and Mount.' Had Sir Walter been then, it would have been quite another thing; but it was strange to see one of learning and of taste so employed. If I remember well, however, his was a romantic family; he had a brother, who, after having served his King with credit in the army, abandoned his native country for the land of the olive and myrtle, and, beneath 'cloudless climes and starry skies,' sought scenes better adapted to his taste than those his proper land afforded. With a spirit of research, a mind richly stored with knowledge, and a heart flowing with charity to all mankind, he established his head-quarters at Rhodes, within the very walls once possessed by the Knights of St. John, whence he would occasionally visit in his yacht the beautiful islands of the Grecian archipelago, or direct his course to those of the Septinsular Republic, his worth and amiable qualities assuring him a grateful reception whithersoever he went. His collection of medals and manuscripts were said to have been extremely valuable; but when Colonel Rooke died (in Rhodes, I believe), it is to be feared that they became the spoil of those who more largely benefited by his bounty while living, than they were disposed to evince a due respect for his memory when dead.

"Heath seemed in his very dotage; and he who beheld the inane expression of his features—his seeming abstraction from things around—the palsied motion of his head—the death-like paleness of his countenance, and reflected on his large account of years, must have regarded him with sentiments of compassion, and esteemed him more a mockery than an ornament to the place on which he had intruded; yet his moral faculties were far superior to his physical powers: and when in tremulous accents he laboured to convey his opinion on a case of legal difficulty, one was only the more astonished at the integrity of his mind, the clearness of his views, and his force of memory. When raised to the Bench, he positively refused to be knighted, and no entreaty could prevail upon him to attend at court for that purpose. Precedent and custom were urged in vain, and he lived and died plain John Heath.

"On the decease of Sir James Mansfield, Sir Vicary Gibbs was nominated his successor, and never was there a man more eminently qualified by legal erudition for that high station. He had strong natural talent, learning, and great eloquence; and, as he ascended the Bench, he divested himself in a great degree of that asperity of character which had distinguished him at the Bar, and of the extreme severity by which his conduct as a Crown officer had been undoubtedly marked. If he were opposed most hostilely to the public press (more so than it was generally deemed circumstances might have warranted), he might perhaps urge, in apology of his conduct, the interpretation he felt himself conscientiously bound to give to the duties of his office in times of tumult and of danger: his feelings as a man were in no wise identified with his measures as a minister of the law; he assumed the Bench upon the purest principles, and proved himself an upright and temperate judge. It was unfortunate that his constitution, ever delicate, had been severely tried by excessive study and labour;—circumstances, too, connected with his private life had cruelly thwarted his better nature:

and, already subjected to much physical infirmity, he had scarcely ascended the judgment-seat when a deplorable event, which occurred in a distant land to one near in blood as dear to his affections, conferred a shock upon his system which his weakened powers might not support, and he died, it is believed, of a broken heart.

"Sir John Richardson was one of Gibbs's colleagues. The midnight lamp had dried up in him all the strengthening juices of life; pale, emaciated, and delicate, he accepted but struggled not for the retention of his honours;—he was 'La legge senza corpore'*—and he wisely determined to cherish what little remained to him of existence, and, most unlawyerlike, resigned place, patronage, and profit. With a Shandean spirit, he horrified the Chancellor, and upset at once all his Lordship's ideas respecting the 'fitness of things,' by throwing his wig and gown and some thousands a year carelessly at his feet, as he announced his intent of seeking the fair and healthful shores of the Mediterranean, and leave law and lawyers, sessions, circuits, and that sort of rigmarole, for ever behind him. This *ex officio* information is said most mightily to have discomposed his Lordship: and as Sir John reasoned of Malta and Sicily—Naples, Etna, and Vesuvius—oranges and ananas—lacryma Christi, macaroni, and pleasure to come—verily he most grievously confounded the keeper of the seals, who, except from Lord Londonderry, knew as little about such things (Heaven help him) as he did of Mr. Shiel, Sir Walter Scott, or Jeremy Bentham himself. He swore that his then Vice had bitten Sir John: that there was a Carbonari conspiracy among the judges—that Best, and Park, and Bailey, and haply old Wood and Alexander, would all soon follow the example, leaving Littleton for Lazzaroni, the courts of law for those of Ferdinand and Pius. In short—but it would not do—like Sterne, with light heart and lighter health, (Richardson greatly resembles the English Rabelais in person,) he would have his way and will: and unmoved by the tears of Chancery—the predictions of Park of dangers uncontemplated before—the charge of Best, or the imploring looks of his brother coifs, he disbarred himself from their embrace, and with the travelling directions of his friend, 't'other Sir John,' for his guide, resolved to taste those pleasures by which his mind had been seduced, as the travelled Vice would recount to wondering benchers and petrified judges, on a grand day at Lincoln's Inn, the richness of San Carlo—the admirable architecture of La Scala—the glories of San Pietro—the soft delights of the midnight Serenata—the generous qualities of the exhilarating Aleatico—the palatable gout of Ronciglione—"la bellezza della Paesana Toscana,"† or the soul-subduing glances of the dark-eyed Napolitana. Verily his Honour has much to answer for; and, if Brougham do but succeed, luckily for John Ball, in cutting off the resources of the profession at home, its members may just as well pack up toga and wig, and hie them also to Naples, for it is no less the seat of pleasure than it is of law: and many, I assure them, will suit admirably well there. What pleasure to behold these two modern Minoses;—Equitas and Lex Communis arm in arm;—the twin sages of the land disporting them on the borders of the Bay of Naples—eyeing the melon-bearing *brunette* with no flaw-finding eye;—flirt-

* Law without belly. † The beauty of the Tuscan peasant.

ing with the more refined and graceful signorine of the Strada di Toledo;—regaling themselves 'da che si parte il sole,'* with the savoury Sardines and love-inspiring glances of some female Kitchener, youthful and lively, in the open air—who, with an affected blush, exclaims in the delicious language of his delicious land, 'Dio il ti perdoni,'† as either elder rapturously descants on the beauties of form and feature of the nut-brown maid of Santa Lucia;—or to observe them quaffing long draughts of delight and 'acqua gelata,'‡ from the hands of some laughter-loving 'ragazza'§ of the 'Rua dei Guanti.'‖ Indeed it is better, far better than the Law. I rather envy the lazy Lazzarone 'the fair humanities of his religion,' who finds no ill-grudged sustenance in the fruits and waters of his liberal land, and who enjoys them stretched 'in the eye o' the sun,' upon the sands of his lovely bay: than he who, having wasted a wearisome and dull existence in laborious study, is poorly recompensed by tardy wealth and ill-timed honours, when the zest for the enjoyment of either has long since past away.

"Gifford I have told you of—his reign in the Common Pleas was of brief duration; but while there he held the fraternity with an iron hand, and made them wince within his despot grasp. The ring-presenting coifs were as happy to get rid of him as Brougham of the Lord Chancellor, or the No Popery parsons of Canning.

"Last came—'mais il faut commencer par le commencement.' Serjeant Best was undoubtedly one of the most popular advocates of his day; when popularity was worth something, and its attainment more up-hill work than it has since become. To great talent and learning he united nature's mother-wit, and a manner frank, unaffected, and engaging. He had a taste too for social enjoyment, which he has not yet, I believe, resigned; and the lawyer had never vanquished the man in him. He was always ardent and often bold in the discharge of his duties; had much of homely and useful eloquence with high moral courage ('faith he had more); with none of the solemnity of the pleader, or the pertness of the Serjeant, he identified his feelings so effectually with the cause he espoused (when it justified their being called into action,) that no man probably ever so well satisfied a losing client as Serjeant Best. It was quite delightful to see him too in a consultation at chambers—divested of all formality and stiffness—his corporeal attributes duly refreshed, knocking some long-winded didactic Coke upon Littleton dissertation on the head by untimely piquant and mirth-stirring jest, until the very dark and rigid muscles of poor Romilly himself would relax perforce—that "Lancashire witch," Jockey Bell, for once forgetting Law and mathematics, would join in the laugh—even Preston afford one of his equivocal and half-frightful cachinnations—while supple solicitors would anxiously rustle among their papers in an attempt to conceal their indecorous jollity, and even the bugbearing abortions of the Law could not but venture to chuckle in the rear of their reverend masters. Then he hated refining and quiddities, and all the insufferable but profitable nonsense of the profession; he would toss away impediment and obstacles by the horns with more of frankness than cere-

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* When the sun declines. † God forgive thee! ‡ Iced water. § Girl. ‖ Glove street.

mony; crush objections in the bud, as indifferently as he crumbled the bank notes in the pocket of his nether man without regarding them, and bolting out his sententious say with the soul of brevity, limp on to his chambers with fun and good-humour in his countenance, nodding to all of human kind he knew with heartiness and familiarity, not even forgetting, in the bountiful dispensation of friendly acknowledgment, old Sam the shoe-black, who would hastily throw away his polisher and the arm-intrenched boot to assume a Wellington position which he had learned of the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association (he was extreme polisher to the corps) to salute with due observance him whom the eccentric rubber of shoes would deign to term Brother Best. I never beheld him at that season of the day but Foote in the Lame Lover would force himself on my memory: for he could drink his wine and flavour that of others with many a well-told tale and pleasant saying. I greatly fear however, that, like Falstaff, with his well-acquired dignity he proposes 'to reform and live clean.' Frolic and good taste forbid—if Brother Wilde will but act as safety-valve for the occasional explosion of the superabundant gas of indignation when the provoking twitches of the gout and Morning Chronicle torment him, he will long live respected and beloved as a man, and have many another opportunity for boating it with Brother Burroughs in his few but joyful vacations.

"Justice Park, by no very desirable luck in the adjudication of extraordinary criminal causes, is known to the public quite as well as Irving, Hunt, Alderman Waithman, the Green Man, or the battle of Navarino. At the Bar he was never prominent, although his admirably written 'Treatise on Insurance' procured him ample business, which he ever conducted in a plain, efficient, and somewhat noisy manner. His voice was harsh and devoid of distinctness; his oratory without effect; and he would speak with as much warmth on a dry question of mercantile law as Erskine when he deemed the liberties of his country at stake, or Garrow when, after a perplexing cross-examination, he had beautifully intangled a suborned witness, and having once got his head under his arm milled him most unmercifully until he could no longer stand or go, but only *lie*. Park, however, was, and is, universally respected—he is a man of honour and integrity, with much warmth of feeling, and no one more heartily despises any thing low, grovelling, or mean, than he does."

EPIGRAM TO A NEW-MADE BARONET.

Imitated from Martial.

THOUGH I do *Sir* thee, be not vain, I pray,
I *Sir* my monkey Jacko every day.

MEXICO IN 1827.*

The book now before us is the production of Mr. Ward, his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires to the Government of Mexico, whose mission commenced in the year 1825, and continued into that of 1828.

The information communicated by Mr. Ward is principally, though by no means exclusively, either of a political or commercial character, and doubtless of the most authentic as well as most recent description. The work is comprehended in six books; and, from a concise statement of the respective contents of these, the reader of the present pages will immediately collect the range of materials of the entire production. Thus, the First Book, subdivided into four sections (they ought to have been denominated *chapters*.) informs us of the "Boundaries, Geological Structure, and Climate" of Mexico: its "Population;" its "Productions;" and the "Spanish Colonial System," under which it was anciently governed. In the Second Book, we have the history of the Revolution, from 1808 to 1824, the date of the final overthrow and death of Iturbide; in the Third, the description of the "Present Form of Government;" accounts of the state of Religious Establishments and feelings, and of the Army, Navy, and Trade; and reflections on the former and probable future importance of the last. The Fourth Book, comprising four sections, is devoted to the "Mines of Mexico;" and the Fifth and Sixth to the "Personal Narrative" of the author; that is, to a narrative of his excursions in the country. The Appendix supplies some political papers, and some local descriptions, from the pens of recent writers.

Upon the difficulty of writing the truth concerning the commercial prospects of Mexico, in such a manner as to meet the present state of public feeling in England upon that subject, Mr. Ward, in his preface, has thus expressed himself:

"It is difficult for a person who is desirous to lay before the Public an impartial view of the present state and capabilities of Mexico, to determine exactly at what point to commence his undertaking.

"Three years ago, nothing was questioned that could tend to enhance the opinion entertained of its resources. Now, the most cautious assertions are received with a smile, and facts, however well demonstrated, are hardly admitted to be such, if they militate against a preconceived opinion.

"This state of things is, perhaps, the natural consequence of the advantage that was taken of the first removal of those barriers, which so long separated the Old World from the New, by men, some of whom were themselves enthusiasts, while many had no better object than to turn the enthusiasm of others to account. Both, unfortunately, concurred in exciting the imagination of the ignorant by pictures of a state of things, that could have no foundation in nature or truth.

"Viewed through the medium of delusive hope, Spanish America presented nothing but prospects of unalloyed advantage. Great and instantaneous success was to attend every enterprise there, without the employment of those means, upon which the experience of the world has hitherto proved success to depend. Time, industry, perseverance, a knowledge of the scene upon which operations were to commence,—of the men by whom they were to be conducted,—of the language and peculiarities of the country in which they were to be carried on; all these were stated to be considerations of minor importance; capital alone was represented as wanting; and facts, important in themselves, were so warped and distorted, in order to favour this theory, that when its fallacy was demonstrated, the facts fell to the ground with the superstructure which had been raised upon them.

"Unexampled credulity amongst the disappointed, was succeeded by obstinate unbelief. Transatlantic States and adventures were involved in one indiscriminate condemnation; and, even at the present day, enterprises of the greatest public utility are stigmatized as bubbles, because, during a period of unbridled speculation, bubbles may have been recommended by a similarity of form to the notice of the public.

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* Mexico in 1827. By H. G. Ward, Esq. his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that Country during the Years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827. Two Vols. 8vo.

"It is possible, that on a closer examination of the subject, we may find that the expectations of 1824, and the despondency of 1828, originate in the same cause,—namely, a want of proper data for the regulation of our opinions; and it is the hope of being able to supply these data, with regard to one very interesting portion of the former dominions of Spain, that has induced me to undertake my present task."

After these preliminary remarks, it will be the business of the ensuing pages to take a cursory view of "Mexico in 1827," under the exact series of heads presented by Mr. Ward.

I. The internal geography of Mexico is still but imperfectly known; but its boundaries, or relative position, is already defined with sufficient exactitude.

"The republic of Mexico, which comprises the whole of the vast territory formerly subject to the Vice-royalty of New Spain, is bounded to the East and South-east by the Gulph of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea; to the West by the Pacific; to the South by Guatemala, which occupies a part of the isthmus of Darien; and to the North by the United States."

It is added,

"It will be perceived, by this sketch of the Mexican territory, that, at the two most distant points of S.S.E. and N.N.W. (the southern extremity of Yucatan, and the boundary line, where it runs into the Pacific,) it extends over twenty-seven degrees of latitude, or 1876¼ English statute miles. Its greatest breadth is in the parallel of 30 N. lat. where, from the Red River (Rio Colorado) of Texas, to the coast of Sonora, Humboldt gives the distance at 364 leagues, of twenty-five to the degree."

Placed between the north parallels of 15° and 42°, (a space occupying nearly two thousand miles in a north and south direction,) and infinitely diversified as to the elevation of its surface, the agricultural capabilities alone, of this vast country, are almost incalculable. It is, however, in tropical, or, as it is commonly called among ourselves, in colonial produce, alone, that its fecundity can appear. In the production of wheat, its powers must be more limited; so much so as scarcely to promise that it can ever appear in even the adjacent West India market. Mr. Ward assigns his reasons for not supposing "that the exportations of Mexico in corn will ever be very considerable."

The prospects of Mexico as a "manufacturing country," and as a "maritime country," come next under consideration.

Of the Population, Mr. Ward, after estimating it at eight millions, observes,

"Before the revolution this population was divided into seven distinct castes. 1. The old Spaniards, designated as Gachupines, in the history of the civil wars. 2. The Creoles, or Whites of pure European race, born in America, and regarded by the old Spaniards as natives. 3. The Indians, or indigenous copper-coloured race. 4. The Mestizos, or mixed breed of Whites and Indians, gradually merging into Creoles, as the cross with the Indian race became more remote. 5. The Mulattoes, or descendants of Whites and Negroes. 6. The Zambos, or Chinos, descendants of Negroes and Indians. And, 7. The African Negroes, either manumitted or slaves.

"Of these Castes, the three first, and the last, were pure, and gave rise, in their various combinations, to the others; which again were subdivided, *ad infinitum*, by names expressing the relation borne by each generation of its descendants to the White, (Quarteroons, Quinteroons, &c.) to which, as the ruling colour, any approximation was desirable."

"The Mestizos (descendants of Natives and Indians) are found in every part of the country; indeed, from the very small number of Spanish women who at first visited the New World, the great mass of the population has some mixture of Indian blood. Few of the middling classes (the lawyers, the Curas, or parochial clergy, the artizans, the smaller landed proprietors, and the soldiers,) could prove themselves exempt from it; and now that a connexion with the Aborigines has ceased to be disadvantageous, few attempt to deny it."

"Next to the pure Indians, whose number, in 1803, was supposed to exceed two millions and a half, the Mestizos are the most numerous caste: it is, however, impossible to ascertain the exact proportion which they bear to the whole population, many of them being, as I have already stated, included amongst the pure Whites, who were estimated, before the Revolution, at 1,200,000, including from 70 to 80,000 Europeans, established in different parts of the country.

"Of the Mulattoes, Zambos, and other mixed breeds, nothing certain is known.

"It will be seen by this sketch, that the population of New Spain is composed of very heterogeneous elements: indeed, the numberless shades of difference which exist amongst its inhabitants, are not yet by any means correctly ascertained.

"The Indians, for instance, who appear at first sight to form one great mass, comprising near two-fifths of the whole population, are divided, and subdivided, amongst themselves, in the most extraordinary manner."

"I cannot conclude this sketch of the population of Mexico, without remarking upon one great advantage which New Spain enjoys over her neighbours, both to the North and South, in the almost total absence of a pure African population. The importation of slaves into Mexico was always inconsiderable, and their numbers, in 1793, did not exceed six thousand. Of these many have died, many have been manumitted, and the rest quitted their masters in 1810, and sought freedom in the ranks of the Independent army; so that I am, I believe, justified in stating, that there is now hardly a single slave in the central portion of the republic.

"In Texas, (on the Northern frontier,) a few have been introduced by the North American settlers; but all farther importations are prohibited by law; and provision has been made for securing the freedom of the offspring of the slaves now in existence. The number of these must be exceedingly small, (perhaps not exceeding fifty altogether;) for, in the annual solemnity, which takes place in the capital on the 16th September, in commemoration of the proclamation of the Independence by Hidalgo, at Dolores, a part of which was to consist in giving freedom to a certain number of slaves, which is done by the President himself, the greatest difficulty was found, in 1826, to discover persons, on whom to bestow the boon of liberty, and I much doubt whether any can have been forthcoming in the present year.

"The advantages of such a position can only be appreciated by those who know the inconveniences, and dangers, with which a contrary order of things is attended. In the United States, where the Slaves, Mulattoes, and Free Blacks, constitute more than one-sixth of the whole population,* they are a constant source of disquiet and alarm."

II. The fourth section of the preceding book, in which we are furnished with a view of the "Spanish Colonial System," forms a proper prelude to the subject of the Second Book, or history of the Revolution through its progress between the years 1808 and 1824; because, in the grievances subsisting under that system, as, in a great degree, we are to discover the causes of the Revolution, so, also, we are to discover the grounds of belief, that a return of the country to the dominion of Spain is a very improbable event. Mr. Ward has also justly thought, that in tracing the history and causes of the Revolution, and in exhibiting the feelings of the parties engaged, he has afforded to his readers the best means of judging of the present stability of Mexican independence;—a topic of considerable moment, as well under commercial as under political views. To this historical and most interesting portion of the volumes we are prevented, by our limits, from doing more than making reference.

III. We pass to Mr. Ward's description of the "present political condition of the United States of Mexico;" and we preface this part of our analysis by a quotation from among the first pages of the book, in which the new subdivisions of the country are supplied:

"The former division of New Spain into what was denominated the 'Kingdom of Mexico,' and the Eastern and Western Internal provinces, was never very distinct, and is now of liittle importance; as the Republic is distributed, under the

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* "By the census of 1810, the total population amounted to 7,239,903 inhabitants, of whom 1,377,810 were black, either free or slaves; by that of 1820, the total population was 9,638,226, of whom 1,538,118 were slaves, and 233,557 free people of colour."

present system, into States, of which the Federal government is composed. These states are nineteen in number, and commence to the South, with the Peninsula of Yucatan or Merida to the East; and Tabasco, Las Chiapas, and Oaxaca to the South and West; which are followed in regular succession towards the North by Veracruz, Tamaulipas, San Luis Potosi, New Leon, Cohahuila, and Texas, which comprise the whole territory to the frontiers of the United States, on the Gulph side: La Puebla, Mexico, Valladolid, Guadalajara, Sonora, and Cinaloa, the Western extremities of which border on the Pacific; and Queretaro, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durango, Chihuahua, and New Mexico, which occupy the centre of the country, and extend, between the two oceans, towards the Northern frontier. Beyond these again, are old and New California, (which in some maps is called New Albion,) and the Indian territory, the extent and inhabitants of which are almost equally unknown. The two Californias and New Mexico are not yet admitted to the rank of independent States, their population not entitling them to be represented in the Congress. Each of the others returns a quota of deputies, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants."

In general terms, the constitution of government of the "United States of Mexico," as even the preceding extract will have led the reader to anticipate, is formed upon the exact model of that of the "United States of North America;" but the strenuousness with which the exclusive toleration of the Roman Catholic religion is asserted in the former makes an important difference. The state of the Mexican church is therefore at this moment a subject of internal difficulty. Upon the breaking out of the Revolution, the Creole, or inferior clergy, were found to be its most active promoters, and even, in several distinguished instances, its military leaders.

"Hidalgo, Morelos, Matamoros, and numberless others, who perished during the war, were all *Curas*, or Parish priests; and the facility with which they induced the lower classes to follow their standards, at a time when, out of twenty of their adherents, nineteen knew nothing of the rights of the cause in which they were engaged, is no mean proof of the advantages which the Crown might have derived from their support, had it been secured by a timely participation in the honours of their profession."

The point at present to be accomplished is, that the Court of Rome should consent to co-operate with the Mexican Government in the manner of its ancient co-operation with the Court of Madrid; but here arises the difficulty. Shall the Court of Rome acknowledge, as an independent state, the country which the Most Catholic King still denominates a dependence upon his crown? The present sentiments of the Court of Rome, in the mean time, upon the general question of the relation between the Church and all Civil governments, have been unequivocally declared to be hostile to temporal sovereignty. See page 328, vol. i.

Mr. Ward, indeed, anticipates that the Mexican Government will not wait much longer upon the pleasure of the papal chair!—But we can afford no farther space for this part of the subject.

The subjects of Revenue and Trade are treated in detail by our author; and, with respect to both, he looks to the future with an entire confidence. Connected with these interests, too, is the question of the permanent independence of the crown of Spain; and this is considered by Mr. Ward as certain.

IV. The four sections on the "Mines of Mexico" will command the most critical attention from that numerous class of English readers, the safety of whose own fortunes and prospects, or the cheerfulness of whose hopes, have become connected with the success of the extensive operations of which, with the aid of English capital, they are now the scene; and here, too, Mr. Ward's anticipations of the future are eminently favourable.

The mineralogy of Mexico is indeed an important part of its history. To it belongs, in addition to that of its agriculture, the consideration of one of its main sources of national wealth; and to it also belongs a leading feature of the geography of the country. To the south of Mexico belongs its agriculture, and to the north its mines; and, in like manner, the agriculture is

proper to the lowlands, and to the parts adjacent either to the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans; and the mines are seated upon the lofty table-land which is embraced by the Cordilleras of the Andes. A specimen of the favourable views entertained by Mr. Ward of the prospect of the English Mining Companies, occurs in the following.

"There is, perhaps, no British Company to which so little justice has been done by the Mexicans as that of Real del Monte; a circumstance which is to be attributed entirely to a misconception of the system pursued there. Many people imagined that Captain Vetch, the Director, having it in his power to make the Mines pay at once, had not done so, in order to allow time for the completion of surface-works, which, though highly advantageous at a more advanced stage of the negotiation, were not essential in the first instance. Indeed, I had myself heard this statement so often repeated, that I could not but conceive that there must be some foundation for what so many agreed in affirming. Upon this point my visit to Real del Monte completely undeceived me, by enabling me to convince myself that the delay which had occurred was owing entirely to the immense scale upon which the undertaking was carried on, and to the impossibility of effecting the drainage of any of the principal mines before the arrival of the steam-engines, the departure of which from England had been unfortunately retarded."

It is nevertheless admitted, that

"There is hardly a single Company amongst those now formed, that has not expended considerable sums upon mines, which, had they been better acquainted with the country, they would never have attempted to work. This is not be attributed entirely to the Directors in Mexico. In 1825, the rage for taking up mining contracts was such, that many adventurers, who presented themselves in London for that purpose, disposed of mines (the value of which was, to say the least, very questionable) to the Boards of Management in England, without the agents of the Company upon the spot having been either consulted, or even apprised of the purchase, until it was concluded. Others were contracted for in Mexico without proper inquiry or precaution; and large sums were often paid down for mere pits, which, upon investigation, it was found impossible to work. In some cases, operations were actually commenced, and all the preliminary parts of a mining establishment formed, without sufficient data to afford a probability of repayment. In many of the districts immediately about the Capital (as Zimapan, El Doctor, Capula, Chico, Temascaltepec, &c.) this has been the case; and although these desultory experiments have been subsequently abandoned, still they have been a drain upon the Companies, which is the more to be regretted, because it never could have been productive of any great result.*

"In general, the selection of mines amongst the first adventurers was determined by a reference to Humboldt. Any mine not mentioned in his 'Essai Politique' was rejected as unworthy of attention, while those which were favourably spoken of were eagerly sought for.

"In this respect, the work in question has exercised an influence highly prejudicial to British interests, not from any fault of the author's, but from the conclusions imprudently drawn from the facts which he has recorded.

"Humboldt never asserted, or meant to assert, that a mine, because it was highly productive in 1802, must be equally so in 1824. A general impression of the mining capabilities of Mexico was all that he wished to convey: and how could he illustrate their importance better than by presenting statements of what had been done, as the best criterion of what might still be effected in a country, the mineral treasures of which he regarded as almost unexplored?

* "I do not wish to enumerate the individual instances of these failures that have come to my knowledge, but there is one very generally known, that of Mr. Bullock's mine at Temascaltepec, which was purchased of him by the Houses of Baring and Lubbock, and upon which I should think that 20,000*l.* must have been expended before their agent (Mr. Bullock) could convince himself of the injudiciousness of his choice. What induced him, in the first instance, to fix upon this particular spot, I am unable to state, for I have never discovered any record, or even tradition, respecting the former produce of the mine. Certain it is, however, that it does not now contain the slightest vestige of a vein, nor has one ounce of ore (rich or poor) been raised from it."

"Unfortunately, the consequence of these statements was to direct the attention of the world exclusively to spots which, from the enormous quantity of mineral wealth that they have already yielded, may fairly be supposed to have seen their best days.

"I do not mean to say that the great mines taken up by our Companies are exhausted; on the contrary, I believe that they will still amply repay the adventurers for the stake invested in them; but I have, certainly, little doubt that, in many instances, the same capital might have been laid out elsewhere with a much more immediate prospect of advantage."

The Mines are so important a part of the national resources of the country, that, according to Mr. Ward, all its riches, public and private, depend upon them; and these are the sole springs of its agriculture and trade. To these, all the wealthy families are indebted for their fortunes; and from those fortunes have proceeded all public improvements.

"Melancholy, indeed, would be the fate of Mexico, if the source from which all her riches have hitherto been derived, were, as some suppose, exhausted and dried up! She could not only find no substitute for her mines in her Foreign Trade, of which they furnish the great staple, Silver, but her resources at home would decrease in exactly the same proportion as her means of supplying her wants from abroad. Her Agriculture would be confined to such a supply of the necessaries of life as each individual would have it in his power to raise;—districts, formerly amongst the richest in the known world, would be thrown for ever out of cultivation;—the great mining towns would become what they were during the worst years of the Revolution—the picture of desolation; and the country would be so far thrown back in the career of civilization, that the great majority of its inhabitants would be compelled to revert to a Nomade life, and to seek a precarious subsistence amidst their flocks and herds, like the Gaucho of the Pampas, of whose Indian habits Captain Head has given us so spirited and so faithful a picture. I desire no better proof of this than the contrast which exists, at the present day, in every part of New Spain between the degraded situation of the husbandman, or small landed proprietor, in any district without an outlet, and that of a proprietor (however small) in the vicinity of the mines. The one is without wants, and almost without an idea of civilized life; clothed in a leather dress, or in the coarsest kind of woollen manufactures;—living in primitive simplicity perhaps, but in primitive ignorance, and brutality too;—sunk in sloth, and incapable of exertion, unless stimulated by some momentary excitement; while the other acquires wants daily with the means of gratifying them, and grows industrious in proportion as the advantages which he derives from the fruits of his labour increase; his mind opens to the advantages of European arts; he seeks for his offspring, at least, that education which had been denied to himself, and becomes, gradually, with a taste for the delights of civilization, a more important member himself of the civilized world! Who can see this, as I have seen it, without feeling, as I have felt, the importance, not only to Mexico, but to Europe, of a branch of industry capable of producing such beneficial effects? And *alone* capable of producing them; for Mexico, without her mines, (I cannot too often repeat it,) notwithstanding the fertility of her soil, and the vast amount of her former agricultural produce, can never rise to importance in the scale of nations. The markets of the Table-land must be *home*-markets, and these the mines alone can supply. On the Coasts, indeed, the productions of the Tropics, which we term Colonial Produce, might serve as an object of barter; but these, supposing their cultivation to be carried to the greatest possible extent, could never cover the demand upon European industry, which the wants of a population of eight millions will, under more favourable circumstances, occasion, as their value must decrease in proportion to the superabundance of the supply, until they reach the point at which their price, when raised, would cease to repay the cost of raising them. Thus the trade of Mexico would be confined to her Vanilla and Cochineal (of which she has a natural monopoly); while the number of those who consume European manufactures in the Interior, (which does not yet include one-half of the population,) would be reduced probably to one-tenth. Fortunately, there is no reason whatever to apprehend the approach of that scarcity of mineral productions with which many seem to think that New Spain is menaced. Hitherto, at least, every step that has been taken in exploring the country has led to fresh indications of wealth, which, in the North, appears to be really inexhaustible. To the European manufacturer, it is a matter of indifference whether the silver, which is transmitted to him in return for the

produce of his labour, proceeds from Guanajuato, or Durango, from the centre of the Table-land, or the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre. The capability of the country to produce it in sufficient quantities to ensure a constant market, and an equally constant return, is the only point which it can be of importance for him to ascertain; and of this, from the moment that a sufficient capital is invested in mining operations, I have no scruple in stating that there can be no doubt."

It is to be regretted, upon the other hand, that events have occurred to moderate, toward the conclusion of the work, the tone of confidence in which, thus far, Mr. Ward had spoken of the Mexican future. In the Fourth Book, he had said—

"As the mines improve, these remittances will increase: we have, at present, but little more than the proceeds of that capital, by which the regeneration of the mines is to be effected, in conjunction with a produce, not exceeding one-*third* of the average standard before the Revolution. When the mines begin to pay, the case will be very different; for, in addition to the *half*, which I suppose to be absorbed by the expenses, one moiety of the remaining half will go to the Mexican proprietor, and consequently remain in the country, until it is exchanged there for the produce of European industry.

"Upon the amount of that produce consumed, the most important branch of the Revenue depends; and it is to the increase or diminution of the Revenue again, that the creditors of Mexico must look for regularity in the payment of the interest due upon the loans contracted in this country."

It was evident, even here, that Mr. Ward felt the force of certain secret misgivings; but, in subsequent pages, he "speaks" very fully, and very strongly. The evil, and the danger, in short, consists in the violence of domestic parties, the Escoceses and the Yorkinos, of the respective principles of whose politics, and the origin of whose names, Mr. Ward gives us a very distinct account.

V. The "Personal Narrative" of our author forms, as may be expected, the "light reading" of his book, and abounds in passages of pleasing and useful interest. In the narrative of the author's first visit to Mexico, in 1825, we meet, in juxta-position, the contrasted descriptions of human poverty and natural riches.

"We found at Santa Fe the first specimen of the sort of accommodations that we were to expect on our journey through the *Tierra Caliente* of Mexico. The village was composed of five or six Indian huts, rather more spacious than some which we afterwards met with, but built of bamboos, and thatched with palm-leaves, with a portico of similar materials before the door. The canes of which the sides are composed, are placed at so respectable a distance from each other as to admit both light and air: this renders windows unnecessary. A door there is, which leads at once into the principal apartment, in which father and mother, brothers and sisters, pigs and poultry, all lodge together in amicable confusion. In some instances, a subdivision is attempted, by suspending a mat or two in such a manner as to partition off a corner of the room; but this is usually thought superfluous. The kitchen occupies a separate hut. The beds are sometimes raised on a little framework of cane, but much oftener consist of a square mat placed upon the ground; while a few gourds for containing water, some large glasses for orangeade, a stone for grinding maize, and a little coarse earthenware, compose the whole stock of domestic utensils. We found, however, provisions in abundance; fowls, rice, tortillas, (thin maize cakes,) and pine-apples, with a copious supply of orangeade, furnished an excellent supper; after which we commenced our preparations for the night. We had all taken the precaution of providing ourselves with brass camp-beds, which, in America, are one of the necessaries of life: they pack into so small a compass that two of them make a light load for a mule; while, when put together, which requires but little time or trouble, they ensure to the traveller the means of resting after the fatigues of the day with every possible convenience and comfort. Above all, the musquito-net should not be forgotten; for without it there are few parts of the New World in which those troublesome insects do not make such an example of a *nouveau debarqué*, as not only to deprive him of rest, but to throw him into a fever for some days. We put up our beds in the open air, under the shed which projected from the front of the inn, while Dr. Mair and Mr. Thompson, whose baggage was not come up, slung two cots, which they had brought from on board, to the rafters above us.

Our horses were picketed close round the shed, with an ample provision of Zacate, (dried maize stalks;) the servants slept on the outside, wrapped up in cloaks, with our saddles for pillows; and beyond them again the men and horses of the escort were stationed, with a large watch-fire, and two or three sentinels, to prevent robberies during the night. Upon the whole, I have seldom witnessed a more curious scene, and we could none of us help remarking, as we contemplated it, that if this were a fair specimen of the introduction to American Diplomacy, there would be few candidates for the Missions to the New States amongst his Majesty's older diplomatic servants in Europe."

To the foregoing is presently subjoined,

"Nothing can be more monotonous than the general character of the country from Veracruz to the Puente; the sand-hills do not indeed extend above three miles into the interior, but for some leagues there seems to be a struggle between vegetation and sterility. Patches of a rich and luxuriant green are intersected by long intervals of rocks and sand, nor is it until you reach Paso de Ovejas, that any thing like regular cultivation is discovered. There we passed the ruins of a large Sugar Hacienda, which had been abandoned during the Revolution, and saw evident traces of a rich and productive soil. But on leaving the river to which this fertility is due, we again found ourselves in a sandy desert, where little but the Mimosa was to be seen, except in spots where some apparently insignificant stream called into existence, at once, the luxuriant vegetation of the Tropics. In these we were quite bewildered by the variety of plants, all new to the European eye, and generally thrown together in such fanciful confusion, that the most experienced botanist would have had some difficulty in classing them; for, as each tree supports two or three creepers, the fruits and flowers of which bear no sort of proportion in point of size to the slender branches of the mother plant, it is not easy to distinguish them, at first sight, from the produce of the tree to which they cling. The air is quite perfumed at times with this profusion of flowers, many of which are most delicately coloured, (particularly the varieties of the Convolvulus kind;) while the plumage of the birds, of which, in some places, the woods are full, is hardly less brilliant than the flowers themselves. Flocks of Parrots and Macaws are seen in every direction, with Cardinals, Censontlis, or mocking-birds, and a thousand others, the names of which, in any language, I cannot pretend to give; Deer, too, occasionally bounded across the road; but of the Jaguars, (Mexican Tiger,) and other wild animals, we saw none, although their skins are to be met with in great abundance. Throughout the *Tierra Caliente*, not one hundredth part of the soil has been brought into cultivation; yet in the Indian cottages, many of which I entered, I always found a plentiful supply of Indian Corn, Rice, Bananas, Oranges, and Pine-apples, which, though certainly not equal to those of the Havanna in flavour, seemed to us, when heated with travelling, a most delicious fruit. Of the Banana I am not an admirer; its taste reminded me of sweet pomatum, and I gave it up after a very short trial. All these fruits are produced, with little or no labour, on a spot of ground in the vicinity of the cottage, which, though apparently too small to support a single individual, is usually sufficient, with the addition of a few Frijoles, (beans,) and a little Chile from the Interior, to provide for the subsistence of the whole family. For this, indeed, not much is required. They seldom partake of animal food: their fowls supply them abundantly with eggs, and enable them, when sent to the market of the nearest town, to purchase a little clothing: this, however, the beauty of the climate, and a sufficiently primitive notion of what decency requires, enable them, in a great measure, to dispense with. If a horse be added to the establishment, which is indispensable where there is any mixture of white blood, the forest furnishes abundant pasturage, and it causes no additional expense. A saddle, and a Machete, a long cut and thrust sword, which is almost always worn, are indeed costly articles; but these are transmitted, as heir-looms in the family, from one generation to another; and the young man who obtains possession of such treasures, during his father's life-time, by any exertions of his own, may be said to have established his independence at once."

The reader will here be beforehand with us in our concluding remark, that the whole of these volumes display, in the most advantageous point of view, the talents, the industry, and the temper of their author.

The volumes are adorned and illustrated by numerous lithographic prints, executed from the drawings of Mrs. Ward. They do credit to the lady's

pencil; and, where the subjects are architectural, they bear testimony that the Moorish taste, so strongly cherished in Spain, has been transplanted, in the most decisive manner, into the Spanish colony of Mexico. It is a curious addition to Arabian history, that the arts of the Arabs, after being spread by themselves to the western limits of Europe, should have been carried by their Spanish subjects and scholars into America. The countries of the Pacific Ocean, which interposes itself between America and India, are thus, if even there, the only interval, in the circuit of the globe, in which the works and the influence of Arabian genius are not to be discovered!

A SWISS TOUR.—NO. V.

Leaving Meyringen after noon, we proceeded through the valley to the small village of Brienz, on the shore of the lake. It is in a charming situation, and provided with a very good inn. Soon afterward we hired a boat to cross the lake, in order to view the falls of the Giesbach. After rowing about a league, we landed, and walked up a winding path to a chalet that stands just below the falls. It is inhabited by a family, consisting of husband, wife, and five or six children; and each individual is blessed in a certain way with a musical taste, and voice to give vent to it. This family circle is represented to the life in a coloured plate, sold amidst a host of other choice Swiss subjects: the old man seated at a piano, and each member, with mouth wide open, joining in the song. The piano is actually in the chalet, and any stranger may command a melodious display, just beside the cataract. The waterfalls of the Giesbach have a character as well as beauty altogether peculiar; six of them are seen at one glance, descending in succession from the lofty and wooded heights of the mountain above. They have the appearance at first of artificial cascades in a superb garden, so elegant and tasteful is their appearance; but their grandeur, and the great body of water, quickly convince us that the hand of Nature alone is there. The middle and highest fall is seen from a small gallery carried directly behind it, and the cataract rushes close beside, and almost on, the spectator; but this contrivance diminishes instead of augmenting the effect, since it is perceived thereby that the torrent, which looked so resistless in front, is composed of a slender volume of water, through which the light pierces. The falls above, on the higher declivity, are very fine; and inferior in grandeur as the Giesbach undoubtedly is, altogether, to the more impetuous Reichenbach, imagination cannot conceive so lovely a situation as it enjoys; shrouded amidst the richest wood, the beautiful lake into which it plunges spreads directly underneath.

Quitting this attractive spot, we returned to the village of Brienz, and to our tranquil apartment that looked far over the shores. During supper, a company of female singers, said to be the best in the country, came into the adjoining apartment, and commenced a kind of shrieking lament,—not in the plaintive voice of sorrow, for it rang shrilly and wildly through the whole house. They were six in number, and each took her part in the air with infinite rapidity and in excellent time. We adjourned to the garden in front of the hotel, and it being a fine moonlight night, the singing sounded much softer than from within. They gave a variety of songs, during more than an hour, and would have continued till midnight, if permitted. The lake had a lovely appear-

ance in the clear light, and the rush of the distant cataract on the other shore was distinctly heard. Next morning we took boat in order to cross the lake: the Belle Bateliere has given up her trade of rowing since her marriage, and with less captivating rowers we went on our course. The shore opposite the village is particularly bold and well wooded all the way down toward Interlaken: about half way, the snowy mountains are seen in the distance; a small isle, too, adds to the scene; yet, however attractive in many parts, this lake must yield in charm and variety to that of Thoun, from which it is separated by so small a territory.

Passing down the river Aar to a small wooden bridge, we landed and went to Interlaken: this village is greatly resorted to by travellers of all nations, as much for a residence of a few months or weeks, as for a transient survey. Here are two well-organised boarding-houses for their reception. The situation of the place is central, and excellently adapted for excursions to some of the finest spots. A residence here is also excessively cheap; indeed, the charge per day at the houses of reception is often so low as three francs, or half a crown, including board and lodging! The table d'hôte frequently displays a motley assemblage of guests; and as the neighbourhood is really beautiful—the Aar pouring its blue stream through luxuriant banks, and a high wooded eminence or knoll, with a kind of frail building on its summit that looks out on extensive prospects, the spot is absolutely like a fashionable watering-place—has tea-parties, fishing excursions, pic-nics; is perfectly romantic, and cannot fail to fascinate travellers upon their first journey from their own loved isle, and by whom the wonders of the land are yet unexplored. Great and rich is the variety of characters assembled; most of them animated with an eager appetite for Nature, a devouring passion for glaciers, avalanches, and inaccessible mountains. What is Clifton, with its poor hot-wells, and its mean, miserable river filthily creeping along? or even Matlock, with its pigmy mountains and shallow glens? Here the mighty Jungfrau is directly opposite the windows of the dining and bed-rooms: the Staubbach might be heard to roar, if it could possibly be detached from the rock to which it clings so closely; and lakes, gloomy valleys, and horrid precipices, may not be counted, for number! Dazzled by the variety and splendour of these objects, or rather lulled by the good accommodations and comforts of the boarding-house of Interlaken, how many a determined tourist, or family party, who left "the city," or, maybe, the politer end of town, with energy and glorious hope, have lingered here ingloriously on the banks of the Aar, and returned, satisfied that the land had its good things, leaving its perils all untried.

Not thus, however, thought or acted a desperate traveller with whom two friends that were for a short time our companions, fell in contact on the heights of the Simplon. A Yorkshire gentleman, alone (at least accompanied only by his guide), and on foot, was overtaken by them, who were also pedestrians, about mid-day. He had a pair of top-boots, a great-coat with four capes, a staff of tolerable thickness, and a broad-brimmed hat. The day was excessively hot, it being in the month of July; yet so rapid was his pace, that they had some difficulty at first to keep up with him. Overjoyed, however, at meeting with two fellow-countrymen, he after a while slackened his progress,

and entered into a most animated conversation. He had travelled, he said, through the greater part of the country: kept a note of the number of lakes and mountains he had visited; having come on purpose from Yorkshire to see all that was to be seen. He could not speak one word of French, and his guide only a few words of English,—so that, between them, it is no wonder if mistakes were sometimes committed. Wiping his face from the perspiration that almost streamed over it, but still advancing at a round pace, he entreated them earnestly to tell him if there was any thing worth seeing in the road they were travelling. His guide had a hard birth of it, for he complained that the traveller often turned suddenly out of the road to the right or left, if any object at a distance caught his eye, and in spite of all his remonstrances, would not resume his journey till he had satisfied his curiosity. Great was the pleasure, the tourist declared, he had felt in a land so different from his own; yet there were drawbacks; not in every part: his disappointment had sometimes been keen:—often had he toiled up a high mountain at the persuasion of some other traveller whom he had encountered at the inns,—and when arrived on its summit, (which, with his top-boots and four-caped coat, had cost many an arduous step,) he had seen only dim and distant prospects; nothing clear or satisfying. He had not the least intention of passing the bounds of Switzerland, but had heard so much by the way of the road over the Simplon, that he determined to traverse it; and being now on the descent of the mountain, he believed he might as well see the whole of the road, and should go on to Milan, where it terminated. He inquired every ten minutes if there was nothing worth seeing in the place they were at, glancing his eyes eagerly on every side; and whether the Lake Maggiore was not very fine, as he intended to pause on its banks. They came at last to the little inn on the descent of the Simplon, to the comforts of which in winter we had been so much indebted. Here they resolved to rest a few hours, and the impatient Yorkshireman, not brooking the delay, hurried down the mountain, after a hasty refreshment, on his way into Italy.

Returning once more to the village of Brienz, we resolved on the following morning to ascend the Brunig mountain: it had rained during the night, and the sky was covered with clouds when we departed, but they passed away soon after we quitted the village, and the sun shone out. It was the Sabbath morning, and it was extremely interesting to meet the numerous groups of well-dressed peasantry passing on from their villages to the church, the bells of which sent their tones far and wide among the hills. Aged peasants, with their silver locks and still muscular frames,—family groups,—and many a paysanne in her gayest looks and choicest attire, all unbonneted, their head-dress such as Nature gives, were seen descending from their hamlets on the mountain slopes, and from the solitary chalets scattered at long intervals.

The path up the Brunig was winding and full of interest, affording, every now and then, a rich view of the valley of Hasli, its river and village. From the summit we descended slowly into the canton of the beautiful Unterwald; which, placed in the heart of the other cantons, seems as if some of the choicest beauties of each had been given to enrich it. It does not contain a single town of any note, only a num-

ber of villages and hamlets; its climate is peculiarly mild, and fruit-trees of most kinds flourish extremely well. Its mountains are covered neither with rocks nor snow, but with rich woods, even to the summit; or, in default of these, with pasturage for the flocks. Mountains, lakes, and valleys, are on that diminutive yet rich scale, large enough for beauty, and singularly pleasing to the eye that has gazed so long upon objects whose vastness and grandeur have dazzled and confused. Surely no earthly land possesses the astonishing variety of scenery that Switzerland exhibits; its forms are ever changing, and never exhausted.

As we descended slowly the side of the Brunig, the small and lovely lake of Luneguen appeared just beneath, with its wooded banks, its village and church. On entering the inn, we were surprised at its extreme neatness and good accommodations, and were attended by a waiter, a handsome young fellow, with a Parisian air, and the address of one of its best cafés. A red waistcoat, a green velvet coat, blue stockings striped with white, and a gilt chain round his neck, formed part only of the singular costume of this waiter, who seemed, amidst all his civility, to stand on a perfectly good footing with himself. We understood, however, that this was the frequent dress of the young men of the canton, and peculiar to Unterwald; though they did not all, like the gay waiter, wear their gala dress every day. He soon set before us an excellent dinner, in which we were joined by a Frenchman and a Pole. The rain now fell in torrents, and the blue waves of the enchanting little lake rushed on the shore, (on the verge of which the inn stood). On the opposite bank, at the foot of the mountain, was another village with its tall spire. Our Frenchman was a light-hearted being, travelling in company with his friend the Pole; though in good spirits with every thing, he seemed to have little relish for the picturesque, and Alpine solitudes had few charms for him: he dwelt wholly on the mien and figures of the paysannes of the valley of Hasli, some of which he pronounced to be *superbe*. The rain at last ceased, and, bidding adieu to the village of Luneguen, we wound along the shores of the lake. In about an hour, passing through several villages of excessively neat and clean appearance, we came to the valley of Sarnen, one of the most uninteresting we had ever seen, and which has been selected, perhaps for its dreariness and tameness, to give a panoramic idea of the land! After a progress of several leagues, amidst gloomy weather and a wild country, we came in the evening, with no small pleasure, to the village of Alpnach, and the auberge situated at the edge of the lake of Lucerne. The house was a homely one, but extreme attention made amends; the next morning, having procured a boat, we were rowed in a few hours to the town of Lucerne. It is a stupid town, and much cannot be said for the beauty of its situation; the portion of the lake on which it stands, resembling a large basin, with flat and fertile shores. There are some curious pieces of armour in the arsenal, reliques of their memorable battles.

By taking a boat for Fluellyn, at the other extremity of the lake, the sublimity of its scenery, which commences after a progress of a few miles, is enjoyed to great advantage in a voyage of nine hours. During two days' stay the weather was so unfavourable as to render a visit to the Righi useless. The authorities were at this time occupied in the

affair of the death of the senator Keller, suspicions having attached to two other senators; they have been since acquitted, and the authors of the crime are said to be Clara Wenzel and her husband. This woman is very young, and possessed of talent as well as daring, having for some years been chieftainess of a small body of bandits, twelve in number. Her deeds have not often been marked by atrocity, and for several years she has set the authorities at defiance, by the secrecy of the proceedings of her band, and their taking refuge in difficult retreats, whereby they have, till lately, escaped detection. Had this woman lived under a different system of manners and national feelings, she would, probably, have been another Helen Macgregor, adored by her mountain tribe, and sacrificing all to the honour and good of her clan. It is not yet certain that the senator's death lies at her door, for her's is more a system of theft than of violence, and some of the band resided in the villages that they might embrace the most favourable occasions for plunder, or communicate them to their associates. Clara Wenzel is not married, having chosen to preserve her wild command undivided, and has clung to her lawless life and habits with the enthusiasm of a bandit chief of the Abruzzi. At so early an age (being only nineteen) it is a singular hardihood of mind that could enable her to extend her career to several cantons—to live a life of danger and secrecy, and preserve a hold over associates far fiercer and more experienced than herself. At present, she awaits her trial and sentence, which will probably consign her to an early death.

The Diet was now sitting, and the representatives of all the Cantons were at Lucerne, in which place it was held this year: the inns were consequently all full, particularly the large one at which we lodged; and the table d'hote, where we dined the first day, was chiefly filled by these worthies. The mountains and valleys had poured forth their most elegant subjects, proud to excess of their liberty, and glorying in their institutions. It must be admitted that a Swiss is the vainest creature alive! Not, let it be imagined, of his taste, or attainments in the fine arts; or of his extensive travel—strange as it may seem, there are very few in the land, even of the upper ranks, who have crossed the Alps into Italy, though so close to them. Of the grandeur and power of Switzerland as a whole, of her influence in Europe, a native is very ready to converse; but soon the theme changes to his own canton—its antiquity—its military force, finances and dominion. Let the equally haughty citizen of another canton, perhaps a neighbouring one, dispute this, then comes the tug of war; the fire of jealous indignation flashes from the eye—the big words roll like one of their own cataracts from the lips; and France, with her lilies again looking bright, —imperious England—nay, the warring interests of the whole world, melt into thin air before those of Uri, Schwytz, or Waldstetten.

The public oratory in the senate, or in the separate meetings of the cantons, though not always brilliant, is often two hours in individual length, and at times atones, by the awfulness of its matter, for the dearth of the graces of style. One of the chief members ushered in a speech not long ago, at a sitting at Geneva, by observing with much solemnity, that "seeing Geneva had for the present abandoned all ideas of farther conquest," &c.

From Lucerne, two days' travel through a very rich and pleasant

country brought us to Basle, and the shores of the Rhine. The city is extremely well-built and clean, and has an air of affluence about it. Wishing to see as much of the river as possible, we engaged a boat to go down to Strasburg. It was a frail conveyance, directed by one man only, with a paddle; for such is the extreme rapidity of the current, that oars or sails would be perfectly needless. Fast, prodigiously fast, the little bark sped its way, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and flew like lightning past the banks. Nothing was lost by the velocity of its course, for the scenery on each side was the most tame and monotonous possible. Sandy banks, strewed with stunted brushwood—extensive and useless flats!—not a hamlet or a cottage to be seen—no cheerful volume of smoke rising into the air, to mark the haunt of a living being:—and we perceived that we had been too impatient to seize on the charms of this celebrated river, which, after all, are found but on a very scanty portion of its long and tedious course. In the evening our weariness was relieved by arriving at the only romantic spot in the passage—a large hamlet, that had formerly been much handsomer and more extensive, but was burned by the French in the war of the Revolution. A steep hill rose over it, on the top of which towered the shattered walls of many a goodly dwelling that had been destroyed. The view from this point over the plain in front was fine, and of great extent. The auberge in this distant spot was really a good one, and the landlord assured us we were fortunate in arriving just then: they were not in general, he said, provided for travellers, but on this day there was a pic-nic dinner, at which all the gentlemen and ladies, for a great distance round, were present—quite a banquet—and out of which he promised that an excellent repast should soon be set before us.

The result justified his praises; and early next day we re-entered our light bark, and, in spite of furious currents and even whirlpools by the way, which the skill of the boatman rendered quite harmless, arrived in safety at Strasburgh. From this city to Mayence it was best to proceed by land; and we arrived on a fine evening, that afforded a clear view of the river, its long bridge, and the ancient town. Two days afterward we took boat to proceed to Cologne, and passed through the most striking scenery the Rhine is considered to exhibit. In a short time the village of Bingen made its appearance, and ruin after ruin was passed till the noble remains of Rheinfels were seen, and St. Goar on the opposite side. The whole of this voyage is too well known, and has been too much lauded, to admit of any attempt at description. Were it not for the bold and graceful ruins, that stand on precipices and projecting points, the finest sites possible for effect, the tour of the Rhine would scarcely be worth performing for any intrinsic beauty. The villages are often pretty, and in picturesque situations; but in general nothing can be more tame, poor, and unlovely, than the shores themselves of the river. They are all vine-hills, with little wood; and their summits present the form of a bald, uniform ridge: there are, it is true, sweet breaks at long intervals, which vary the extreme monotony.

In the evening we arrived at Coblentz, opposite which was the strong fortress of Ehrenbreitstein; and on the following day our tour ended at Cologne, having passed Drachenfels, and the seven hills, both sung in immortal verse; but poetry, like the touch of Midas, can

change into gold at its will whatsoever it pleases; and partly in consequence of this, the Rhine scenery is extolled *par excellence*, though a perverse taste might deem it deserving of very secondary rank. But even Rousseau's eloquence cannot make the bald rocks of Meillerie picturesque; whilst Clarens has sweeter villages near it than itself, and but for its fame, its common-looking dwellings by the road-side would be overlooked for the sake of the lovely and peerless Montreux. The situation of this latter, beside high and wooded precipices, is admirable: its dwellings are models of neatness; the river divides its streets, rushing along furiously at the bottom of a deep ravine, that is crossed by a bridge: its ancient church and beautiful spire stand apart, shrouded in wood. The climate of Montreux is the softest in Switzerland, and the scenery it commands, altogether, the most delicious. It is not more distinguished for the attractions of its site, than for the singular excellence of the aged minister, who has so long exercised in it his pastoral care. Monsieur ——, the learned and talented Curé of the village, is ninety-six years of age, and still preaches every Sabbath in his secluded church, with an eloquence that the approach of a century of years has not abated. He has resided many years in England, as tutor to a lady of high rank; and about fifty years since he returned to take charge of his present flock. Patronage has been heaped on him from England; but, though his income is handsome, he preserves the utmost simplicity of life, and a charm and amiableness of manners that seem to belong to a purer age and scene than to the valley of tears through which he has nearly passed. His hair is not thin, and is as white as the snow of his own mountains; and his large light eye is yet full of fire, nor is its sight dim. The power of his memory is but little impaired, as is evident by the animation that spreads over his fine and impressive features when engaged in converse that interests him. To relieve the wants of his people, and to labour for their spiritual good, are the chief pleasures of this estimable Curé.

It is a singular circumstance that Monsieur —— has a twin brother, who is also a minister, and preaches, and bears his age of ninety-six, with equal vigour, though of a less strong and accomplished mind than the pastor of Montreux. They are so exactly alike in size and feature, that even their friends have sometimes been at a loss to distinguish one from the other. The most ludicrous scenes have sometimes occurred from this strange resemblance. When one brother has taken a walk along the high road to the neighbouring town or villages; passengers, who were perfect strangers to the two Curés, have been struck by meeting so venerable and impressive a personage, and in the course of a few miles after, have beheld, apparently, the same being, with the same dress, features, and manner, as him who had previously passed, advancing full upon them. They have sometimes looked on in mute terror, or else taken to their heels out of the way, while the good Curé passed on to join his relative.

There is an Italian blandness in the air of Montreux; it being defended by its amphitheatre of mountains from the cold and piercing winds, and open only to the south. Chillon is just beneath, and the valley of the Rhone; and both the shores of the long lake are in front and on each side.

CANNIBALISM.

"Il faut convenir qu'il est impossible de vivre dans le monde, sans jouer de tems en tems la commedie."—CHAMPFORT.

To live in society, and to tolerate its goings-on, requires either the influence of a good substantial passion, or no small share of frivolity. At the outset of life, when we are boiling over with health and temperament, when we are hot in the pursuit of beauty, pleasure, or wealth, we may contrive to shut our eyes to what is passing around us, and to wrap ourselves up in an optimism founded much more on the tone of our own organs than on the realities of existence. But when the period of illusions is passed,—when we have arrived at "years of discretion," and, ceasing to feel, begin to think, so many incongruities stare us in the face, such varied forms of evil press upon the attention, that unless we can take refuge in a constitutional carelessness, or in determined habits of trifling, we may as well beat a retreat, for we are no longer fit for the world, nor the world for us. To live in society, we must sympathize with it; but no sympathy can subsist between the knaves and fools, who are playing the game of make-believe, and quarrelling over the stakes, and the *désabusé*, who sees through their trickery, and despises its objects. There is no disguising from the cool eye of philosophy that all living creatures exist in a state of natural warfare; and that man (in hostility with all) is at enmity also with his own species. Man is the natural enemy of man; and society, unable to change his nature, succeeds but in establishing an hollow truce, by which fraud is substituted for violence. Experience points out that killing and eating our fellow man, however amusing, is but a coarse and rude method of turning him to account; that our end is better attained after the Abyssinian method of operating on the living subject; that tears are more prolific than blood, and that lying and imposture are better and safer modes of working the raw material than roasting him whole. On the other hand, it is pleasanter to the victims to be cheated than murdered; and as every man stands, or may stand, in the double relation of pursuer and prey, the voice of the victims goes for something in the calculation. This is the true basis of social institutes; and the theoretic perfection of society would be found in that state in which a *maximum* of humbug should be united with a *minimum* of suspicion, in which the trout might be tickled with the greatest dexterity, and the powerful might, like the Vampire-bat, fan the powerless into a delicious slumber, while they were wasting his substance.

The conservative principle of society, the cause of all mitigations of the cannibal tendencies of the animal, is that, while every one desires to eat his neighbour, every one is anxious that his enemy shall not eat him; and that while each is meditating an attack on the other, all are obliged to look to their own defence. In the early stages of society, war and slavery existed in their fullest developement, and the waste of human life and happiness was enormous. In the feudal times, almost every one above the condition of a serf preyed upon his neighbour, and the chieftain was an wholesale consumer of human flesh. The misery resulting from this state of things produced a gradual change. The feeble conspired to secure themselves; power became more equalized;

and the spirit of liberty curbed the spirit of cannibalism. The desire, however, still subsists unabated in the heart of man; and the wits of the dethroned tyrants of the earth are set to work to defraud those whom they can no longer overpower. In this result of civilization, the present age far exceeds its predecessors; and the cannibals of England, where greater dexterity is required to manage the cheat, are confessedly pre-eminent over those of the rest of the world, in the great art of wheedling their victims into an unresisting quiescence.

Homer has proverbially established the people-eating propensity of monarchs as an incontrovertible fact in the natural history of the species. But though despots, like other beasts of prey, waste more than they devour, the destruction they cause is not comparable with that produced by some other classes of man-eaters. There is one class, for instance, which must be nameless, which at its regular meals swallows one tenth of the whole agricultural population, not to speak of its occasional luncheons, at the expense of the rest of the public. So exquisite is the address of these cannibals, that they not only persuade their prey, like "dilly dilly duck," "to come and be killed" for the good of his own soul, but also engage him to knock every one on the head who presumes to question their right in his bones and blood. Of the military cannibals it is not necessary to speak at length, because they chiefly prey upon each other, and because they rather should be considered as purveying for the appetites of their employers, than as acting for their own gratification. The lawyers are a very sly and subtile race of man-eaters, especially remarkable for the ingenuity of their nets, hooks, and other engines for taking their prey. They erect weirs so cleverly contrived, that on the outside the water-course seems quite smooth and unimpeded; while within, the labyrinth is so complicated, that not a fish of the utmost cunning can escape, except such as by their restless efforts to get out become so lean and shotten as not to be worth taking; and these may perhaps slip through some small hole, which is not considered worth the trouble of stopping. Among these gentry there is one who may be taken as the very chief of all anthropophagi, since he consumes in his own proper person more than the whole tribe put together. His especial morsel is the human heart, which he macerates, by "hope delayed," till it is arrived at the proper state of mortification for his cannibal appetite. Like Saturn of old, he consumes a vast number of infants; though he is so far unlike that god, as to be much too cunning to be taken in with a stone. He is likewise especially fond of a madman; and, between the two, has generally to the value of some thirty or forty millions of pounds sterling in his warrens, ready for killing. But so fond is he of a bankrupt above all other sorts of fare, that he will often not leave even a single bone of him at the end of the repast. Of the very few who escape with life from his clutches, all suffer more or less. One loses a buttock; another a shoulder; and, strange to say, if he lays but his finger upon a man, the wretch becomes instantly lighter by the process: indeed, so malignant is his nature, that while others must make some exertion to secure their prey, his mere inertness is the death of thousands; and the less he stirs himself, the more certain is the havoc he occasions. Another description of man-eaters, whose depredations have increased exceedingly of late years, consume a multi-

tude of peasants to feed their hares and partridges; and by a refinement on cruelty, contrive to destroy not only the bodies but the souls of their victims. In this process they will sometimes waste as much as one-fourth of the whole fruits of the earth; which, by raising the price of corn, consumes the sweat and blood even of the inhabitants of distant towns, which may be considered as served up to their tables in the shape of pasties, and *perdrix au chou*. Still, however, the destruction of these sportsmen is a mere trifle to the carnage they commit in their capacity of corn lords. Under the false and iniquitous pretence of flattering the farmer, and preventing puddings from ever becoming inordinately dear, they persuade poor silly manufacturers to submit to their cannibal proceedings; and they destroy an entire population to furnish themselves with an additional side-dish to their second course—just as the Romans killed singing-birds by hundreds for the sake of their brains. Like Diomede of old, they nourish their very studs upon human flesh; sacrificing manufacturing towns without mercy, to ride a better horse at a fox-chace. Not, indeed, that these persons are more evil-minded than their neighbours. They are but men, like the rest; and nothing worse can be laid to their door, than the common propensities of humanity. They have more power than others, and they abuse it accordingly; but they do ill only as every other class does,—that is, to the full extent of their combined selfishness, ignorance, and opportunity.

In great cities, cannibalism takes an infinite variety of shapes. In the neighbourhood of St. James's-street there are numerous slaughter-houses, where men are daily consumed by the operation of cards and dice; and where they are caught by the same bait, at which Quin said he should have infallibly bitten. A similar process is likewise carried on in Change Alley, on a great scale; not to speak of that snare especially set for widows and children, called a "joint stock speculation." But your cannibal of cannibals is a Parliament patron. Here, a great borough proprietor swallows a regiment at a single gulp; and there, the younger son of a lord ruminates over a colony till the very crows cannot find a dinner in it; and there again, a duke or a minister, himself and his family, having first "supped full of horrors," casts a diocese to the side-table, to be mumbled at leisure by his son's tutor. The town is occasionally very indignant and very noisy against the gouls of Surgeons' Hall, because they live upon the dead carcases of their fellow-creatures; while, strange to say, it takes but little account of the hordes of wretches who openly, and in the face of day, hunt down living men in their nefarious dealings as porter brewers, quack doctors, informers, attorneys, manufacturers of bean flour, alum, and Portland stone; and torture their subjects like so many barbacued pigs, in the complicated processes of their cookery.

Among the different parts of the British empire, Ireland stands conspicuously prominent for cannibalism; six millions of Catholics being there kept, as in a pen, for the private picking of about five hundred thousand "ascendancy boys," who growl like so many hungry mastiffs, if any one goes but near to the cage-door, or looks as if he meant to let them out. Thousands, and tens of thousands, are on this account annually slain by the processes of starvation and fever, in order to be served up at the tables of the master caste; and as an Irishman is not

famous for patience, every now and then an insurrection or a rebellion adds to the desolation of that land of oppression.

It is impossible to turn a steady eye upon society without being convinced that to live at the expense of the community (that is, of the working classes,) is the great object of all the world; that the various debates which are maintained respecting liberty, free-trade, funding, currency, corn-laws, and Catholics, are all but so many modifications of the one great question of who shall work and who enjoy. Neither can it escape remark that fraud and hypocrisy are the two great instruments for complicating the discussion; and that popular ignorance is the raw material of political fortunes. If the people understood their own interests, being as they are the strongest, the cannibal propensities of the few would be kept in a decent check; but the blindness and incapacity of the multitude compel them to assist in their own degradation, by forcing those who would guide them right, if not to absolute silence, at least to a disgraceful compromise with the whole truth. The man of sense, who disdains to join the conspiracy against his species, is not more disgusted with the knavery, than with the dupery by which he is surrounded. Whichever way he turns, he is encompassed by a circumvallation of common-places; and the pert self-sufficiency, with which the confiding multitude repeat them as undeniable truths, is at least as provoking, as the easy impudence of the clever rogues, who scarcely take the pains of concealing the machinery of their phantasmagoria, or of affecting to believe the doctrines they preach. In such a case, what is to be done, "when to be grave exceeds all power of face?" To preserve silence, is to sacrifice the dignity of personal character; while to speak out is to be misapprehended, misrepresented, calumniated, and traduced. The honestest and the boldest man must hide a good half of his thoughts, if he would not be interdicted *ab aquâ et igni*: for the sake of peace and quiet he must refrain from telling, by implication, every third man he meets, that he is a fool or a rascal, and making him feel that in his eagerness to defraud others he is himself the dupe of his own stratagems. There are certain conventional bases upon which all questions of morals, politics, metaphysics, and religion, must be argued, if you would escape stoning. No matter how false, absurd, or inconsistent with each other they may be,—to dispute them, is to resign all chance of a hearing, all hope of a character for virtue or common sense,—to offer yourself as the butt for all the malice of all who live and fatten on the popular lie, and to be spurned and assaulted by the very people for whose sake you have made the sacrifice. He who has not the courage to encounter this mass of evil, must pass through life with a bridle perpetually on his tongue. He must hear with a becoming gravity the words honour and patriotism proceeding from the lips of pollution; he must hold law to be synonymous with justice, persecution with tolerance, the doctrine of libel with the liberty of the press, universal pauperism with national prosperity, priestcraft with piety, and plunder with loyalty and religion. He must not attempt to disturb the solemn plausibility which gives to vice the exterior of honesty. When disappointed in all his hopes for the species, cured of his enthusiastic estimates of individual character, he must remain convinced of the hollowness of all around him without betraying by a word or look, by a smile or a sneer, his knowledge of the falsehood.

Nor is it alone on great questions that sincerity is perilous. There is a "commune quoddam vinculum," that binds the great and the little lies together, and you can never know when you are treading upon dangerous ground. It occurred to ourselves to have lost caste for an entire evening, and to have passed for no better than atheists, for venturing to deny that Kean should be banished from the stage, while others, equally frail, were applauded to the skies. To doubt even the sanctity of a Wolf, or to question the "forty parson power" of Messrs. Gordon and Pope, would render the speaker suspected of being suspicious. By long learning, however, we have in part mastered this difficulty; we have been trained to stand by, without wincing, while the second reformation is alleged to advance. We can bear the mention of Mr. Peel's candour, and of Lord Bathurst's high-mindedness. We have suppressed all temptation to laugh at the men who set up the Pope in Italy, and tremble at him in Ireland; and nothing can exceed the demure composure with which we look on, when prayers are offered to "endow the lords of the council with grace, wisdom, and understanding." But can this self-abnegation be practised without grief, indignation, and disgust? Is it not better, a thousand times better, to shut ourselves for ever in a garret, with the few authors who have dared to write after their conscience, than to be compelled eternally to wear a mask, to associate without sympathy, and to bow the head to successful imposture and triumphant folly? A dog, a cat, a mouse, a spider is a better companion than the sycophant who will not trust his own reason, or who, beholding the truth, belies his own conscience to howl with the wolves.

But then it may be said that the *fond* of society is somewhat redeemed by its forms; that a man may be a very competent rogue, or a pretty tolerable fool, without being wholly unamiable, and that there are subjects upon which all the world are agreed. It is quite true that the largest part of conversation turns upon eating and drinking, the weather, the vices and follies of our neighbours, and a thousand other trifles that lead not to dispute; and it must be admitted that it is bad companionship to be eternally canvassing the greater interests of life, and forcing upon society opinions upon things in general. There are, indeed, themes in plenty which belong to the neutral ground of debate; but it is very pitiable that they should so ill bear repetition. All the world, if they dared avow as much, are heartily tired of them. Like cursing and swearing, they are merely unmeaning expletives to supply the lack of sense, to gain time, and to give a man the satisfaction of sometimes hearing his own voice. With all the assistance of cards, music, dancing, and champagne, society is at best but a dreary business, and it requires no little animal spirits to undergo the infliction with decency. Are you admitted on terms of familiarity to the domestic hearth of your friend, that privilege confers on you the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the faults of his servants, and (what is worse) with the merits of his children.

A dinner of ceremony is a funeral without a legacy; an assembly is a mob, and a ball a compound of glare, tinsel, noise, and dust. However amusing in their freshness, after a few repetitions, they are only rendered endurable by the prospect of some collateral gain, or the gratification of personal vanity. To exhibit the beauty of a young wife,

or the diamonds of an old one; to be able to say the best thing that is uttered; to sport a red ribbon or a Waterloo medal in their first novelty; to carry a point with a great man, or to borrow money from a rich one, may pass off an evening very well, with those who happen to be interested in such speculations; but, these things apart, the arrantest trifler in the circle must get weary at last, and be heartily rejoiced when the conclusion of the season spares him all farther reiteration of the mill-horse operation. It is this insipidity of society that forces so many of its members upon desperate adventures of gallantry, and upon deep play. Any thing, every thing is good to escape from the languor and listlessness of a converse from which whatever interests is banished. Many a woman loses her character, and many a man incurs a verdict for ruinous damages, in the simple search of that rarest of all rare things in society—a sensation. Neither is the matter much mended, if, barring the insipidity of bon-ton company, you plunge into the formal gravity of the middle classes, or into the noisy, empty mirth of the lower. The man of sense and feeling, wherever he goes, will find himself in a minority, in which few will speak his language or comprehend his ideas. He will seldom return to his home without a weary sense of the "stale, flat, and unprofitable" nothings he has been compelled to entertain in his intercourse with the world,—without the recollection of some outrage on his independence, some dogmatism that he dared not question, some impertinence that he dared not confute. With his ears ringing with blue-stocking literature, threadbare sophistries, forms erected into important principles, mediocrity elevated into consideration, and the pre-eminence of the vain, the ignorant, and the contemptible, he will shut himself up in his solitude, and say with the Englishman at Paris *Je m'ennuis très bien ici.* Against the recurrence of these annoyances, day after day renewed, what nerves can hold out? As life advances, time becomes precious, every moment is counted, every enjoyment is computed; and while the effort necessary for pleasing and being pleased becomes greater, the motive for making that exertion grows less. When the sources of physical gratification are dried up, and the illusions of life are dissipated, there remains nothing for enjoyment but a tranquil fireside, and the mastery of our own ideas and of our own habits in the privacy of home. But then, to enjoy these, you must not have a methodist wife, and you must have a porter who can lie with a good grace, a fellow who could say "not at home," though death himself knocked at the door. Neither should you read the newspapers, nor walk the streets. The times are long gone by since "wisdom cried out there." Folly, impertinence, sheer impertinence, has exclusive possession of the king's highway; and a dog with a tin-kettle at his tail has as good a chance as the wretch who dares to tread the pavement without partaking of the ruling insanity. Oh! Mr. Brougham, Mr. Brougham! your schoolmaster has a great deal yet to do: pray Heaven his rods and his fools' caps may hold out! M.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Yes, ye may pay your thoughtless duty,
  Vain throng! to Glory's distant star,
And ye may smile when blooming Beauty
  Rewards the gallant Son of War;
For me, I sigh to think that sorrow
  May soon that gentle heart betide,
And soon a dark, a gloomy morrow,
  May dawn upon the Soldier's Bride.

Oh! were her path the scene of brightness
  Pourtray'd by ardent Fancy's ray;
Oh! could her bosom thrill in lightness,
  When Glory's pictured charms decay;
Could Hope still bless her golden slumbers,
  And crown the dreams of youthful pride,
Then might ye smile, ye thoughtless numbers,
  Then greet with joy the Soldier's Bride.

But when dismay'd by threatening dangers,
  And doom'd in distant scenes to roam,
To meet the chilling glance of strangers,
  And vainly mourn her peaceful home;
Oft will her tearful eye discover
  The fears her bosom once defied,
Oft shall the smiles that bless'd the lover
  Desert the Soldier's weeping Bride.

And when, perchance, War's stunning rattle
  Greets from afar her shuddering ear,
When, yielding to the fate of battle,
  Her hero meets an early bier;
Condemn'd in hopeless grief to languish,
  She yields to Sorrow's gushing tide,
And tears express, in silent anguish,
  The sadness of the Soldier's Bride.

What then avails the wreath of Glory?
  The victor it should crown is fled,
The din of fame, the martial story,
  Reach not the mansions of the dead;
She greets with sighs the dear-bought treasure,
  That seems her sadness to deride,
And shuns the mimic gleam of pleasure,
  That mocks the Soldier's widow'd Bride.

To me, her flowery crown of gladness
  Seems like the drooping cypress wreath;
Her nuptial throng—a train of sadness;
  Her minstrel band—the dirge of death.
Ah! soon may Grief those blossoms sever,
  Despoil that cheek with blushes dyed,
And cloud with dark despair for ever,
  The triumph of the Soldier's Bride!

M. A.

SOCIETY IN INDIA, NO. IV.

The climate of India, which alarms us so much in England, loses nearly all its terrors when you arrive there. The valetudinaries, who are for ever taking up arms against it, and with the fear of diseased livers incessantly haunting them, and Buchan for their daily orderly-book, sacrifice themselves to the lean and sallow abstinence, in spite of the kindly intimations of Nature, that the hourly wastes of the machine demand hourly reparation,—are generally the first victims of a hot climate. Health in India may be won,—but do not woo her too assiduously. Woe to the ascetic, who attempts the Pythagorean system. As in other parts of the globe, she is best propitiated by a regimen not too indulgent nor too abstemious. The longer you diet with the gods, if spare fast is your theory, the sooner you will be diet for the worms, or rather for the Jackals, who in that country take precedency of the worms. It will fare still worse with you if you abstain from wine. The lifeless torpor of the spirits, the trembling languor of the frame, the appalling visitations of the foul hag Hysteria, with her wonted train of the very bluest devils,—that dreadful sinking at the heart, which neither poetry nor prose can describe—by these you will be convinced, and probably too late, of the foolishness of your doctrine. No. A few glasses of generous Madeira, a bottle, or more than a bottle, of Carbonel's fine hermitaged claret, or of the lighter growth from Adamson,

"To life so friendly, and so cool to thirst,—"

these are the few pleasing penalties you will have to pay for a tolerably vigorous existence in that country. As to the other nepenthe so highly esteemed there,—Hodgson's pale ale—he who can quaff it in safety must be a young military man, who is in the saddle from morn till night, or worked at morning and evening drills by some old kiln-dried lieutenant-colonel, who would rather renounce his Bible than his Dundas. To the bilious or the sedentary, to him who knows no exercise but the indolent agitation of the palanquin, a bottle of ale should be like that closed with the seal of Soliman. If he opens it without due warrant, a giant will arise out of it to destroy him. But at the period of which I am striving to collect a few memorials, now indeed somewhat in 'the rear-ward abyss of time,' Carbonel, and Paxton, and Adamson, and Hodgson, flowed most copiously at Madras. Then flourished George Keble, and Cecil Smith, the brother of Bobus, and old Ben Roebuck. They were all high in the civil service; and they devoted ungrudgingly no small portion of their liberal salaries to the social enjoyments of the place. No men in their generation, for it has passed away, took a greater delight in the diffusion of gaiety and good-humour around them. There was a chair at their tables for the friendless cadet, or unintroduced ensign, whom they hospitably translated from the sordid hotels of the Black Town, half consumed by musquitoes and tavern-bills, to a plenteous board, and a snug bungalow in the compound.* They gave them, moreover, good counsel, as well as good cheer; and all this with a kindness that almost repaired, in a

* An enclosed garden.

new and remote country, the severed chain of the affections they had left at home. Long will the tradition of these men flourish at Madras.

The era when these cordial intercourses smiled upon us, comprises the governments of Lord Clive and of Lord William Bentinck. It was, however, a deceitful calm. A storm was brooding over us, which, in social havoc and desolation, was not exceeded by the wildest elemental fury in the natural world. It threw down the hopes, the friendships, the comforts of our little society. Such was our condition, when Lord William Bentinck's successor arrived from Bengal to plague us. "The fiend blew mildew from his shrivell'd lips." Let Philosophy say what she pleases, the patience with which we bear our ills depends much upon the dignity or worthlessness of the agent that inflicts them. Let the evil be administered by an ignoble hand, the sense of suffering rises to phrensy. And Shakspeare was right (was he ever wrong?) in making the spurns of the unworthy the highest in his climax of adversities. In the visitation that fell upon Madras in 1809, the gloomy solace of its coming from high station and elevated rank was wanting. The author of the mischief was a little, phlegmatical, cold-blooded civil servant from Calcutta—the mere creature of the desk and the office—a clerk with a pen in his ear;—yet, such is the genius of the Indian governments, he could wield that pen to blight the hopes of youth, and to destroy the repose of age. The events of that troubled period ought surely to read the Company, or whomsoever hereafter the destinies of India may be confided to, an awful warning against vesting in a servant a rule over servants. Subserviency is but an indifferent school for authority. Upon his first arrival, the man entangled himself in the intrigues of a pitiful faction, who had tried, without success, the same experiment upon the lofty mind of Lord William. Into the bosom of the new Governor they infused all their suspicions and their enmities, where they shot up instantly as in a congenial soil. Thus the hoarded spleens of a contemptible party gathered in a black vapour around him. He breathed no other atmosphere. He became their tool and accomplice, and sent forth his proscriptions at their bidding.

It may offend the fastidiousness of some feelings to rake up the disgraceful proceedings of this guilty period: but let it be remembered, that there never has yet been an abuse of power in India either visited on the head of its author, or redressed in the person of its victim. It is to public opinion only that there lies any thing at all like an effective appeal. It is the only responsibility which can reach those who make their power the instrument of their passions.

The story of those times is not to be told briefly. It is enough to remark, that B—— did his work with despatch. In less than three months of obstinate and self-willed authority, he continued to incur the impartial execrations of all sorts of persons. The army in mutiny—experienced officers, grey in loyalty and in arms, driven almost to rebellion—the whole civil service, with a few paltry exceptions, united in one society of resentment against him. You may judge, then, how a little mind, bloated with its brief authority, could disturb our comfort. Our parties, it is true, met as usual; the same plenty covered our tables; but social enjoyment was extinguished. Fee'd servants stood behind your chair. The sanctity of your home was not free from a

merciless inquisition. Every man suspected his neighbour. The slightest stricture upon the measures of the local Government was reported with the usual exaggerations of verbal transmission. If it was a civilian from whom the obnoxious remark had escaped, he was removed from his situation, and appointed to a less lucrative one at a distance from the Presidency, and probably an unhealthy station. There was no appeal from the sentence. The Governor, secure in the remoteness of the colony from the authorities in England, calculating also upon their natural leaning to his representations, revelled at will in proscriptions and destitutions of all kinds. No pen can delineate the almost death-like face of society at this period. It was all alarm and consternation. No man knew whose turn was coming. It was a proscription, indeed, not written in blood; but the order that deprived a civilian of his office, was a sentence of death to him; it took away the means wherewith he lived. Poor Roebuck! It would have been merciful, even had he offended, to have suffered him to descend in peace to his grave, at a place where the habits and affections of his life had taken root. Adverse circumstances had prevented him from accumulating property sufficient to enable him to retire from the service; but he held a good post, which he filled most creditably, (I believe at the Revenue Board,) and abandoning all hopes of England, he found abundant satisfaction in contributing to the hospitalities of Madras, where he had resided nearly half a century; for he was about seventy, when he was ordered to resign, and appointed to a distant collectorship in a noxious country, and with a slender salary. The stroke of the poniard would have been benevolence compared with this cruelty. Never shall I forget the last parting look of the old man, as he took his adieux of us. It was a mild presage of what was to happen, and it told us most significantly, that we should see him no more. He did not long survive. That sure, but unseen malady, a broken heart, soon did its work, and relieved him from the oppression and the oppressor.

What had Roebuck done? In the problem of persecution the offence is often the most inexplicable part of it. Roebuck, when he was a member of a mercantile house, had speculated largely in Nabobs' bonds, which were securities given by those personages for sums they had borrowed. The assumption of their territory by the Company rendered them unable to discharge them; and an Act of Parliament passed to relieve the creditors by appropriating part of the Carnatic revenue to the payment of them. Upon the passing of this act, spurious bonds to an immense amount were proffered, as *bonâ fide* instruments, to the Commissioners, to whom the adjudication of all claims was referred. Of course, all who had legitimate claims, had an obvious interest to oppose and invalidate the false ones; the fund set apart for the payment of the whole debt being limited in its amount. There was a native of the name of Reddy Row, a Brahmin, who was suspected (and subsequently convicted) of having fabricated and sold a great number of these instruments. Several individuals of the Governor's party having entered deeply into the purchases of the securities which this man brought into the market, B——, in an evil hour, was persuaded to throw his protection over him, and to screen him, if possible, from justice. The Advocate-general was ordered to defend him, and, upon his conviction, the Madras Government obtained a pardon for him in

England. The criminal prosecution, therefore, of this delinquent, which Roebuck, conjointly with other persons, had set on foot, was a mortal offence to that stupid government. How short-sighted is oppression! Before the pardon arrived in India, Reddy Row was detected, upon the clearest proofs, of other forgeries by the Commissioners themselves. The man, finding all his villainies discovered, destroyed himself, and all the bonds which he had disposed of, (these for disputing which poor Roebuck had been so shamefully persecuted amongst the rest,) were wholly struck off and disallowed. The ground upon which the Governor applied for the pardon, was the alleged factious spirit of the prosecutors, and of the jury, who had wilfully, he said, defied the government, and combined in an open resistance to its authority. Such was the unheard-of nonsense that was sent to England upon that memorable occasion, and, strange to say, infused into the Royal ear by his advisers, in order to set aside the solemn verdict of a jury, and to let loose upon society a felon of the worst description.

It is an old transaction, it is true; but it ought, nevertheless, to be called from its slumbers to bear witness to the thorough heartlessness and cold malignity of poor Roebuck's persecution.

It is difficult to imagine more infatuated stupidity than that of the Madras Government at this period, nor could any thing more decidedly show how completely distance from England estranges us from her institutions. They went so far as to set up a profane gabble against the trial by jury itself, as unfit for India without certain modifications. What the trial by jury would become, when modified by such hands, it is easy to conjecture. The specific constitution also of the juries who tried Reddy Row and his accomplices, was the subject of the most indecent cavil; and their names and characters were held up to contempt and ridicule. Had the verdict, solemnly pronounced under the awful sanction of an oath, and thus shamefully criticised, been in conformity to their wishes, that noble institution would have been the subject of their foolish panegyric. The fact is, there was never assembled a more respectable or intelligent set of men, all of them selected from a class of life much superior to that from which they are selected at home, to decide on life or property. Nor did the Grand Jury, who found the bills, escape censure; some individuals among them did not escape punishment. They were chiefly civilians high in the service, merchants, and bankers. Of the civilians, three were removed from their situations, and appointed, with a considerable loss of salary, to other stations. No charge was specified—the only inference was, that they had given offence by concurring in finding the bills against the criminal, over whom the Governor had thrown the ægis of his protection. Is it not singular (Lord Melville was then at the head of the India Board) that these calumnies against the Madras juries, because their duties, the most high and responsible that can be exercised in civil life, happened to clash with the insane measures of a self-willed creature, clothed with a delegated authority,—is it not strange that such calumnies should have found credit in England? They had their effect, however, for a season, till subsequent events threw back the disgrace and infamy upon those who had earned it. Is it fitting that these things should be forgotten? If they are not preserved as lessons against oppression, they will be resorted to as precedents in its favour. Lord

Charles Somerset, at the Cape, was a servile plagiarist from many of the acts of the Madras Governor, because those acts remained unpunished. Had they received the animadversion due to them, would the Governor of the Cape, (the revolting character of whose administration has been forcibly traced in former numbers of this Magazine,) have been guilty of such barefaced imitations of their genius and spirit? Starlings should be trained to cry them in the ears of all Colonial governors.

It is a remarkable fact, that the Jury which gave all this offence to B——, by delivering a verdict according to their consciences, had, in a case immediately preceding Reddy Row's trial, received the commendation of the Chief-Justice for their accurate moral penetration and minute analysis of evidence, in a question affecting the life of an innocent man charged with murder. As it is an awful instance of alternation in human affairs, and of the providential detection of a most atrocious conspiracy, it may be worth while shortly to relate it.

A most savage murder had been committed upon a serjeant in the Madras European regiment, then stationed at Masulipatam. A corporal and his wife gave information against one Hawley, a private in the same regiment. They stated themselves to have been eye-witnesses of the transaction, which took place, they said, at a short distance from the cantonment; that Hawley, who had apparently been lying in wait for his victim, ran towards him on his approach, stabbed him with a bayonet, and then disappeared. They added, that, with a view to obtain medical assistance, they had removed the body to their own hut. On this information, Hawley was sent down to the Supreme Court at Madras, and, on the trial, both the man and the woman persisted in their story, swearing positively to every particular. There was nothing to contradict their testimony but the prisoner's assertion of his own innocence, coupled with his solemn asseveration that the murder was committed by the man and the woman in their own hut; that he was present, and saw the man (some quarrel having arisen) stab the serjeant with a bayonet; that he (the prisoner) would have rushed out, but was forcibly detained by both parties. In this interval they endeavoured to induce him, by the offer of money, to hush up the matter; but, finding him inexorable, the woman ran to the Colonel and lodged her information, whilst the man detained him at the point of the bayonet. As the defence, however, rested on no positive evidence, and the depositions of the man and his wife were uncontradicted, the Chief-Justice charged the jury to that effect, and, when they retired, a verdict of guilty was universally expected. But the manner in which the corporal had given his evidence, some contradictions in minor circumstances, and his mode of answering the questions put to him on cross-examination, had been watched with an acute but silent comment by two or three intelligent men on the jury. Whilst they were deliberating, it happened almost miraculously that one or two important facts, which had been suppressed on the trial, had come to the knowledge of a magistrate; and as they tended to the exculpation of the prisoner, and to throw the guilt upon the two witnesses, he committed them both upon suspicion. At the time when they were taken into custody, the jury, entertaining doubts which they could not satisfy, acquitted Hawley. In a few minutes, the committal of the witnesses as the actual perpetrators of the

deed, was made known to the Court. A bill was found against them by the Grand-Jury, and they were, in a few hours afterwards, tried and convicted by another jury; Hawley giving a clear and consistent account of the murder, in which he was confirmed by witnesses who had been kept back on the former trial. In forty-eight hours from the time of their appearing to give testimony against Hawley, the two wretches were executed. Such was the jury publicly libelled by the Madras Government in their despatches to England.

Cecil Smith did not escape the persecution of those times. His offence is a mystery to this hour. He said nothing; but it was suspected what his opinions were, though lying undivulged in his bosom. There was no accusation—there could be none. He was ordered to quit his office of Accountant-General, which he had long filled, and in which his mind had been long exercised; for he had grown up to it, and acquired by that long discipline a peculiar expertness in the intricate financial duties that belonged to it. He was ordered to take charge of a judicial station up the country, an office quite new to him—to begin his apprenticeship, and to try his hand on matters of life and property, a raw, inexperienced Tyro of fifty. Mr. Maitland, the magistrate who committed Reddy Row, and whose affairs were involved to a large amount in a great commercial house, and Mr. Thomas Parry, a partner of another respectable firm, were ordered, at a few days' notice, to England. These proscriptions so rapidly succeeding each other broke up our Madras society, and it has not recovered the shock to this day. As for Cecil Smith, he was the life of our circles, the active promoter of their hilarity, a most bustling extra-official master of the ceremonies, outdoing that important functionary in his indefatigable zeal to make every soul happy. He was like a Savoyard's instrument, always in tune to mirth and pleasantry. Cecil carried home his complaint to England, but the usual policy brooded over the councils of the Directors. They could find no blame in the conduct of their servant;—they endeavoured to reconcile the conduct of the local Government to some supposed faction against its authority; but they found only diffused dislike, festering into hatred—not loud, but deep, and gathering strength every hour from compression. The common result of matters managed by those who are afraid to do justice, and shrink from barefaced wrong—nothing was done, and the grievance was unredressed. Cecil carried back a wounded spirit to Madras, where he died a few weeks after his arrival. His loss was much deplored in that place, and the evening murmurs of his hookah long missed in its convivial parties. Such was the miserable condition of Madras. The author of it all was a pale, sallow, official gentleman, with the mien and the soul of a clerk; grave and taciturn, as if he had forgot himself and all his human feelings into marble—no smile ever visited his lips; if it did, it was like that of Ovid's amiable being—

"Risus abest, nisi quem visi movêre dolores."

To describe Charley Wynox efficiently, there must be a new language, certainly, a new set of epithets. String and compound all that are now in use as you will, it will not do. Who can describe the varied deformities of that unearthly countenance, yet all conspiring to the strangest effect the countenance of man can produce? Those eyes,

set there as practical satires upon the organ—glaring, small, and red, as if they had been just pierced with a hot iron;—a complexion burnt, adust, and adorned with perforations like those of a nutmeg-grater;—a nose flattened to his face, and only distinguishable by two immense craters;—a mouth forming an impassable gulf from the lower to the higher regions of his face;—a combination and a form, indeed, in which every infernal power seemed to have set its seal, to give the world assurance—I need not say of a man! His tricks, also, were as whimsical as those of the hideous animal he most resembled. Eternally grinning, he attempted every species of joke, some good, others execrable, talking a kind of inarticulate gabble unendowed with words; for those who were not habituated to him could not understand one word he uttered. He was considered a privileged being; being exempted, by universal consent, from the strait rules of etiquette; for his nonsense, which seemed to flow from the unweeting gladness of a good heart, never excited more than a transient frown, which soon relaxed, as if half applauding what it half condemned. But never did countenance do less justice to the virtues of a human character than Wynox's. Poor fellow! no self-sacrifice, no task however laborious, would he shrink from, to do an act of kindness:—to comfort another in sickness, to relieve him with his purse if he was poor—that purse a too faithless interpreter to his heart. He had little to bestow but good-will and active service. Self, the centre of the system in others, was in him quite dethroned. He devoted himself to the navy, a service he intensely admired. Captains, commanders, lieutenants, even the humble middy, filled his house and his bungalows. The naval officer who casts his eye over these imperfect sketches, if he chanced to have been at that time on the India station, will recall the remembrance of Charley Wynox with a sigh. In their turn, they gave him invigorating cruises at sea, which helped to repair from time to time his shattered constitution. Could it be imagined that this rough-hewn copy of humanity was destined to feel the pangs of love? It was the only part of the passion he could be expected to feel. But he did love with fervency and idolatry, and he was for more than a year sicklied o'er with the pale cast of a lover's thought; and he told his love, but, as he himself used to remark, it was with a misgiving that marred all that he had conned over for the occasion. It was a beauteous creature whom he served; and it was a thousand pities that he made the proposal, for she was truly amiable, and would not willingly have wounded any sentient thing. She comprehended the nature of his visit, and guessed the purport of what he was stammering out, *éclatéed*, and ran out of the room. "You may go farther and fare worse," cried Charley, as the lady left him. She heard it, and laughed still louder. It was too ridiculous even for the lover, for he joined in her mirth most audibly, and then stepped into his palanquin. In those iron times at Madras, Wynox, as usual, said what he pleased. But his idle talk was not forgiven by the starch and austere man of authority. Nothing was too high or too mean for his resentment. Poor Charley was removed from his place; he embarked for England to obtain redress, but in vain; returned to Madras, and died in indigence. They ascribe an anecdote to Wynox which is highly characteristic of him. When he first arrived in India, and delivered his letters of recommendation round the settle-

ment, he carried one to O——, an old and churlish member of the council. This man was peculiarly splenetic at these introductions, and generally discharged his spleen upon the persons in England who took the liberty of writing them, not sparing occasionally the young gentleman who was obtruded on his patronage. "And pray, Sir," said he to Charley, as he glanced over the letter, "what is your father?"—"My father," replied Wynox, "is a farmer."—"And why," returned the other, "did he not make you a farmer also?" Poor Wynox was stung with the reproach, but with admirable quickness asked him, "And who, Mr. O——, was *your* father?"—"My father!—my father, Sir," said the counsellor; "my father was a gentleman."—"Then let me ask you," said Wynox, "why he did not make *you* a gentleman also?"

I have recalled by-gone transactions, upon which the memory of mankind ought never to slumber, the occasional revocation of such transactions from oblivion being some security against their recurrence: for nothing can be more helpless than the victim of Colonial tyranny. At home the abuse of delegated authority has its immediate remedy: a thousand tongues, a thousand pens, are ready to awaken the public attention. In India there is no public; for the community is composed of the accomplices of the oppression, and the silent spectators of it, who know full well, that to breathe a remonstrance against it, would direct it to their own heads. Appeals to England are of little avail, being, for the most part, received with averted ears; and if the mischief is redressed, it has arrived at its consummation before the remedy can be felt. Despotism more unmixed in kind, more intense in action, can hardly exist. Life, indeed, is safe from its violence, but all that sweetens life—comfort, independence, and above all, the hopes so dear to every Anglo-Indian, of returning home, may be swept away in the storm of persecution. Probably in a few years the universal complaint of the settlement will produce its effect; but it is a suit in which success is an equivocal advantage. The Roman province at last prevailed over its guilty proconsul; but misgovernment had done its worst. "Tu victrix provincia ploras!" was the indignant exclamation of the satirist.

SONNET WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

How heavenly o'er my frame steals the life-breath
Of beautiful Spring! who with her amorous gales
Kissing the violets, each stray sweet exhales
Of May-thorn, and the wild flower on the heath.
I love thee, virgin daughter of the year!
Yet ah! not cups,—died like the dawn, impart
Their elves' dew-nectar to a fainting heart!—
Ye birds! whose liquid warblings far and near
Make music to the green turf-board of swains;
To me, your light lays tell of April joy,—
Of pleasures—idle, as a long-loved toy;
And while my heart in unison complains,
Tears like of balm-tree flow in trickling wave,
And white forms strew with flowers a maid's untimely grave!

ITALY, A POEM. BY SAMUEL ROGERS. PART II.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.*

When will the streams of poesy cease to cherish and delight the human heart? As the empire of reason, says a modern writer, extends itself, that of imagination will diminish; the conclusion, therefore, is, that when reason governs mankind, we shall cease to feel pleasure altogether from works of imagination. We shall be content to wait until this era arrives. We experience less anxiety on this subject than some persons have shown about the exhaustion of our coal-mines, which they tremble to reflect will not last the nation more than two thousand years! We may safely give the empire of reason five thousand to establish itself, and that, at any rate, is long enough for us. Welcome, therefore, "Italy," by Mr. Rogers, "Italy," by Mr. Sotheby, (a notice of which we are necessitated to delay this month,) and welcome "Records of Woman," from our friend Mrs. Hemans.

The name of Rogers is so familiar in our best modern poetry, that we turn to a new production of that distinguished author with the most pleasurable anticipations. To his "Italy," a poem published some years ago, which was universally read and admired, we have now to hail the addition of a second part, not inferior to the first in interest. The volume is divided into short scenes, of which it contains twenty-four. There is in the classic land of Italy no lack of images and subjects which come home to every elegant mind, from their relation to departed times and characters; and these are found in great abundance, associated with incidents which have occurred at eras comparatively recent. Some are terrible, others tender and heroic; some affect by sympathy, and all are hallowed with years and grey in modern memories. It is impossible, therefore, that poetry so connected should fail to interest; and though the present volume is less forcible and striking than its predecessor, it is more uniformly pleasing and graceful. There is, it is true, little that will strike or astonish the reader, but the aim of Mr. Rogers's poetry is not of that character; it essays to win rather by the polished elegance of its march, than by the rapidity and force of its evolutions. We do not admire Mr. Rogers, so much in blank verse as in his own polished rhyme, independently of our belief that the stately march of our epic measure is not so well adapted for a work like the present, as the measure in which Mr. Rogers has so frequently delighted us in his other productions.

The first poem is entitled "The Pilgrim," in which the author seems to aim at austere simplicity of style; it describes very briefly an interview with a pilgrim on his way to fulfil a vow "made in my distress." The second is "The Interview," and bears the same character. The third, denominated "Rome," is, to our seeming, far more pleasing than either of its predecessors, and is a most charming apostrophe to the "mother of nations." Some of the recollections inspired by Rome, which, with the traveller who sees it for the first time, throng rapidly upon the mind, are thus enumerated:

> "Here the first Brutus stood, when o'er the corse
> Of her so chaste all mourn'd, and from his cloud
> Burst like a God. Here, holding up the knife
> That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
> Virginius call'd down vengeance.—But whence spoke
> They who harangued the people; turning now
> To the twelve tables, now with lifted hands
> To the Capitoline Jove, whose fulgent shape
> In the unclouded azure shone far off,
> And to the shepherd on the Alban mount
> Seem'd like a star new risen? Where were ranged
> In rough array as on their element,

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* Records of Woman: with other Poems. By Felicia Hemans. 1 Vol. post 8vo. pp. 320.

The beaks of those old gallies, destined still
To brave the brunt of war—at last to know
A calm far worse, a silence as in death!
All spiritless; from that disastrous hour
When he, the bravest, gentlest of them all,
Scorning the chains he could not hope to break,
Fell on his sword!

Along the Sacred Way
Hither the Triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation, and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopt at the sacred stair that then appear'd,
Then through the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
As though it led to heaven. 'Twas night; but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day,
Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Enter'd the Capitol. But what are they
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
On those so young, well-pleased with all they see,
Staggers along, the last?—They are the fallen,
Those who were spared to grace the chariot-wheels;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquish'd—there withdrew;
He to the festal board, and they to die."

The "Funeral" is a very striking description of the ceremony of interment in the South. The description of the assassinated female borne to her last home:

——— "Lying on her funeral-couch,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 'twere her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birth-day feast!"

The following extract is very true and impressive. The closing lines true not only of Italy, but of every nation in all climes.

"Death, when we meet the Spectre in our walks,
As we did yesterday and shall to-morrow,
Soon grows familiar—like most other things,
Seen, not observed; but in a foreign clime,
Changing his shape to something new and strange,
(And through the world he changes as in sport,
Affect he greatness or humility)
Knocks at the heart. His form and fashion here
To me, I do confess, reflect a gloom,
A sadness round; yet one I would not lose;
Being in unison with all things else
In this, this land of shadows, where we live
More in past time than present, where the ground,
League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
Is cover'd o'er with mouldering monuments;
And, *let the living wander where they will,*
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead."

The "Campagna of Rome" is thus described:—

"Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight; and nothing visible,
Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
As from a land accurst, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismember'd giant."

The burial-ground of the Protestants is thus described:—

"When I am inclined to be serious, I love to wander up and down before the tomb of Caius Cestius. The Protestant burial-ground is there: and most of the little monuments are erected to the young; young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment; brides, in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey; or children borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him; that, by a husband or father, now in his native country. His heart is buried in that grave.

"It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets; and the Pyramid, that overshadows it, gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourselves: and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger, among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer."

There are a number of beautiful passages and thoughts scattered through the volume, which would be well worthy of extract, and equal to any thing in the preceding works of the poet. Such as that on Naples:

"Every where
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laugh'd and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;
Earth, sea, and sky reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colours not their own:
And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent
To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
Those fields with ether pure and purple light
Ever invested, scenes by Him described,
Who here was wont to wander, here invoke
The sacred Muses, here receive, record
What they reveal'd, and on the western shore
Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
Beloved Parthenope."

"Pæstum" we have read before, and have been delighted with. "Genoa" is full of characteristic description; and the last piece, entitled "A Farewell," one of the most charming in the volume, thus concludes:—

"But now a long farewell! Oft, while I live,
If once again in England, once again
In my own chimney-nook, as Night steals on,
With half-shut eyes reclining, oft, methinks,
While the wind blusters and the pelting rain
Clatters without, shall I recall to mind
The scenes, occurrences, I met with here,
And wander in Elysium; many a note
Of wildest melody, magician-like,
Awakening, such as the Calabrian horn,
Along the mountain-side, when all is still,
Pours forth at folding-time; and many a chant,
Solemn, sublime, such as at midnight flows
From the full choir, when richest harmonies
Break the deep silence of thy glens, La Cava;
To him who lingers there with listening ear
Now lost and now descending as from Heaven!

"Records of Woman," by Mrs. Hemans, is a volume of beautiful poetry, dedicated to Miss Joanna Baillie. The subject, style, and thoughts, are alike feminine, and devoted to the celebration of those virtues which in a particular manner adorn the female character. The tenderness and feeling of the fair authoress—those graces which are eminently conspicuous in her writings, and the moral sentiment which pervades them, constitute her the best living recorder of the virtues of her sex on the plan she has here laid down for that purpose. The "Records of Woman" embrace various striking instances of her virtues, her fidelity in love, her fortitude in suffering, her constancy in faith, and her triumph in death. The number of pieces which bear the title of "Records" is nineteen; and we venture to assert, that those who read them and are not impressed with their beauty and pathos, can have no true taste for the better order of poetry.

In the present day, when so many writers of verse are before the public, all aiming at one particular style, and at producing a startling momentary effect rather than enduring excellence, it is pleasant to find Mrs. Hemans pursue the true path to lasting celebrity. Her works do not stand still; they visibly improve. There are pieces in the present volume superior to any she has before written—they thrill to the heart, and prove their claim to unqualified commendation by the best of all tests, the trial of their operation upon the better sympathies of our nature. Each narration, or tale, breathes purity and tenderness, displays the better passions and the nobler emotions of the soul, and is calculated to interest from its connexion with nature in all bosoms. We are aware how much of fashion and of cant there is even in matters of taste and criticism; and we do not therefore pin our faith upon the crude evanescent colourings of praise with which every-day accident may overlay the works of an ephemeral favourite. It is necessary to examine into their principles of durability—to try them by the example of those which have stood the ravages of time and the caprices of popularity, and to judge accordingly.

"Arabella Stuart" is the first poem in the present volume. This lady, it is well known, was the descendant of Henry VII. By an act of despotism common to the times, she was separated from her husband, and both were placed in confinement. Both contrived to effect their escape on board different ships; but, unfortunately, Arabella Stuart was retaken, and plunged into a cruel captivity, in which she died bereft of reason. This is a very delightful poem, worthy, every way, of its touching and mournful subject. "The Bride of the Greek Isle," the second poem, has adorned our pages. "Properzia Rossi" is full of sweetness and beauty. "Gertrude Von der Wart," has been the theme of other poets besides Mrs. Hemans; and it is not to be wondered at, for a more touching subject than a wife watching the last agonies of a husband broken alive on the wheel, can scarcely be conceived, much less judged to have been actually true; but truth is often "stranger than fiction." The "Indian City" is known to the reader; but it will bear reiterated perusals by all who relish good poetry. But to enumerate each "Record," and extract from each what we conceive to be striking and beautiful, would far exceed our limits.

In "Arabella Stuart," the following strikes us as eminently beautiful. The captive amidst her captivity is lamenting her husband.

"Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more!—the hope is crush'd
That lit my life, the voice within me hush'd
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth, as in a burial-urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!

* * * *

My friend, my friend! where art thou? Day by day,
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream away,

My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
  Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
Round hall and hamlet; Summer, with her smile,
  Fills the green forest:—young hearts breathe their vows;
Brothers long parted meet; fair children rise
Round the glad board; Hope laughs from loving eyes:
All this is in the world!—These joys lie sown,
The dew of every path—on *one* alone
Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer,
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers
  By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent;
O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
  And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
Quivering to breeze and rain-drop, like the sheen
Of twilight stars. On you Heaven's eye hath been,
Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you
Hath murmur'd, and the rill. My soul grows faint
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
Your haunts by dell and stream,—the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound,—the shut from me!

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—
  O love and freedom! ye are lovely things!
With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
  And by the streams; but I—the blood of kings,
A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
Flows in lone brightness,—and its gifts are chains!

* * * *

Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,
There would be rescue if this were not so.
Thou 'rt at the chase, thou 'rt at the festive board,
Thou 'rt where the red wine free and high is pour'd,
Thou 'rt where the dancers meet!—a magic glass
Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall;—
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all,—
Thine!—What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking my despair?
It is not well of thee!—my love was more
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore;
And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying;
E'en thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—
Yet smile, smile on! too bright art thou for grief!

* * * *

Now with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead!

* * * *

Farewell! and yet once more,
Farewell!—the passion of long years I pour
Into that word: thou hear'st not,—but the woe
And fervour of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place; there let them dwell—
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell!"

The preceding is very charming poetry, worthy the pen of proud names in our poetic annals.

The adieu of "Gertrude Von der Wart" to her husband on the wheel is deeply pathetic, and exhibits the power of the writer.

"Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

'And bid me not depart,' she cried,
'My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side;
Peace, peace, I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it?—*mine* is *here*—
I will not leave thee now.

I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this!*
And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed Heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.'

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak!

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near,
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!"

Many of the poems in this volume have appeared in print before; but it is a pleasure to possess them in a collected state. They will, we venture to affirm, increase in public estimation the more and oftener they are perused. Among the shorter pieces in the last half of the volume, "The Last Wish" is peculiarly touching and sweet.

We have not space to extract more. This volume will recommend itself far better than we can do it. The public taste, if, as some contend, it be vitiated, has enough left in it of what is discerning to relish the simplicity and beauty of Mrs. Hemans's verse, and we confidently leave her "Records of Woman" to its adjudication.

BUY A BROOM.

> "They say this town is full of cozenage,
> As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
> Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
> And many such like libertines of sin."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

> "Zxlij squaak skrunchtje mpd Dijmtzgrm,
> Wrmtzdbsflrp vrouwtji gruntz gij growltz."
>
> *Dutch Epic.*

CAVEAT EMPTOR! This is the age of fraud, imposture, substitution, transmutation, adulteration, abomination, contamination, and many others of the same sinister ending, always excepting purification. Every thing is debased and sophisticated, and "nothing is but what is not." All things are mixed, lowered, debased, deteriorated by our cozening dealers and shopkeepers; and bad as they are, there is every reason to fear that they are "mox daturos progeniem vitiosiorem." We wonder at the increase of bilious and dyspeptic patients, at the number of new books upon stomach complaints, at the rapid fortunes made by practitioners who undertake (the very word is ominous) to cure indigestion; but how can it be otherwise when Accum, before he took to quoting with his scissors, assured us there was "poison in the pot;" when a recent writer has shown that there are still more deleterious ingredients in the wine-bottle; and when we ourselves have all had dismal intestine evidence that our bread is partly made of ground bones, alum, and plaster of Paris, our tea of sloe-leaves, our beer of injurious drugs, our milk of snails and chalk, and that even the water supplied to us by our companies is any thing rather than the real Simon Pure it professes to be. Not less earnestly than benevolently do our quack doctors implore us to beware of spurious articles; Day and Martin exhort us not to take our polish from counterfeit blacking: every advertiser beseeches the "pensive public" to be upon its guard against suppositious articles—all, in short, is knavery, juggling, cheating, and deception.

This state of universal dishonesty and substitution would be bad enough were it merely confined to commodities, but it is truly alarming when it is extended to persons. It has become so much the fashion to introduce real characters into our novels, satires, and lampoons, personality has been pushed to such a confounding and confounded excess, that we no longer know who is who, (what is what we have long forgotten,) we are ignorant which is the original, which the copy, the type is supplanted by the antitype, and personal identity is altogether lost. "Methinks there are six Harries in the field," cried the disappointed Hotspur. Had he lived in our days, he would have found sixty. Modest authors, who were once content to be anonymous, must now forsooth become pseudonymous, having as many aliases as a professed swindler, and assuming them with the same petty larceny motive—

that of obtaining other men's goods under false pretences. The dupes who read and admire Sterne's and Lord Lyttelton's Letters, are far from suspecting that they are forgeries; and wiser heads dream not that in these our days we have many a Chatterton and Ireland hitherto undetected. The "nosce teipsum" is an exploded admonition: if we cannot know others, how can we be expected to know ourselves? It is wiser and safer, and nearer to the truth, to say with Cicero, "All I know with certainty is, that I know nothing."

But the most scandalous imposition, the most cruel *quæ pro qua* of modern days, is that which is perpetrated by that broad-hipped mocking-bird, who, at the time of the annual migration to England, finds her way hither from Bavaria, Wetteravia, or Westphalia, and impudently passes herself off for the original, genuine Dutch Juffrow, who wending hitherward from the marshy flats of Zealand, Zutphen, and the shores of Zuyder-zee, first made our streets vocal, and, as it were, swept our echoes with the cry of "Buy a Broom!" Alas! the usurpers have almost pushed them from their stools; the Teutonic counterfeit has nearly superseded the original Flemish or Netherland *Frouw*. How the former can find their way hither from such distances as Frankfort, Mentz, and the extremities of the lower Rhine, or the still more remote villages of Bavaria,—unless, like the ancient witches, they fly over upon their own broomsticks; or how they can be adequately repaid for such long journeys by the sale of their three-penny ware, it passes my comprehension to surmise; but the whole process appears to me so suspicious, to savour so strongly of the black art, that I would as soon handle the besom of destruction, whereof mention is made in the prophecies, as any of their perilous, magic-fraught commodities. Suppose they were to be suddenly smitten with the *amor patriæ*, the *maladie du pays*, to sigh for the *dulce domum*, who shall assure me that these switch-tailed Bavarian brushes, turning suddenly restive, shall not brush off with me; whisk me up the chimney like smoke; bear me through the air as if I bestrode a Hippogriff, and "sweep to their revenge" by depositing me in one of the muddy canals of Munich, or on the sedgy banks of "Iser rolling rapidly?" Or how, if they tempt me to the floods of the Rhine, beside which they originally grew, plunge me headlong in, leave me to bob among the willows; or, whenever I rise out of breath, push me down again with my own purchased broomstick till the breath is out of me! Such things have been, if the traditions of Germany, and of the Hartz mountains in particular, are to be credited; and, for my own part, I would not touch one of these Bavarian brooms, even if the jade who carries them would give them to me for nothing. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

And why should we run all these risks? why should we encourage impostors? why should we purchase a spurious article, when the real, original, genuine Dutch "Buy a broom" is still occasionally encountered in our streets? If the reader wishes to ascertain the real Zuyder-zee Juffrow, he has but to look attentively at her features. He will see at once that she has been born below the level of the ocean, nurtured under a dyke, has passed her whole life beneath low-water mark, and that though she may be a stray or waif of Neptune, he has never lost his legal *lien* upon her, never acknowledged her to be a native legitimate subject of his brother Earth. We dig muscles and

cockle-shells out of terra firma, and call them marine productions; and how can we deny the same designation to the Dutch girl, who, though she may not have actually received birth in the water, cannot claim the merit of being even amphibious in the outward characteristics of her species? She is manifestly one of the "gens humida ponti;" her face is aqueous, swampy, sodden; her hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes, are sandy; her eyes like oysters; her mouth that of a fish: she has suffered no sea change; she is a primitial offspring of ocean, who has stamped her with his seal, until she is hardly distinguishable from the original sea seal, with which she may unquestionably claim some genealogical affinity. Holland, altogether, may be considered as a vast pound for stray Phocæ and Walruses, which, though they may be disguised and swaddled in innumerable quilted petticoats, or voluminous dollar-buttoned inexpressibles, cannot shake off their marine origin so easily as they can put on human trappings. They enact their assumed parts after a very floundering and fishy fashion. How many generations there may have been since the ancestors of your *bonâ fide* Dutch "Buy a broom" were mer-men and mermaids; at what exact period Horace's "desinit in piscem" ceased to be applicable to them; under whose reign the tail, by being dragged along the sands, finally divided and assumed the form of legs; and when the original web foot became severed into toes, I leave to Icthyologists, and to the successors of Lord Monboddo, to determine. The Dutch females have in some respects been losers by the step they have thus been enabled to make towards humanity; for if the mermaids were the same as the ancient syrens, the fascination of their voice has not descended; the sharp or guttural tones in which "Buy a broom" is cried in our streets being by no means such dulcet and harmonious breath as would lull the rude sea, or tempt the companions of Ulysses to leap into the waves. In one circumstance we may trace a congeniality of disposition between the fishy ancestor and the semi-feminine descendant of our own days; the latter has an air of cleanliness, and even of personal vanity about her, obviously derived from the original mermaid, who never emerged from the waves without a comb in one hand and a looking-glass in the other, articles which we may presume to have been pilfered from some antediluvian Birmingham at the bottom of the sea. It is just possible, indeed, that at the Deucalian flood—"Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos Visere montes," they may have supplied themselves with these commodities upon shore; but as Horace makes no mention of any such fact, I rather adhere to my former supposition. This peculiarity offers another ground of distinction between the "neat-handed Phillis" of Holland, and the dirty drab of Germany, of which country the *Jung frouws* are too often frowzy, and not often enough young; but if the reader have a single doubt upon the subject, and I am most anxious he should not mistake the pebble for the diamond, or the bead for the pearl, let him be careful to observe whether the broom-vender's face resemble a seal's, whether her flesh have the appearance of being fed upon water-zootje, water-gruel, and water-cresses, whether it be flabby and of a muddy, fenny, and marshy hue, whether her legs be two solid Doric columns of grey worsted, of the same thickness throughout, for all these are prominent diagnosticks of the genuine Dutch Juffrow, "neat as imported." If in addition to these vouchers her quilted petticoats

be redolent of shrimps, red-herrings, and tobacco, if she suggest any thoughts of Taylor the water-poet and his piscatory eclogues, if she make your imagination wallow and flounder upon the shores of the Zuyder-zee, carry it to some low cabin or pot-house within which boors, skippers, watermen, swabbers, and calibans, fat, fusty, and phlegmatic, sit stifling in the mingled smoke of fried sprats, and of their own pipes, which they never draw from their mouths except for the purpose of spitting; if she recall to your memory the scenes and personages that Ostade loved to paint, fraught as they are with the most clownish meanness and revolting vulgarity, you may be well nigh assured that you are not mistaken in your Vrouw, and may purchase her broom with a tolerably safe conscience. Unless, reader, you can sputter such sounds as we may suppose Jonah to have emitted when imprisoned in the whale, you cannot be expected to speak Dutch; but as an additional precaution against the imposture, you may salute the broom-vender with a few words of that language, such as "Goeden morgen. Hae oud zijt gij? hae vaart gij? Wet is de prijs hiewan? Gij vraaght te veel," or any such chaffering phrases, and if she comprehend and answer you in the same jargon, you may incontinently buy a broom, when it would be prudent to brush off with it, lest you should contract a sore throat in attempting to eviscerate the Dutch gutturals, or have the drum of your ear lacerated in listening to sounds as unlike those warbled by Madame Vestris, when she assumes the Dutch garb and sings the song of "Buy a Broom," as the croak of a genuine Juffrow, or Zutphen Meisje is to the "dulcet and harmonious breath" of one of the ancient syrens. H.

O'HARA'S CHILD.*

ROLL on, thou dark o'ershadowing cloud,
And the wild dreary landscape shroud!
Thou sullen river, deeper moan,
And gurgle round the obstructing stone!
Ye night-birds, with funereal wail,
On your slow-flapping pinions sail,—
  Your notes are music to mine ear!
Thy voice, cold hollow midnight wind!
Suits with the temper of my mind:
Why should I court the glare of day?
My last bright hope is rent away:
What shall a swelling heart control,
Or calm the tempest in a soul
  Which now has nought to hope or fear?

Long is the road, but the fierce flame
That fires my heart sustains my frame;
Lone is the path, but be it lone,
All earthly joys from me have flown;
Night falls around in deepest gloom—
More dark is that cold time-rent tomb

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* The extraordinary man who considered himself to be the Chief of the O'Haras, carried the body of his only child sixty miles in his arms to bury it in the tomb of his family, and was committed, on his return, for having concealed pikes in a bog, and died in prison of a fever. The author of this brief poem had the anecdote from the gentleman on whose estate O'Hara resided for several years.

To which I bear my only child!
Not such the rites of early date,
When some high chieftain bow'd to fate;
Then yon raised mound and far-spread plain
Could scarce the attendant serfs contain.
Last of thy race,—no hand but mine
Inhumes thee!—can my soul repine?—
No stranger's hand thy corse defiled!

O Erin!—had such been thy doom—
Ingulph'd e'en in Earth's fiery womb,
Or had the unrestricted wave
Found for thy valiant race a grave—
Though awe-struck nations might deplore,
More blest had been my native shore,
Than thus to gnaw the oppressor's chains!
Have then thy sons no souls to feel—
No hands to forge the avenging steel?—
Yes!—and ere yet that now veil'd moon
Shall reach again her midnight noon—
—Sure by the echo of my tread,
And rich carved stonework round me spread,
This spot is all my race retains!

The moon burst from behind the cloud,
And threw upon the infant's shroud
A pure, cold, tranquil, silvery ray,
Which show'd still fair the little clay;
The heart-wrung father bent his head,
In silence gazed upon the dead,—
His soul was for a moment bow'd—
Then seized with giant force the spade,
The corse within Earth's bosom laid;
But as he trampled in the ground
Arose a deep, low, hollow sound—
He deem'd the spirits of the tomb
Thus ratified the oppressor's doom,
Which was in that stern moment vow'd!

Where went O Hara?—Ask not where
Rush'd the wild votary of despair—
The houseless, childless exile stray'd—
E'en in his last dire wish betray'd!
From yon dark prison-tower the bell
Striking the slow funeral knell,
Proclaims his mortal race is run!
The proud, gigantic strength of frame,
The high, time-honour'd, noble name,
The heart that every passion knew,
The hand to every impulse true,
Each wish the patriot's hope that fired,
In that low dungeon-vault expired;—
He rests beside his only son!

H. R.

A GREEK WEDDING.

Conjugi ΔΟΥΛΚΙΣΣΙΜΩ. *Ancient Inscription.*

There cannot be imagined a more delightful retreat for the philosophy which is fatigued with the stir and passions of large cities, than the cheerful seclusion of the small town of Athens during those two or three thoughtful months with which the summer closes and the autumn begins. It is not that you find, either in its scenery or remains, any of that sullen, overmastering magnificence which absorbs the stranger on the first aspect of Rome, and infuses an instant disgust for all that is modern and mortal; or that its limited society is capable of adding any great stimulant to the current even of a contemplative existence; but that within its compact precincts the modern pilgrim, like the ancient, finds every variety of food for the most fastidious intellectual appetite, and nothing in the prose occurrences of every-day life which can detract from that higher poetic temper with which meditation over ancient sites and histories ought, more or less, to be connected. I have remarked a very singular coincidence between the sites of ancient cities and their histories. Jerusalem, Thebes, Sparta, have the known peculiarities of their inhabitants written in broad and emphatic characters in their geography, and no one can gaze upon the actual aspect of these places, disfigured as they may be by change and interpolation, without instantly peopling them with that very race of corresponding beings, whom we afterwards meet with in their history. Athens, in an especial manner, is illustrative of this position; and if we discover on the bare basaltic rocks of Jerusalem, remembrances of the terrible and dark of the Old Testament, and in the iron range of Taygetus, suggestions of the hardy and inflexible of the Spartan character, we do not less trace, in the graceful forms, the felicitous intermixture of sea and land, plain and mountain, wood and waste, of the Athenian landscape, clothed as it is in an atmosphere transparent and enlivening beyond measure, all those inexplicable delicacies, those finely woven susceptibilities, those instincts of taste and feeling, from whose aggregate at length arose the completion and perfection of the Athenian. To stand on Hymettus, on a tranquil evening towards the close of June, and to travel gradually through the enlarging panorama around you, is reading in some measure, not only an epitome of their unrivalled history, but in a still greater degree unweaving a portion of the natural causes from which such history sprung. The landscape below, and the sky above, explain the Acropolis and the Theseum; in such a climate the Garden and the Academy were natural. Even at this distance, the mind drinks in something of the same mellow inspiration; and meditation, without any of its northern austerity, penetrates, insensibly, the entire being. Thinking here is like breathing; and where the atmosphere is all balm, breathing is a delightful act of the will. Nor is there any marring feature, or warping influence, in the accompaniments of such a scene. The shepherd you see at your feet is an Albanian; but though his features are dashed with some of the fears and ferocities of the times, it is only ascending a little higher in the annals, from Pericles to Theseus, and you bring him at once within the range of your picture. The Turk, too, stimulates you into contrast, and that chord at once touched, you have the glorious choruses of Æschylus, the spirit-stirring narrative of

Herodotus—the Persian, and the Invader—but sooner or later, before or behind, the Greek, but principally and finally the Greek before you. The cloud of dust from the herd or cavalry in the plain, thus attracts your attention for an instant, but it soon remounts to its original contemplation, and your imagination is again absorbed by the Parthenon and the Acropolis.

The society, if so indeed can be termed a few scattered groups connected only by an identity of pursuit, was strictly in harmony with this admirable local. There was just enough of the native, and the nation, for a substratum to work on. You had the primates and the archons, and one or two of the Greek papas, and the semi-Greek consuls, for your Greeks—the Turks were rather slovenly represented by the Disdar Aga, and his indolent guards, sleeping over their pipes and beads, on the shattered steps of the Parthenon. The traveller and artist were constantly changing—but a few were denizens, and now for many years Fauvel and Lusieri went far to make up the stranger's idea of Athens. Nothing could invite more attractively to the mood of the place than Fauvel, and his truly Attic court-yard. There was a fragment there on entering, shorn it is true of the finish and feature it once boasted, but then so pregnant still with its ancient spirit, that you stopped short and hungrily before it—then, on passing, you saw whole heaps of these were thrown lavishly up and down around the walls, luxuriously imbedded in flowers, and tendrils, and ivy; and the sun which played upon them through the sweeping vines from the trellis work above, and the winds which whispered through their crevices, and the dripping of waters near, and the feeble tracery of their sculpture, threw the soul into a sort of dreaminess, from which nothing could so well awake it as the antiquarian bustle and French gaiety of Fauvel himself. It was below one of these little arcades, half made up from the picked contributions of antiquity, that I first saw him, in deep meditation over his wax model of the city. He had changed one of his hillocks backwards and forwards two or three times in the day, with perhaps more regard to Pausanias than Nature, and seemed inclined, in a moment of vexation, to plough up the whole town with a blow of his penknife, and to sow it, in revenge, with dust and salt. The moment he perceived me, the Frenchman superseded every other consideration. Years and absence had not tamed any thing of the aboriginal spirit, or soured in the least that wine of life, that childlike cheerfulness of heart and head, which is the enviable apanage of our neighbours. He was brisk, buoyant, and rapid; and his black silk costume, close and punctilious as that of an Abbé under Louis XV., his dried and dwindled form, and the social brilliancy of his language and manners, brought you back, in an instant, to the heart of Paris and the middle of the last century. France was strangely mingled in his affections with Athens; out of the two countries he made himself one. On going out, his Albanian nurse, or gouvernante, flaring with the costume of her country, fat and authoritative, came in with his mid-day coffee. She sate down on the fragment of a sarcophagus, on which Loves and Genii were playing below, and watched him taking it with a smile. Near was his black crow, which he nursed and loved for want of an eagle. Fauvel's crow was known through the whole republic. It made its excursions every morning after breakfast to the neighbour-

hood of Athens, and came home affectionately at night. It was scarcely less respected than his Consul's colours, and the bitterest Moslem allowed it to wander *ad libitum*, like a stork, over his mosque. Poor Fauvel! the calamities which afterwards weighed on this fated country did not spare him—his museum, his Albanian, his crow, and all but his courage and philosophy, perished in the general visitation. He still survives at Smyrna, and his only consolation for the loss of Athens is its waxen model, and the daily pursuit of his unending task to its achievement.

I was one evening sitting with him, in one of the most delightful recesses of this sanctuary, and making my usual enquiries about the *statu quo* of his hills and hillocks, when a brother of Logotheti's (the English consul) entered, and proposed to conduct me to a Greek wedding, which was to be celebrated in the neighbourhood. I liked the man, and was curious to see the ceremony. In a few minutes we turned down a narrow lane near the walls, and soon discovered, by the unusual clamour which issued from behind the mud enclosure, that we had reached our destination.

Logotheti's brother was a tall and portly papas, with a mind and muscle far more fitted for the halberd than the crosier. His eye laughed with an air of avowed and arch contempt at the slavery of his countrymen, and with something more, but whether at their faith, their manners, or their condition, I could scarcely dare to say. He was known as an intelligent lover of good cheer, and his cheek and tongue bore grave evidence to these propensities. With this strange interblending of this world with the other, he still preserved, if not the veneration, at least what is not usual in other countries, the attachment of his flock. No man could be more welcome at a baptism or a marriage: he was in some sort the genius of such festivities, and his voice and tread was the signal for the commencement or renewal of every description of gaiety. No wonder then that his knock on the outer door was recognized with a cry of jubilee, or that I entered with a "προσκυνω σᾶς" from every part of the court under the guidance of so ghostly a director.

It was the residence of the bride and her family—and the "bringing out," or procession to that of the bridegroom, had not yet commenced. The house was of that neither good nor bad description which at Athens gives rank amongst the first of the *bourgeoisie*. A dislocated stone staircase conducted externally to the first story. It was crowded with visitors and performers in the ceremonial. An unceasing tumult, half between the clashing and jangling of cymbals, and the rough rolling of a sort of drum or tamborine, by way of prelude to the Epithalamium, with now and then an intervening nasal whoop, prepared the nerves and imagination of the guests for the approaching festivity. The performers were few, but strenuous and effective. It was with difficulty a word could be distinguished or heard. I was now conducted, after bustling with considerable difficulty through the crowd, by the stone staircase, to the principal chamber. The bride was seated in the centre, and her relatives ranged in various groups around. It was a singular spectacle. The ceremony of her toilette had not yet been completed. Her nurse was engaged in adding sequin after sequin, and flower after flower, to her enormous head-dress, and perfecting into a more entire ugliness the hideous disfigurements of her counte-

nance. The contrast was characteristic. The nurse, now beyond all reach of the vanities of the world, at least for herself, seemed still to live anew in the vanity of her pupil. She was corpulent, comfortable, and teeming with recollections, and burning with anticipations. Her eye brightened at every touch of her picture, and she drew back on her knees, from time to time, with a self-applauding hem, claiming the approbation of the circle as her creation every instant rose into some newer absurdity before her. Such was the nurse;—the Juliet was, if possible, still more ludicrous. She was about eighteen, of a prepossessing physiognomy, without any strict claims to beauty, but strikingly Greek, and what is worse, Athenian. Her eyes were round, deep, and dark, but they had farther been enlarged and mellowed by artificial assistance. The blackening of the eyebrows and eyelashes threw a melting and voluptuous melancholy into their lustre, but at the same time seemed to stifle all the more refined shades and gradations, and to give that frigidness and pious stare to their look which is so easily recognisable in the Greek madamas. Her real colour was not discoverable, under the heavy hand, and liberal painting of her *dame d'atours*. White and red concealed every gleam of nature and truth from the enquirer. Her head-dress was an immense pile, built up stage upon stage, and glaringly festooned with coins of various descriptions, flowers, gold-paper, &c. A cousin near pointed with admiration to the edifice. It was a flattering proof of the importance of the family; for it is thus in general that is exhibited the amount total of their dowry. This, however, by no means prevented another portion of the ceremonial. The moment the attiring had been completed, a plate was handed round for subscriptions to the guests; the contributions were very considerable, and the entire, when the circle had been gone through, was transferred to the bride, and counted over with very leisurely simplicity on her knees.

But the sun was now setting, and it was full time for the procession to commence. The bride rose with extreme difficulty, and with a bridesmaid on each side to support the weight of her head-dress, under which she seemed literally bowing, proceeded to the head of the stone-staircase. This was the signal for the Epithalamium. It began in alternate stanzas, sung with abundance of strange gesticulation, and in the strained and high-pitched nasal swing of the most horrible of all music, the Greek cantilene. On tottering down the steps, a young boy preceded her with a mirror, which he held constantly elevated for her inspection. She seemed to profit, however, but very rarely by this rather too ostentatious excitement and appeal to her vanity. Her deep dull eyelids hung lazily over her eyes, and every emotion seemed drowned in the physical endurance of the portentous head-dress. On leaving her habitation, nuts and flowers were flung upon her as she passed, with every good augury which ancient tradition, and the still picturesque phraseology of the language, could supply. Torches were then lighted, and the procession (marshalled with as much attention as the narrowness of the streets and the exuberant exultation of the performers would permit) followed slowly on, and, after numerous windings, at last reached the residence of the intended husband.

The domestic despotism of the ancients still lives in their descendants; and the Greek, in his relations with the female portion of his fa-

mily, is little better than a sort of Christianized Turk. Here the rigid code of the ancient Gynæcium still survives the customs and religion which dictated it; and the new faith, which is supposed to have equalized the sexes, has kindly connived at the supremacy still maintained by their semi-Pagan masters. On entering the court-yard of "the *futur*," instead of the tumult and rush of mutual congratulation, which on such an occasion I had imagined would have blazed up from the susceptible temperament of the South, I was considerably surprised at beholding an apathy, to which even Germans and septuagenarian metaphysicians are strangers. The court was richly embowered with elms and plane trees; under the largest and most lordly of the group was installed the inamorato. He was not reading or listening to a sonnet on the perfections, the black and gold patches, the Juno eyes and eyebrows, the unchangeable complexion, the sublime head-dress, and the tyrannic soul of his Dulcinea, but in the more matter-of-fact ecstasies of his weekly *shaving*. Nor was this one of those graceful *coups de théatre* rehearsed at leisure, in order to be sudden. It was an integral part of the ceremony, and performed with the solemnity of a religious duty. Every one seemed delighted with the masterly precision of the barber, and the dash and *savoir faire*, with which he hurried to its completion. When the head was shaved, and the mustachios had received their penultimate curl, and the biting torrents of soap and water had been quite washed out of the eyes of his victim, a contribution somewhat on a scale similar to that at the bride's residence was commenced, and the generosity of the visitors allowed an opportunity of displaying itself to the greatest advantage. All this was conducted with high etiquette and dignity, nor could I perceive the glimmer of a smile during the entire preparation, I will not say on the lips of the bridegroom (a thing not impossible in other countries), but on the less concerned physiognomies of the most youthful of his attendants. He was now dressed, and sprinkled with rose-water, and in despite of a very yellow and saturnine countenance, and some traitorous wrinkles round his eyes and forehead, a personage whom any lady, not blind to her own happiness, was bound to receive with gratitude and astonishment. The bride, who on her entry had, in the spirit of Oriental humility, shrunk with her portion of the procession to a remote recess of the court, and with a long-suffering and patience which should be held up as an example to all ladies in a similar unhappy predicament in these countries, now began to perceive some symptoms of relenting in her future lord, and slowly left her seat and proceeded with her accompanying maidens to the entrance of his residence. This movement, however, appeared to produce very little greater impression than the former upon the inexorable muscles of her intended tyrant. He allowed her to pass him without an attempt at a salute, and it was not until the last of her handmaids had crossed his threshold that he seemed to awake to his share in the ceremonial. The succeeding portion had something very dubious, or appalling in its mystery. The bridegroom advanced from the group, where till now he had been nearly concealed from the eyes of his beloved, and in the midst of the renewed clamours of the Epithalamium, drew a knife from his girdle, and struck it deep into the impost of the door which he was about to enter. This, I question not, is full of import and significance; but on asking it, my

friend Logotheti shook his head, smiled, frowned, but could not be prevailed on to answer me. I leave it, therefore, to the Congregation of the sacred rites at Rome, or to our own Lord Eldon and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, being both married, will probably solve it much more satisfactorily.

On entering the chamber with the rest of the company, I was much hurt and scandalized at seeing the lady sitting, against all practice and precedent in such cases, three inches lower than her husband, on a throne which had been erected for the joint use of both. This comes of total want of tournaments and chivalry; and is, I am afraid, but too typical of their Catherine and Petruchio position to each other throughout life.

After a short pause, in which the husband looked magnificent and not happy, and the wife neither one nor the other, and the attendants sympathized as little as possible with either, and seemed congratulating each other, as is usual, on the superior advantages of their single estate, the religious rite was about to be commenced, and my curiosity was excited anew. But a glance from Logotheti soon intimated that I was in this instance "*de trop;*" and perceiving the other visitors, after a few desultory compliments and felicitations, gradually dropping off, I followed my conductor, and in a minute or two was restored from the duskiness and grandeur of this dreary chamber to the tumultuous gaiety of the surrounding crowd, and the lightness and cheeriness of the open air.

The moonlight was now gently silvering over the rich red pillars of the Parthenon, and twinkling through the vines which cover the modern Agora, when I returned to Fauvel's, and found him seated with a few of his friends in his court-yard, enjoying the freshness of a night of June, and descanting on the merits of Lusieri's sketches, with a little less charity than became an Athenian and a philosopher. Lusieri shared a great portion of the honours of the Republic with the antiquarian, and their feuds were the heading article in the gossip and pasquinade of the day. Lusieri had conspired with Lord Elgin against the Parthenon marbles; and Fauvel had a great superiority over his rival in the sympathy and invective of his allies, the Greeks. We had in the circle, this evening, a Themistocles and Lycurgus, two sons of the Consul, whose patriotism did justice to their names. I know not how the dissension was afterwards quenched or compounded; but, as in cases of loftier importance, the presence of a third enemy made friends, I am inclined to think, of the other two. But a few months after, alarms of an insurrection and a massacre did more for the differences of Athens than they have ever done for those of Ireland; and the sword of the Turk, instead of unravelling the knots, cut them through in the most satisfactory manner at a blow.

The ceremony which I had just witnessed acted, however, in the present instance as a sort of suspension of hostilities; and we should have had a *Memoire* worthy the Journal des Savans from Fauvel, on the advantages of translations and traditions, the antiquity of modern rituals, and the Paganism of Greek Christianity, proving to his satisfaction, that we still lived in the Athens of Pericles and Demosthenes, and men married after the opinions and practice of Socrates, had not, in the most important part of the disquisition (that of the

knife), arrived an intimation that Madame Gropius, the German Consuless, begged the advice of M. Fauvel, on the subject of a ship which ran a good chance of being just wrecked in the Piræus,—a question which, as it involved some delicate considerations relative to the interests of nations and of his own, he for once was compelled to prefer to antiquities, and sacrifice his pleasure to his duty, and his own opinion to that of the public. Calling, therefore, for his hat to his Albanian, and recommending his crow to us in parting, he suddenly disappeared through the arcade, and left Logotheti and myself to get rid of the question as we could, or to change it, which we soon effected, to the cowardice of the Turks, and the orthodoxy and heterodoxy of the procession of the Holy Ghost—stock subjects, which do as much for Greek divans as the slavery of starving Papists, and the all-sufficiency of the Bible, for dull dinner-parties in Ireland.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR, *Paris, June 20, 1828.*

THIS month opened with the publication of one of the cleverest works which has for a long time appeared in France: I allude to the speech in which M. Benjamin Constant proved for the hundredth time, to the Chamber of Deputies, a truth so common that it is worn out by repetition,—namely, that the "liberty of the press" is a good thing. In consequence of some legislative proceedings, which it is needless to describe, M. B. Constant found himself obliged to speak on this subject. The extreme difficulty in France of avoiding ridicule in stating truisms, seems to have given an electric impulse to his genius. Voltaire could not have done better; and I would recommend to all lovers of French literature, and of ingenious and happily expressed thoughts, to read M. B. Constant's speech. Though the readers should be altogether strangers to our politics, and to the great question which agitates the whole of France, they will experience great pleasure in perusing this essay of M. B. Constant, if they be capable of relishing Voltaire, Courier, Montesquieu's Lettres Persannes, La Bruyere—in a word, all the treasures of our light literature,—a style in which we are, in my opinion, without rivals.

The English, for example, understand much better than we do how to write tragedies which unfold the depths of the human heart, which excite terror, and rouse all the passions; but for lively and entertaining prose, and for knowing how to embellish with the graces of expression, and give a new face to the most worn-out subjects, the writers of Paris, I think, excel all others.

M. Villemain's Lectures are still the rage, and the saloon in which he delivers them is daily crowded. This young academician brings together the select part of Parisian society. It is not difficult to discover the cause of his success. He possesses the power of expressing himself with delicacy and elegance. A common thought becomes *piquant* in passing from his lips. In this respect, M. Villemain often reminds us of the talent, so eminently French, of M.B. Constant. If the French Academy were composed of the forty Frenchmen most distinguished for superior talent, M. B. Constant would long ago have been the colleague of M. Villemain; but Constant is a Liberal: he entertains bold opinions, and that is what thirty timid and narrow-minded old gentlemen would with difficulty pardon. In his last lecture, M. Villemain, who is this year giving us the history of Literature during the eighteenth century, continued his inquiries respecting that secret principle which governs every thing in literature—that principle which dictates the fashion,—a thing always powerful in France. Racine, Fenelon, Pascal,

were religious: their taste would have been stigmatized as bad—that is to say, they would have offended against the fashion in the time of Louis XIV. had they not been eminently religious. Moliere, who was no believer, affected to believe. Bayle, who ventured to doubt every thing, was regarded as a kind of original; and the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, which admired talent, and which had need of wit for its amusement, was so unjust towards Bayle that he was scarcely read. All at once, however, Voltaire, on his return from England, came forward as a freethinker. Literature seemed to awaken from a long slumber, and a general eagerness was shown to imitate English writers, who, doubtless, were reprehensible on the score of religion, but who, nevertheless, were men of great talent. Such were Shaftesbury, Lord Bolingbroke, who had been personally known at Paris, Collins, Tindal, &c. In France, about the year 1730, a whole class of society, that class which we call the *gens d'esprit*, was in a very disagreeable situation. At that time, this class was raised into respectability by Voltaire, and it triumphed in 1790, in the person of Bailly, when he was appointed Mayor of Paris, a place which, under its old denomination of "Prévôt des Marchands," had always been occupied by some fat wealthy citizen, the perfect contrast of a man of letters. One of the evils which tended to agitate society in Paris, during the eighteenth century, was the situation in which men of talent were placed, who, if they were not of high birth, or possessed of great fortune, could make no progress in France. Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, were poor during the whole of their lives. Fortunately for Montesquieu, whose studies were of so profound a nature, and whose writings produced a great effect in France, he had an uncle who left him a fortune, and he became President of the Parliament of Bourdeaux. But he was on the point of being compelled to sacrifice part of his advantages to his genius. Montesquieu saw the danger, and guarded against it by becoming the intimate friend of a great lady who had a powerful influence at Court. Voltaire, on his part, connected himself with a rich man of business who had a contract for supplying the army with beef. This contractor, proud of protecting a man of such talent, gave him a share in the contract. Voltaire gained by this business and by literature from 600,000 to 800,000 francs (about 30,000*l*). His good fortune surprised him, and made him so proud, that all his life after he seems to have spoken in derision of poverty. This silliness injures the finest pleasantries in his novels, Candide, Zadig, the Princess de Babylon, &c., which have no equals in our language. M. Villemain said much the same as this to his crowded audience, but he said it more reservedly, because he wishes to displease nobody. M. Villemain observed, that at one time Voltaire wished to imitate your Richardson. The heroine of the novel entitled the "Ingenu," dies like Clarissa, and from the same causes; but M. Villemain remarked that Voltaire, on account of his impiety, was inferior to the English author, notwithstanding that he affected to despise him. In all the histories of the French Revolution, even in the best, those of MM. Thiers and Mignet, it has been neglected to point out the influence of the class of *gens d'esprit*, who, in 1730, took upon themselves the task, at Paris, of furnishing all the rest of the society with ideas. In the present day the successors of D'Alembert, Diderot, and Collé, hold about ten or twelve places of two thousand francs each; but unfortunately there is a dreadful want of talent among them.

Proceeding with his lecture, M. Villemain stated, that about the year 1740 every thinking mind in France began to be tinctured with impiety. The Popes were allowed to be endurable for political ends, but were no longer regarded with veneration. Singular enough, however, as we became irreligious, England, as if determined never to agree with us, ceased to be so, and all her writers turned pious. In fact, nowadays, there is no real religion except in Protestant countries. The French, however, who are not disposed to believe what they can neither see nor understand, are the least pious people in Europe. This is the conclusion to which M. Villemain's lectures naturally lead, but which he took good care not to express; and he did right,

considering the youthful audience he was addressing. In general, this clever Professor, who so well knows how to avoid the slightest approach of the ridiculous, and who always calculates how far he may venture to go by the degree of admiration and enthusiasm which he perceives in the eyes of his auditors, is ignorant of all those truths relative to the Fine Arts and Literature which depend upon sensibility—which an ardent, feeling, and imaginative mind discovers within itself, and calls up, as it were by improvisation, whenever it contemplates the master-pieces of art, or the sublime aspects of nature. A feeling of the beautiful in landscape, for example, which is so very common in England, is not, as far as I know, professed by any man of letters in France; and perhaps I might say the same of music. Our French writers seem to think this kind of taste incompatible with that quality which we choose to denominate *d'esprit*. Voltaire is never completely ridiculous except when he attempts to describe a picturesque view, and when he speaks of music or painting.

Throughout the whole of his course, M. Villemain said nothing new on the theory of the Fine Arts, and even mangled the ideas which he borrowed; but he triumphed in the historical and anecdotic department. He sketched, with a spirited and graceful facility, the relations which subsisted between Richardson and the celebrated Duke of Wharton, so notorious for his talents and his irregularities, and who, when he fell into disgrace, turned pamphleteer. Had it not been for the lucky chance which brought this rake with his pamphlets to Richardson's press, how could the honest printer ever have hit on such a character as Lovelace? In this part of his lecture, M. Villemain was listened to with breathless attention.

The young Duke de Chartres, who will perhaps one day be King of France, was seated at the distance of about three paces from M. Villemain's chair, and listened with great attention. The Professor took care, with his accustomed dexterity, to make his young pupils understand that this illustrious Prince was among them; and, of course, all the youths of eighteen in the lecture-room were proud to consider themselves on a footing of companionship with the Duke de Chartres. This was natural enough; for, though the distinction of rank is regarded with contempt in France, when a man in an elevated station gives reason to suppose that he possesses talent, he is sure to obtain respect and admiration. Now, it will readily be inferred, that a prince of the blood who comes to M. Villemain's lectures, and is satisfied with the first seat he finds vacant, is neither a fool nor a Jesuit. On the entrance of the Prince, no one rose to offer him a place; in former times, no one would have remained seated.

The Professor called the attention of his auditors to other English writers who succeeded Richardson in exercising an influence over the literature of France. David Hume, of course, was not forgotten. He adverted to the letter which that philosopher wrote to a great lady of the French Court three days before his death—a letter worthy to find a place in a biography the finest of those that have proceeded from the pen of Plutarch. Hume, who, notwithstanding his heavy and ungraceful appearance, was a great favourite in France, never had that intercourse with active life which was necessary to render him a perfect historian. A stranger to that vivacity, that sort of disorder which seems to pervade the affairs of the world, he fell into the error fatal to all philosophers who lead a tranquil and retired life. His reasoning made him despise every thing that was contrary to his reason. Instead of despising, he ought to have painted. But both Hume and Robertson wanted imagination.

M. Villemain distinguishes three kinds of history:—

1. Conjectural history, like that which M. Niebuhr has given us in the early ages of Rome.
2. Critical history.
3. Complete history.

The composition of critical history depends on the investigation of endless details, which are to most men tedious and disgusting. The most entertain-

ing work of this description is Voltaire's "Essai sur les Mœurs et l'esprit des Nations." This was the model which Robertson followed. The defect of Voltaire is, that when he comes to a strange or barbarous custom, he ridicules rather than describes. In one of his satirical sallies, he said of Montesquieu's immortal work, that it was "l'Esprit sur les Lois." Montesquieu might have replied, had he seen the "Essai sur les Mœurs," that it was "l'ironie sur l'histoire." Irony, when perfect, like Voltaire's, conveys a lively pleasure to the mind; but it is not to be compared with that profitable pleasure which is afforded by a well-digested, complete, and picturesque narrative,—such as that given by Cardinal de Retz in his "Memoires," when he depicts the dread which came over himself and Turenne, when, as they were returning from the country at daybreak, they saw, in the distance, three hundred Capuchins advancing to bathe in the Seine. In the obscurity, they took the monks for a legion of devils coming to carry them off. This amusing example, the necessity of too much abridging which I regret, shows that a well-told narrative fixes itself in the memory, while an ironical sally amuses for a moment and is no longer remembered. Such is the effect often produced by Voltaire in "l'Essai sur les Mœurs."

M. Villemain very ably criticised Robertson. That historian, who is still admired in France, adopted, in his "History of Charles V." the singular idea of throwing every thing interesting, every thing picturesque, every thing calculated to engrave an historical trait in the mind, into the Notes at the end of his work. "Robertson," he said, "was so deficient in imagination, that, though far from wishing it, he is sometimes guilty of infidelity. For example, he describes Luther as perfectly cool and tranquil on receiving the Bull fulminated against him by Leo X. But, unless the reader be quite childish, it is natural that he should ask, how it is possible that a man who so powerfully agitated his contemporaries could be so calm and reasonable.

Such a phenomenon would be greater, more extraordinary, than the Reformation itself. The fact is, and could not otherwise be, that Luther was one of the most violent of men. His fiery writings are examples of theological fury and popular fury. Luther was Rabelais in the pulpit, but Rabelais overflowing with hatred and violence. Instead of writing cool remarks on the Pope's Bull, as Robertson pretends, he replied to it by a pamphlet, which he entitled, "Against the execrable Bull of Antichrist." It is clear, M. Villemain observed, that to write like Robertson is to mislead the reader —to falsify history, but probably without intending it.

Here M. Villemain compared the cold narrative given by Robertson, of the last moments of the interesting Mary Stuart, with the unpretending page left by Brantome, who was merely a man of the world. Brantome's page is picturesque and true, and almost sublime because it is true; while the laboriously polished narrative of Robertson is, at bottom, a mere fiction. And why is this? Because Brantome wrote with the feeling and the simplicity of his age; while Robertson was merely a citizen of Edinburgh, who had become learned by poring over the works of old authors, but he wanted that turn of mind which was necessary to enable him to see events as they really happened. Now, what is history but the art of representing events as they actually took place?

Robertson's defects are in some measure the same as those of M. de Sismondi, who is labouring at Geneva on a history of the French, eight volumes of which are published. M. de Sismondi's defect is, that his characters appear natives of Geneva, so greatly are they imbued with political rationalism. Now, the rude warriors, of which Clovis was the chief, had very few notions of the balance of power, the laws of nations, or the laws of war, which ought only to sanction that mischief which is inevitable. They thought only of fine horses and well-tempered swords, like those made by Henry Smith in "The Fair Maid of Perth." Their only policy consisted in securing the esteem of their general, Clovis, by rendering themselves useful to him.

This political rationalism, this academical colouring, is also observable in

M. Guizot's history of the last Stuarts. But it is a defect which is infinitely more pardonable in the writer who retraces the age of the Puritans, which was a very reasoning, if not a very reasonable age. Though you, Sir, may have but little idea of the wise policy from which a French writer who wishes to make his way never departs, you must be aware that M. Villemain has not pointed out with sufficient clearness the circumstances which, in spite of the puffing of the journals, oppose the success of the otherwise estimable histories of MM. Sismondi and Guizot. Taking thus the prudent view of the question, it may be said that M. Villemain's lectures on the history of Literature are very entertaining, and even very useful, though the author has in an eminent degree the defect for which he reproaches Robertson. M. Villemain has not sufficient imagination to form a just conception of the heroic spirits of the fifteenth century, those naturally gifted but ignorant men, who were utterly regardless of what their neighbours might think of them. The empire of decorum, which holds so important a place in modern minds, was a thing utterly unknown to a Du Guesclin, a Talbot, and the other great men of the middle ages.

Their greatest cruelties were in reality much less odious than they appear to us, now when drawing-room habits have heightened our susceptibility.

Perhaps, Sir, I ought to apologize for having entered into so long an analysis of one of M. Villemain's lectures. But the courses of Villemain, Guizot, and Cousin engage the interest of all Paris. Guizot and Cousin have obtained permission to recommence their courses only since the fall of M. de Villele and the disgrace of the Jesuits. M. Cousin professes a philosophy which he renders entirely obscure, and which consists of ideas in the style of Kant and Plato. A little journal, entitled "The Figaro," has just given an amusing dialogue between the *absolute* and the *contingent*, two words of very frequent occurrence in the lectures of M. Cousin. This little dialogue has been found so diverting that it is pronounced worthy of Voltaire.

M. Raisson, the author of a clever satire entitled "The Civil Code, or the Art of being well received in the World," has just published a romance entitled "Mary Stuart," which is much praised. "La Jaquerie," by the author of Clara Gazul, is another very popular production.

ON A GIFT OF FLOWERS.

La memoria de los bienes perdidos
Es el ultimo bien de los desgraciados.

NAY, twine the blossoms and fill the bowl,
If Hope has a balm for a wounded soul,
If joy dwell on earth it shall light us to-night,
Or if to yon heaven it has taken its flight,
On a rosy-wing'd cloud, or a zephyr, my Love
I'll bring thee one gleam from the regions above.
No thought of the past, or to-morrow's dread gloom,
Shall wither these flowers or chill their perfume:
The sigh shall be silenced, the tear be repress'd,
One hour of entrancement shall waken this breast:
One hour for thee, and then back to the throng
Whose coldness and deadness have chain'd me so long:
Where the thought of this hour shall lie deep as the grave,
Where the pearl is still sleeping 'neath ocean's dim wave.
Of the cup I have tasted I sip again never—
And I'll strive to forget—ay! forget thee, for ever!

M. T.

LETTERS TO THE STUDENTS OF GLASGOW. BY T. CAMPBELL.

LETTER VII.

In following the sketch of ancient Italy which I have been endeavouring to trace to you, we come next to its VIth province, Picenum, which lying along the Adriatic, between the rivers Æsis and Matrinus and the Apennines on the west, corresponds on the modern map to the territories of Ancona, Macerata, and Ascoli. This region appears in its ancient history like an inn that often changed its occupants. The Aborigines had yielded to the Tyrrheni, who left here written characters similar to the Etruscan: the Liburni, the first voyagers of the Adriatic, had made settlements on the coast: the Sabines, guided by Picus, had invaded those invaders: the Gallic Senones had burst thus far into the South of Italy: and the Syracusans had founded Ancona before the Romans invaded Picenum.

This people submitted to Rome in the year of the city 485. From their population of 360,000 free souls, a portion was dragged to colonize other places, and the remainder, under the title of Allies, continued vassals of the Romans until the Social War, when Picenum figured among the Italians in their struggle with Rome.

The most pleasingly remarkable place in this quarter of Italy is Ancona, founded 2400 years ago by Sicilian patriots who had fled from the tyranny of Dionysius. It still continues to be, next to Venice, the most populous and trading city on the Adriatic. Of old it was famed for its temple of Venus; and its scenery sheltered by a semicircular hill, and open only to the breezes of the west, is said still to deserve the mythological compliment. The inhabitants of its whole territory are also remarked as finer in form and complexion than all other Italians.

In spite of their mixed population, it is attested that the Picentes were chiefly descended from the Sabines, one of whose kings after his decease guided his people into Picenum in the august form of a woodpecker. How childishly credulous the ancients appear to have been! But the modern world has also had its turn for the marvellous. At Loretto, in this very region, is still shown the house of the Virgin Mary, brought hither by angels from Nazareth in the year 1294, together with a camblet gown that she wore, and the crockery-ware that was used by her family. Absurd as this legend was, it made Loretto the Delphi of modern Europe. The treasures there deposited were so consecrated by religious awe, that the Turks trembled to invade them, and the shrine was annually visited by 2000 pilgrims.

VII. Proceeding on the map southward from Ancona, in the direction of Rome and through the north of Naples, we come to the Seventh division of ancient Italy, comprising the Sabini, Æqui, Marsi, Peligni, Vestini and Marrucini. The country of the Sabines still retains its name, and their ancient character has the glory of proverbial honesty and virtue. The places of the other tribes are in modern Abruzzo. There lay the Marsians who pretended to skill in charming serpents, and to magic cures for their bites; and to this day, the jugglers who amuse the people of Rome and Naples by handling those reptiles, come out of the same territory.

Of all those tribes, the Sabines, who were apparently a branch of the Umbri, may be considered as the ancestors. A pure and indigenous

race, they broke out from a corner of the Abruzzo across the Apennines, and spread their colonies pretty widely over Italy. On the left bank of the Tiber they dwelt in the time of the Roman kings, intermingled with the Latins, and even on two of the Roman hills. But as the tide of their conquests poured to the South, the old Sabines on the Tiber became insignificant, and were easily merged in the flood of Roman power.

At the western nook of the Sabine territory, we come to the immortal City herself. But I shall postpone the consideration of Rome till we have run over her remaining Italian provinces.

The IXth Roman province, according to the division which I have observed, was Latium. To that name, however, a twofold meaning was applied. By Latium Antiquum, the Romans understood a stripe of coast from the Tiber's mouth to Terracina; having the Anio, or Teverone, on its northern, and Mount Algidus on its eastern frontier: so that it included neither the Hernici to the east, whose confederacy of little republics came down to the shores of the Sacco, and whose rocks, bedewed with rivulets, are commemorated by Virgil; nor the potent Volscians, to the south-east, on the Liris or Garigliano; nor the Aurunci, whose Cæcuban wine is praised by Horace and Martial with the faithful jollity of true poets, and whose domain, commencing from a range of hills to the south of the Volsci, extended, in long but narrow stripes, to the Tyrrhene sea-coast, where it continued from Terracina to Sinuessa. But when the Romans had conquered those States, they were added, though not originally Latin, to Novum Latium, the limits of which were advanced to the Vulturnus; so that it stretched into what is now the Neapolitan Terra di Lavoro.

I shall purposely waive the intricate subject of Latian antiquities; which is, in many respects, as dull as it is dark. There is no saying, to be sure, how many important points in history may remotely depend on questions apparently crabbed and useless; and this may be the case with many disputes among antiquaries about nations who to us are but a string of names. But of direct amusement, there is certainly not much to be found in discussions about the Siculi, and Casci, and Opicans, and Ausonians. The truth of their genealogies is apt to remind one of the horse on the Highland Moor, that was very hard to catch, and when caught not worth riding.

Still there is a rational object of curiosity in the history of the Latin tongue; and hopeless as I am to clear a subject which the most learned have left obscure, I may mention one historical tradition, that seems more probably than any other to account for the Grecian elements of the language. That something more than Greek entered into the roots of Latinity is a point known to be undisputed. The want of the Article is a circumstance in Latin which distinguishes it from almost every other civilized speech, which betrays a mixture of barbarous pedigree, and which forms a bar of bastardy in its relationship with Greek. On that circumstance, however, history throws no such light as may guide us to guess with any confidence what particular barbarian speech was the unarticled ancestress of Latin. For the Greek idioms of Latin many authors have referred to the Etruscans; but Niebuhr declares that unbiassed investigation had convinced him of the Etruscan bearing just as little affinity to Greek and Latin as to the Oscan. From what other source,

then, was the Græcism of this language derived? The Pelasgi in Italy appear insufficient to account for it; for though the Pelasgi easily melted into Greeks, the Hellenes alone were, strictly speaking, the Grecian people, and the Pelasgic speech, though it bore an affinity to the Hellenic, was pronounced by Herodotus to be radically different. It remains, then, to search among ancient traditions for the one that most feasibly brings Greeks into Latium. Now Œnotrus's Arcadian colony is universally given up as fabulous, and the story of Evander, as Mannert justly remarks, would only help us to a handful of men, who, if they had been Hellenes, as they were Pelasgians, could not have spread Greek over all Latium. As little could Æneas and his Trojans solve the difficulty if we could believe in their arrival. But Aristotle expressly gives it for an historical fact, that a fleet of Achæans, on their return from Troy, were driven by storms beyond Cape Malea to the open sea, that at last they reached the portion of the Opican coast which bore the name of Latium, and that the Trojan women who were their captives, fearing slavery if they returned to Greece, set fire to the ships and kept their captors in the settlement.

The Latins, from their earliest appearance in Roman history, are described as forming a confederation of commonwealths, each of which had the right of governing itself, and of maintaining peace or war independently, except in circumstances where the universal safety was concerned. The leading state, though unquestionably not the foundress of the rest, was Alba Longa, until Rome, from seeking security, proceeded to grasp at dominion, and under the star of her ascendency, Alba was levelled to the dust by Tullus Hostilius. The dependency of the Latin states was farther consolidated by Tarquin the Proud. The part which the Latins took in attempting to restore that tyrant, exposed them severely to the swords of the Romans. About a century and half later, their bold demand to have a consul in Rome chosen out of their own nation, led to another rupture with their now irresistible enemy. At that time, the rights of Roman citizenship had been granted to only a few of their cities, but at a later period the Gracchi sought to level all distinctions between the Latins and Romans. The Social War ensued, after which the Senate granted Roman rights to such of the Latian cities as had not sided with the confederates. Even of those towns, however, many were robbed of their privileges by Sylla, and it was not till the close of the Republic, that Latium shared in the immunities of the Quirites.

No part of Italy excepting Rome can bring more interesting associations to the lover of antiquity than Latium. Its villas were the retreats of the most illustrious Romans, and we may picture to ourselves Scipio and Lælius amusing themselves with the shells on its shores, or Cicero declaiming amidst the groves of his Tusculum. Here, too, is the Alban mountain, now Monte Cavo, where all the cities of the Latin name assembled to hold their fairs and their festivals; and where the gods of the Æneid, like those of the Iliad on Mount Ida, survey the armies, the cities, camp, and movements of war. The neighbourhood, indeed, is the theatre of the latter half of Virgil's poem—it has the scene where Nisus and Euryalus fell, and the woods that first echoed to the horn of Alecto. Here was also Antium, where the Apollo of Belvedere was dug up to a resurrection of unconscious immortality.

Some imperishable beauties of Nature still remain in what was Latium. The plane-trees so much praised by Cicero in his account of Tusculum, still love the soil and flourish in peculiar perfection, and the borders of the Alban lake are still lined with orchards that dip their branches in its crystal waters. The outlet or tunnel too, that was bored for more than a mile under ground through the solid rock of the Alban mountain, remains a gigantic proof of art and industry of the Romans as early as the 358th year of the City. But though the traveller may look with ecstasy on partial spots, such as the Falls of the Tivoli, adorned by the ruins of the Sibylline Chapel and by the Temple of Vesta, where overlooking the *præceps* Anio and the abode of the Naiads, he may sit under the very columns where Augustus, Mæcenas, and Virgil have reposed: still, collectively, the modern Campagna forms a melancholy contrast to the glory of ancient Latium. Ill-governed and infested by the pestilence and banditti, it offers entire tracts of uncultivated land, and of pale and sickly inhabitants. The traveller traces the locality of ancient cities by grassy hillocks that have grown over their ruins, where the buffalo browses, an animal unknown to ancient Italy, but driven hither by her destroying hordes, and that looks with its fierce aspect, like an emblem of the barbarism which imported him. Pedestals of statues are found in abundance, inscribed with majestic names, but the statues themselves have disappeared, and have been mostly sent to the kiln for the purpose of making lime. The canals and subterraneous drains that once drew off the superfluous moisture of the soil, have been choked up and filled with stagnant waters that exhale a deadly atmosphere; and it is among these haunts of the Mal'aria, and among marshy deserts, that the tourist has now to search for the charming villa of Pliny. There the mulberry and fig-tree, it is true, are found; but they have returned to a state of wildness.

X. From the Campagna di Roma, you cross over the Garigliano to the Campania of antiquity, a name apt to be confounded with the former, by those who are ignorant of Italian geography; but which corresponds to the Neapolitan Terra di Lavoro. Before Latium had received its new extension, the river Liris, now the Garigliano, formed the northern natural boundary of Campania; but after that change, the Massic hills were held to divide it from Latium. To the east, Campania was separated from Samnium by Mons Tofana, a branch of the Apennines, and to the south from Lucania, by the river Silaris, now Sele.

The whole country, as its name denotes, is an unbroken plain, with the exception of Vesuvius, and a few other remarkably steep hills that stretch into the Bay of Baiæ, and, like Vesuvius, have no connexion with the other mountains, but betoken their origin to have been from ancient volcanoes. Those terrible phenomena of Nature made Campania the fabled battle-field of gods and giants; but in recompense, the land has been favoured with the richest fertility, and the softest climate under heaven. "Nil mollius cœlo," says Florus, speaking of this province, "ubi bis floribus vernat, ideo Liberi Cererisque certamen dicitur; and Pliny styles it, "Felix illa Campania certamen humanæ voluptatis."

To this climate and fertility have been ascribed a proneness to degeneracy in its natives, and the disgrace of the land having so frequently yielded to conquerors. But it should be remembered, that it

is a rich country inviting invasion, and a level one little furnished with defensive positions. Undoubtedly it has been often overrun. Possessed at first by a branch of the wide-spread Opican or Oscan family, whose language was retained after the Oscan name had disappeared in the rest of Italy, it was colonized by Æolic Greeks, and conquered by the Etruscans. The latter yielded to the Samnites, whose dominion was displaced by that of Rome early in the fifth century of the City. From that time Campania continued a Roman province, with the short interval of its defection to Hannibal, an offence that was punished with a wolfish severity by Rome. Horror seizes us in reading Livy, when he applauds this atrocious vengeance, and vaunts of mercy having been shewn to dwelling-houses and walls after the bravest inhabitants had been butchered and the multitude dragged into slavery. During the fall of Rome, Campania shared in the general calamities of Italy. When the Eastern Empire sunk, it was successively seized by the Lombards, Saracens, and Normans, who, in their turn, became the prey of the Germans, French, and Spaniards. The last of those masters, after governing it long by Viceroys, gave it a king in the person of the father of Ferdinand IV. in whose wretched family it has since remained, like the rest of the Neapolitan territory, with the exception of the interreigns of Joseph Bonaparte and Murat.

Campania recalls many important recollections, such as that of Atella, which gave Rome its first farces, and of the delicious Capua, that contained 300,000 inhabitants. But its most interesting localities are those of the Greek towns, among which the date of Cumæ goes back 1050 years before our æra; whilst the victory of its fleets over the Etrurians is commemorated by Pindar. Hither the Greeks transplanted their superstitions—here they invested rivers with names of infernal sanctity, and imagined a spot even for the transit of the dead. The Cumæan Sibyl was an imitation of the Delphic prophetess. Every one is acquainted with Virgil's splendid fiction concerning her. It is not so generally known that the cavern of the Sibyl actually existed. It was a vast chamber hewn out of the solid rock. This venerable place was destroyed by Narses, when he destroyed the Goths in Cumæ. By undermining the cavern he caused the citadel above to sink into the hollow, and thus involved the whole in one common ruin.

It would be injustice to Campania to omit noticing that she contained other Greek towns of interesting memory: viz. Pompeii and Herculaneum, so celebrated by the modern recovery of their ruins. Neapolis and its elder neighbour, Palæopolis, may be said also to have been conjointly the ancestress of modern Naples. As late as the time of Strabo, we learn from that geographer, that both Neapolis and Cumæ retained abundant traces of their Hellenic origin. Their gymnasia, clubs, and societies, were formed after the Greek manner. Public games, like the Olympic, were celebrated every five years: at the same time, the number of the rich and aged Romans who resorted to Neapolis, showed what an attraction to the luxurious and indolent the genius of Greece still retained.

XI. Samnium and the Frentani. Between the mountains of the Peligni on the north, Campania on the east, and the Picentini and Lucani on the south, lay the people of Italy who opposed the bravest and longest

resistance to the Romans. The locality of Samnium is chiefly represented in the modern map by the county of Molissa, in the kingdom of Naples, so memorable for its tragic earthquake in 1805, that destroyed 20,000 souls. The Frentani, who inhabited what is now the Citerior Abruzzo, had a political existence independent of the Samnitic confederacy, though they derived their descent from that warlike and populous race. Like many other smaller powers of Italy, they made a voluntary surrender to Rome about the year of the City 440. Not so the Samnites, who were admirably trained and disciplined, who obeyed the orders of their commanders with the greatest coolness and alacrity, who frequently brought into the field 80,000 foot and 8000 horse, who were once at the gates of Rome, and who gave the Romans one of the most terrible defeats they ever received at the Caudine Forks. It was not till those Highlanders of Italy had called forth all the skill and energy of the Fabii and Papyrii, and furnished the materials of four-and-twenty Roman triumphs, that they were subdued. Their resistance might be said to have lasted almost to their extermination, when Sylla massacred their prisoners in the Campus Martius, and when their province was for a time reduced to a desert. The name of this people was derived from the Sabines, who invaded the country and mixed with its more original owners. It has been called the Swisserland of Italy, though it has a soil and climate far surpassing the Helvetian.

The rest of Southern Italy contained three farther divisions; namely, 1st, Apulia, lying along the Adriatic, from Biferno to Cape Leuca, and thus including on the modern map the Neapolitan Capitanata, the Terra di Bari, and the Terra di Otranto; 2dly, Lucania, separated from Apulia by the Bradano, which stretched from the Gulph of Salernum to that of Tarentum; 3dly, Bruttium, or the present Calabria, which forms the forefoot of the whole Italian Peninsula.

There is not much to attach our curiosity in the mere Italian antiquities of these regions, though they contain the village of Cannæ as well as the Brundusian fountain and *fabulosus Vultur* of Horace. The submission of its various inhabitants to Rome soon after the defeat of Pyrrhus, chiefly interests us on account of the fate of its once magnificent Greek cities. I have already noticed the indications of Greeks having found their way into Latium. The Campanian Cumæ brings still more direct recollections of colonization by the same people; but it is in that part of Italy which has been called the heel and foot of its shape, that the relics of Greece have been most plentifully left. Half of the language that was spoken there was Greek, and the region acquired the name of Magna Græcia. It is true that geographers differ as to the precise part of the Peninsula which is entitled to that appellation. Danville gives it generally to the three most southerly provinces, whilst Mannert confines it to eight important cities, and their territories in the Gulph of Tarentum, and the Bruttian coast; viz. Tarentum, Sybaris, Croton, Siris, Metapontum, Caulonia, Locri, and Rhegium. To this range of states, *par excellence*, he says the Greeks gave the name of Μεγάλη Ἑλλάς. He admits, however, that it was sometimes more extensively applied—and I cannot but think that there was common sense in the extension; for it seems arbitrary that language should

have grudged to include under the name of Magna Græcia, the Apulian Brundusium that once divided the commerce of Italy with Tarentum, as well as Agryppa and Canusium, that boasted of having been founded by Diomed. The former town has been proved by modern discoveries to have had walls of sixteen miles in circumference; and antiquaries dwell with rapture on the beauty of the Greek vases that have been found in its ruins, and that in size, numbers, and decoration, surpass those discovered in any other city.

Tarentum, after a certain period, stood at the head of those states which, as Mannert will have it, in the strictest sense of the word, constituted Magna Græcia. The first enemies of the Tarentines were naturally the surrounding Italians from whom the soil had been forced; but the victories of the colonists over those foes were often attested by splendid offerings at the shrine of Delphi. Their navy was at one time the best in Italy, and their soldiers were numerous and formidable. Plato was their guest; they cherished the Pythagoreans; and their sculptors and painters were of the first celebrity. But as Tarentum and her sister cities proceeded in refinement, the hardy Italians advanced in the art of warfare; and shattered by them, Magna Græcia easily yielded to Rome.

All the states on the Œnotrian coast already mentioned, sprang up during the short interval between the 15th and 24th Olympiad, or somewhat before and after the 720th year preceding our æra; consequently coeval with the first Roman kings. Tarentum was of Spartan; Sybaris, Croton, Metapontum, and their filial cities, were of Achæan origin; and these were long united in a league, like that of the Achæans at home. Elea, that might be proud of its philosophers and long-preserved independence, was built by Phocæans, who fled from Cyrus. "Those Grecian colonists," says Niebuhr, "were mostly unmarried freebooters, who won themselves wives with their swords; so that their posterity were a mixed race, like the descendants of the Spanish conquerors in America." The late preservation of their Greek language, however, looks as if many of them had taken their families along with them.

The earliest head of the Achæan states, and earlier indeed in greatness than Tarentum, was Sybaris; the proverbial luxury and population of which, though it might be wonderful, has to all appearance been exaggerated. It fell at last by the power of its once allied Croton. A deal of mystery hangs over the history of the Crotonian government, and its connexion with the sect of Pythagoras. Thither came that great man when he brought philosophy to the western world; and Croton, though great before, continued to increase in fame for her arts and arms, the skill of her physicians, and the strength of her wrestlers; whilst by embracing Pythagoras's religion, morals, and politics, her people are represented as having become more virtuous, and the Pythagorean sect, for a time, are said to have been the rulers of Southern Italy. But a doubt may be entertained whether some aristocratic tyranny was not sanctified under this sectarian government. The popular reaction that overthrew it was, however, like the most of popular revolutions, vindictive and terrible. Other evils afflicted Magna Græcia—Lucanians, Bruttians, and Syracusans by turns beleaguered

her; and her other states, like Croton, had been exhausted by other barbarians, before they fell beneath the Romans.

From this imagined excursion over Italy I return with you to Rome. The traveller, I have heard, is at first apt to be so struck by the present grandeur of the Eternal City, as to be detained for a while from tracing its ruins, or figuring to himself its ancient aspect. He goes to St. Peter's, and luxuriates amid the rich marble pavements of that holy place—the paintings of its cupolas—the gorgeous bronze of its altars—the gildings of its panelled vaults—the mosaics of its domes—its naves, its aisles, its transepts, and expanding vistas—and the harmony of its whole colossal proportions. He hears the anthem of the Sistine Chapel roll its ocean of music,—

> "Till visions crowd the rapt enthusiast's glance,
> And all the scene becomes a waking trance;"—

or he beholds the ceremony of the illuminated cross, that throws its light over prostrated thousands, yet leaves the distant statues and monuments like phantoms half obscured under its feebler rays. Genius and Religion never built such a place as St. Peter's. Even the giants of Agrigentum left a temple inferior in dimensions.

Yet, even after this enchantment has possessed the traveller, the Vatican itself must recall to him ideas of antiquity. Its temples are lined with the busts or statues of all demigods and inspired personages, real or imagined, in history; and the visitant recollects that under the soil which he treads lies Imperial Rome. Deeply interred under the accumulated deposit of fifteen centuries, it now serves for the foundation and the quarry of another city, which, though the fairest in the world, reflects only the tarnished glory of its ancestress. Modern Rome counts 130,000 inhabitants—the ancient city contained several millions; so that the former now exhibits farms, pastures, and cattle markets, within the circuit of the ancient walls. If modern Rome be then an object of wonder, what must have been the majesty of that which preceded it! Strabo, a Greek, and partial to Greece, describes Rome as an object transcending all human expectation and competition. Even the cold and unfeeling Emperor Constantius—familiar with Ephesus, Magnesia, and Athens, and with all the pride of the known world—as he proceeded in triumph through the Roman streets, burst into exclamations of enthusiasm when he entered the Forum of Trajan.

It would be absurd for me to attempt giving you any account of the ruins of Rome. Yet I cannot help calling you to look over its historic panorama, as it is described by modern travellers. As you contemplate the surrounding landscapes of Rome, on the East, Latium is marked by its circle of snow-covered mountains, the dazzling outline of which, under the climate of Italy, is strongly contrasted with the azure sky. A striking point in this circumference is the Alban mountain, forming an insulated group of hills to the South. Farther on you discover Præneste, for the conquest of which Cincinnatus left his plough. Near that place you see the seat of the Gabii, the Athens of Latium; and beyond it, though hid by the Alban mountain, lie the abodes of the Æqui, and Volsci, and Samnites, the hardiest enemies of Rome. Turning back to the North, and leaving, on the skirts of the horizon, the snowy crest of the Apennines, you recross the Tiber, and, on the

plains of Etruria, observe the insulated Mount Soracte, from whence, by continuing the view westward, over the Lake Sabatinus, the eye fulfils a semicircular prospect of an hundred and fifty miles.

Yet how obscure is the origin of a city that has been twice the mistress of the world! I need not tell you how many doubts respecting the early history of Rome, as it is related in our school-books—doubts surmised in the last age, by the French Academician Beaufort, have been since brought into much more formidable shape and array by the learning of Niebuhr. The descent of Romulus from Æneas, and the derivation of Rome as a colony from Alba Longa, are points no longer held tenable. Indeed, the Romans of the Augustan age believed not one half of the traditions that have been since gravely delivered as facts. Cicero, in a letter to Atticus, ridicules the history of Romulus. From Tacitus and Pliny, it might have been learnt that Scævola burnt his hand to very little purpose, since Porsenna continued the siege of Rome, took it, and reduced it to the most humiliating submission. Polybius, too, attests the whole of Camillus's imagined deliverance of Rome to have been a fable; and, unless we reject that most credible historian, the defeat of Brennus must be about as true as the story of Cinderella.

"*When* Rome was founded, and from *what* people it originally arose, is precisely," says Niebuhr, "what we do not know." On some of the most important questions that relate to this subject, he adds—"If any one pretends peremptorily to decide on them, let none listen to him." Such language from such an inquirer shows how much easier it is to shake off the husks of fable from history, than to pick up the kernels of its truth.

Thus much, however, is assumed as indubitable by Niebuhr himself; namely, that the Romans arose from the combination of several nations who were strangers to one another; and that each of these transmitted its inheritance in language, institutions, and religion, to the new people. The Greek name of the city—though the sacred books had another more mysterious name for it, which it was unlawful to pronounce—betokens some people, whether Pelasgic, or Hellenic, to have entered into the elements of her population. The very name of her language also, not to speak of her position, gives Latium a share in her ancestry. It is allowed that the Sabines coalesced with Rome during her infancy, and that her religion was in many respects Sabine; and though there are no proofs that she was an Etruscan colony, yet there are manifest signs of Etruria having impressed a strong influence both on her religious and civil institutions, and of having at one time absolutely governed her.

All legends agree in recognising the Palatine Hill as the original site of Rome. Another hill, inhabited by the Quirites, and from them named the Quirinal, was certainly a Sabine hill. Roma and Quirium, originally separated by an intervening marsh, were at one time two completely distinct cities—like the old and new town of Dantzic, in the middle ages, or the independent cities of Kœnigsberg, that made war whilst their walls met. The story of the Sabine rape has nothing in it intrinsically incredible; yet it may be believed without assuring us that it led to the amalgamation of the cities exactly in the manner described by Livy. The traces of this union have not been entirely effaced. A

tradition was preserved, that each city had its King and its Senate, and that they met between the Palatine and Capitoline hills. The union became firmer, most probably, from external danger, from intermarriages, and from the community of religion; and the two towns agreed to have only one Senate, one popular assembly, and one King, who was to be chosen alternately by the one people out of the other. Here the Romans, however, seem to have tricked their allies. Lastly, it appears from no mean historical document,* that Servius Tullius brought with him a whole army of Etruscans, whom he settled on the Cælian Mount, so named from Cæles Vivenna, its former commander, under whom Servius himself had served—an army apparently composed of soldiers of fortune, like the Condottieri of the middle ages.

The ideas of Rome and of Liberty are apt to be conjoined in our boyish days by the reading of Livy. Yet from that historian himself it may be gathered that few nations were ever more mercilessly ground down by an aristocracy than the Romans were, for centuries after the expulsion of their kings. A vestal spark of the principle of popular rights certainly lingered somewhere in the Constitution, yet it is difficult to see how it was preserved. The formation of such an aristocracy could not have been the work of Romulus. It is not by the will of a prince that men are moulded into an aristocratical government. But the victorious occupants of the Palatine Mount in the age of Romulus must have created that Government, by receiving new comers only on the footing of unequal rights; and the patricians by their valour, superior armour, and monopoly of religious offices, kept themselves exalted above the vulgar, like a race descended from the gods.

Servius Tullius strengthened the popular interests, though an opposite and absurd opinion has been often propagated. He called in the richest class of plebeians to serve as cavalry; and he obliged the richer plebeians to clothe themselves in a panoply of metal, as well as to fight in phalanx and use the long spear. It was exactly this conversion of the rich plebeian infantry into men-at-arms and disciplined pikemen, that made the commons of modern Europe an overmatch for the feudal chivalry. Servius Tullius evidently encouraged the rich commoners of Rome; but, unhappily, Roman industry was all domestic, and there was no trade to create a numerous and opulent middle class. There is every reason to presume that the tyrant Tarquin, and the no less tyrannical aristocracy after him, had discouraged the discipline of Tullius, and reduced the Roman plebs to a light-armed infantry; since it is manifest, from the whole account of the secession to the Sacred Mount, and of the insurrection against the Decemviri, that nothing like a plebeian heavy-armed infantry could have then existed at Rome. At that time, we find the commons complaining that their cruel patricians seemed to think themselves a race sent down from Heaven. Even long after the institution of Tribunes, a special law was required to proscribe the unfair flogging of vulgar backs. The mutineers of refractory legions were at their peril executed by com-

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* Viz. the speech made by the Emperor Claudius on the admission of some of the Lugdonese Gauls into the Senate, which has come down to us on two tables preserved at Lyons in the 16th century, and which, since Lipsius, has been often printed with the works of Tacitus, but has probably seldom met with a reader.—*Niebuhr's History of Rome.*

panies at a time, and their relations were warned neither to cry for them nor bury them.

The assertions of Livy as to the real liberty of the Roman people in those dreadful ages, when, in spite of some appearances of popular political weight, all power, civil, military, and sacerdotal, was in reality in the hands of the nobles, appear extremely suspicious. The rights of property itself must have left the Roman plebeian often more miserable than the West Indian negro; for it allowed him to contract debts, and for these debts his creditors could chain him, scourge him, starve him, and finally sell him, after sixty days, if their sensibility revolted at cutting his body into pieces. The popular right to sanction laws, elect magistrates, and declare peace or war, were also, for a long time, more showy than substantial; for when the sovereign people had passed a decree, the Augur was at hand, and the Augur was a patrician; and if he chose to see unfavourable omens, the popular decision was null and void.

The people of Rome, it is true, at last extorted political power from the patricians; but for want of that inmost and most essential soul of all free government, REPRESENTATION, they could not enjoy it. The admission of foreigners to Roman citizenship, however abstractedly just in its principle, aggravated the evil of Roman democracy. The people of Rome became a populace—sensible indeed to the charms of eloquence and the splendour of talent, but mercenary, unstable, and with no ascendant delegated power to act over them, like a brain on an organized body. The natural result was their becoming a military government. That event was the consequence of circumstances, which Cæsar himself, if he had felt like Brutus, could not have prevented, and which, therefore, rendered his murder an unnecessary crime.

BRIGHTON.

"Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath wean'd my wandring mind;
Tell me, what wants mee here to work delyte?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find,
The grassie ground with daintie daysies dight."

The Shepherd's Calendar.

Now that autumnal migrations to the sea-side have become an established part of our social system, it is really high time that we should find some more dignified appellation for the gay and handsome towns thus called into existence than the odious term of "Watering Places." A more low and inappropriate phrase (for it seems to bear exclusive reference to water-*drinking* places) it would be difficult to imagine; and as the retention of so barbarous a term conveys an imputation upon the poverty of our language, it is to be hoped that Mr. Wyattville, who seems to have a genius for compound words, will take the case into his most serious consideration, and invent some sonorous and becoming epithet. Brighton, it is true, modestly designates herself *the Queen* of watering-places; but even this phrase awakens no more elevated idea than that of a horse-pond somewhat larger than its neighbours; and there would be quite as much majesty in the sound were we to talk of the King of kennels. Call it what you will, Brighton, with many points of general resemblance to other sea-side towns, is in

several particulars distinct from all, and perfectly *unique*. A partial subsidence of the cliff qualified it for a small fishing-hamlet. In point of locality it has no other advantage whatever, presenting nothing but a sterile country without trees, and a sea without ships; both equally monotonous and uninteresting. After many centuries of obscurity, the rage for sea-bathing, propinquity to the metropolis, and the fashion consequent upon its becoming the occasional abode of Royalty, suddenly elevated Brighton into a magnificent town, which will now bear competition with any city of the same rank in the empire. In the total absence of local attraction, there is no instance of any such sudden creation of a large and sumptuous town, or of so rapid, so incredible an advance in the value of land. Trade and commerce, as at Liverpool and other places, have effected nearly similar wonders; but here there is no port, there are no manufactories; it does not even possess the advantage of the steam-boats, which, daily conveying such innumerable shoals from Wapping and Whitechapel, disembogue them at Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs. Some jealous Brightonians, beholding with envy this money-spending freightage, have sighed for such a reduction in the coach-fares as might enable them to compete with the steam-boats. It was a greedy and unwise wish. During the summer season, indeed, it might bring down an irruption of Goths and Vandals, and other barbarians, from the eastern districts of London, to the immediate profit of certain low publicans; but they would leave a taint of vulgarity behind them, which, offending the permanent inhabitants of the higher class, and alienating the occasional visitants who make any pretensions to gentility, might, at no distant period, tend to depopulate the town. The Isle of Thanet should not be grudged its steam-boat mob during the summer months, for on that very account it has no other description of visitants. Brighton has a sufficient sprinkling of vulgarity to afford variety, amusement, and bustle in the height of its season, as well as to exalt, by contrast, the charms of that later period when it becomes the residence of rank, beauty, and fashion; and the coronetted carriages and distinguished pedestrians upon the Marine Parade, present a display of attractions only to be rivalled in the Park at London.

It is another peculiarity of Brighton that the bathing, which is the primary consideration of most watering-places, is here quite a subordinate object, the beach not being by any means particularly well adapted for the purpose. So much the better. It is not a town to which people come for their health, but for their pleasure; and instead of being revolted, as at Cheltenham, with dyspeptic, yellow-faced dowagers and spinsters, or jaundiced nabobs, who have manifestly turned their livers into gold;—instead of being haunted, as at Bath, with cadaverous, living ghosts, and flannelled Epicurean wrecks, wheeling about in gouty chairs, or groaning upon crutches, one encounters scarcely any but healthy complexions and happy looks. Nothing indeed can be more gay, animated, and vivacious than the perpetually changing panorama of Brighton. In other towns, people congregate that they may make money—a grave and anxious process; they come hither to spend it, to enjoy themselves, to drive away care, to think of nothing but amusement. *Vive la Bagatelle* is the order of the day; and never was any order more implicitly, more zealously, more inces-

santly obeyed. What place can convey to a foreigner a more brilliant and fascinating, and at the same time a more deceptive impression of England, than Brighton? Arriving, probably, from the miserable town of Dieppe, one of the shabbiest in France, and landing upon the light and elegant Chain Pier, he beholds before him a range of noble buildings, extending for nearly three miles along the coast, and presenting a frontage to the sea which may fairly be termed magnificent. Toward its centre it is broken by the opening of the Steyne; affording a glimpse of the grotesque and Oriental Pavilion, embosomed in trees, beyond which, over the gardens of the intervening enclosures, rises the beautiful new Gothic Church, the noblest ornament of the town. He gets into one of the hired carriages, handsomer than some of those that belong to nobility in his own country; takes the fashionable ride along the cliffs; sees nothing but splendid equipages and well-dressed people; passes none but spacious and lordly mansions—for all the meaner buildings are carefully placed out of sight; encounters but few common people, this part of the town not being their resort; does not see a single beggar—for the vigilance of the police, if it scare not mendicants from the town altogether, commits them *instanter* to prison; gazes at a Brighton stage-coach, mistaking it at first for the equipage of some grandee; beholds nothing but opulence, splendour, and gaiety; and pronounces England to be beyond all comparison the wealthiest and happiest country in the world. A sapplied to the empire at large, no conclusion could well be more erroneous; limited to Brighton, the deduction might be justified by the premises. If any one, even among ourselves, would duly appreciate the superior advantages of residing in an opulent and cheerful place like this, where the great business of the day is amusement, and every day is a holiday, let him betake himself for a month to some manufacturing town; let him do penance for a while amid the penury, squalor, wretchedness, and vice of Manchester; let him even walk for a single morning among the bustling, sallow, haggard mob of London, and he will return with renovated delight to the pure air, well-dressed crowds, happy faces, and unalloyed vivacity of Brighton. Such a change will come like returning health and a draught of sparkling Champagne, after having been drenched with the sickly and nauseous abominations of the apothecary.

Their commercial character has stamped upon Englishmen an universal ambition to make a good bargain; a profound horror of being taken in; a resolute determination to have the most for their money; all of which feelings are conspicuous in their manner of securing lodgings upon their arrival at Brighton. John Bull has no idea, not he, of coming so far, and putting himself to such an expense, without having the sea after all; and so, if he cannot throw a bit of orange-peel into it from the window of his room—if he cannot half blind himself by staring upon its sunny surface, about as pleasant and profitable an object to pore upon as an enormous burning-glass,—he will have nothing to do with the house, shrewdly observing that he might as well be in London if he is not to have a peep at the water. It was for this that he came, and no one shall chouse him out of it. Nay, there is such a manifest apprehension on the part of many that the Atlantic Ocean may play them false, give them the slip, *levant*, and abscond before they have had their money's worth out of it, that they will sit for whole mornings

on the Chain Pier, or upon the shingles, watching it, and taking the air, as if there were a tide in that element, as well as in the waves, which prevented its extending beyond high-water mark. There you see them, hour after hour, patient as anglers, and all chuckling at the idea that they have got better places, and are swallowing more health and vitality than those who are a few yards behind them, walking on the Steyne or the Parade. Because it is actually built in the sea, the Albion Hotel has obtained a preference over all its competitors. People are content to be kept sleepless from the dissonant braying of the waves during the night, provided they may enjoy the luxuries of being dazzled with their glare, and soaked with their spray in the day-time. Surely the ocean, as an object, has been prodigiously over-rated, and Leigh Hunt was well justified in calling it a great monotonous idea; for after the first surprise of its novelty what remains? The visible horizon, to one standing on the shore, is of very limited extent, when compared with a land view from any eminence; and as to the immensity beyond that line, one can imagine it just as well with one's back to the waves, and not be half-blinded in the process of conjuring up a vague idea. The chief beauty and interest of the sea are derived from its concomitants, from association, from the cliffs and headlands that bound it, or from the vessels and human beings sailing on its surface. In a calm, it presents a drowsy unvaried spectacle; and though it may assume a terrible grandeur when it becomes instinct and alive with the storm, its images, and all the thoughts they suggest, are painful and revolting. A classic poet has extolled the delight of hearing the merciless wind raging at sea while you are lying safe in bed upon the shore; but such consolation is cowardly, selfish, and unfeeling. People who find a pleasure in attending executions may be gratified by the howling of the tempest, and the signal-gun of distress, "booming slow with solemn roar" over the sepulchral waters, at that moment perhaps about to entomb their victims; but such feelings, or such apathy, are neither amiable nor enviable. Were there no other objection than the wind, I would not, especially during the winter months, stand a siege upon the Marine Parade against the South-western gales; which, not content with now and then smashing in your windows, or bringing a stack of chimneys to clatter about your ears, will sometimes burglariously force open your hall-door, which is hardly to be shut again without summoning the whole *posse comitatus*. To give some idea of the forces brought up to the assault of your dwelling upon these occasions, it may be recorded, that by experiments made with Lind's anemometer during the storm of November 1824, the impetus of the wind at the embouchures of streets opening to the sea, exceeded twenty-five pounds upon a square foot; so that, in these situations, a moderate-sized house, sixty feet long and forty high, would have to sustain an adventitious force of above seventy thousand pounds. How people can be found to expose themselves to the perils and pelting of such a stunning wind-battery, without the prospect of pay, or even the hope of glory, is a paradox only to be explained by the trite adage of "de Gustibus nil disputandum," a quotation which I make in all innocence of a pun.

If the Sea have been overvalued, the Downs, on the other hand, have been unduly depreciated. In the winter they may be bleak and desolate, the storm-battled heights almost unvisitable, and even the

hollows, dotted as they often are with farms, mournful from the singularly wild and moaning sound of the wind amid the fir-trees, frequently planted for the protection of the buildings; but no season can diminish the beauty and majesty of their undulating outlines, sweeping grandly away, as far as the eye can reach, presenting an unpassable barrier to the waves, and acquiring a sublimity from the reflection that their bold primeval summits, unless they may have been partially modified by the flood, retain the unaltered forms into which they were moulded by the hand of the Creator. Gazing upon these apparently interminable heights, and upon the boundless ocean, neither of which have received any visible impress from man, one seems to stand more immediately in the presence of the Deity, and to be exalted by a perception of the extent and immutability of his magnificent works. To one who comes from inland places of favourite resort, where his footsteps and even his view have been cribbed and cabined in by perpetual walls and inclosures, confining him to the dusty high-road, there is moreover an indescribable charm in this limitless range of verdant turf, over which he may wander in all directions, free as the birds that are singing above his head, or as the "chartered libertine," that is wafting invigorating freshness around him. It gives him a sort of property and possession in the landscape; flatters his sense of power; makes him feel as if he were indeed a lord of the creation. Nor are the flying shadows of the clouds, plunging into the ravines and gorges, lost for a moment, then seen rushing up the opposite heights, or disappearing over the cliffs, as if they had thrown themselves into the sea, without their attractions for a poetical mind, even in the winter. They supplied Ossian with his favourite images, and will recall many of his most beautiful passages. The Downs, it must be confessed, are forlorn, almost fearful and appalling, when their extended surface lies cold, silent, dead, covered with a ghastly winding-sheet of snow; but this is, fortunately, of very rare occurrence.

That man, however, must be either no admirer of Nature, or a very fastidious one, who in spring, summer, or autumn, can gaze upon the scenery of these sweeping hills, and, without reference to the beauty of their forms, can fail to be smitten with the harmonious blending of their tints, at once rich, cool, and mellow, forming a perfect banquet to the eye, and constituting a natural picture that mocks the skill of the most exquisite colourist. Green of every variety, from the deep shining hue of the mangel-wurzel, to the brightest and tenderest pea-colour, rich uninclosed fields of clover reddening into purple, others of flowering tares or potatoes, corn of all descriptions and in every stage, in some places emblazoned with the golden charlock, the most gorgeous of weeds, which in others is thinly scattered, waving to and fro in the light till the whole resembles a shot silk; the velvet Downs, empurpled with wild thyme and sparkling with daisies, or running into little patches of common, enlivened with the "never bloomless furze," all thrown into relief by the lights and shadows of a perpetually varying surface which blends the whole landscape into the softest and most grateful tone, present a combination that may well compensate for the absence of the wood, as the occasional glimpses of the sea form a noble substitute for lakes or rivers. Towards evening the deep shadows of the abrupt glens and hollows assume the appearance of distant groves, and well supply their place; and this is decidedly the time when the Downs wear their most picturesque aspect. Sometimes after the

sun has set, some height or slope, radiant with the yellow charlock, contrasting with the sober hues around it, will suggest the idea that a gleam of solar light has been left behind by mistake; and this is the period when it is delightful to sit and watch the shades gradually deepening, the whole landscape continually changing its tones, and yet never ceasing to harmonize altogether, until every colour is absorbed and melted into darkness. Nor are there wanting pastoral accompaniments to the evening scene. The beautiful South Down sheep are generally to be seen dotted upon the precipitous slopes, transmitting their bleating voices, or the pleasant tinkling of their bells, sounds which come and go upon the breeze together with rich odours wafted from the intervening fields; while innumerable birds are twittering from the air, the ground, or the surrounding bushes. Some of the detached farms and hamlets, pitched in the sheltered hollows, and not unfrequently half hidden by plantations, impart a pleasant diversity to the view. For the epicure, moreover, the Downs are sure to retain one point of attraction, since they are the autumnal haunt of the wheatear, the English ortolan; while to the curious in ornithological facts it may not be uninteresting to observe the habits of the gulls and the rooks, the feathered marines and land forces of these districts, who sometimes pursue their several occupations in perfect harmony, while at others the latter will combine to repel their white visitants as foreigners and invaders.

If they who have never explored the Downs, or who have only cantered over them with the passing observation that they afforded the finest and most healthy rides imaginable, should think their beauties have been exaggerated, the writer can only say, that having been a permanent resident for some years amid the scenes he has been sketching, he does not by any means feel conscious of having drawn them too much *en beau*; and that to his eye, thus long accustomed to them, they have lost no tittle of their first attractions. He had intended to offer a few remarks upon the architecture of Brighton, as well as upon its characteristic society and amusements at the different seasons, but his limits warn him to reserve this communication for a future paper.

IMITATED FROM BERNI.

To dine on devils without drinking,
To want a seat when almost sinking,
To pay to-day—receive to-morrow,
To sit at feasts in silent sorrow,
To sweat in winter,—in the boot
To feel the gravel cut one's foot,
Or a cursed flea within the stocking
Chase up and down,—are very shocking:
With one hand dirty, one hand clean,
Or with one slipper to be seen;
To be detain'd when most in hurry—
Might put Griselda in a flurry:—
But these, and every other bore,
If to the list you add a score,
Are not so bad, upon my life,
As that one scourge—a scolding wife! M.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GREEK QUESTION.

The Treaty of Mediation respecting the affairs of Greece, concluded between Great Britain, France, and Russia, on July 6, 1827, is an act so important as a precedent, and so pregnant with consequences, immediate and future, that, however anxiously and strictly canvassed by statesmen and jurists of the present day, it will scarcely receive less attention from posterity. The separation of the Morea and the Greek Islands from the Turkish Empire,—for such practically must be the ultimate result of even modified independence, although, in its effect upon the military strength of the Grand Seignior, perhaps not equal to the disconnection of the Crimea,—involves questions of much higher importance to the great European commonwealth. The latter was a mere cession from a weaker to a stronger power, and, in its immediate consequences, only affected the two parties; but the former event, concluded, as it has been, or will be, by the direct interposition of Great Britain, France, and Russia, and founded upon alleged principles of right and necessity, must deeply affect the international intercourse of all the states of the European continent.

The Treaty of Mediation binds the contracting parties to a direct interference between an independent sovereign and his revolted provinces; and it is, therefore, indispensable to examine the right and necessity of such interference. Our readers will excuse the length of the following quotations from Vattel, as they are those which contain the most complete exposition of the doctrine by which the abstract right of interference can be maintained, and, in our view, embrace the several local considerations by which the question has practically been determined:—

"But if the prince, by violating the fundamental laws, gives his subjects a legal right to resist him—if tyranny, becoming insupportable, obliges the nation to rise in their own defence, every foreign power has a right to succour an oppressed people who implore their assistance. The English justly complained of James II. The nobility and the most distinguished patriots having determined to check him in the prosecution of his schemes, which manifestly tended to overthrow the constitution and to destroy the liberties and the religion of the people, applied for assistance to the United Provinces. The authority of the Prince of Orange had doubtless an influence on the deliberations of the States-general, but it did not lead them to the commission of an act of injustice; for when a people for good reasons take up arms against an oppressor, it is but an act of justice and generosity to assist brave men in the defence of their liberties. Whenever, therefore, matters are carried so far as to produce a civil war, foreign powers may assist that party which appears to them to have justice on their side. He who assists an odious tyrant,—he who declares for an unjust and rebellious people, violates his duty. But when the bands of the political society are broken, or at least suspended between the sovereign and his people, the contending parties may be considered two distinct powers; and, since they are both equally independent of all foreign authority, nobody has a right to judge them. Either may be in the right, and each of those who grant their assistance may imagine that he is acting in support of the better cause. It follows then, in virtue of the voluntary law

of nations, that the two parties may act as having an equal right, and behave to each other accordingly, till the decision of the affair.

" But we ought not to abuse this maxim, and make a handle of it to authorize odious machinations against the internal tranquillity of states. It is a violation of the law of nations to invite those subjects to revolt who actually pay obedience to their sovereign, though they complain of his government.

" The practice of nations is conformable to our maxims. When the German Protestants came to the assistance of the reformed party in France, the court never attempted to treat them otherwise than on the usual footing of enemies in general, and according to the laws of war. France was engaged at the same time in assisting the Netherlands, then in arms against Spain, and expected that her troops should be considered in no other light than as auxiliaries in a regular war. But no power ever fails to complain, as of an atrocious wrong, if any one attempts, by his emissaries, to excite his subjects to revolt."—Vattel, Law of Nations, book II., chap. 4, sec. 56. " When a religion is persecuted in one country, foreign nations who profess it may intercede for their brethren; but this is all they can lawfully do, unless the persecution be carried to an intolerable excess; then, indeed, it becomes a case of manifest tyranny, in opposition to which all nations are allowed to assist an unhappy people (sec. 56). A regard to their own safety, may also authorize them to undertake the defence of the persecuted sufferers. A King of France replied to the ambassadors who solicited him to suffer his subjects of the reformed religion to live in peace, ' that he was master of his own kingdom.' But the Protestant sovereigns, who saw a general conspiracy of the Catholics obstinately bent on their destruction, were so far masters on their side as to be at liberty to give assistance to a body of men who might strengthen their party, and help them to preserve themselves from the ruin with which they were threatened. All distinctions of states and nations are to be disregarded when there is a question of forming a coalition against a set of madmen, who would exterminate all those that do not implicitly receive their doctrines."—Sec. 62.

We will apply this doctrine to the case of the war between Turkey and the insurgent provinces. It cannot be denied that the " bands of the political society were broken, or at least suspended between the sovereign and his people; and that a state of affairs had therefore arisen in which the contending parties might be considered as two distinct powers; and, since they were both equally independent of all foreign authority, nobody had a right to judge them." The sentence which follows gives a perfect right of assistance to either of the contending parties; that is to say, it was competent to the several nations of Europe, either to assist the Turks in reducing the Greeks to obedience, or to aid the latter in establishing their independence. It is also of importance to remark, that the doctrine laid down by Vattel is not limited, by the previous relations of the powers who may take part with the revolted provinces, to the paramount state which has become a belligerant: on the contrary, the right rests upon the " status quo ad præsentem," and the new interests and necessities which have arisen to other parties from the war actually subsisting. In the sixty-second section of the same book and chapter quoted above, Vattel deals with the

question of interference on the ground of community in religious belief. The danger of extermination to those professing a common faith is held to be sufficient reason for giving assistance; and the aid afforded by the Protestants states of Europe to the Huguenots in France is cited as an example of interference on the additional ground of political expediency. The right of Russia to interfere in favour of the subjects of the Ottoman Porte professing the Greek religion, does not, however, rest upon the general principle, but upon positive stipulation. The seventh article of the Treaty of Koutchook Kanardgi, in the year 1774, provides that "the Porte promises to protect the Christian Religion and the Churches, and the Ministers of Russia shall be at liberty to make representations in favour of the new Church mentioned in the fourteenth article." The church so mentioned was the Greek church. We have followed, in our quotation of the Treaty of Kanardgi, the "Histoire Abregée des Traités de Paix," by De Koch, continued by Schœll. The article of the Treaty on the subject of Religion, quoted by Mr. Waddington in the Appendix to his "Visit to Greece," is that which applies specially to Wallachia and Moldavia, and which was in a great measure extended to the islands of the Archipelago, restored to the Porte in 1774. The Wallachian and Moldavian article is not quite correctly given by Mr. Waddington;—it should be as follows: "That the Ottoman Porte will not in any manner disturb the free exercise of the Christian Religion, and will offer no obstruction to the building of new Churches, or to the reparation of the old; and, farther, will have the special consideration for the ministers of religion, which their profession demands."* A right of general intercession in favour of these principalities, as far as the maintenance of the stipulations of the Treaty extended, was given to the Russian Ministers resident at Constantinople.—Note. If, therefore, it appeared to Russia, that the character which the civil war in the Morea and the Islands had taken left no alternative between the establishment of independence and the extermination of the Christian inhabitants, and that the stipulated right of intercession must, in a war carried on "usque ad internecionem," be wholly useless and inapplicable, the case seems fairly to come within the doctrine quoted by Vattel. The barbarous and precipitate execution of the Patriarch of Constantinople, in 1821, followed by that of the Archbishops of Ephesus, Derkon, and Akiallo, upon the alleged charge of treason, without communication with the Russian Minister, certainly evinced an animosity towards the Greek religion not very consistent with the protecting spirit of existing treaties. It would not, perhaps, be too much to assert, that these sanguinary proceedings, only authorized by Turkish barbarism, would have justified the Emperor of Russia, upon the principle of a common religion, in at once assisting the Greeks; and, without doubt, the exertions of Great Britain mainly contributed to avert from the Porte the consequences of thus outraging the religion professed and protected by a great European monarch. This important object was more easily effected, from the circumstance that the atrocity had so exasperated and concentrated the rebellion of the Greeks, that the probability of a successful issue of the contest by their own efforts was

* The Ninth Article of the Treaty of Belgrade, in 1739, gave a similar right of representation to the Imperial Ambassador, in respect of the Catholic religion.

much augmented. When, however, the application of the resources of the Pashalik of Egypt to the war materially affected the prospects of the insurgents; and when, in fact, from the relative situation of the belligerents, the extermination of the unsuccessful insurgents became not a result of remote or possible, but of probable and proximate occurrence, the forbearance of Russia from interference in the contest could, unless the common sympathies of our nature be wholly excluded from the motives by which nations are to be influenced, no longer be expected. The interference, however, of Russia, under such circumstances of religious and political excitement, could not be looked on with indifference by the other powers of Europe, and least of all by Great Britain, who, as protector of the Ionian Islands had a political existence in the scene of war; and, as the first naval and commercial power of Europe, had the most direct interest in the maritime tranquillity of the Mediterranean. To demand, on the letter of treaties, the continued forbearance of Russia, would almost have been an insult to the sovereign and his people; and the only alternative was, by admitting the necessity of interference between the Sultan and his revolted provinces, and by substituting negotiation for force, at once to satisfy Russia and to save the Turkish Empire. The modified independence of the Morea and the Islands was obviously the only measure by which these objects could be attained. To conduct such a negotiation to a favourable result required diplomatic ability and personal influence. These qualities were found united in the Duke of Wellington, and the protocol of the 4th of April 1826 was signed at St. Petersburgh. The substance of that important document was as follows:—That the mediation of England, which had been solicited by the Greeks, and offered to the Ottoman Porte, should proceed upon the basis, that the Greeks should hold feudally under the Ottoman Porte, and that the tribute to be paid by them should be fixed, once and for ever, by common accord. That the co-existence of the Turks and the Greeks in the Morea and the Islands being subject to inconvenience, a valuation should be made of the Turkish property therein, and the same paid by the Greeks to the Turkish proprietors. That the public authorities should be named by the Greeks, reserving, however, to the Porte a share in the nomination; and that the Greeks should enjoy freedom of religion and commerce, and a separate and independent Administration. A provision was made for the period at which Russia should actually take part in the Mediation. In the event of the Mediation being refused by the Porte, it was agreed that whatever might be the relations of his Imperial Majesty with the Turkish Government, Russia and Great Britain would still consider the terms of the above arrangement as the basis of the pacification to be effected by them, jointly or separately, and that no opportunity should be lost of employing their influence for that purpose. The protocol farther contained a disclaimer of all views of territorial aggrandisement, or of exclusive commercial advantages for the subjects of the contracting parties. His Britannic Majesty was farther at liberty to communicate this arrangement to the Cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, for the purpose of obtaining their participation in the same, and joint guarantee with Russia in the proposed reconciliation between Turkey and Greece,—his Britannic Majesty himself not being able to participate in the

guarantee. Such were the principles adopted in the Protocol of the 4th of April 1826; and the object immediately obtained was the prevention of war between Russia and Turkey. It will be observed, that while the basis of reconciliation between the Ottoman Porte and the Greek insurgents was very clearly defined, no mode of joint accomplishment beyond that of negotiation was contracted for. We have used the expression "joint accomplishment," because it would appear that a change in the relations of Russia to the Ottoman Porte was contemplated as a consequence of a refusal by the latter power of the proffered Mediation. The pacific character of the Protocol produced a remark from an eminent continental statesman, that it was "a still-born child." We must, however, consider the remark inapplicable, inasmuch as the Protocol committed Russia to a definite proceeding for the pacification of Greece, obtained a solemn disavowal of any prospective territorial aggrandisement, and sanctioned the direct interference and control of Great Britain in the final reconciliation of the belligerent parties. Ready or voluntary assent, on the part of the Grand Seignior, to the propositions contained in the Protocol, offensive as they were to his pride as a sovereign, and to his religious principles as the head of the Mahomedan faith, must have been considered by the contracting parties themselves extremely doubtful; and as the Protocol could not be held to take away right of interposition in favour of the Greeks, previously possessed by Russia, the contingency of armed interference by the latter power was proportionately probable.

We have now to consider the diplomatic acts of the following year. The question then arose to the Ministers of this country, whether the principal opinion in accomplishing the reconciliation should be extended to the case of armed interference, or whether Russia should be left to effect the establishment of Greek independence, and the security of the Greek religion, by directing the force of the Government and the enthusiasm of the nation against the weak but sanguinary oppressors of their common faith. Had the latter alternative been adopted, the Protocol might indeed have been called "a still-born child." When the Crescent lay prostrate at the feet of the Greek Cross, and when Russia could have said "Alone I did it," what but the armed and confederate nations of Europe could then have pressed the basis of the Protocol, on a youthful and Christian Emperor, flushed with military and religious triumph. In our opinion, the principle of joint interference was wisely extended by the Treaty of London, of July 1827, and the participation of France in that Treaty, while it rendered the accomplishment of reconciliation between the belligerents less burthensome to the contracting parties, and by giving the proposal a more general and European character, made it less offensive to the Sultan, unquestionably still farther committed Russia to forbearance from designs of separate aggrandisement, or of infliction upon Turkey, beyond the recognised necessity of the case.

We have thus shortly examined the general reasons by which the conduct of Ministers, in contracting the engagements of the Treaty of London, may be justified. There are, however, other important circumstances, special to the commercial and political interests of the British Empire, that rendered the reconciliation between the Turks a case of immediate and indispensable urgency. The protectorate of the

Ionian Islands has brought Great Britain into direct contact with the Greeks and insular possessions of the Grand Seignior. Little more than a century had elapsed since the inhabitants of Insular and Peloponnesian Greece had been under the common rule of a Christian power. The decay of the Venetian Republic, and the indifference of the great European States to its interests, had permitted the gradual encroachments of the Ottoman Empire; but the recollection of comparatively recent conquest still survived among the Greeks, and the happier condition of the Ionian Islands had not divested their inhabitants of sympathy with the sufferings of their less fortunate brethren. Actuated, therefore, by such feelings, the population of these islands, from the declaration of independence by the authorities at Patras in 1821, openly avowed and practically evinced their fixed determination to take part with the Greeks in their struggle. In all the works upon the war in Greece, whether written by Philo-Turks, or Phil-Hellenes, there is ample proof that the most vigorous exertions on the part of the Ionian Government were unable to repress this spirit. Assistance in fight, and asylum in defeat, were afforded by the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands; and to the latter the Government itself, even while labouring to maintain neutrality, was compelled to contribute; for example, on the authority of a manuscript account now before us, we can state that, "As early in the contest as the summer of 1823, the Island of Calamos was assigned for the reception of those unfortunate persons whom the calamity of war compelled to fly from their country, chiefly from Arta, Livadia, and parts of Albania; their numbers fluctuated from one to three thousand persons, chiefly women and children of all ages. In the summer of 1825, when, after the capture of Navarino, the Turks succeeded generally in the Morea, and penetrating to Navarino, occupied almost the whole of the sea-coast of Albania, the number of fugitive Greeks who sought refuge in Calamos increased to many thousands. On the 31st of March 1826, there were in the island 1816 males, 6771 females, 6938 children, in addition to the ordinary population, which did not exceed a thousand persons. A fever soon manifested itself amongst them, and orders were given (by the Ionian Government) for the immediate establishment of an hospital for the reception of a hundred and fifty of the worst cases, at a first cost of probably 1000*l.* Extra medical men were obtained for the whole population, at a monthly expense of 45*l.* The subsistence of the sick at the hospital was estimated at about 120*l.* monthly. It was recommended that a provision of rations for about 2000 individuals, absolutely destitute, should be made at a monthly cost of nearly 800*l.*; so that, besides the first cost of the hospital, bedding, &c. the monthly expense to Government became 1000*l.* It was impossible at first to get the exact number of sick any day in Calamos; but from the 10th to the 16th of June 1826, the total was 436; from the 17th to the 23d, 349; from the 24th to the 30th, 407; from the 1st to the 6th of July, 281; from the 7th to the 13th, 223; and from the 14th to the 20th, 237." Here, therefore, we see a burthen practically imposed upon our Government, and upon the finances of England, (for the whole of this expenditure was defrayed by bills on the Treasury in London,) in consequence of the war in Greece, which the further and complete success of the Egyptian expedition was certain to augment. And from whom was re-

imbursement of this expense, inevitable from humanity, if not from policy, towards our Ionian subjects, to be obtained? Not, certainly, from the Turks; for to them the death of these unfortunate and helpless fugitives would have been acceptable. It may also be asked, whether security against a repetition of similar horrors, and consequent disbursements, could reasonably be expected from any other measure, except the recognised independence of the Morea and the Islands? The extermination and deportation of the inhabitants, were certainly alternatives which Mahometan cruelty might have perpetrated, and phlegmatic diplomacy might have sanctioned, but which Russia, from community of religion, would have opposed, and which England, from combined motives of humanity and local policy, could scarcely have suffered. We shall now advert to the injury inflicted upon the British commerce by the continuance of hostilities in the Mediterranean; and from that consideration alone, the enforcement of reconciliation between the belligerents, as stipulated in the Treaty of London, might, in our judgment, be amply justified. The geographical position of the theatre of war, and the participation of the islands in the insurrection, had given a maritime character to the contest; and as that conquest began, and continued on the part of the Greeks in separate and independent armaments, the control of a regular Government over individual proceedings, was not to be expected. The employment, too, of the merchant-ships of the different European nations, as transports, by the Turkish Government, placed those vessels, to the exasperated feelings of the Greeks, in the situation of auxiliaries to the enemy; against whom, therefore, a *prima facie* case of justifiable hostility might, to such indifferent reasoners on the Law of Nations, appear to exist. To all this we must fairly add the ordinary appetite for plunder common to half-civilized men in all times and places. The Mediterranean and Archipelago were so infested with pirates, as to inflict the most serious injury upon British commerce; and as the same Greek vessels were not unfrequently and alternately engaged in both pursuits, that of plunder, and hostility against the Turk, the difficulty of adopting any distinct course of prevention was materially increased. It must also be recollected that circumstances had forced upon the British Government, in 1823, the necessity of acknowledging a Greek flag, by admitting a right to blockade the ports and fleets of the belligerents. Redress, therefore, for the loss of British property, from piracies committed by vessels under the Greek flag, could not have been demanded from the Ottoman Porte, by whom such a flag was not recognised; and yet the recurrence of the outrage could not effectually have been prevented, without a general and indiscriminate seizure of all the armed vessels of one, if not of both, belligerents. This would surely not have been a less extraordinary or burthensome operation for Great Britain, than participation in the Treaty of London, which stipulates for the joint accomplishment, by Russia and France, of pacification between the contending parties,—a result by which the security of commercial intercourse with the Mediterranean Archipelago must indisputably be restored.

We have thus endeavoured to bring before our readers the principles of the Law of Nations, to which the Treaty of London may be referred. We have called their attention to the motives of feeling, policy, and necessity, by which we may presume that the contracting parties have

been more or less influenced; and we shall conclude our observations by pointing out shortly the probable effect of the execution of the stipulations of the Treaty upon the general interests of Europe, and upon the Turkish Empire itself. As the political condition of the Morea and the Islands will approach much nearer to absolute independence than that of Wallachia and Moldavia, fewer causes of dispute between the paramount and feudatory states actually exist, and, consequently, fewer occasions of real or pretended interference on the part of the protecting authority can possibly arise. The right of protection, moreover, being vested in an union of great European powers, is less subject to the suspicion of being asserted for purposes of ambition; and the chance of disturbance to the general tranquillity of Europe, on that account, is materially diminished. We will add, that as the political independence of the Morea and Islands (ultimately bringing with it improvement in government and municipal institutions) must ameliorate the condition, and give full developement to the industry and enterprise, of the inhabitants, the intercourse with the new state must become more valuable to this and all other commercial countries. To Europe therefore, generally, the pacification of Greece, proposed by the Allied Powers, can bring no ground of real apprehension; while its consequences are the immediate satisfaction of the demands of humanity, and the future improvement of a very interesting quarter of Christendom. In regard to the continuance of the Turkish Empire in Europe, and to its capacity of resisting any schemes of conquest which the present or future monarchs of Russia may entertain, it may fairly be doubted whether the direct separation of provinces, which it required little encouragement from Russia to place in a state of insurrection, can operate as a diminution of defensive strength: on the contrary, it may be assumed that Russia will have lost one of the modes of attack upon the Ottoman Empire, and that the establishment of a Christian government for European Turkey, under the sole protectorate of Russia (a favourite object with the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh,) has been taken from the range of probability. It is certainly to be lamented that the view taken by the Austrian Government of the right or expediency of interference between the Turks and Greeks, should have differed from that of the parties to the Treaty of London; but neither the feelings nor interests of that power were so mixed up with the progress or result of the contest as those of Russia and Great Britain; and it therefore, perhaps, neither accorded with the principles of its foreign policy, nor the maxims of its domestic organisation, to co-operate with the insurgent provinces in a struggle to emancipate themselves from the jurisdiction of a nation that still ruled them with all the character of a foreign conqueror. We have endeavoured to avoid, in viewing this important subject, either the language or the prejudices that are to be found in the different authors who have written on the war in Greece; but we cannot pretend to divest ourselves of satisfaction at the prospects which the independence of Greece holds out of rescuing Christian countries, favoured by nature and hallowed by genius, from positive misery, and hitherto hopeless degradation.

Six months have elapsed since the above observations on the Treaty of London were written; and although the question at issue has been complicated by the introduction of a separate ground of war between the Emperor of Russia and the Sultan, yet, as the former monarch has

distinctly expressed his continued adherence to the engagements contracted by the three great powers under the Treaty of London, the general applicability of the argument remains unaffected. The address of the Sultan to his subjects, upon which the separate ground of war chiefly rests, must, as matter of diplomatic controversy, be admitted to bear the construction given to it by the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh; at the same time, the equitable and operative construction of that document, as well as of the proceedings of the Sultan immediately subsequent to the Battle of Navarino, ought to be, and might have been, governed by a fair consideration for the peculiar and semi-barbarous character of the Turkish Government: that consideration, if allowed more weight in the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh, would have left the general question free from the complication of a war commenced on distinct and individual grounds, and therefore requiring separate arrangements for the maintenance of future tranquillity, and separate compensations for past injuries and hostilities. In justice, however, to the conduct of the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh, it must be allowed that no ordinary degree of prudence and forbearance was required to resist a sympathy with the national feelings on the issue of the Turkish proclamation.

In Russia, the liberation of Greece, or rather the vindication of the wrongs of the Greek Church, excites the religious enthusiasm of all classes in the nation and the army, from the Emperor to the soldier and peasant. Ambition is thus stimulated, and even disguised by a higher motive; and it is not extraordinary that the diplomatic fetters of the Treaty of London should have been at first joyfully shaken off by the Crusaders of the Greek Cross, burning for conflict with the barbarian tyrants of Constantinople. Constantinople, the monument for centuries of Christian degradation and of Mahomedan triumph, would indeed be the *spolia opima* of a Russian army; and, unquestionably, Napoleon, at the head of the legions of France, could not have resisted an equivalent temptation. The obstacles, however, to the successful issue of such an undertaking are to Russia so considerable, as to subdue the most adventurous spirit in her army and councils to more moderate pretensions. It would be idle to imagine that the Turks are, in a military point of view, equal to a contest with the courage and discipline of the Russian army, perhaps yielding in those qualities to none in Europe; but the great and almost insuperable difficulty, is the supply of the invading army through provinces upon which the misgovernment of centuries has inflicted all the evils of sterility. Travellers passing through Bulgaria and Romelia are, except in the principal towns, ill supplied with the common necessaries of life; and but little effort on the part of the Turks is required to place those scanty sources of supply beyond the reach of an enemy. Similar difficulties existed in the military operations of the Russians in their Persian campaigns; but the enemy was decidedly inferior in military qualities to the Turks, and the scene of war presented fewer defensible points, whether natural obstacles from mountains and rivers be considered, or towns capable of protracted resistance. In the result, however, of the Persian war, we may look for what may be the ultimate pretensions of the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh — indemnification for the expenses of war provoked by the folly of a barbarian government. From the Shah of Persia, Russia re-

ceived indemnification in cession of territory and payment of money; but the Russian battalions had possession of the second city in Persia, and had nearly annihilated the best and only disposable army. The effect of both these sufficiently appalling events was heightened by the want of energy in the characters of the King of Persia and of the Prince Abbas Meerza.

In the present conflict, the defiles of the Balkare have to be passed, with all the impediments of a large army; Shumla and Adrianople cannot be overlooked; and the capability of resistance in Constantinople itself probably exceeds the whole defensible strength of the Persian Empire; but, above all, the personal qualities of Sultan Mahmood, not unworthy the best days of the House of Othman, ensure the vigorous application of his resources to the defence of his European provinces and capital. On the whole, therefore, we have a right to infer that the difficulty of the undertaking, and the slowness of the progress towards success, will induce the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh to fall back upon the Treaty of London, and the results contemplated therein, as the most probable termination of the present hostilities; while those hostilities, together with the destruction of the fleet at Navarino, must convince the Sultan that, although the Contracting Powers may still accept his consent to the proposed independence of the Morea and the Islands, any farther attempt on his part to resist that measure will not be permitted, and would be wholly unavailing. The Treaty of London will thus receive its accomplishment in the pacification of Greece and the maintenance of the integrity of European Turkey.

THE SANCTUARY.

In Israel was many a Refuge City,
Whereto the blameless homicide might flee,
And claim protection, sustenance, and pity,
Safe from the blood-avenger's enmity,
Until the law's acquittal sent him thence,
Free from offence.

Round old cathedral, abbey-church, and palace,
Did we ourselves a sanctuary draw,
Where no stern creditor could glut his malice,
And even criminals might brave the law;
For judge nor justice in that charter'd verge
Their rights could urge.

Those times are gone: felons and knavish debtors
May mourn the change, but who bewails their case?
For why should God and King be made abettors
Of guilt and fraud—the champions of the base?
Never may such a desecration stain,
Our land again!

But all are not divested of their charter:
One refuge still is left for human woes.
Victim of care! or Persecution's martyr!
Who seek'st a sure asylum from thy foes,
Learn that the holiest, safest, purest, best,
Is man's own breast!

There is a solemn Sanctuary founded
By God himself,—not for transgressors meant;
But that the man oppress'd, the spirit-wounded,
And all beneath the world's injustice bent,
Might turn from outward wrong, turmoil, and din,
To peace within.—

Each bosom is a temple; when its altar,
The living heart, is unprofaned and pure,
Its verge is hallowed: none need fear or falter
Who thither fly—it is an ark secure,
Winning, above a world o'erwhelm'd with wrath,
Its peaceful path.

O Bower of Bliss! O Sanctuary holy!
Terrestrial antepast of heavenly joy!
Never, oh! never, may misdeed or folly
My claim to thy beatitudes destroy!
Still may I keep this Paradise unlost,
Where'er I'm tost.

E'en in the flesh, the spirit disembodied,
Uncheck'd by time and space, may soar elate,
In silent awe to commune with the Godhead,—
Or the Millenium Reign anticipate,
When earth shall be all sanctity and love,
Like Heaven above.

How sweet to turn from anguish, guilt, and madness,—
From scenes where strife and tumult never cease,—
To that Elysian world of bosom'd gladness,
Where all is silence, charity, and peace;
And, shelter'd from the storm, the soul may rest
On its own nest!

When, spleenful as the sensitive Mimosa,
We shrink from winter's touch and nature's gloom,
There may we conjure up a Vallombrosa,
Where groves and bowers in summer beauty bloom,
And the heart dances in the sunny glade
Fancy has made.

But, would we dedicate to nobler uses
This bosom Sanctuary, let us there
Hallow our hearts from all the world's abuses;
While high and charitable thoughts and prayer,
May teach us gratitude to God, combined
With love of kind.

Reader! this is no lay unfelt and hollow,
But prompted by the happy, grateful heart
Of one who, having humbly tried to follow
The path he counsels, would to thee impart
The love and holy quiet which have blest
His own calm breast.

H.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.—NO. XIV.

Roman Society.—The Family of Spain.—Godoy, Prince of the Peace, &c. &c.

" Per far ottimo un se, convien disfarlo."—*Alfieri.*

THE first thing I saw, on turning the Capitol, was a good living comment on the fallen fortunes of the Forum. The Corso was full—it was the bewitching hour of the evening promenade. Cavalieri, ices, lame horses, shattered caritilles, were in requisition. I could write a volume on such glories, and still leave them inexhaustible. The pleasures of the Corso are the only little ripple on the glassy tide, the " molle e lieto" of an Italian existence, and just sufficient to give that joy to their external sensibilities which is necessary to keep in current their health and spirits. They come out here, after a lounging morning in their cool rambling palaces, whilst day is still visible on the summits of the city, but not to be seen or see;—twilight has already begun below. The Italian is not vain: she cares for one only in the crowd; passion supersedes every thing,—and where is the Italian who is not either in, or about to be, in love?

I had not advanced very far, and was grieving over the narrowness of the streets, and the inequality of the footway, in the true complaining spirit of an Englishman, when I perceived a sort of gash or interval in the procession. I made an effort to cross, but, to my great delight, was stopped by a monster of an equipage, which I saw bearing slowly down upon me through the dust, with six horses, black, draylike, and colossal; interminable traces; and a large lumbering vehicle behind them, adorned with a race of solemn-looking domestics, half-lost in cocked hats and jack-boots of portentous dimensions. This was followed by a second, and a third; and then, at some distance, by the crowd. As they passed, the passengers took off their hats, whispered behind me, " La sua Maesta," and went on. It was the family and suite of the King of Spain, the Spanish ex-Count Charles and his Queen, the Queen of Etruria, the Duchess of Chably, &c. on their evening drive. These three carriages, which contain as many establishments, I soon found to be an important portion of every ceremony at Rome. Its ruins cannot be more appropriately tenanted: the immense cemetery requires such spectres, to give it its proper effect.

Rome, however, regards the matter in a better light. She figures herself, amongst her many other titles to the gratitude of mankind, on being the neutral ground, on which, like Ilis of old, the rumours and hostilities of fortune, as well as men, are fated to expire. She has been long celebrated for the wings of protection which she extends to the lame and blind; the " invalids" of broken down dynasties. Alfieri said of Prussia, that it was one great barrack—Rome is one entire convent, where names little less noted than those of Charles V. may gradually let themselves down into happiness and obscurity from the worship and envy of mankind. The cells were pretty well occupied when I saw them; the hospital had supplicants from almost every quarter of the earth. Here decay is a matter of course: no one is ashamed of the imbecilities of old age, when every thing is mouldering and dying around one. Reverses are no great surprises or stimulants to a man who all the morning has been sitting on the shattered Colossi of the Cæsars. I was much edified by the procession: it is moral and consoling;—such a dance of death, if studied in the proper spirit, would be worth half the Sunday sermons of England. The little greatness of courts is here made a subject of tangible experiment. Democrats and Royalists cannot get into a a better lecture-room: they may here throw off respectively a portion of their ultraism, and learn to salute each other's prejudices with civility.

One of the most notable of these performers was this very sovereign of whom I have been speaking, and his family. He had been filched of his crown by better or less conscientious players, and bowed his head as to

the sacrifice with becoming resignation. On his arrival at Rome, his most Catholic Ex-Majesty found, in the centre of catholicity, a sort of second home. Like his brother of Sardinia, he was much fitter for a cloister than a court, and the transition from such a court as that of Spain, to such a cloister as that of Rome, was not very violent. Government in despotisms, is little more than the furnishing and ordering of a palace, the fears or hopes of a public entertainment, revolutions in the feathers and epaulettes of the royal guard, and playing head buffoon in one's own burletta. In these particulars, though on a smaller scale, Rome gave as much occupation to Charles as such a man could reasonably digest: he had his straw sceptre, his epitome of a court, his silence, his *sosiego*, his majesty, a good table, plenty of prayer, and sleep. The family partook of the virtues and amusements of their chief. It was an eating, drinking, praying, promenading family, in the most inflexible sense of the word. Every thing was done in the sublime of Spanish solemnity—Don Quixote and his grim genius presided throughout. They were harmless and inane, and very much respected. The Romans, court and all, allowed them to nibble away life, without the slightest interference: they like quiet themselves, and think it, like the Turks, a great virtue in others. The three carriages, and the three establishments, were therefore permitted to be happy after their own way; and nothing more exacted from them, even by public opinion, than that they should roll processionally dull through the Corso every day—on every fete-day that they should pray and exhibit, and then retire, eat and sleep, if so they deemed proper, until they, with othar decorations, should be again called for.

This was the character they maintained for many years, without deviation or reproach, at Rome, and the account given, without any circumlocution, by its inhabitants. The Romans are not Aristocrats, nor Royalists, nor even Papists. They call a king, a king—but also a man, a man. They will not go home, after shaking hands with royalty, and say as they did in Ireland, during the crisis of its ultra loyalty fever, "We will never wash them more." Get them once on a dissection of their superiors, and they will peel you off all their qualities of ceremony and gala, as they call them, until they come to the kernel of the naked and unsophisticated man, with as little compunction as a child the gold and tinsel from its gingerbread. John Bull, when put to it, by being refused a place, or over-taxed, will now and then growl, and do as much; but then see the noble beast the next day roll and romp before a Tory lord, and the lord himself before a high churchman. Englishmen either hiss or cheer; the Roman is perfectly indifferent. I do not know that any one suffers from such apathy: people, when left to themselves, will commonly reflect, and vanity at last expires from want of fuel and excitation. Ex-kings are, in general, well conducted; and the people, respecting such conduct, are wise enough not to abuse their familiarity.

All this, however, was mere portrait:—I wished to see the man himself. A few days after, through the intervention of an Irish Abbé, to whom the proudest of Anti-Irish and Anti-Catholic countries were not ashamed to owe a large portion of their society and importance at Rome, I was presented to the Ex-Court in due form. We found them in the right wing of the Barberini Palace, a poor substitute for the Armida magnificence of Aranjuez. With all due allowance for clipping down, it was too small; for, though a noble pile, and going a great way to make up two or three of our Carlton Houses,* yet was it close packing, it must be allowed, for the outstretchings of a Spanish sovereign. Opposite lay Godoy's quarters: the Prince Barberini continued to occupy the centre. I found the interior *monte* in the usual way, with a large family of paintings, which at least covered the walls and absorbed the dust. From these heaps of mediocrity must, however, be ex-

* Not that I consider large palaces no more than enormous standing armies, and bloated church establishments, evidence of the struggle or glory of a nation. These are coats which may become too heavy for the wearers. Spain has come to that already. England may.

cepted the King's own collection, the cream of an admirable gallery. You had Velasquez and Murillos, and other dazzling remembrances of the Laurentian age of Spanish painting. At the entrance was the usual guard of honour, sauntering about with a sort of *ad libitum* stroll, trusting to the congenial habits of the inmates for pardon and indulgence. A few domestics looked grave, or slumbered in the ante-chamber. Every thing was in keeping in this castle of indolence. I was conducted slowly up stairs. The *soirée* had already commenced. I found the King in the middle of the room, looking up to the pictures, with his hands behind his back; a Spanish sentence now and then tumbling off his lips, and a smile mechanically fixed on his honest wooden countenance. The Queen sate at some distance in the darker part of the room. She needed not have been so prudent. The maudlin twilight, shed by the few tapers which adorned the room, would have sufficiently respected her vanity and ugliness. She had the air of having little concern in the spectacle of the evening: a slumbrous, sulky sort of conversation with one of her attendants, seemed to have momentarily engrossed her attention. The Prince of the Peace was not far off. I did not then notice him; nor should I have done so later, had it not been for the contrast which his bluff northern complexion offered to the baked and brazen-looking Spanish physiognomies with which he was encircled. But I had a subsequent and closer opportunity of studying him at my ease: it was not neglected.

After the usual preliminaries of introduction, which were kind and considerate, I had the full means and leisure to indulge in my observations. The exterior of the king was any thing but prepossessing. Take his coin. It has all the ugly good-humour, the Bourbon vacuity, the gratuitous steady simper of his family:—this physiognomy is an heir-loom, which is not likely to be so soon worn out. Its deformity, as we advance, becomes more vigorous; there is a frightful sharpness in the last impression. Build up a clumsy arm-chair court-day sort of figure for this head; let every thing and line be round, bald, and unmeaning; sprinkle some loose powder over that extent of skull; take out a last century muddy-looking silk-coat; purple or not purple,—a guess between; hang this on this, and that on that; hide as much of the portliness of the waistcoat, with the broad ribband of the Golden Fleece, as you can; throw a Louis XVIII. activity into all these members, and an indefatigable complexion into those solid cheeks. You will then have the Charles, if not of Madrid, of the Barberini Palace at Rome.

The Queen was never handsome, but she was not always ugly. The first aspect was something more than displeasing. I could not imagine any thing more *fanée*, unless perhaps one of her dead ancestors. She had been worn to a skeleton; her complexion burnt to a cinder-brown, parchment-like, and pinched; then her eyes had a bad kind of brightness about them, which would have made her ghastly, even without her jewels. Her manners were sombre and stately, and she presided over the court with a ghastly and silent majesty, which I was constantly associating with the port and presence of an image from the dead. No wonder that the fair and giddy Princess Borghese should affect to start back from the unearthly vision, whenever she met her in the Corso. There was a little of the Bonaparte sneer at a Bourbon, and more of the vaunt and insolence of an unquestioned beauty in all this; but there were also many grains of truth. I doubt whether even the avarice and ambition of Godoy, *et dura messorum ilia*, had not long since assented to what to every other eye required no proof.

I inquired from my conductor, while refreshments were handing round, the mode of life which was in actual fashion, or honour, (for there is no such thing here as fashion,) amongst their Ex-Majesties. It was an example to all *ci-devants*. The King is up at four o'clock in summer and five in winter. He had always a pastoral predilection, not very common amongst monarchs, for early hours. This, were it not for a subsidiary sleep at two or three o'clock, would render him an object of real compassion. It is much more easy to let time pass you than for you to pass time. Accordingly, his Majesty, with so much of the four and twenty hours on his hands, had a very

difficult business to manage: he was in a constant state of penalty and labour how to get the heavy stone to the top of the hill, and the Sisyphus was often obliged to sit down, with his hands hanging by his side, panting and groaning in despair. Night to him, as to every other labourer, was a season of real relaxation: he had notched a day, marked off so much from the heap, lightened the burthen, and might turn again to the most substantial of all his kingly enjoyments—sleep. At dawn he commenced a meal of chocolate, which did not finish the entire day. He kept it in tablets in his pockets, and gnawed it off whenever at a loss for words or thought. This, however, was not worse than taking snuff; and it is well known (though not for the purpose of filling up such intervals) that Napoleon took it from his waistcoat pockets by handfuls, and in profusion. The consumption of the King of Spain, as may be well imagined, was still more portentous. He said that it did him a great deal of good, and every one else agreed that it was harmless. But he was not limited to this expedient to carry him through the day. Three masses gave him something to think of besides chocolate eating, between rising and breakfast. Breakfast, too, (*à la fourchette*, and of course a petty sort of dinner,) was a solemnity which devoured two or three hours; but the rest of the morning, till the auspicious moment of a return to table, was a dreadful blank. He dined early, about two or three, which, besides allowing him sufficient time to mature an appetite for supper, enabled him to indulge in the indispensable luxury of a siesta, and to travel on by tolerably easy stages to the hour of exhibition in the Corso. The evening, in waiting with many an uncontrollable aspiration for supper, was filled up with such *menus plaisirs* as I have just described—keeping his shadow of a levee, saying his prayers in whispers to his confessor, eating down his chocolate, and sleeping. The Queen accompanied him in all this, with the exception only of the sleep and chocolate. She, too, had her three masses, rather shorter than the King's: one in her bed-room, before rising; another before breakfast, and a third after. These she was, by a court fiction, presumed to hear; and as her immovable countenance testified, with *requeillement* and devotion. Prayer on the Continent, as cant elsewhere, is, as every one knows, a part of court etiquette, which these ex-legitimates would no more give up than their title of Majesty, or any other of their more agreeable illusions. Godoy himself was not exempt, and did his piety without a smile. He was in the harness, and could not kick; besides, who is so ardent a stickler *pour les privilégies* and their observances as a parvenu? As to the Romans, they gave him no more credit for it than if he had put on a pasteboard crown. All these things are taken as of course, and for their *quantum valuit*! no one goes about and threatens to burn you, unless you believe them real and play the edified against your will. There are no eulogies, nor no ecstacies for a monarch who happens to have as much hypocrisy and common sense as his subjects. If you roar in their ears that he is a saint, they will quietly answer you with a "What then?"

Charles had not lived long at Rome before he found his ex-royalty in a sort of scrape,—so very different a species of right, though both divine, the *de jure* and the *de facto*. The promises of the reigning Court were parsimonious, and most grievously economised in the execution. Charles, like Lear, had been successively clipped, by his necessities, of his fifties, nor was he quite sure of the unstipendiary services of the remainder. On entering France, on entering Italy, and on settling at Rome, he was obliged to prune;—his demands increased; the annual, or duennial allowance oozed slowly, and drop by drop, from the Spanish treasury; he was compelled to anticipate it; he became Torlonia's debtor, then his pensioner, and was in a few years reduced, with the burthen of a great name, to the decorum of a private gentleman, or the philosophic modesty of a voluntary abdication. Yet this man, who was obliged to lop off branch after branch, for the purpose of living more perfectly on the juices of the remainder, who pawned,—without hesitation, so much of his dignity and consideration to his banker,—never forgot Godoy. Arrangements had been made with him, on leaving Spain, in the shape of indemnities for

the confiscation of his territorial revenues:—they were strictly fulfilled. His *caro Prence de la Paz* had the *primitiæ* of every remittance. Sooner should the entire Court want, than the favourite be exposed to any deficiency in his usual luxuries by this late curtailment of their fortunes. At the same time, he refused Torlonia's solicitations for a Grandeeship of Spain: he neither gave, promised, nor entreated. In this he was only prudent. Ferdinand was proud as well as poor: he would have refused even such a bauble, though it might have obviated the necessity of greater punctuality—no small consideration to a Spanish minister. As it was, Charles stood out the siege; but did not the less, when the quarter was up, continue petitioning from his petitioner.

Charles was unquestionably improved, like many other riders, by his fall, *così disfalto, ottimo*. I heard several traits of clumsy good-nature, which, as royalty goes, did him infinite honour. He had now and then his sensibilities, and sometimes, though rarely, his delicacies. He seldom evinced those miserable after-yearnings for the toy that is irretrievably lost; nothing of those posthumous galvanic efforts at importance which often survive the living principle of rank and fortune. Even whilst King (and I had it from an authority the best possible, the Foreign Ambassador, whom, of all others, he most hated), Charles was distinguished by an invincible affability and kindness, a *bonhommie*, which ran down to an extreme. The Spaniard was drowned in the man; and the sovereign used to slide away, in his audiences, to the *tête-à-tête* familiarity of a personal friend. The King and the Ambassador afterwards met at Rome: he did not forget the interviews of Madrid, or the treaty of Badajos: but there was some difficulty in bringing about an interview, without compromising the little dignity which was still left him. The Ambassador had also his importance to maintain. The diplomacy which reconciled these niceties was curious, but they did the King honour. He remembered the hand to which, more than any other, he had been indebted for the integrity of his monarchy. Ferdinand would have acted otherwise; he never would have forgotten the obligation.*

The Queen was only known at Rome for having an enviable stock of diamonds, and a store of constancy *à toute epreuve*. The guardsman of her youth was the grave courtier of her old age. Godoy was her favourite, her Potemkin to the last. Not a detail of her toilette which was not still submitted to his surveillance. The colour of her dresses, the changes of her jewellery, were all subjects of solemn debate; nor was it unusual, whilst mass was still going on, to send up three wigs, one after the other, before she could exactly hit upon his choice. Her life was retired, her character concentred and saturnine; yet I never heard that she evinced a greater degree of penitence than was the etiquette amongst her royal brothers and sisters for the irregularities of her youth. Were she so disposed, few queens, I believe, had better cause. Courts are proverbially licentious; but no court was more gravely, and profoundly, and prodigally so, none so piously and dogmatically corrupt, as this same Court of Spain. Its vice was slow, plebeian, stupid; its pleasures joyless and unenjoyed: every thing was brought ignobly down to mere fact; no concealing graces, no redeeming illusions,—all was selfish, sullen gratification; alternating indeed with the wretched hypocrisy of set sermon and set prayer, and the whole monstrous system built up on the patience of a most enduring people; connived at by an aristocracy who shared in the degeneracy, and blest by prelates and churchmen, who, for the prosperity of the church, thought no sacrifice or compromise too great. The scandal was notorious and placarded, the whispers loud, but there was no need that the Messalina should change her dress—it was sufficient, she was *devout*. Any one who has the curiosity to dip into the pages of Du Clos, or

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* Base throughout, Ferdinand, the Miguel of Spain, as Miguel is the Ferdinand of Portugal, asked in marriage the daughter of this very man (the present Princess G——), was refused, and calumniated him afterwards. Of such vile clay are these idols made! But what must be the idolaters?

the Princesse des Ursins, will there find the type of those disgraceful imbecilities which reached the fulness of their perfection under Charles: he was a sort of Philip of his day. Yet with all this,—inept, grovelling, and abandoned as it was, (and the secret history of the day teems with anecdote of the most disgusting and damning proof,)—the Court was only then preparing the harvest which has since been reaped; ripening that despotism of blood, as well as vice, which is still in progress—Heliogabalus preluding to Nero, King Crane following up King Log. The *sæva ac lenta natura* of the son is the only eulogy I know on the *flagitia atque dedecora* of the reign of his father. Charles was not the unkind son, the ungrateful captive, the perjured ruler, the πηλον αιματι πεφυρμενον, by whom he has been succeeded.*

The Duchesse de Chably was pointed out to me at the other end of the room: she neither had, nor claimed, any other consequence than what might be derived from her relationship to the effete King of Sardinia; who, too stupid for a king, or too wise, preferred to be a monk, and endeavoured to be a saint. She seemed a mere make-up figure in the gallery, and did her part well, which was keeping quiet. Her purchase of the Villa Ruffinella from the Prince of Canino, and a few profitable excavations of Tusculum, and the old Etrurian town, had brought her, unwittingly, a little later, into some sort of enviable notoriety at Rome.

The Ex-Queen of Etruria was a somewhat more interesting personage of the same group. She had just entered, leading by the hand the young King Louis, her son. Here titles are like German counters at a game at cards, and make no impression on any other nerves than those of the English, who stare at a king as an American young lady at one of our lords. The boy was unaffected, and gentle, and, for a young foreigner, manly. The Queen herself, a homely specimen of royalty: her figure and face ample and inexpressive; her mouth rising into a disagreeable gaping above her teeth; and her teeth such as scarcely to apologise for such a mouth;—yet, over this watery and washy image (for her complexion did not even rise into the vigour of olive) there was a nameless something, between good-humour and good-nature. Her existence was a monotony; yet she bore the weight of this dead blank like a queen: her destiny was a tint or two more diversified than her neighbour's. Hereditary Princess of Parma and Piacenza, then Queen of Etruria,† an old title a little modified and revised, (there was a Marquess of Etruria, ally of John XI.) in the general confusion she lost her place, but got out of the crowd, and waited quietly till events should allow her to scramble or slide into it again. The traces she left of her passage were generally favourable. No one execrated her like the Duke of Modena, as a pilferer of the poor man's pocket, or a Briarean inquisitor into the domesticity of an entire state. She had, besides, a rival of a very formidable character to contend with; the Princess Eliza governed in the neighbourhood.

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* The degeneracy has been indeed headlong. Charles III. was the great man of the family. In his twenty-five years' reign at Naples, Spain redeemed her character of tyranny, and atoned, by the presents she had made, for many, if not all, her vice-regal crimes. His government was a series of great and enlightened acts—great in any government, exploits in his own.

† And "adopted daughter of Napoleon;" she begging, he granting, the strange title. It is singular, or rather it is not, that she should have preferred, and Rome have admitted, the honours of an usurper. A sister of Ferdinand, and a Bourbon—*jusqu'aux doigts!* But Marie Louise is an Imperial Majesty by the same sort of patent, and the granter himself a Serene Highness at Parma, (see the Orders for his funeral,) and Mons. le General at St. Helene! These are trifles, and Napoleon would have despised them: *his* name could have well done without them. But if we think so harshly of the man for asking, what must we think of a Congress for refusing! That, of the two children, the latter was the most childish of the two.

Some years after, all this phantasmagoria had changed or disappeared: the Ex-Queen had become a real Duchess, and no complaint was made of the descent or exchange. The gold tinsel was sacrificed to the solid silver without a sigh: she left in haste her palace at Rome to rule over scarcely a larger realm—the Lucchese at Lucca. Yet, mere shred of territory as it was, a *ci-devante* must have been pleased with any thing which could give her a court, a ministry, a royal villa, and one or two towns. She did not belie her reputation: she was just, and more generous: the Bonapartes found her a protectress on the turn of the wheel. The Princess Borghese was permitted not only to remain in the Duchy, but was treated with a consideration which she scarcely could have hoped for from a restored legitimate. She had her villas and residence, and was in one instance presented with a piece of ground by the Duchess herself. If we consider that all this occurred in a territory formerly under the rule of her own sister, and where deeper traces and more affectionate and well-merited recollections existed of the ex-dynasty, than in almost any other part of Italy, we shall duly appreciate the superiority manifested over all those puny jealousies and retaliations which at that period characterised the councils of more than one of the restored. The lawsuit with the King of Sardinia failed; but the King of the Netherlands was more fortunate. St. Leu, the private purchase of Louis Bonaparte, was confiscated; and, by a decree of his own courts, the confiscation was made good. The Prince Borghese was a native prince, rich, and a formidable or persuasive pleader. Louis was a stranger, and not quite so rich or fortunate, it may well be imagined, as the Prince Borghese.*

The new Duchess of Lucca died very soon after her installation, regretted by her new subjects, and was succeeded by her son. The spirit of her government survives in his; but his means are not equal to his will: like her, he depends upon others. The bankers of Rome and Genoa, like those of Germany, are the absorbents which come between the Prince and his people. They draw up the taxes, as the sun the clouds; but, unlike the sun, they seldom return them back in dews and refreshment to the land. The fact is, the tenure of his estate (it is little more) is too temporary, or precarious, to excite much interest about its future finances. On the death of Maria Louisa, he will return, it is understood, to his old hereditary Farnesian dominions. The Duc de Reichstadt, it is true, is not a cardinal; but he will be provided for by Metternich, or events elsewhere.

But the Duchess of Lucca was not the only person who dropped out of this ring. The Queen of Spain was long tottering: she survived but a few years. Nothing could be more extravagantly superb than her funeral in Santa Maria Maggiore. In a city which exists on ceremonies, it still lives as an unrivalled specimen of theatrical effect. The colossal bier, the black velvet sweeping from marble pillar to pillar, the torchlight, and *De profundis* of all the religious orders of Rome, are commemorated with greater accuracy and exultation than any event of her multifarious reign. Her features were squeezed and painted into some pretension to humanity; and borne uncovered as she was through the streets, the rouge and wig, and tight, drum-drawn skin, gave death a sort of advantage over life. I did not hear that any one wept at her decease, except the few of her domestics who had been just dismissed. Godoy philosophized on the frailty of all things human, admired the music, praised the bier, went home, and dined.

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* Yet the disinterestedness of Louis should have pleaded for him. He refused a large pension on his abdication, and took little more with him than his philosophy to Gratz. The King should have behaved, at least, as well as his subjects. St. Leu, besides, was a trifle, not more than 300*l.* per annum, if so much. He lost it in a Dutch court; but he still has that which cannot be taken away by courts or princes,—the grateful recollections of his former subjects, and the consciousness of having acted up to his noble device. "Fais le bien advient qui pourra." How few kings, even without a Napoleon to command them, can say so much! Can any say more?

But the demise of the King was somewhat more affecting. He had long contemplated a visit to his brother, Ferdinand of Naples, from whom he had been now separated for very many years. A slight fit of illness hastened his departure; he was apprehensive they might never meet again. His arrival at Naples, which lies rather out of the high-road for the passage of royalty, was hailed as an event. The meeting of the two brothers was more than ordinarily affectionate: Charles burst into tears. He had been but a few days in that capital, when news, first of the illness, then of the death of the Queen, arrived. Ferdinand undertook to break the melancholy intelligence to his brother. He appeared, at sunset, at his palace in a full suit of mourning: Charles understood the delicacy of the hint, uttered a few words, hung down his head, and never raised it more. A few days after, he fell into a lethargy, took to his bed, and died. Few loved so long or so well, so entirely or so indulgently. His nature never belied itself; he was Charles, *le bon* Charles, to the last.

I have omitted in this sketch one whom I was as curious to behold, plebeian as he was, as any of the royal personages near. Godoy retired, rather earlier than usual, to a small *conversazione* of his own, and I had not the opportunity I desired of making his acquaintance. In the hurried interval of a *prima sera*, I prevailed on an Ex-Colonel G—— to present me to his Ex-Royal Highness. The next day was fixed for my introduction.

We found, on our arrival at an early hour in the morning, the Prince just returned from his villa, formerly the Mattei, near the Colosseum. His costume was perfectly groomish; and his person accorded rather too much with his costume. He came up to me with great *prevenance;* but the only things I could gaze on were his top-boots, strange adulterations of our English ones, and his brown, jean, painters-looking cap. Years, and comfort (which is the happiness of such minds) had bloated him out into a corpulency which is still progressive: joined to a certain roughness of form and complexion, it stamped his origin too strongly on every line. In his features or expression, there was nothing—no stubborn workings of mind chiselled them up here and there; no keen cuttings of disappointment sharpened them into point and angle; nothing sad or stern cast its philosophic shadows over their changes: all was smooth animal life; just that sort of well-conditioned being he might have been, had he never risen higher than a sergeant of the Guard. Yet in this age of see-saws, few have had so many or such rapid revolutions. It is much to rush up from a postilion into a king; but here, in its very fulness and flush, is an alliance with legitimacy, which stamps the base alloy at once into gold. His conversation was gay and bustling; and he jostled on with great good-humour, and no hesitation, through a most motley leash of languages, French seamed on Spanish and Italian; thinking very loud and very carelessly; and, when words failed, stilting up the thoughts with gestures of every idiom, and scrambling away, through briar and bramble, from painting to politics, from himself to others, from Godoy to the Prince of the Peace, from the Prince of the Peace, as he was at Madrid—King absolute—to what he was at Rome, "le Philosophe malgré lui." Every thing seemed shaken out at once upon his face, hands, and tongue. We talked a great deal, laughed a great deal, and heard a great deal, and he seemed the best "bon diable" in the world, for the "mauvais sujet" which we all knew he was. The English were his favourites, as I at first thought, in compliment to his visitor; nothing, as I knew by experience, being so easy as to shift the magic lanthorn; but I soon found out he had a deeper ground for his panegyric. He was fretted, and still fumed at the superiority, the *diablerie* of the French. "Les Angliers (I first took it for Sangliers) did every thing—every thing was to be attributed to les Angliers." Lord Wellington was his Mars Gradivus, and our King, I believe, his Jove. Then there was a word of shrinking commendation ventured for the Spaniards; he would have loved them if he could: "Mais il y avait encore de ses torts." On his own conduct, and all that he did, ought to have done, and did not, he was by no means less liberal and frank. He was al-

ways throwing himself into an attitude of defence; he saw accusation every where; he was conscious of an outcry on every side; but he knew not the point of attack. His apology ended as it had begun, by merely proving its necessity. Were I to credit him, the Prince of the Peace prophesied, checked, and would have prevented, if mortal hand could have prevented,—"si Pergama dextra Defendi possent,"—the impending ruin of his country. But the Napoleon star attained its meridian too rapidly, and the Prince of the Peace had no other *rôle* left him but the sneaking one of a third-rate philosopher. "Mon cher," he said to the Emperor, over and over again, "nous sommes très bien, pourquoi tenter l'impossible!" You see what has followed, *helas!* I was not heard!—The wooden oracle spoke truth, and was, to his credit, an excellent prophet of past calamity. As he warmed, his politics and invective grew louder, but, as is also usually the case, not more just: he fell on Napoleon, now that he was down, with the violence and courage of a Lancashire boor, or a Windsor mob: he accused Murat, *son confrère*, of duplicity, ingratitude, (*si, signor!*) and atrocious robbery. Of the first and last I say nothing; he could hardly escape those vices or virtues of kings and warriors; but of the other, the obligations Murat could have to discharge to the Prince of the Peace, could only have been those of a fellow plunderer: the ingratitude of the dead is an easy topic, and then the accuser brought with him the best of answers to his own accusation. This man was a liveried slave of Napoleon in his most unpardonable exactions, and wore mourning on Murat's death. Of Spain, he spoke without the dishonesty of a single sigh. He left nothing there worth caring about except his *feudi*. His resignation had nothing reflective in it; it was mere physical *sans souci;* no weighing of past with present, and both with future, but a happy forgetfulness, more effective than any philosophy of all three. This he carries wholesale into his manners; not a line about him Spaniard; not a gleam through the pinchbeck of a *parvenu;* no moroseness, no hauteur, no tiptoe walking over the pretensions of others, nothing of that provokingly tranquil insolence which, rather hinted than expressed, tramples and scoffs, and is yet unseizable in the *novi homines* of our own country. So the machine hurried on, and rattled, he was altogether careless of its wear or appearance. As to his talents, he certainly can choose a picture, could please a queen, and has not done either to a bad purpose; but as to talents for administration, I think him equal to the administration of a household, or a *basse cour!* By this, however, I do not mean to depreciate either his genius or acquirements; there are many actual rulers of kingdoms (the hereditary blockheads may be excused) who cannot say so much. The dupery, or villany, (and dupery is villany, when men and millions are at stake,) both at Bayonne and later, was no doubt disgraceful to all parties; but misgovernment in Spain had long been its *manière d'être*, ingrained into all its institutions and habits, as in Ireland; and the only worse thing he perhaps could do, was not to govern at all. This, indeed, he did: frightened or indolent, I know not which, he tumbled and tossed the machine, like a child with a watch, into entire confusion, and then from a feeling of its weight, without an effort or struggle, let it fall desperately and despairingly from his hands; it was always but a slattern sort of concern at best: no reform short of destruction could be looked for; every measure was an expedient or a stratagem; the rack-rent, palliative Irish system of stopping up fissures with straw. The first neglect did away with the piecemeal efforts of years. Napoleon came down, asked, and got. Every thing was in his favour: the moral weakness of Europe operated for him with the same rapidity and certainty of success as the physical weakness of Asia for Alexander. How could such *papier-maché* systems, such rickety puppets under the name of players, long resist him? They both fell at the first touch of his Quixotic lance. But what opinion are we to entertain of the *Marionettes* themselves, the *Marionette* master, or the spectators? We have no reason to marvel at children and their toys, when we thus get behind and examine the wretched pasteboard daub, before which nations of old men, year after year, have crawled in adulation.

The private life of Godoy might suggest many an additional paragraph, though in the life of such a man nothing could be strictly private. A soldier in the Guards, a fresh, burly-looking peasant boy, with some country kind of talent for the guitar, he owed his entire promotion to the extravagance of the Queen, and to mere external pretensions. Paramour to the wife, bosom friend to the husband, to the kingdom every thing—he was more than the Sir John Acton of Naples,—King, and Queen, and Cabinet, and army, and all. His advancement was a stride;—in a few months he was the largest proprietor in Spain; the wealth of a pauper nation was thrown into his lap; titles were squandered on him with the profusion of caresses—the infatuation of Titania for Bottom was realized—every thing destined to the consecration of his touch, to the very keys of his cabinet, with true Spanish absurdity, was gold. He had his body-guard, and his royal establishment, and his great officers, and trod on the old aristocracy of Spain, with a power and magnificence more than sovereign. The climax of his fortune soon approached. He had been married, in the progress of his elevation, to the Marquesa Todo. She was repudiated. Their attachment had been long and true; but much more would have been sacrificed to the honours of a royal alliance. Married to a Bourbon, he became a Bourbon himself; and for a time seemed to have obtained from the nation a complete indemnity for every absurdity. But this could not last long. Despised by Napoleon, dignified by popular hatred—the destroyer, as far as in him lay, of the Bourbon throne—the friend and favourite of the Bourbons, he fled, with all the other lumber of this disreputable household, to Rome, where he continued to love one woman, (the Marquesa Todo remained at Leghorn,) to live with another, and to act as *cavaliere servente* to the third. All this, however, is neither sneered at, nor railed at, nor stared at—royal families do these things—and Kings at Rome, as elsewhere, have the privilege of doing no wrong. So far from separating, he was the chief link between the King and Queen; they conspired, most ludicrously, in their attachment for the spoiled child. The first person the Queen used to ask for in the morning was Godoy;—the last whom the King saw in the evening was his Royal Highness.*

On the death of the family—for the whole seems to have fallen into the snuff and the socket together—he sunk at once from that semi-sort of royalty which he had hitherto enjoyed, to the simplicity and quiet of a plain gentleman, who keeps a comfortable palace in the Corso, an excellent table, a gallery, literally of gems, (his Corregios are of the first beauty;) talks occasionally of tobacco speculations to Torlonia, now and then of the Spanish Revolution to strangers, and begins to take the counsels of advancing age, and thinks betimes of settling his family. His son has lately been married to an Irish lady, a Miss Crowe, of Dublin; and the occasion once more displayed some very brilliant recollections of his former grandeur.

I now took my leave of this singular plaything of Fortune, with very little respect for her decisions: the Goddess of Antium, in this instance, has been more than ordinarily capricious. I passed the low rooms, half-carpeted, but rich with frames and pictures; bad beds covered with damask; wasted furniture, dusty chandeliers, and time-pieces innumerable, (a passion of his Highness,) all going wrong. The Prince left us, *medias in res*—and ran down to the call of her Majesty, or of his child: it was all one, he nursed both in turn.

As to the gallery and its portraits, I saw but one—Godoy.

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* What a subject for the illustration and panegyric of some modern Pangloss! I leave it to the poet-laureat pencil of Dr. Southey, praying him to canonize both in some new "Vision of Judgement."

TABLE-TALK ABROAD.—NO. VI.

The Court of Common Pleas, continued.

"How true is the 'juvat meminisse,' when Serjeant Cockle is the subject! how pleasant the 'mi ricordo' sensation as I name him! It is the very feast of memory, and the mind becomes satiated, on however unsubstantial fare, like him who dined on the fumes alone of a cook's shop. What a most delightful-looking personage was that King's ancient Serjeant; and what a defective and miserable name for the generous amplitude of form and feature he displayed! how admirably did he look the character he sustained as the Reuben of the band of coifs, in portly bearing and rubicundity and extent of visage—of that surface that it would have well justified the painter who undertook the continental chart of his physiognomy, in exclaiming, with his brother artist who was similarly employed by Gibbon, when in Switzerland, to immortalize his historical traits,—'Ah! Monsieur, j'espère que vous me payerez par l'aune!' By the way, what a rage exists in the profession for being painted in their wigs and gowns; and how agreeable it is to hear the chuckling of a fat matron, as she points out to some staring urchin the picture of his papa at the Exhibition; fitter for a sign-post than a saloon; dull, weary, and unexpressive, and having no more relation to the object of the second commandment than some of David's own. Scaliger relates of Muret that, by looking at the cast of countenance of a person reading a letter, the painter would explain the contents of the epistle, and had never been deceived: I wish he were but alive to try at this day; for, except that of Serjeant Cockle, I never beheld a legal portrait which was not in itself an injunction on speculation, a plea in bar to judgment. With the King's Ancient, the rogue of an artist had done better things; it had been evidently delineated "con amore:" and never shall I forget the opportunity I had of comparing it with the venerable original himself, as he viewed his startling effigies at Somerset House; it was the veridical map of a land of very fatness and fertility, overflowing with milk and honey; life's best enjoyments were evidently depictured there in plenty: and, as I compared the portrait with 'mine ancient,' I could not but recollect the confession of Scarron—

'J'ai toujours été un peu colere, un peu gourmand, et un peu paresseux.'

Nothing of it was law but the bare wig and gown; all besides was human, bland, honest, and kindly, as if taken after a digest of joint-tenantry, and expressed, (as an Italian I knew, who, after devouring an unconscionable measure of beefsteaks to stay his appetite for dinner, sighingly exclaimed, that he felt) 'uno dolcissimo languore dello stomaco.' How refreshing was it to listen to his voluminous cachinnations as he sate at his parlour-window, looking on the contracted gardens of Staples Inn, of a summer's evening, viewing Hogarth passing below him, while the subaltern of Themis endeavoured to effectuate a reverential greeting to him of the 'Law's degree.' Never had Hogarth's celebrated namesake, in all his imaginings, arrived within leagues of the oddity of that incomparable clerk of Mr. Townsend the solicitor. No one ever saw him pass for the first time, without turning to look once more upon him. In dress, in manner, in words, he was as distinct from the beings he was necessitated to consort with, as Sugden and nobility,

Wetherell and a whig, Serjeant Wilde and the Lord Chief Justice, or Dr. Lee and Lord Stowell. He could neither walk nor talk; but ran, in the one instance, like Bentham down Fleet-street, and spattered and stammered in the other like —— I have a respect for privilege and must not offend. He was the dread of all his juniors, for he was irascible and choleric as a City Judge when a criminal is trying and dinner waiting, and was the only man who braved, and braved successfully, the "Emperor Paul" himself. With what partiality of affection used Isaac Reed, his neighbour, to greet the only man (if man he were, or rather "some strange creature of the element,') who ever came up to his antiquarian ideas of human propriety, and whose very appearance carried back the Shakspearian commentator to the good old times of Elizabeth and James. Yet the Serjeant could not but cachinnate as he looked upon him; and if he but deigned to doff his velvet cap to the angular inclination of legal awkwardness, that held him in peculiar reverence, it had the force of a *benedicite* on the spirits of a wild Hibernian, and sent him home placid, and growling satisfaction, to his attorney den. We are all acquainted with City humour and aldermanic wit; so when a well-known dispute originated between the Proprietors of Oyster-beds and the Civic authorities, the selection of Serjeant *Cockle* to defend the interest of the love-crossed bivalves, was an infinite stretch of fun. Sir William will tell you the story yet, if you take him properly, just after the venison course be ended;—and Cockle accepted it, in observing, 'that if he were not opposed by Raine and Wetherell, he could undertake to protect the claims of the City, which were well-known to be truly *sel-fish*.' Why he was not elevated to the Bench, I never could yet well ascertain; were it not physically impossible he could ever have reached it; or had he been lifted thither, it might have sunk under him. Then, too, he was much disposed to sleep, and the Common Pleas orators were at that time, as they are now, fearfully calculated to encourage the inclination to somnolency: he would, most undoubtedly, have imitated the great Montesquieu, who even *ronflé*-d, at the first recital of Orestes, when Voltaire, the author, bitterly observed, 'Il croit être à l'audience.'

"Then there was Sergeant Shepherd, a good man, and a profound lawyer; but, unhappily, with a trumpet ever at his ear, so that his otherwise well-justified expectations of legal promotion were long necessarily delayed. Nothing but the vocal gradations of a Common Council, or Park in a passion, could reach his organ of hearing. In England he could not be preferred; but it was found he would do for Scotland, as the Caledonian faculty of readily gaining the ear is well known, whatever the obstacles it is necessary to encounter; and there, at times, he must find the defect less a privation than a blessing.

"Sergeant Lens was a very superior man. He was an accomplished general scholar, of vast research as a lawyer, of honourable principle, and of most mild and gentlemanly manners. He had eloquence far greater than is now met with at the bar; it was rarely, however, that he exerted it: when he did, one might be sure that the cause he advocated justified warmth of feeling, for he never identified himself with that which was not pure and honest in itself. He had early taken up his ground in politics on the constitutional side of the question—(there is scarcely a name which we have been taught to repeat

with reverence at the Bar, but was once the friend of liberty,) and he held to it with the firmness of a Roman. Yet, as his opposition to the Tory party was unmarked by acrimony or gall, his espousal of Whig principles was most disinterested; for, when the Whigs came into office in 1806, he absolutely refused employment, in the fear that he might be judged as actuated by less worthy motives than those which freely influenced him in the line of conduct he had so long and steadfastly pursued. Even during the Middlesex Election, when party fury was at its height, he patronised the cause most congenial to his feelings as a man; but in doing all that his clients could demand, hope, or desire, in their favour, his whole conduct was marked by so much forbearance towards the one, and candour to the other side, that he failed not to secure the applauses of those to whom he was more directly opposed. By the way, is it not a pity that, in the enumeration of the vast blessings we so unworthily enjoyed under the Pitt system, those who delight in the detail of its advantages over a bottle at the annual dinner of the Club, do not dwell somewhat more at length on the economy of those halcyon days, and the purer administration of the finances of the nation? If ever the hour should arrive when the true appropriation of much of the vast sums drawn from the pockets of the people be demonstrated, what a wasteful expenditure of the public money will be probably discovered in the article of elections alone; to secure the unbiassed votes of ministerial members, or even the return of one individual to Parliament contrary to the wishes of the people! When will the accounts of the County Treasurer be liquidated? Yet, prejudiced as he must have been in the sight of the disposer of place and profit by the line of conduct he pursued, there is little doubt that offers of promotion, no less honourable to Lord Eldon than to their object, were freely tendered to Serjeant Lens; and on terms equally grateful to his proper feelings, as creditable to the Chancellor: they were, however, declined; and his profession, with the country in general, have to deplore that he shrank from that advancement where his learning and abilities as a lawyer, his patriotism, and his many other virtues, would surely have been displayed no less to his own honour and fame, than to the advantage and satisfaction of the king and people. Perhaps no man was ever more generally regretted than Lens. Modest and unassuming in his dealings with the world, there was that mild dignity in his manner that enforced respect; and he might verily be remembered with somewhat of beneficial effect by his surviving brethren of the coif.

"Rough, after having attained the honours of Serjeant, abandoned the Bar of the Common Pleas, to seek in a distant island that fame or wealth he had vainly struggled for at home; but had he possessed somewhat more of worldly wisdom; had he but travelled out of the record of the law to examine somewhat into men and things, he would have learned, to his profit, that a regular British lawyer is the last person who should try his fortune in a Colony; that there learning would be offensive, and patriotism misplaced, and all rule of legal conduct rendered negative: that the despotism of one, and that one generally wholly unacquainted with the science of legislation, is, in nine cases out of ten, the law which he is bound to obey, (save when the instructions of a Secretary at home intervene, to qualify or reverse the decision of the local tyrant). I am not acquainted with the merits of the Serjeant's

particular case, but it could scarcely be expected by those who were better acquainted with the subject than himself, that he could have remained longer than he did in a station little consonant to the taste of an independent man, and wholly adverse to the habits of a constitutional lawyer.

"Brother Pell has been long connected with nobility, and had always somewhat of a Leach hankering for the more dandyish things of life; could listen to music, eat ices without a grimace, got a taste for olives and Johannisberg, abjured porter as vulgar, and could ascertain, with remarkable discrimination, the difference between Eau de Cologne and Lavender Water—used to put on his wig with an air, and let his gown hang loosely on his shoulders. Whether he lost *caste* by his illegal and anti-Eldonic propensities, or grew lazy and gentlemanly, I know not; but, with excellent abilities, his visits at the Bar are 'few and far between;' and he rather seems to prefer gossip with such "small-deer" as Middlesex magistrates, shaking his head at *bona-robas* found in fault, smiling at obese churchwardens, or looking bland at the magnanimous title of 'Your Worship.'

"Sergeant Frere has been induced to seek, in the cloisters of Downing, that repose which the world has to regret he should prefer to active life; for he possesses the amiable qualities and elegant accomplishments of others of his name; and it can scarcely be wondered at that he desired better company, and, to use a homely phrase, 'cut the concern.'

"Spankie is a clever man, and used, I believe, to dabble pretty largely in politics, and act somewhat as assessor to Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, on law points; but, haply, he hath repented him of ancient misdemeanours, learned better things in India, and, by promise of a courtly life, obtained grace at the Chancellor's hands.

"—— Heaven help us! I was as near inditing it as could be; but, in good troth, some men are born with a name which must mar, by a perverse fate, no inconsiderable portion of their happiness here below. Bumpus——

> "Oh! write it not, my hand,—the name appears
> Already written—blot it out, my tears."

I must take breath; it is absolutely overpowering—unbearable. Its proprietor can scarcely hear its repetition with other emotions than those of the man who had been so cruelly cudgelled as never to see a piece of wood put on a fire without shivering. Can he be a married man? Can he have had the barbarity to inflict that appellation upon any fair and injured one of the softer sex? Johnson, Brummell, and good taste, forbid! While his Lordship so necessarily laboured to procure an Act of Parliament to make him a Serjeant, why, in the name of all that is virtuous, did he not stick in a clause to change that vilely compounded denomination? Truly it may be said that it is an English name; and, if it derive any thing of grace from that circumstance, it is, as Fontenelle said of Mahomet, 'horriblement beau.' It will never do, however. Will he ever dare to ascend the Bench without a title? and that, in human charity, not the patronymic title—(if ever other than himself owned it)—'Lord Bump-us!' If—and in joy I put it hypothetically—female fortitude and female love (and, like Sampson's

riddle, nothing is stronger and sweeter,) have dared, despising earthly scorn, to syllable that name, yet change it, Brother Bumpus; if not for the world's good pleasure, yet for your own renown, your happier hopes, and future peace of mind. It is true that hazard has conferred it; names, like marriages, are a lottery; but, as it was said to the Briton who married a Creole, 'You have certainly drawn a black ball.' It is delightful to judge in charity rather than with severity; and I must say, that I can scarcely perceive the propriety of all the reprobation attached to Lord Eldon's procuring that unusual Act of Parliament. With a solemn and undoubting sense of the merits of its object, (and they are neither few nor indifferent,) something must be allowed for his Lordship's feelings—for his delicacy—in letting term after term pass over and he uncoifed, while that one *term* remained. The perplexity of his tenderer nature at the proposed conferment of legal honours, may (as novel-writers say) be 'better imagined than described.' It must have haunted him in his goings and at rest, invaded the privilege of the peerage, and even violated the repose of private life. I can readily imagine him on the woolsack, abstracting his thoughts for a moment from the horrors of Catholic Emancipation, and exclaiming 'Bumpus,'—giving the Royal assent to Game Laws or Taxes, and sighing forth, as he remembered those to whom they were applicable, 'Bumpus,' as he did it—dreaming of his Master, in the purple chair at Lincoln's Inn, and shudderingly ejaculating 'Bump-us'—and even on his nightly and uneasy couch disturbing the partner of his joys and cares by a 'Bumpus!'—dreaming of a Whig (but not his own) in office, and awakening under the horrors of the nightmare, shrieking 'Bumpus!' until all things political, professional, and natural, became associated with that jaundiced appellation.

"It is well thus to record (however imperfectly) the names of some of the brethren 'ere they go hence, and are no more seen;' for a fearful and (if it be executed) fatal blow has been levelled at their fame, and wealth and honour, by Mr. Brougham. The institution of Serjeants has wholly outlived its purpose; and when the business of courts of law could be better divided than at present; when actions of libel, and for criminal conversation, and a million others, were scarcely known, it was perhaps well to select the most learned and skilful of the profession to maintain the ever intricate subject of pleas of land, which required more of legal science than any others advanced for adjudication. At present there is scarcely one of the brethren who can be peculiarly termed a Property Lawyer; and the practice of the second greatest tribunal of the land has long become a matter of patronage in the hands of one individual, who, in common with his predecessors, however free from the imputation of conferring it from improper motives he may and must be held, was regarded in general as only fitly exercising it in favour of patient merit, and to redeem that neglect which their qualities, whatever they might have been, had incurred, in other branches of the profession, from the public. Such men as Best and Lens were 'raræ aves in terris,' and were neither indebted for fame or fortune to the possession of the coif; but few others have of late distinguished themselves; and in that peculiar department of the law for which Serjeants were originally destined to manage, Preston would dis-

dain to associate with them, and would easily confound them all by his rich store of learning and research into the rights of things.

"Of the officers of the Court I knew and know but little. There was one, to be sure, worthy of mention, who, although I believe he purchased his place, has ever performed the duties of his office with equal zeal and ability, and to the undivided satisfaction of the profession—that is Mr. Prothonotary Watlington, who, in the exercise of his taxatory functions, was, most favourably for himself, contrasted with Master Groves of the King's Bench; and to every virtue that could adorn private life, united an urbanity of manner, as a public officer, that rendered his severity of principle, where the dictates of conscience rendered severity necessary, if unpalatable to practitioners, wholly inoffensive; for he was good-humour itself, and conveyed his admonitions or reproofs with so kindly a spirit, that such as might disagree with him in opinion felt respect for his motive, and gratitude for his mode of giving that motive expression.

"The unfortunate Clerk of the Juries, Sir Thomas Turton, is, as the Court Calendar cruelly but unmovedly observes, (it had better been styled the Newgate Calendar,) 'executed at the Chief-Justice's chambers.' How his Lordship and Mr. Cox, his associate, reconcile this to themselves, it is hard to say; but it certainly is 'a mad world, my masters;' and, like the punning emblems over the entrance of an ancient Augustine convent at Paris, of a globe and a white cabbage (c–abus in French), justifies the motto attached to it, 'Le monde n'est qu'abus.' The respecter of law and the perpetrator of a crime may sometimes be found in the same person, as might be seen in the case of the celebrated highwayman Goreau, who was tried a few years since in France for his life, and on a witness (whom he had proposed to rob) having observed that, had he met the brigand, he would have shot him, the prisoner calmly replied, 'Vous auriez eu tort, Monsieur, car personne ne devrait prendre justice dans ses propres mains.' Indeed, like others, whose *chamber-practice*, as we perceive, might not be deemed wholly reputable, Goreau was tender of his character in some respects; for, on being accused of having attacked a person during the night, he denied the charge with the utmost indignation, in asserting 'Qu'il portait trop de respect à son nom et à sa famille, de voler après le coucher du soleil.' But to turn to the Common Pleas. The Filazers of the court are understood to have an excellent birth of it—little labour and large profits. If their offices demand but a slight exertion of intellect, and as little of industry, there are great names amongst them; or, at least the coincidence of their denominations with those of successive Justices, or their connexions, is sufficiently curious, for we see there, Surtees, Mansfield, and Best. It may be accident."

IMMIGRATION OF IRISH AUTHORS.

Well! God be thanked, we have got a Tory Ministry once more, to our heart's content; and Ireland, it is to be hoped, will at last be reduced to some Christian rule. There's no pleasing those Irish, strike where we may;—whichever way we turn, we are met by them. Irish poverty, Irish turbulence, Irish popery, and Heaven knows how many other Irish abuses, are ringing in our ears from morning till night. If we go to a Missionary Society, to enjoy a quarter of an hour's quiet railing against the old lady of Babylon, as a good Protestant should do, up gets a lump of a man, with a brogue as broad as his shoulders, and a speech longer than his head, in defence of her reputation, and insists on our hearing his last word. If we assist at an Education Meeting, to force the benighted Irish to read the Bible, there he is again, proving that, time out of mind, his countrymen intuitively knew at least as much of that book as any Protestant dean. If we go to a Visitation, the Charge is assuredly against the Irish "church without a religion." In Oxford and Cambridge the tutors do nothing but deprecate the arrival of Irish pupils, who kick up rows, and read no books but the Racing Calendar; and if we bend our steps to the Petty Sessions, "as sure as eggs are eggs," the matter at issue is an Irish assault, or the passing of an Irish vagrant. In short, there is no evil current, of which Ireland has not to bear the blame; and if the matter were well sifted, the Irish would unquestionably be found at the bottom of the Thames Tunnel, and to have had some hand in pulling down the Brunswick Theatre. Of the intrigues of the Irish papists to overthrow our glorious Constitution, it is needless to speak. The danger of the Church is known; or if some stranger, last from the Antipodes, should be at a loss on the subject, he may learn the particulars from my Lord Eldon, from Sir Robert Inglis (who never could persuade old Pius the Seventh to reform, though he supplied his Holiness with the last editions of the most approved tracts), or indeed from any of the members of the Pitt Club, or of Bedlam. These are terrible doings, sad goings-on; but it would be well if this were the worst. Not contented with attacking the Thirty-nine Articles, they carry their impertinent interference even to meddling with political economy; setting all its most approved doctrines astray, and showing that there is at least one land where no general rule will apply,—where Ricardo would find rents high with the best land uncultivated,—and where no element of national prosperity is in so much esteem as the idle and unprofitable waste of the manufactures of the country.

> "The Irish have some very curious notions,
> That when a nation grows extremely poor,
> Nought silences an hungry mob's commotions
> Like making ruin'd spendthrifts spend still more.
> Thus as hydropics call for larger portions,
> They ope to fresh extravagance the door,
> And strive to heal their credit's widening fracture,
> By wasting silk of Irish manufacture."—*Royal Progress.*

Whatever the bishops may say, this is more hard to bear, even than attacks on the Church; for a man may live very well without his reli-

gion (at least there are some very good, pious, sanctimonious, and loyal people, who do not appear to be overburthened with it, any more than the man who, except inasmuch as he was an atheist, was a very good dissenter); whereas, to live without eating is "downright impossible, and not to be done." It is high time, therefore, that the Catholic Association should meet with their match in the Duke of Wellington and his new-made staff (cabinet, I meant to say). Not contented with breaking up three successive ministries, putting poor Lord Roden into bodily fear, "against the form of the statute in that case made and provided," and ousting Leslie Foster and his algebra off his seat for Louth (which is as good as done,) they are now determined to ruin Old England out and out, by overrunning the land with their papistical, poteen-bibbing, potatovorous population of paupers, (there's a magnificent alliteration!) to whom the locusts of Egypt were no more than a love-sick maid of fifteen is to Alderman Curtis. We have heard a great deal of the jacobinical levelling of national regeneration; but, if you would have the *comble* of all political horror, the master principle of revolution, it must be sought in a word shorter at least by the first syllable. John Bull is nothing, if not matrimonial;—not like the French, and the Italians, and the Germans, gallivanting it all day and all night; but staying at home with his deary, who breeds like a rabbit or a herring. An Englishwoman's first merit is child-bearing; her second, child-bearing; and her third, child-bearing. Her final cause is, in Shakspeare's words, "to suckle fools, and chronicle small-beer:" and her husband's delight is to show off her handiworks, as if they were his own. I wish I could draw you the face of complacency with which he presents you his overgrown "lubberly boy," as he cries with a chuckle, "That's my son, sir." Perhaps Cruickshanks would do it for us—but this is the man that Daniel O'Connel would serve with a *supersedeas* from paternity, starving the nation into a state of "single blessedness," and compelling Parliament to turn inside out the *jus trium liberorum*, by making procreation in England after the measure-for-measure fashion, felony without benefit of clergy! To this complexion we must come at last, if we suffer the Irish rebels to multiply like the Antediluvians, and spread their spawn unrebuked over England. King Priam was nothing in this respect to a papist; and the German lady who had three hundred and sixty-five at a single litter, was a mere type of the fecundity of a papistess. The plan of attack is already arranged: steam-boats are hired for carrying over the invaders, and the Catholic Rent is for the future to be paid in kind, after the rate of a child per annum from every peasant, and twins from the gentlemen farmers. Of what use will it be for an honest Englishman (all Englishmen are honest) to rear a promising youth, and to give him the best of educations, at the university, or at a penny-a-week auxiliary supplementary Bible school, if, when he is ready to be bound apprentice,—no matter whether it be to a Secretary of State or a pin-maker,—a tall, lanky, hungry-visaged, two-handed fellow, shall be suffered to stalk over from Ireland, with his fist in one hand, and a shillelagh in the other, and a short pipe stuck in his hat, and offer to do the young gentleman's business at half-price? Already the evil is felt in the highest quarters. Are there not Spring Rice, and Croker, and Vesey Fitzgerald, doing their best to hustle the Horace Twisses and

the Tindals out of their places, like so many unfledged cuckows in a hedge-sparrow's nest? Are not our fair countrywomen, of the highest blood, elbowed out of Almack's by Irish Countesses? and have not the Liffey and the Shannon all the sunny side of Bond-street to themselves? Think of whole colonies of weavers deserting their native plains, for the express purpose of teaching the Manchester folks to starve, and of weaning the young men of Leeds from the luxury of shoes and stockings! Think of Archbishop Magee's black squad marching into England to mortify the vanities of a Welsh curate, and to force him to preach *à un prix discret!* Think of a cloud of Lord Manners's "unemployed poor," in silk gowns, settling about the ears of the Sugdens and the Adolphuses, and literally taking the bread out of their mouths! Such, however, must soon be our case. One-half of Ireland is actually in a state of combination with the other to over-populate the empire; and the accursed *officina gentium* is making papists by millions; while the New Reformation-men cannot count their converts even by units. "Think of that, Master Brook!" If this is permitted to continue, we English must take ship, and leave the Island. Already our working-classes are in rags, and the "face of an Englishman" will soon be not to be had for love or money in the country. There is not a trade in which the Irish do not "push us from our stools." Formerly, they were contented to have the monopoly of Bath, and the watering-places; to be in the exclusive possession of all marrying widows, love-sick boarding-school misses, and heiresses who had the scarlet fever; together with a right of preemption in all young men of fortune who were fond of dice, and had no objection to a game at billiards. Formerly an Irish "jontleman" had a soul above work; and "love and war took turns" with him, to the exclusion of all tradesman-like employment. But, now-a-days, they put their fingers into every man's dish. They more than divide the army with the Highlanders, and the navy with the saints; they have got possession of the shuttles of Glasgow; they have colonized Liverpool, and turned all London into one Broad Saint Giles's. This, Mr. Editor, is an evil which, hard as it presses upon the nation at large, comes home most especially to our business and bosom; for, of all the trades of London, there is none with which these troublesome interlopers are fonder of meddling than our's; and if we do not stir ourselves to prevent it, Othello's occupation will be gone indeed. Forty years ago, the whole parliamentary branch of literature was carried on by Scotchmen; and half Grub-street spoke the language of Allan Ramsay. But at present that business has fallen altogether into the hands of the Irish. He who cheats an Aberdeen man, they say, has only the devil to dupe; and to be farther north than the "gude men" of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, to overmatch them in industry, and to undersell them by superior economy, is no small proof of desperate abilities. Truly, I would have you look to your Editor's chair. It is familiarly known in Ireland that delicate-faced youths can make a livelihood in London, as well as the stoutest chairmen; and that there is a decent provision for them all, if not as porters, as reporters. Literature, or, as they more commonly call it, *litherature*, is the very element of an Irishman. It is the only trade to which he takes naturally, except turf-cutting and fighting; for it is the only one which requires no capital. A carpenter must at least have his box of tools;

and a shop-boy must have a decent coat on his back. By the by, nobody can sell half the goods that an Irishman can; he has such ready eloquence, and such a taking way with the "leedies." But your literary genius carries his capital in his head, which is a capital advantage. He needs but a stump of a pen and a quire of foolscap; or, as a *pis aller*, he may scrawl

"With desperate charcoal round his darken'd wall."

When, therefore, a young Irishman happens to be of the wrong religion, cannot get into the church, or has not interest enough to make him a gauger, or a serjeant of police; when he is without assets to set up in business, and has not wherewithal to starve till he is called to the Bar, off he sets to London to break a spear with the English wits, and report for the newspapers. During war there was an immense draught to the army of these chaps; and, every Gazette, a decent crop of importunate rivals was killed off; so that an Englishman could enjoy his ease in his arm-chair, and write with some hope of remuneration. But now, "in these piping times of peace," there is no vent for this vast and teeming population (teeming in more senses than one) but through the press; and so,

"Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden through the land."

None can know this better than the editors of the newspapers. Methinks I see their antechambers (especially towards harvest) crowded with embryo Burkes and half-fledged Goldsmiths, red-headed and blue-eyed youths, fresh from their Connaught and Munster academies! Methinks I hear their sweet brogues, "most musical, most melancholy," professing an instinctive passion for writing, and a readiness, poor fellows! to work at the most reduced prices. Nor can it be said that the rogues want talent; for Croker finds the Trinity-men in places under Government, and thus draws off the scholars of whom Ireland makes small boast. Not that we should speak unkindly of the hard readers of the "silent sister." They cannot help the exhausting course of study upon which they are put; and they would be glad to turn their hands to something better than polemics, if they were properly encouraged. Besides, a well-endowed fellow cannot in reason be expected to give up his commons and dine at the potato-warehouse, for the sake of forming a good style. Since Shiel and Maturin succeeded in writing for the theatres, every post brings Kemble a papistical tragedy, or a comedy, of which all the characters are Irishmen; which is much the same thing as an apple-pie all quinces. The Sketches of the Irish Bar have, in like manner, opened an agreeable prospect in the Magazines for such of the Hibernian Templars as eat at the Barley-mow; or, when cash runs taper, take their buttock and flank in Chancery-lane. Then as for Irish novels, Banim has ruined the trade. I believe, on my conscience, that, at this present writing, there is not a county in the four provinces without its novel on the stocks. What, indeed, between Irish novelists and the Tory imitators of Walter Scott, the regular traders can scarcely find a publisher to take their manuscripts as a gift. Your Irishmen, also, are desperate reviewers. Conscience has nothing to do with the matter; and a review is so like a riot or a duel, that your Munsterman is perfectly at home in the

business. It has been most calumniously asserted, that if an Irishman were about to be roasted, there would be no lack of Irishmen to turn the spit. This is only the case as between Protestant and Catholic; who would not only roast, but eat each other also, if they could, for the greater glory of Heaven. It is nevertheless true, that, reviewing being only a metaphorical roasting, the Edinburgh folks, when they want to cut up Irish literature, generally make use of an Irish pen, that the deed may be done handsomely. Poetry, moreover, comes to an Irishman by nature. We have Irish poets, of all sorts and sizes, eating the trade out of house and home; all sparkling and glitter; very gorgeous and very warm. It is not long ago that a worthy Patlander, a dealer in printed calicoes, put a splendid Epic into my hands, beseeching my "int'rest, Sir, with Lintot;" and I am rather surprised that "Lintot, dull rogue!" did not bite; for, as I am a gentleman and a critic, it was one of the best-furnished poems I have read this season; the descriptions being bran new out of the author's shop, of hangings, green and gold, pink and silver, the handsomest "my conversation ever coped withal." An Irish poet of renown, who likes popularity, keeps a clerk on purpose to answer the Irish aspirants to the laurel, who make him the channel of their communication with the booksellers; and the poor young man has more correspondence upon his hands than he can possibly get through. The Irish are also great on the Catholic question; and in a pamphlet on the state of the Nation, the Secretary of the —— has alone written enough political matter to supply any reasonable town for a century; so that, if an Englishman wishes to get in a word edgeways, as the saying is, he must needs pay for printing, paper, and advertisements; and buy and sell, and live by the loss. Is it not virtually a perfect overthrow of the liberty of the press? It is only indeed now that the Tories have got again into power, and can afford once more to pay high for abuse and ribaldry, and that some of the most *acharnés* writers (that is, of the most afflicted with the "pochette vuidée de l'impostume pécuniaire,") will be drawn off, that I venture on the present paper with some faint hope that it may find elbowroom in the crowd.

To make matters worse (for it never rains but it pours), the immigration of Irish authors has been rendered more galling by the new passion for writing which has sprung up among peers and ladies of *haut ton*. There is scarcely a person in the Red Book who has not published his novel, his volume of travels, or at least his pamphlet on the Corn Laws or the Currency. This is so much the more unjust, because such persons are in no want of bread, and write in pure wantonness;—nay, being amply provided with handles to their names, they have not even the excuse of writing to make for themselves a grade in society. If indeed they should be out of cash, can't they apply to the Treasury instead of to Longman? Can't they be contented with a regiment or a colony, instead of a quarto? Or, if they want distinction, cannot they walk the streets without whiskers, flirt with their own wives, pay their debts, or some other extravagance of the kind, to mark them out from the *oi polloi* of the *beau monde?* If they will persist in writing, without rhyme or reason, let them at least give up their estates to the regular traders, or found hospitals for decayed authors. There's Lord B.

and the metaphysical Lord D. offend in the double capacity of Lords and of Irishmen. Why the devil don't they write in Irish? they would be just as intelligible; or some professional writer might live by their translation. Is it not enough to put *commoner* authors down in person, but we must have vicarious authors into the bargain in high life? Besides, is not this fraudulent putting forward of a great name a getting of money under false pretences a cheat on the public, who pay so generously for aristocratic books, which would be left for ever on the shelf if not written by a Right Honourable? Does his Lordship hope that any plebeian can so far imitate the style of a peer as to deceive the people of fashion? Oh! my dear dear, Lord, this is indeed "too bad." It is pleasant, but wrong—" reform it altogether."

But, to come back to the lost sheep of Parnassus,—this overstocking of the literary population is the more grievous, inasmuch as there is so little prospect of a remedy, natural or parliamentary, short of an *ad internecionem* starvation. Writers are shut out of almost every European state. Austria, which has provided so liberally for fighting Irishmen,—making one a Field-marshal and another a Count of the Holy Roman Empire,—would look very queer at a publishing recruit. The Pope, maugre his Catholicity, would put him on the Index as one of the *radicali del secolo;* and the Spaniard would clap him into the Inquisition for treating Emancipation as a revolutionary and unjesuitical question. In France they have also pretty well overstocked their own market, and the booksellers give no prices. Then again, literature, unlike agriculture, has no spade cultivation to provide for superfluous hands; and if an Irish author should strive to earn a livelihood by dropping back into the rear ranks of society, and should turn his ambitious tendencies at climbing up a bricklayer's ladder, he will but escape out of the frying-pan into the fire. In America, a market is scarcely yet open sufficient to meet the views of the literary emigrant. Yet this is all that remains for us; and I would press it upon Mr. Wilmot Horton, since he will take the bull by the horns, to begin with this the least unmanageable branch of the subject. If he can reduce the literary population of Ireland, it will encourage him to proceed with the rest of the peasantry. It would only require to engage Murray or Colburn to settle in America, and the authors would follow instinctively, like flies after the honey. But then, it will be said, how are we to do this, and keep the home-market in a supply of bibliopoles? "Ay, that's the rub!" Suppose, then, we have a joint-stock company for the encouragement of literature in the back-settlements. Joint-stock companies, to be sure, are out of fashion, but the case is desperate. Over-population is the master-vice of the nineteenth century; and Hippocrates writes that extreme diseases require extreme remedies.

M.

LONDON LYRICS.

Table Talk.

To weave a culinary clue,
Whom to eschew, and what to chew,
  Where shun, and where take rations,
I sing. Attend, ye diners-out,
And, if my numbers please you, shout
  " Hear, hear!" in acclamations.

There are who treat you, once a year,
To the same stupid set: good cheer
  Such hardship cannot soften.
To listen to the self-same dunce,
At the same leaden table, once
  Per Annum 's once too often.

Rather than that, mix on my plate
With men I like the meat I hate—
  Colman with pig and treacle;
Luttrell with ven'son-pasty join,
Lord Normanby with orange wine,
  And rabbit-pie with Jekyll.

Add to George Lambe a sable snipe,
Conjoin with Captain Morris tripe,
  By parsley-roots made denser:
Mix Macintosh with mack'rel, with
Calves-head and bacon Sydney Smith,
  And mutton-broth with Spencer.

Shun sitting next the wight whose drone
Bores, *sotto voce*, you alone
  With flat colloquial pressure:
Debarr'd from general talk, you droop
Beneath his buzz, from orient Soup
  To occidental Cheshire.

He who can only talk with one,
Should stay at home and talk with none—
  At all events, to strangers,
Like village epitaphs of yore,
He ought to cry, " Long time I bore,"
  To warn them of their dangers.

There are whose kind inquiries scan
Your total kindred, man by man,
  Son, brother, cousin, joining.
They ask about your wife, who 's dead,
And eulogize your uncle Ned,
  Who died last week for coining.

When join'd to such a son of prate,
His queries I anticipate,
  And thus my lee-way fetch up—
" Sir, all my relatives, I vow,
Are perfectly in health—and now
  I 'd thank you for the ketchup!"

Others there are who but retail
Their breakfast journal, now grown stale,
  In print ere day was dawning:
When folks like these sit next to me,
They send me dinnerless to tea;
  One cannot chew while yawning.

Seat not good talkers one next one,
As Jacquier beards the Clarendon;
Thus shrouded you undo 'em:
Rather confront them, face to face,
Like Holles Street and Harewood Place,
And let the town run through 'em.

Poets are dangerous to sit nigh;
You waft their praises to the sky,
And when you think you're stirring
Their gratitude, they bite you.—(That 's
The reason I object to cats;
They scratch amid their purring.)

For those who ask you if you "malt,"
Who "beg your pardon" for the salt,
And ape our upper grandees,
By wondering folks can touch port wine:
That, reader, 's your affair, not mine;
I never mess with dandies.

Relations mix not kindly; shun
Inviting brothers; sire and son
Is not a wise selection:
Too intimate, they either jar
In converse, or the evening mar
By mutual circumspection.

Lawyers are apt to think the view
That interests them must interest you;
Hence they appear at table
Or supereloquent, or dumb,
Fluent as nightingales, or mum
As horses in a stable.

When men amuse their fellow guests
With Crank and Jones, or Justice Best's
Harangue in Dobbs and Ryal;
The host, beneath whose roof they sit,
Must be a puny judge of wit,
Who grants them a new trial.

Shun technicals in each extreme:
Exclusive talk, whate'er the theme,
The proper boundary passes:
Nobles as much offend, whose clack 's
For ever running on Almack's,
As brokers on molasses.

I knew a man, from glass to delf,
Who talk'd of nothing but himself,
'Till check'd by a vertigo:
The party who beheld him "floor'd,"
Bent o'er the liberated board,
And cried, "Hic jacet ego."

Some aim to tell a thing that hit
Where last they dined; what there was wit
Here meets rebuffs and crosses.
Jokes are like trees; their place of birth
Best suits them; stuck in foreign earth,
They perish in the process.

Think, reader, of the few who groan
For any ailments save their own:

The world, from peer to peasant,
Is heedless of your cough or gout;
Then pri'thee, when you next dine out,
Go arm'd with something pleasant.

Nay, even the very soil that nursed
The plant, will sometimes kill what erst
It nurtured in full glory.
Like causes will not always move
To similar effects:—to prove
The fact I'll tell a story.

Close to that spot where Stuart turns
His back upon the clubs and spurns
The earth, a marble fixture,
We dined: well match'd, for pleasure met,
Wits, poets, peers, a jovial set
In miscellaneous mixture.

Each card turn'd up a trump, the glee,
The catch went round, from eight to three,
Decorum scorn'd to own us;
We joked, we banter'd, laugh'd, and roar'd,
Till high above the welkin soar'd
The helpmate of Tithonus.

Care kept aloof, each social soul
A brother hail'd, Joy fill'd the bowl,
And humour crown'd the medley,
Till Royal Charles, roused by the fun,
Look'd toward Whitehall, and thought his son
Was rioting with Sedley.

"Gad, John, this is a glorious joke—"
(Thus to our host his Highness spoke)—
"The Vicar with his Nappy
Would give an eye for this night's freak—
Suppose we meet again next week—"
John bow'd, and was "too happy."

The day arrived—'twas seven—we met:
Wits, poets, peers, the self-same set,
Each hail'd a joyous brother.
But in the blithe and debonnaire,
Saying, alas! is one affair,
And doing is another.

Nature unkind, we turn'd to Art;
Heavens! how we labour'd to be smart:
Zug sang a song in German:
We might as well have play'd at chess:
All dropp'd, as dead-born from the press
As last year's Spital sermon.

Ah! Merriment! when men entrap
Thy bells, and women steal thy cap,
They think they have trepann'd thee.
Delusive thought! aloof and dumb,
Thou wilt not at a bidding come,
Though Royalty command thee.

The rich, who sigh for thee; the great,
Who court thy smiles with gilded plate,

> But clasp thy cloudy follies:
> I 've known thee turn, in Portman-square,
> From Burgundy and Hock, to share
> A pint of Port at Dolly's.
>
> Races at Ascot, tours in Wales,
> White-bait at Greenwich ofttimes fail,
> To wake thee from thy slumbers.
> Ev'n now, so prone art thou to fly,
> Ungrateful nymph! thou 'rt fighting shy
> Of these narcotic numbers.

MISADVENTURES OF A SHORT-SIGHTED MAN.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"It was in ignorance, Glo'ster's eyes being out."
King Lear, Act iv. Scene 5.

I DO believe I am the most unfortunate man alive. I am ashamed of my name, and dare not use it. I have lost my fortune, my friends, my honour, and my wife. I am reviled as a spendthrift, pointed at as a pick-purse, and shunned as a libertine; and yet I am as guiltless of waste, of theft, and of profligacy, as the babe that has never seen this wasteful, thieving, and profligate world. Neither can I justly blame others for any of my misfortunes, excepting in one instance, and that the one to which I am the least sensible—the loss of fortune. I once even attributed that in part, and all the rest wholly, to my miserable luck in having been born extremely short-sighted. Unless I relate the principal adventures of my life, I cannot expect that any one should take my word for what sounds so improbable: I shall therefore write my story. It may reach the eyes or ears of some of my early friends, who may thus be induced to attend to an explanation of facts, and to do me a tardy justice. It may chance to cause some slight interest or amusement to the public. At all events, the recital will beguile a few hours of my tedious and solitary existence, and procure me once again, before I die, a feeling of my own importance, while I make myself the sad hero of the following sheets:—

Reader, have I not said I am ashamed of my name? Then, do not expect me to divulge it. Thus much will I confess—it begins with a B; and, courteously allowing the confidence between us to be limited in this single respect, suffer me to be known to you only as Mr. B. of London; for I was born and bred in London, was apprenticed to a tea-merchant in that city, went into business myself in the same place, lived and married there (only going to Islington for a very short honey-moon), and in London I probably shall die, shrouded in that obscurity in which I am now carefully hid, and where I am by this time (I almost hope) forgotten.

My father was a man well to do in the tea-trade. I was his only child; and, although he could have afforded to make a gentleman of me much better than probably he could have done had he been himself a gentleman, still his pride was not of that sort. It was to be respectable and respected in that walk of life in which his birth had cast him. He considered Trade and Wealth as elder and younger sisters, and would

always represent them as going hand in hand—Industry and Content, as brothers in the same relation to each other, and as little caring to be divided. That all the forms of trade might be observed, my father made me serve my apprenticeship with an excellent man (likewise a topping tea-merchant), who treated me like a son, but in whose house I lived less than in my father's; for some of my mornings, most of my evenings, and all my Sundays and holidays, were spent under the paternal roof. There I never failed to criticise, as I sipped it, my mother's tea, to question her Congou, and to insinuate that her Souchong had not the true Pekoe flavour. This I did for the double purpose of courting my father, by showing him the insight I was gaining in his favourite trade, and stimulating my mother (who was a very saving woman) to put another pinch into the pot. Quiet, happy days! I look back to you with a painful affection.

At twenty-one my time was out, and my father made me his journeyman. For fifteen years I served him with fidelity; at the end of which period, and when I was thirty-six years of age, I fell in love—not unconsciously, nor romantically, nor violently; but intentionally, considerately, and sufficiently. My father chose the lady; she was the daughter of his best friend: he thought her full young; but then he was anxious to see me settled; and, as we were to live with him and my mother, he persuaded himself that that defect might prove a blessing as a young mind is so easily trained to habits of industry and obedience. The two fathers and one lawyer settled every thing before I or the young lady even guessed at their intentions; and we should have been married without any previous courtship, had not my mother desired a delay of only half a year, that the ceremony might take place on my father's seventieth birthday, in which very natural fancy, not being of impatient dispositions, we were, of course, both willing and happy to indulge her.

My wife was but just turned eighteen, and she looked even younger. There was nothing predominant in her appearance; she was of middle stature and middle size; her features were small, and she had a pretty fair complexion; her hair was neither dark nor bright. In short, she was so very like every third young woman that one passes in the parks on a fine Sunday, that I am at a loss how to describe her in any more particular manner. Would to God she had been more remarkable in her person! or even in her voice!

As to the character of her mind, I do suppose she was as much like every third young woman one meets with in that respect also, as she was in her outward form. She was good-natured and kind-hearted, and very good-tempered whenever she was pleased. She had her virtues, and was obedient and œconomical; and she was a pattern of modesty and decorum. Her fault (and who is faultless?) was obstinacy. It was but one fault, but it clouded all her virtues. Through it her obedience was, if I may say it, too literal. For instance, if I requested her to do a thing, unless I were of myself pompously to issue a counter order, no accidental change of circumstances, nor probable change in my wishes, could induce her to relax in her instant execution of the original mandate. Her œconomy was of the same rigid nature. No unlooked-for arrival of an old friend, no sudden good news, either public or private, no entreaty, could make her forego her accustomed routine of

prudent and œconomical arrangements. My father had chosen her for her obedient disposition; my mother had praised her for her knowledge in the saving art; her pride was concerned, and she was determined to justify their good opinions. Nothing short of a call from me upon her obedience could relax her unaccommodating prudence; but this, by giving me so much of the trouble, took from me half the pleasure of our little festivities, whenever (and it was but seldom) such things did happen.

I have described my wife—here, then, let me insert a few particulars concerning myself. I have already said I was short-sighted, but to what a degree short-sighted it is difficult indeed to express. It was most inconvenient in my business, and distressing upon all occasions; but oh! how peculiarly unfortunate in my domestic transactions! As a child, my nurse had to lead me longer than ever other child was led, lest I should be drowned in the gutters; to feed me longer than ever other child was fed, lest I should poke out with my spoon the scanty portion of sight I had. As a boy, at day-school, various and cruel were the tricks my schoolfellows used to play me. With how many pieces of alum, carved into a clumsy imitation of white sugar-candy, have I poisoned my mouth! How often have I presented some forbidden and ungodly book to our master (who was of a serious turn), which the sly urchins had substituted for my English grammar! As a lover, the scrapes I used to get into may be better conceived than described; they were endless. How often have I bought for my mistress some token of true love, and presented her by mistake with a sample of tea, while the symbol of my passion was inclosed and forwarded to some matronly customer as per order. As a man and a tradesman, what I suffered from the untoward accidents that befel me, all owing to the same unfortunate cause, is hardly to be credited. I was for ever mistaking Congou for Souchong, young Hyson for old, or both for Gunpowder. But I am digressing. Let me return to my narrative. Soon enough for my reader's impatience, and too soon, alas! for my own tranquillity, I shall arrive at the sequel of the events occasioned by my unfortunate defect!

To proceed. My outward appearance (even independent of the considerable stoop inseparable from this calamity) is somewhat remarkable, inasmuch as it was always very old and formal for my years. At thirty-six, when, as I have said, I married, I might have passed for fifty. In short, to describe myself in a few words, let those of my readers who have had the good fortune to see Terry in his inimitable part of "Mr. Simpson," just add a pair of spectacles and a short-sighted stoop to that happy delineation, and they have their humble servant before them:—just such a neat, precise, formal personage did I appear one morning before the altar in Bow Church, leading a bride, who was only remarkable for her look of extreme youth and simplicity.

Within a few years after my marriage my father died, and I entered upon his business on my own account. My mother had become childish: we took every possible care of her, but she was incapable of deriving any gratification from our society; she did not know us from the servants who attended her. In about a year after my father's death, she too was called away. I remember, the last evening before her decease, she surprised me greatly by showing signs of intelligence. I

asked her, as usual, if I could do any thing to serve her? She smiled, and said, "Son, get me a small dish of Souchong tea; and, mind, with the true Pekoe flavour!" My poor mother! how little did you think that you would ever appear before the public! An author, when he writes his own memoirs, deals like a peerage with his relatives. He ennobles them all, tea-merchants, and what not? for many generations back; redeems great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers from the obscurity of their graves; exhumes not only their persons but their acts; obtrudes upon the public notice all the defunct fruitage of his family tree, and betrays the ages of all his extant maiden aunts!

My business employed much of my time. My wife was always too much occupied by her domestic concerns to be much of a companion; and, although not a great many years married to a still young, and certainly pretty woman, I was as complete an old bachelor in my habits as I could have been had I never taken a helpmate. My life was industrious, monotonous, innocent, and happy. I used to rise early, and attend in the shop till ten; then I would go to Leadenhall-street, or visit the ships from India, or see to matters in my warehouses. I would step into Garraway's for a sandwich at noon, run home for a chop at dinner-time, and then return to business. When the day's work was concluded, I would accompany a friend to his house and take a cheerful glass and a biscuit, or he would go with me to mine for a comfortable dish of tea. Then we would play cribbage together, or, with my wife's help and Dumby's, make out a rubber of whist. Then followed a temperate supper, and by half-past ten or eleven every light was out.

In such an industrious course of life, business was sure to thrive—mine increased rapidly. The concern grew too considerable for one head to manage, and I was obliged to look about for a partner. As I shall have frequent occasion to mention the defect in my sight, I will in future call it, simply and concisely, "my calamity"—it being the parent of all the others that have surrounded me through life; the indulgent reader will therefore be pleased so to understand me when in future I may use that term. My calamity, then, was my chief inducement in taking this important step; for, in so large a concern as mine was now become, an Argus would not have had eyes enough, nor a lynx more piercing ones, than were wanted to keep all things in their proper order. I had little, or rather no knowledge in the science of phrenology; but what did that signify? for, had I been ever so conversant with all the indications which in choosing a partner one ought to desiderate or avoid, how was I, with my calamity, to steal a sly look at the shape of a man's head, when it was as much as I could do, with double spectacles, to see if he had a head at all? I have been since informed, that had I not been blind as ignorant, and ignorant as blind, I never could have chosen a partner with such a diabolical amount of secretiveness and appropriation on his shoulders, without one redeeming protrusion, as was possessed by my most confidential agent. I found out, but too late, that he had every possible organ that he ought to have been without, and not a single one to compensate with a tolerable counteracting propensity. All I know is, that he was a very tall man; that to me his head was always in a mist; and that, even had I been able to make head or tail of the science, I never could have caught a sufficiently defined outline of form to apply

it to any practical use. But I am becoming prolix. He was a rogue; he wormed himself into my confidence; he encouraged me to "rest my eyes," (as he hypocritically phrased it,) and to give over books, consignments, documents, every thing, to his keeping. At the end of two years, I was no longer master in my own shop. Every thing was managed without my direction being even asked for. I was a cypher! Blind as I was, I could perceive that my clerk and my shop-boys laughed at me. I demanded an explanation, and was answered with insolence. I required a dissolution of partnership—it was agreed to; but I had given up all my papers. Another had acted for me, who had risen at my expense. He refused to account for many hundreds of pounds that I had given, in the way of business, into his power. He knew that my unfortunate blindness had once caused me to mistake one bundle of papers for another; and that thus I had burned by accident several receipts and securities which would have bound him to repay me. He took advantage of the circumstance. In short, I had nursed a serpent in my bosom, and now it was that he turned round and stung me.

I was more than half-ruined. I retired from business, or, to describe it more truly, I was turned out of it by my wicked partner. But I tried to make the best of a bad job; and my wife behaved like an angel. She seemed to feel our losses much less severely than I could have expected from so thrifty a woman. Far be it from me to wish to take from any merit of her's; and yet I do believe that, her thriftiness delighting itself with small matters rather than with large, more with pence than pounds, she was happier, and more completely in her element, as sole manager of a small house at Mile End, where her eye could be upon every out-going and in-coming, than in our large concern, where, as I have often heard her remark, in her own quiet way, she never knew what was behind her.

But I soon got tired of this, to me, idle and unprofitable way of life. I was disgusted with the world in general; and I resolved to turn every thing that remained into money, and go for some years to America, where I might carry on some little traffic, and be busy at least, while I waited for better times. My wife's father was rich; and as she was his only child, I might reasonably expect to inherit his fortune at his death. But he was in a great way of business, and could spare us nothing at present. He was hale and hearty, and my temper would not brook watching for dead men's shoes. My losses had increased my natural reserve, and had made me suspicious, and I felt unwilling to confide in any one. So, when I had settled every thing in my own mind, I bade my wife ask no questions, but prepare (with as little ostentation as possible) for a voyage over the seas. She, good soul! was all obedience, as usual, and was soon ready. I took a passage secretly for her and for myself on board a ship bound for Philadelphia, which was expected to sail in a short time. This ship had already dropped down the River as far as Gravesend, and to that pleasant sea-port I went with my wife and our luggage. I put her on board, and saw every thing carefully stowed; but having still a little business to transact in the city, and some dividends to receive at the Bank, I returned by myself to London, intending to be back long before the ship would sail.

In three days time I had completed my final arrangements. I took, as I thought, a long leave of my native city, and went once again to Gravesend to join my wife and embark for Philadelphia. Judge, reader!—but no; how can you, how can any one, judge of my feelings at this most strange adventure? The captain had never seen my wife! I had never left her on board that ship!—The light broke in suddenly upon my comprehension. There had been another ship, but bound, alas! for India, lying alongside of the one in which I had taken our passage for America; and that ship had sailed the very evening I had returned to London. Blind, blind idiot! I had mistaken the ships! How could I read the name upon her stern? It was as much as I could do to see if she had a stern at all! I had sent the wife of my bosom a long solitary voyage to the Eastern Indies! She was with strangers—without a due provision for her commonest necessities, and, worse than all, without the slightest knowledge of my real intentions, by which she could understand that this was not a deliberate act of base and cruel desertion. Unlucky in every thing! my trade had made me so well known on board every East Indiaman in the River, that the captain, (who knew me, although I could not see him,) expecting farther explanation, had not hesitated to receive my wife on board—and she, poor soul! would not have asked a question after the order I had given her, had it been to save her own life, and mine into the bargain.

What was to be done? My first thought was, of course, to follow her immediately. I flattered myself I might overtake her at Madeira, or catch her at the Cape; and I instantly returned to London, to make eager inquiries concerning the first ship that would sail for Calcutta. But disappointments came thick upon me. This had been the last ship of the Company's fleet for the season, and all the private ships had sailed before. I was obliged to resign myself to my fate, with whatever patience I could call to my aid. I waited upon my father-in-law, as I thought I owed him some explanation. It might have been merely accidental, or my own fancy, but I thought he received and spoke to me coldly. Considering I was the husband of his only child, I certainly was surprised, and felt somewhat hurt. But I said nothing—and all I know is, the unfortunate have few friends!

I led a most uncomfortable life for many weeks. At length I heard of a ship going direct to Bombay from Portsmouth. My wife was gone to Calcutta; but, as my first object was to be in the same quarter of the globe with her, I secured a passage on board this ship, and, turning my back once more upon the glories of my dear native city, I started for the coast. I rode on the outside of the Portsmouth coach, that I might get a view of London from the country. I remember my sensations were of a very mixed description as I sat upon the coach, looking back from time to time upon the dense cloud of smoke in which London was lost. My sensations were painful, inasmuch as I was quitting, I knew not for how long, the only scene of life which custom had endeared to me—the only spot in the world in which I had felt till now an interest. They were pleasing, inasmuch as although every ten minutes took me another long long mile from London, still every ten minutes placed me, by another mile, nearer to my poor wife; and I felt it lighten the weight at my heart to keep an account of the

milestones as my fellow-travellers told me that we passed them. At last, after a long stage, we stopped at K——. Here we changed horses—and here I would that I had died! for, miserable being that I am! here I met with one of my worst misfortunes—like all the rest, a consequence of that dire calamity which has robbed me of repose, and of every thing that I ever held dear and valuable,—even as I premised at the commencement of these sheets.

We stopped at K—— to breakfast, as well as to change horses. I was so little accustomed to travel in this manner, and I was so much discomposed by the heat, fatigue, and dust, that I asked for a chamber in which I might wash and refresh, and make myself neat and more fit to be seen, intending, as I did, to go the rest of the way inside the coach. I changed my suit, and shaved. All this I did very hastily, fearing that I should be too late; for the people of the inn were calling for me, and hurrying me, till I hardly knew if I stood on my head or my heels. When I reached the inn-door, by good luck, (as I then thought,) I felt for my purse. I searched in vain in my pocket; the coach waited for me; a young gentleman driver on the coach-box swore with a terrible oath that he would go without me. I had but a moment. I rushed back to the room in which I had changed my dress. The purse was lying on the table, full and heavy, well prepared as it was for the expenses of my journey. I seized it—put it into my pocket—ran down-stairs and got into the coach, which instantly drove off. All this was done in considerably less time than I have employed in writing it.

I fell asleep soon after we left the inn-door. I dreamed I was on the wide sea, which I had never before seen, and that it was full of wonders. But still it was more like a great river than an open sea. I thought that I soon arrived at a place full of buildings and shipping, and not very unlike the Custom-house in my own city. I thought this place was Calcutta, and that it was very hot. The first person I saw there was my wife, in her neat travelling-dress as when we parted; but she turned her back upon me. I told her I was her own husband, come all the way from London to comfort her. She said she had no husband; and, looking reproachfully at me, she was just leaving me, and mixing in a crowd of persons that now surrounded us, when I thought I raised my arm to stop her, and immediately it was seized and grasped by the strong hand of a tall man, whom I had not observed till now, and who was no other than my wicked partner. Good God! I waked in a state of alarm and anxiety I can never forget. My arm was grasped in reality, by the strong hand of a tall man, as I waked in a cold sweat from my horrible dream. But he was a stranger to me; and, as soon as I could recollect my scattered senses, I asked him his business, and the reason of his violence. He was a stout hireling, sent after me from K——, who accused me, with very little ceremony, of having stolen a purse from a gentleman at the inn. I was too much astounded to answer or to resist; so he did with me as he liked, and gave me in charge to the constable of the village where he had stopped the coach. This man searched me, and soon produced a purse, certainly not my own, but very like it, and quite full of money. I now began to comprehend that, in my haste to recover my own purse, I must have been led by my unfortunate blindness into a wrong chamber, from whence I must by mistake have taken another's. I explained the circumstance

as well as I was able, considering the alarm I had been put into, asserting my innocence strenuously, and contending that, if I had taken accidentally another man's purse, I had left my own, which was as well furnished, in its place. By this time I had suffered them to lead me to a public-house, and found myself surrounded by my fellow-travellers, and many strangers, all, I must say, as is not unusual, giving the whole benefit of their doubts to the accusing party. Here I underwent a stricter scrutiny, and, to my inexpressible mortification and discomfort, my own purse was found, out of its usual place, in the pocket of my coat.

Reader, surely it has happened to you to search in vain, high and low, for something or other you have thought missing, and at last to find it in your pocket, if not in your hand; or to waste half a day looking for your spectacles, with them all the while on your nose. If such, and I doubt it not, has been your own case, you will kindly feel pity for my situation, because you may comprehend and believe my innocence.

But every appearance was against me. It was soon recollected that I had left the company after a very hasty breakfast; and that, when the coach was ready, I was missing; that when I did appear, my manner was hurried and disturbed; that I had completely changed my dress, and had gone to an upper chamber to shave off my whiskers (Heaven knows! I never had any); and had sought to conceal myself by pursuing my journey inside the coach, whereas I had come from London on the outside; and that, upon the appearance of the messenger, I had manifested symptoms of excessive alarm and agitation. Every thing, and every body, told against me—every body felt it his duty not to listen to me—my fellow passengers groped in their pockets after their own purses, or looked to their luggage. They all gave their names and addresses unasked to the constable, shrugged their shoulders, and pursued their journey: while I was taken back to K—— in a post-chaise by an unmannerly constable and the original thief-catcher. I there underwent an examination before two magistrates, who required little more than the fact of the purse having been found upon me, and which was sworn to by the owner, to commit me to the prison at K——, there to await my trial at the ensuing assize.

For more reasons than one, I have been minute in my details. In the first place, as I before said, I have sought to beguile a few hours of a very miserable existence by a lengthened recital of my strange adventures. In the second, I cannot help clinging to a hope, however faint, that so they may reach the knowledge of one or two of those to whose friendship, although too weak to resist the appearances so powerful against me, I still look back as a possession once dearly valued, and now deeply regretted. I have dwelt upon many matters, trifling in themselves, for yet another purpose. It has been my endeavour to place myself in character, as well as in person, so distinctly before my reader as to make him the better able to sympathize with me in those situations of conspicuous degradation which I am now describing, and which must have been so eminently distressing to one of a nature averse from display, and sufficiently proud and sensitive. If I have succeeded in this attempt, my reader may conceive what was the state of my mind when I had leisure to ponder the events I have just recounted:—that leisure was the leisure of a prison!

Still I was sanguine—still the consciousness of perfect innocence

encouraged me to look for an honourable acquittal, and, in this fatal security, I disdained to employ counsel. The charge being one of a capital felony, I was informed that the law, probably from a humane belief that innocence in distress pleads best for itself, denied me counsel to speak in my behalf; I therefore trusted to my own plain statement of facts, borne out by the character for upright honesty, which I knew I deserved, and which I felt sure I should obtain from many who had known me from my infancy, and who would, I felt equally sure, flock in crowds to support me at the critical moment that was fast approaching. But, after the perusal of these memoirs, let no man expect to meet with his desert in this world; let the villain thrive upon his ill-gotten riches; and let the thief, fearless of the halter, look on in safety, while the honest man loses both fortune and reputation, and narrowly escapes an ignominious death! Shall I be believed when I declare this wayward and cruel fate to have been my own? I was tried for my life, as I expected; but, contrary to all expectation, no friends appeared, while crowds flocked in to testify against me—the prosecutor, who believed himself to have been robbed intentionally, the messenger, the constable, the people of the inn at K——, my fellow passengers in the stage coach, &c. &c. all, all united to weave a strong chain of consistent unanswerable evidence. Besides, there were many corroborating facts: I had been detected on my road to the coast, having taken a passage for India, whither I had already sent my wife and effects, and, with considerable mystery, having prepared professedly for a voyage to America.

In short, every thing was against me—every fresh circumstance that was produced helped to overwhelm me—every unlucky innocent act of my own tended one fatal way. At length I was called upon for my defence. The shock my feelings had received by the desertion of my friends had a violent and particularly unfortunate effect upon my nerves: I trembled, and could hardly support myself. "A chair for the prisoner" was called for; I declined it, and, as well as I was able, I stood to begin my own uncounselled case. In a voice almost inaudible from emotion, I gave a plain statement; blind as I was, I could perceive that it obtained no credence with the jury, and excited but little interest in the audience. My agitation increased, for what I held dearest in the world, my reputation, was at stake and in the utmost peril. Almost in despair, I earnestly looked round me for some friendly face. I saw my father-in-law in the crowd. I called him to character, and he obeyed the call, but he did me more harm than good. He, good man, like the rest of my friends, had yielded to the tide of appearances and prejudice which was running so strong against me. He said little, and nothing that in itself could have hurt me; but he could not command his manner, and that was constrained; and his distress, when, on being questioned as to the relationship in which he stood towards me, he mentioned his daughter, was so acute and so natural, that, while it excited a general feeling of interest for him and for her, it made as general an impression against me.

The judge summed up the evidence, and the jury pronounced a verdict of "Guilty!" The fatal words rung in my ears with the noise of an hundred death-bells—a giddiness came over me, and I fainted away!

When I came to myself, I was supported by two men to receive sentence of death. Good God! what a situation for an innocent man! I will not attempt to describe my sensations—I know of no words that

can convey an adequate idea of the mental agony I suffered. A gentleman with a wig had the kindness to ask me, "what I had to say that sentence should not pass upon me to die according to law." Alas! I had nothing to say, and, if I had, nothing would have been believed from me. If I was short-sighted, justice was stone-blind! The judge was adjusting the awful black cap, when an attorney, (who had disposed of all the business in which he had been engaged that assize, and had therefore time to be humane and honest on his own account,) casting his eye carelessly over the indictment, as it lay open before the clerk of the arraigns, started, and hastily wrote a few words upon a scrap of paper, which he threw across to me in the dock. With the help of my spectacles, which were fortunately on my nose, I read these words, "A flaw in the indictment! For God's sake! move the court!—Your's in haste, to command." Move the court? The law and I had never met before—I knew not what it meant, nor what to do: all I knew was, that death and disgrace were staring me in the face. I cast an imploring look at the attorney, who instantly whispered a disengaged counsel, who had just before dealt with his last brief. The young barrister immediately addressed the court: "My lord, on the part of the prisoner, I move in arrest of judgment." The Court was amazed, and so indeed was I. The indictment was handed to the judge, who seemed much surprised, and somewhat incredulous. After looking keenly through the parchment, to assure himself that my safety was inevitable, and after a few words of angry parle with the peccant clerk of the arraigns, he threw off the black cap with a jerk, and informed me that the humanity of the law often allowing a technical error to save the greatest criminals, it had become his duty to postpone the passing sentence, and lay my case before the twelve judges. (Alas! twelve, when one had, as I thought, destroyed me.) It was likewise, he said, his duty to inform me that my life might probably be saved. Then, in a tone of great bitterness, he congratulated me upon this circumstance; taking pains to assure me, that had it not been for an accidental error, which had thrown the undeserved protection of the law around me, there was more than enough in the aggravated character of my case to have determined him to leave me to a fate which so justly belonged to crimes like mine. He said that he was an old man, and had lived to see many very deplorable exhibitions of the depravity of human nature; that he had met with many profligate and wicked characters, and some hardened sinners; "but never," continued this unconsciously unjust judge, "never has it been till now my fortune to meet with such an instance of consummate hypocrisy as is presented in your person. I may say, you are a finished actor—you are even dressed for the part: your hair is cut, and your cravat is plaited for it. The canting tone of your voice too—all is in keeping! You will retire, Sir, in custody; and should your life be saved, (which I am bound to say it may,) and should you not be too old in iniquity to profit by good advice, (which I fear you are,) let me recommend you to consider the event of this day, as an useful and awful warning, instead of making it (as I doubt not you will do) the subject of a ribald jest with your loose companions.—Jailor, remove your prisoner!" The indictment had charged me, God knows how untruly! with having taken the purse with force

and arms, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity. Had it, as I am informed, only said something about a statute made and provided, I, who never used force for any thing in my life, nor any arms but those I was born with; who love my King, and know not what a statute is; should long ago have filled a felon's grave. To make short of this part of my history, in a few weeks, by due course of law, I found myself with my life preserved, my liberty restored, and my fame and happiness utterly blasted!

My first act after my enlargement was to call upon the friendly attorney whose timely interference had saved my life. He drew himself up when he saw me, and refused my proffered hand. "No, Sir," said he; "I cannot accept your thanks, while I should be ashamed of your acquaintance. I hold it my duty to the profession to which I belong, never, when not engaged for the prosecution, to allow the life of an innocent man to be taken away in my sight, without giving him every chance the law admits him to. I will send you my bill, with the fee paid to counsel. But for Mr. ——, as well as for myself, I must decline any personal intercourse with one whose acquaintance could not fail to dishonour our character, and injure our practice." With these words he motioned me to the door, and desired his clerk to show me down-stairs. This person elbowed me as I passed him, and slammed the door in my face.

Behold me now arrived almost at the last stage of my misfortunes. My reputation, which I prized so highly, was gone; my friends, whom I had loved so dearly, deceived by false appearances, were gone too; and I was an outcast from that society in which for many years I had filled so respectable a place. It is not surprising that my health should sink under such an accumulation of unmerited suffering. I had a long and severe fit of illness; for many weeks my wretched life was despaired of; and when I did begin to mend, it was by very slow and painful degrees. A nervous fever had fixed itself upon my spirits, and there were moments in which I almost regretted the accident by which my existence had been prolonged. At length my naturally good constitution, fortified as it had been by a life of tranquillity and temperance, surmounted my disease; and, after a tedious convalescence, I recovered. During my illness I had made earnest efforts to resign myself to my strange fate, and those efforts were not wholly vain. I was greatly supported by the feeling of conscious innocence, which I would not have bartered for any degree of earthly prosperity whatever. One source of consolation too still remained for me: my wife was alive, although far distant; and to her I looked as to the only tie that still bound my wishes and affections to this world. I was not without a vague hope that through her means some explanation might be brought about with my father-in-law. She had now been absent nearly two years, for much time had been occupied by the cruel occurrences which I have attempted to describe, as well as by my tedious illness and more tedious recovery. I had contrived to send some money to her, and I had written once to inform her of my strange mistake concerning the ships at Gravesend, and to assure her, in moving terms, of my innocence on that score: but never could I conquer my reluctance to even hint at subsequent events. How was I to tell her that her husband had been

tried for theft—found guilty—and only, by a mere accident, remained unhanged! The bare idea of such a disclosure distressed me beyond measure; and one attempt that I did force myself to make to enter upon the humiliating subject by letter, brought back the complaint upon my nerves with such violence that I was obliged to relinquish it. In short, I resolved to spare myself for the present; so I wrote to my wife to desire her to sail in the first ship for England. I told her many things had happened during her absence of a most distressing and extraordinary nature—that I would inform her of every one of them in time—but that my health and spirits were weak, and that she must indulge me in my earnest wish not to recur to any past events whatever, till I should voluntarily begin the subject myself. I called upon her to show that perfect obedience to my wishes for which she had always been so remarkable. I charged her, moreover, to know me in future by no other name than "Perkins," and to call herself, from the moment she received my letter, "Mrs. Perkins," (this name I had assumed immediately after my trial: I had borne it ever since, where I lived in an obscure street in the city of London; and my nurse and physician had known me by no other). I proceed with my letter to my wife: I desired her merely to land in England, then to take a passage instantly on board a packet for Calais. There I bade her go to the hotel of Mons. ——, Rue ——, and await my arrival—always under the name of "Perkins;" and I ended with these words: "Be not uneasy at my altered appearance—I am a man of many sorrows. Be not surprised if I should long be silent on all that has passed—your curiosity shall have full satisfaction in time: with your accustomed obedience to my wishes, avoid all topics which can carry my mind back to my former state—let us have new amusements, new prospects, new names—I am changed in many ways, but you will find me the same in my constant affection for you. Till death your faithful husband, Peter Perkins."

I despatched my letter, and calculated that it would be from nine to ten months before I could hope to see my wife. I endeavoured, by frequent little excursions into the country, to make the time pass less heavily, always keeping my assumed name and character, and carefully avoiding those places which are the most frequented by my brethren of the city. My health continued to improve, but no change of scene, no pure country air, no faint hope of future comfort, could lighten the load that oppressed my spirits: and the dreaded disclosure I had promised to make to my wife acted as a spell that broke my slumbers by night, and embittered all my waking hours.

Month after month passed away, and I now expected her speedy arrival. I went to Calais. It was late in the evening when I arrived, and I had some difficulty in finding the hotel of Mons. ——. With a beating heart, and trembling knees, I asked if "a Mrs. Perkins happened to be there?" More voices than were at all necessary answered in the affirmative. Every door flew open with officious haste, and in less than a minute I stood before her. She received me with gentle kindness, spoke of the weather, and gave me time to recover from the agitation of my nerves. We drank tea together, and took a quiet walk by moonlight. I can ill express the gratitude I felt for the delicate and kind manner in which she showed her obedience to my wishes, and ab-

stained from all questions. Still, I could not rally my spirits, and felt like a criminal before her, and I hardly dared to raise my eyes from the ground. I was pained to observe that she too was somewhat altered. Her complexion was faded, and, even with my poor eyes, I could perceive that she had helped it with a little rouge. But this circumstance, which at any former time I should have resented highly, now only filled me with tenderness. The Indian climate had injured her health, perhaps had reached her liver! and she had attempted to repair the ravages it had made upon her bloom by a little innocent art, which I, for whom it was employed, might well appreciate and excuse. Time passed on: not once, during several weeks, had she suffered a word to drop from her lips by which I could perceive that her mind dwelt upon the past, or that she felt the smallest concern as to the future; and I began to think there *was* a ninth wonder in the world—an incurious woman!

But one morning, when I was waiting for her at the breakfast-table, and reading the English news, I perceived that she entered the room with a degree of solemnity that was not usual with her. She took a letter from her pocket, and placed it with dignity on the table: then putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "Mr. Perkins," said she, "I feel very awkward—I am unwilling either to pain or to hurry you, but my situation is extremely awkward; we have passed a whole month together, and a subject, absolutely necessary to my peace of mind, has never yet been alluded to by you. You must allow me to say that it is time the promises contained in *that* letter should be performed." This mild reproach was too just, too natural, to excite in me any feelings but those of kindness and confidence. My heart was warmed and opened. I had, indeed, passed a whole month in her society, and a month of perfect tranquillity—I had almost said happiness. We had never before lived so perfectly well together; for there used to be, in the best of times, frequent little unpleasantnesses and jarrings, which I had considered as inseparable from the married state. The ice was broken, and I resolved to tell her every thing. "Mrs. Perkins," said I, "this very day your wishes shall be realized; from this moment I give you my full confidence; you deserve it for your exemplary discretion and obedience to my directions. Oh, my dear!" continued I, with considerable emotion, "to secure such a happy meeting, who would repine at our former miserable parting?"—"Former miserable parting!" said she, and she turned half round to stare at me: "Mr. Perkins! what *do* you mean?"

At this moment the door was thrown open with violence, and another lady rushed into the room with an open letter in her hand. Good God! what a sight for me to see—and live! This, indeed, was my wife; my real wife from India. (She had heard enough from the people of the hotel to justify the excitement in which she presented herself before us.) For some minutes we were all three silent; she from excess of rage, I from utter despair, and the other lady from astonishment. I handed this last-mentioned person to the window; I put on my best double spectacles, and I examined her closely with the light full upon her features. Too truly she was a stranger to me! but she was not unlike my wife; and that unhappy circumstance, acting as it did in concert with my fatal defect of sight, had caused me completely

to mistake her. I could now perceive (alas! how much too late!) that she was considerably older than my wife; that the rouge, which to my poor naked eye had seemed but as a slight tinge, was laid on thickly. In short, as I looked upon her, I lost every hope of making my innocence apparent to Mrs. Perkins.

Good heavens! what an explanation followed! Jealousy had transformed my poor woman into a perfect fury; she accused me of wilful intrigue, and——but I should be ashamed to repeat her words! The other lady forgot all her dignity of deportment, and called loudly upon me to perform my promise and to marry her directly. Each presented me with an open letter signed "Peter Perkins." One of these I had no difficulty in acknowledging—it was my last letter to my wife, desiring her to quit India without loss of time, and to meet me at Calais. The other lady's letter ran thus:—"Madam, I am so well satisfied with your last answer to my advertisement, that I have to request you will forthwith give me the meeting at the Hotel of Monsieur —— Rue —— at Calais. If, after a short time spent in each other's society, we think we can be happy together, and should your person, manners, and disposition accord with the description you have favoured me with, I shall be happy to make you my lawful wife, bring you to England, and present you to my friends—taking care to conceal from them the circumstances of our first acquaintance, which they and a foolishly punctilious world might consider as too romantic for one of my years, but which the cautious timidity of my temper has induced me to propose. I wish you to see me before you make up your own mind. I am an elderly man, silent, and grave; formal in my manners, precise in my dress, and retired in my habits; a defect in my sight, and a stoop in my gait, serve but to add to the peculiarity of my appearance. If, however, I have reason to flatter myself that you have no objection to me, when you shall have seen me, such as I am, and have made some trial of my temper, as I said before, I shall be happy to make you my wife. To prevent curiosity, it may be as well if you assume my name at once. I remain, Madam, your most obedient servant, Peter Perkins."

By the time I had come to the end of this letter, and had begun in some degree to unravel this perplexing maze of fatal coincidences, both ladies were in strong hysterics. What could I do? I had never before seen any one in hysterics, and I thought they were both dying. I ran to my wife, but she pushed me from her; I approached the other lady, and my wife's screams were dreadful to hear. They soon brought not only Monsieur and Madame ——, but half Calais to their assistance. The French love a scene, and we indulged them. At last Madame —— succeeded in quieting my wife, and Monsieur —— tranquillized the other lady. I cleared the room, and then addressed my wife. "Mrs. Perkins," said I, "I hope you are satisfied; I hope you have sufficiently exposed a husband who may have been unfortunate, but who has not been wilfully guilty. It is too true I have for some time mistaken this lady for you—my unfortunate defect of sight——"—"Hold your tongue, Sir," replied this infuriated woman, interrupting me. "Hold your tongue, and do not add insult to falsehood. Mistake that Jesabel for me! Thank God, for stark blind, *that* would be impossible. Oh, Mr. B——, Mr. B——, none are so blind as those that *won't* see!" She

flung out of the room with these cutting words, and I have never set eyes upon her since!

It is now six years since this finishing stroke took place. There is now little left for me to say before I take a long leave of my reader. My wife, when she left me in the manner I have stated, went directly to England, and to her father. She told her own story in her own way, and took care to expose me wherever my unlucky name was known. My former friends were already extremely well disposed to believe any thing in my disfavour. I read my own story (it may be supposed how garbled!) in the newspapers; it appeared in the shape of a warning against a notorious character, "One Peter B——, alias Peter Perkins." My father-in-law is since dead. He has left his daughter sole heir to his wealth, but under the conditions that she should resume and use only her maiden name, and never see her wretched husband more, nor help him with one farthing! in failure of which conditions she will forfeit the whole property in favour of the next heir. How I have supported life under all these trials is a riddle to myself. Sometimes I am half resolved to turn my back for ever upon my native land, and seek a new existence with Mr. Birkbeck in America; but there is a spell upon me, and it binds me to the spot where I first drew my breath, and I do believe I should pine and die in any other atmosphere.

Perhaps I may be expected to allude once more to the lady with whom, the attentive reader will recollect, I was left *tête à tête*, at the hotel of Monsieur —— at Calais, by my own wife! That lady took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded her, and made a pathetic appeal to my finest feelings. I had no better, indeed no other, compensation to offer her for the uneasiness and disappointment I had so unwittingly occasioned her, and I begged her acceptance of a sum which was the full half of the small pittance I had reserved from the wreck of my fortune. She accepted it with apparent confusion and reluctance; but, I soon discovered, was the first to laugh at me for my generosity. I likewise found that it was long since that lady had a character to lose. She had come to Calais upon a speculation, having answered an advertisement which appeared in a public print under the head of "Matrimony." The advertisement was a hoax. The reader knows who was the victim! That lady sent me, towards the end of the year, a great pug-nosed, red-headed, ill-disposed brat, of at least a year and a half old; and she has taken her Bible oath, before a magistrate, contrary to all probability, and, as far as I can judge, to truth, that he is my son! All I know about it is, that the law obliges me to educate, provide for, and own him; and that already he is the worst plague of my most miserable existence.

PETER B——.

NOTIONS OF THE AMERICANS.*

The present attempt of Mr. Cooper, the well-known American novelist, to give a correct view of his countrymen, their manners and institutions, has been treated by some party critics in this country with affected ridicule, and by others with most unmerited vituperation. The Servile of England, as of Spain or Austria, bears an inflexible hatred to republics in general, but more particularly to that of the United States. Their greatness is gall and wormwood to him. His system is to conceal their prosperity, and belie facts which none but he could have the audacity to contradict. He considers love of country in an American a crime; and the love of freedom any where a damnable heresy. For years past, every high Tory publication, from the Quarterly down to Blackwood, has laboured to increase the spirit of dislike to America, among the partizans of their own man-degrading doctrines. Where America is worthy of imitation here, as in her economical government and rigid exclusion of favouritism, interest, and bribery, her merit is denied, or facts are wilfully perverted; her faults are magnified; and however essential it is, upon political grounds, that the truth relative to this rising empire should be thoroughly understood in England, they endeavour to blind and deceive as many as they may respecting her actual situation. It is not against Americans personally, but against their free and energetic institutions, that these malignant arrows are launched. Yet it is but natural that they who, under a constitutional monarchy like our own, are for ever grubbing, mole-like, to undermine all of a free and generous character we possess, should spirt their venom against every thing of the like description in other countries. Still though such are the practices and shallow arts of a rapidly-diminishing faction among the English aristocracy, they affect not the bulk of the people in this great nation, in whom the hereditary love of freedom survives. These last do not regard the Americans with increasing antipathy, nor pin their faith upon the gossiping of vagrant farmers, and bankrupt manufacturers, who visit the New World to better their condition, and, returning as ignorant as they went, save of American inns and canal navigators, write books about the character of an entire people. Their effusions are no criterion of English feelings on the one hand, or of truth on the other. We have been surprised, we admit, at times, at the sensitiveness of some Americans at a joke cut on the phraseology of their backwoodsmen,† as if it were a test of the British opinion of America at large. We certainly should not deduce the American opinion of England from hearing a native of New York mock the Yorkshire dialect either in print, or *viva voce*. In the injustice done us by the Americans, and done them by the party I have already mentioned, and its tools, as well as by certain vagrant visitors, it must be candidly owned they are far more sinned against than sinning. As to the British Government, we do not believe it is guided in its views by any but motives which are purely political; and under the late great Minister, whose loss is a misfortune to the whole world, the leaning was decidedly towards free principles and governments: this was the reason of the calumnies heaped upon him by the enemies of mankind. That this policy is in some degree changed by his death is very probable; but even the present Premier, we are confident, will not suffer any lurking affection for arbitrary rule to interfere with clear and obvious duty. Were John Lord Eldon premier, by virtue of his bigotry and prejudices it might be otherwise; a war in and with Ireland and America might then be thought expedient for the advancement of "social order" in "church and state."

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* Notions of the Americans, picked up by a Travelling Bachelor. In 2 vols. 8vo.

† It is true, one book has lately been published on the American character, by a writer who appears never to have been in one of the old States of the Union, but who had sailed up the Mississippi, and sojourned awhile among the Kentuckians on the Ohio!

These remarks are prompted by the injustice which has been dealt out to the author of the present work, by that class of publications to which I allude. Every paragraph that displays the writer's patriotic vanity, or that is obnoxious to censure, has been selected and strung together as a specimen of the whole work—as genuine criticism! In an early volume of "The New Monthly Magazine," we touched upon the bickerings between the writers of the two countries, and showed what the mutual feeling ought to be. Words, unsupported by truth, are but vapour. Recollecting this, all persons of sound judgment, on both sides the Atlantic, will view with contempt that which is false, and which is the act of isolated individuals, whether disappointed ramblers or ultra-Tory critics, nor fallaciously attribute to national opinion that with which it has no relation. What Englishman, even of the faction, unless matchless in impudence as Cobbett himself, would venture to assert that the opinions of Blackwood or the Quarterly, on such a question, are those of the nation, or even of a tithe of a tithe of its twenty-two millions?

The first charge brought against Mr. Cooper is that of praising his country too much. This is a charge never brought against Englishmen by their own critics. We must place ourselves midway between the two countries, in the midst of the Atlantic as it were, and show no favour to either party. English tourists and travellers never assert that all out of England is a mere *caput mortuum!* They never go swearing from city to city abroad, against and at every thing They meet with, because it is not what they have been accustomed to at home, good or bad! They never make notes of every thing obnoxious among foreigners, that they may put them in array with all that is excellent at home! It is notorious that two-thirds of them do this; is it then just to censure the comparatively moderate exaggerations of Mr. Cooper respecting the land of his birth, when he is stimulated by misrepresentations and falsehoods on these very subjects? Is he guilty of a crime for asserting his countrywomen to be as charming as any in the world? and the advance of useful knowledge, among the mass in America, to be greater than in any nation of Europe?

The next charge is prejudice against England. Now, there is not in these two volumes one half the prejudice against England that might be found in a single article in the Quarterly against America. Mr. Cooper is a man of fancy, and a novelist; and he frequently goes to the superlative, where the comparative would have been far enough. This must be fairly admitted as his grand fault. From his previous writings, we should not think him so well calculated for the present task as some others of his countrymen whom we have known; but there are topics in his work with which few could have been as familiar as himself. Take, for example, the accounts of the American navy, and our blunders respecting it. Another fault (an error in judgment only, we admit,) was the giving it as the work of a fictitious character, instead of boldly affixing his own name, and thus sanctioning his assertions openly.

Thus much for objections; let us now come to facts. There are great and momentous truths in these volumes. Information which all Englishmen should possess, not less for the sake of truth than sound policy. There are statements from which the deductions are unanswerable; and notwithstanding the tone of exaggeration to which we have before alluded as pervading some parts, the work is well worthy attentive examination by all Englishmen, in forming an opinion of America. Let us proceed to a brief analysis of its contents.

These volumes are dedicated to John Cadwallader, of Cadwallader, in the State of New York, a fictitious character. In his preface, which should be attentively read before the body of the work is begun, a practice which readers often sin against, the author makes many observations which should be borne in mind respecting his objects, and America itself, arising out of the novel circumstances of a great nation beginning its career at once from an advanced state of civilization. Then that the rapid progress constantly making in the United States, would render a close "detailed statistical work" utterly useless as an authority in four or five years; for little but the

principles of the Government can yet be pronounced fixed; there are changes even in the state of society. The writer avows that he is aware he shall be condemned by many, because he opposes the opinions of certain people in Europe; but he relies upon his facts, and challenges evidence to disprove them. He says he is content with the umpire Time to decide the question with those who deny America to be of the importance he asserts she is. He admits he has printed a vast deal which should not have been printed, and omitted things which should have been added. He says, we have no doubt with perfect truth, that there is no country respecting which the foreigner is "so liable to fall into errors as the United States of America. The institutions, the state of society, and even the impulses of the people, are, in some measure, new and peculiar." The European, "under such circumstances, has a great deal to *unlearn* before he can begin to learn correctly." He complains, with great truth, that America has been viewed "in the exceptions, rather than in the rules." Those who are incredulous about the importance of America, he requests to examine what it was fifty years ago, and what it is now. He observes that a traveller, an Englishman in particular, the moment he lands, carefully avoiding all comparisons which might be disadvantageous to himself, begins his work of comparison between the Republic and his own country; seizing some unlucky tavern, highway, church, or theatre, the worst perhaps of its kind, which he contrasts with the best in his own country, and thus carries its character to Europe. In respect to vices, the author observes, fairly, that "If any one supposes that he wishes to paint the people of America as existing in a state superior to human passion, free from all uncharitableness and guile," he blunders egregiously. He also alludes to the attacks which are often made upon American writers for their anticipations in favour of the United States, which, he says truly, cannot affect the truth. A free nation that is observed to double its population every twenty-five years, and to increase in wealth and commerce nearly in the same ratio, that is free from public debts, tithes, and poor-rates, and with an overflowing revenue, may well be indulged in rational prospects of future increase. Who can look at the territory of North America on the map, not being an American, and not see the surface yet to be peopled; and know the present rapid advance of population, without anticipating her future magnitude and importance—a magnitude and importance mathematically demonstrable? The vanity of the American may indulge a little too far in such reflections, but it is very excusable. How is human life cherished but by anticipation! The past has no relation to hope; and with the old nations of Europe, the past bequeaths but little for honest exultation.

The work is divided into letters, of which the first volume contains seventeen. The first two letters are occupied with introductory subjects respecting the voyage, including speculations on the ability of the Americans to cope with the English in navigation. Here is most important matter for consideration. The tonnage of America is 1,400,000 to 12,000,000 of inhabitants; that of England 2,500,000, to 22,000,000. America has a vast advantage in cheapness of construction, provisions, and stores, together with the "unequalled activity" of her population. Let this be well looked to in our commercial regulations. There is much truth in the remark of the author that the "wisest government is that which protects, rather than directs the national prosperity," or rather, we presume, the means of it. We agree with the author also, that the secret of national prosperity is perfect freedom for man to exercise his "noblest energies" as he pleases. This is not less true than that he must also be free from prejudices of every kind, and ready to adopt any thing which it is clear may be of advantage. Here America is far before us. Steam-boats, for example, were invented in England, but if Fulton had not introduced them into use in America, we should not have had them here at this hour. It becomes us to be mindful of this reluctance on our side to admit innovation, for much of the secret of the flourishing state of America consists in the instant adoption of every thing useful, despite opposing interests or time-hallowed prejudices. Had this been the case here,

could the British Parliament have ventured to assert in the teeth of the fact, that when a guinea was really worth twenty-seven shillings in paper, it was in value only equal to a pound note and a shilling! Or could a sinking fund have been kept up by borrowing, instead of arising from a surplus, and the assertion be dared, that it was clearing a debt! The members of the American Congress mignt not so well understand the Eton Grammar, but they never could have dared to run their heads thus against truth and common sense.

Mr. Cooper next describes, in glowing terms, the arrival of La Fayette in America. Those who read his account, and it is well worth reading, and mark the reception given to this truly great man, will confess, that putting themselves in the place of Americans, as they must do in considering such a subject, the meeting was a great and glorious one, to be handed down to posterity in the Republic with satisfaction and noble pride.

For American inns of the better class, see vol. i. p. 67: in general they are not at all equal to the British, but the best do not fall far below the superior ones in England; the worst may be supposed proportionably inferior, see also p. 391, vol. i. "Yankee" is in America applied only to a New Englander; out of America all natives of the country are content to be so denominated. The ignorance of Europeans respecting America is well pointed out; and the confounding together Northern and Southern States, as if they were one in manners and climate, trade and manufactures. The State of New England alone is equal in extent to England and Wales. It has yet but twenty-seven of population to a square mile. The densest population in America averages about seventy to the like superficies. After describing the luxuriant appearance of the maize growing in America, and eulogising the New England villages for neatness and beauty of site, our author remarks that the latest built always exhibit fresh improvements upon the old. Of the scenery of New England he says:—

"In order to bring to your mind's eye a sketch of New England scenery, you are to draw upon your imagination for the following objects: Fancy youself on some elevation that will command the view of a horizon that embraces a dozen miles. The country within this boundary must be undulating, rising in bold swells, or occasionally exhibiting a broken, if not a ragged surface. But these inequalities must be counterbalanced by broad and rich swales of land, that frequently spread out into lovely little valleys. If there be a continued range of precipitous heights in view, let it be clad in the verdure of the forest. If not, wood must be scattered in profusion over the landscape, in leafy shadows that cover surfaces of twenty and thirty acres. Buildings, many white, relieved by Venetian blinds in green, some of the dun colour of time, and others of a dusky red, must be seen standing amid orchards, and marking, by their positions, the courses of the numberless highways. Here and there a spire, or often two, may be seen pointing towards the skies from the centre of a cluster of roofs. Perhaps a line of blue mountains is to be traced in the distance, or the course of a river to be followed by a long succession of fertile meadows. The whole country is to be subdivided by low stone walls, or wooden fences, made in various fashions, the quality of each improving, or deteriorating, as you approach or recede from the dwelling of the owner of the soil. Cattle are to be seen grazing in the fields, or ruminating beneath the branches of single trees, that are left for shade in every pasture, and flocks are to be seen clipping the closer herbage of the hill sides. In the midst of this picture man must be placed, quiet, orderly, and industrious. By limiting this rural picture to greater, or less extensive seenes of similar quiet and abundance, or occasionally swelling it out, until a succession of villages, a wider range of hills, and some broad valley, through which a third-rate American river winds its way to the ocean, are included, your imagination can embrace almost every variety of landscape I beheld in the course of my journey."

It appears that the English tongue is spoken in America without a *patois*; that an Englishman is discoverable in a moment, whereas an American in England is not. The grumbling of English travellers in America is not to be indulged there with the same impunity as on the Continent of Europe, among people of a different language. The following is very just:—

"But after all, with a great deal that is not only absurd, but offensive, there is

something that may be excused in the discontent of an Englishman, when travelling in a foreign country. The wealth of an immense empire has centred at home, in a comparatively diminutive kingdom, and he who can command a tolerable proportion of that wealth may purchase a degree of comfort that is certainly not to be obtained out of it. But comfort is not the only consequence of those broad distinctions between the very rich and the very poor. It is saying nothing new, to say that the lower orders of the English, more particularly those who are brought in immediate contact with the rich, exceed all other Christians in abject servility to their superiors. It may be new, but in reflecting on the causes, you will perceive it is not surprising, that on the contrary, the common American should be more natural, and less reserved in his communications with men above him in the scale of society, than the peasant of Europe. While the English traveller, therefore, is more exacting, the American labourer is less disposed to be submissive than usual. But every attention within the bounds of reason will be shown you, though it is not thought in reason, in New England especially, that one man should assume a tone of confirmed superiority over the rest of mankind, merely because he wears a better coat, or has more money in his purse. Notwithstanding this stubborn temper of independence, no man better understands the obligations between him who pays, and him who receives, than the native of New England. The inn-keeper of Old England, and the inn-keeper of New England, form the very extremes of their class. The one is obsequious to the rich, the other unmoved, and often apparently cold. The first seems to calculate, at a glance, the amount of profit you are likely to leave behind you; while his opposite appears only to calculate in what manner he can most contribute to your comfort, without materially impairing his own."

And further:—

"If servility, an air of *empressement*, and a mercenary interest in your comforts, form essentials to your happiness and self-complacency, England, with a full pocket, against the world. But, if you can be content to receive consistent civility, great kindness, and a tempered respect, in which he who serves you consults his own character no less than yours, and all at a cheap rate, you will travel not only in New England, but throughout most of the United States, with perfect satisfaction. God protect the wretch, whom poverty and disease shall attack in an English inn! Depend on it, their eulogies have been written by men who were unaccustomed to want. It is even a calamity to be obliged to have a saving regard to the contents of your purse, under the observation of their mercenary legions! There seems an intuitive ability in all that belongs to them, to graduate your wealth, your importance, and the extent of their own servility. Now, on the other hand, a certain reasoning distinction usually controls the manner in which the American inn-keeper receives his guests. He pays greater attention to the gentleman than to the tin-pedlar, because he knows it is necessary to the habits of the former, and because he thinks it is no more than a just return for the greater price he pays. But he is civil, and even kind, to both alike. He sometimes makes blunders, it is true, for he meets with characters that are new to him, or is required to decide on distinctions of which he has no idea. A hale, well-looking, active, and intelligent American, will scarcely ever submit his personal comforts, or the hourly control of his movements, to the caprices of another, by becoming a domestic servant. Neither would the European, if he could do any thing better. It is not astonishing, therefore, that a publican, in a retired quarter of the country, should sometimes be willing to think that the European servants he sees, are entitled to eat with their masters, or that he calls both 'gentlemen.' A striking and national trait in the American, is a constant and grave regard to the feelings of others. It is even more peculiar to New England, than to any other section of our country. It is the best and surest fruit of high civilization. Not that civilization which chisels marble and gilds *salons*, but that which marks the progress of reason, and which, under certain circumstances, makes men polished, and, under all, renders them humane. In this particular, America is, beyond a doubt, the most civilized nation in the world, inasmuch as the aggregate of her humanity, intelligence, and comfort, compared with her numbers, has nothing like an equal."

The disgraceful nuisances of passports, and the custom-house insolence and tyranny of Europe, is well commented upon in the description of a landing in America. An account of Mr. Jay are given at length, with an anecdote of him and Franklin. The following is, no doubt, correct and candid:—

"Though it is quite apparent that those conventional castes which divide the whole civilized world into classes, are to be found here, just as they are in Europe, they appear to be separated by less impassable barriers. The features of society are substantially the same, though less strongly marked. You, as an Englishman, can find no difficulty in understanding, that the opinions and habits of all the different divisions in life may prevail without patents of nobility. They are the unavoidable consequences of differences in fortune, education, and manners. In no particular, that I can discover, does the situation of an American gentleman differ from that of an English gentleman, except that the former must be content to enjoy his advantages as a concession of the public opinion, and not as a right. I can readily believe that the American, whatever might be his name, fortune, or even personal endowments, who should arrogate that manner of superiority over his less fortunate countrymen that the aristocracy of your country so often assume to their inferiors, would be in great danger of humiliation; but I cannot see that he is in any sense the less of a gentleman for the restraint. I think I have already discovered the source of a very general error on the subject of American society. Short as has been my residence in the country, I have met with many individuals of manners and characters so very equivocal, as scarcely to know in what conventional order they ought to be placed. There has been so singular a compound of intelligence, kindness, natural politeness, coarseness, and even vulgarity, in many of these persons that I am often utterly baffled in the attempt to give them a place in the social scale. One is ashamed to admit that men who at every instant are asserting their superiority in intellect and information, can belong to an inferior condition; and yet one is equally reluctant to allow a claim to perfect equality, on the part of those who are constantly violating the rules of conventional courtesy."

The remarks on the soldiery, and their discipline, as also upon the militia and irregular levies, with a great portion of truth, contain a considerable share of vanity. It is rather dangerous, however, for those persons here to cavil at this, who assert seriously that one Englishman can beat five of another nation at any time, and such like nonsense, and boast too of similar exploits being effected. The houses and architecture of America are described, no doubt, accurately enough for the information of the reader. The men in America are rather above, and the women somewhat below, the European standard in height. We believe that female beauty in America is very general: of the sex our author says—

"To me, woman appears to fill, in America, the very station for which she was designed by Nature. In the lowest conditions of life she is treated with the respect and tenderness that is due to beings whom we believe to be the repositories of the better principles of our nature. Retired within the sacred precincts of her own abode, she is preserved from the destroying taint of excessive intercourse with the world. She makes no bargains beyond those which supply her own little personal wants, and her heart is not early corrupted by the baneful and unfeminine vice of selfishness; she is often the friend and adviser of her husband, but never his chapman. She must be sought in the haunts of her domestic privacy, and not amid the wranglings, deceptions, and heart-burnings of keen and sordid traffic. So true and general is this fact, that I have remarked a vast proportion of that class who frequent the markets, or vend trifles in the streets of this city, occupations that are not unsuited to the feebleness of the sex, are either foreigners, or females descended from certain insulated colonies of the Dutch, who still retain many of the habits of their ancestors amidst the improvements that are throwing them among the forgotten usages of another century. The effect of this natural and inestimable division of employment is in itself enough to produce an impression on the characters of a whole people. It leaves the heart and principles of woman untainted by the dire temptations of strife with her fellows. The husband can retire from his own sordid struggles with the world to seek consolation and correction from one who is placed beyond their influence. The first impressions of the child are drawn from the purest sources known to our nature; and the son, even long after he has been compelled to enter on the thorny track of the father, preserves the memorial of the pure and unalloyed lessons that he has received from the lips, and, what is far better, from the example of the mother."

In regard to public instruction, America is preeminent. In Massachusets, of 600,000 persons, there are but a very few hundreds who cannot both read

and write. In New York, in 1814, there were 7642 schools, in a population of 1,600,000; and these have increased greatly since. *Useful* education is widely diffused. There are no great scholars, as in Europe; but the whole mass, taking it in the aggregate, is more advanced than the mass in any European state. Pauperism is scarcely known; and every isolated cabin has its newspaper or book, even in the remoter woods. Intelligence is thus far spread, and in this new country operates wonders. Perhaps the most sterling and estimable of the Americans are the New Englanders, and of these nearly four millions are supposed to be descendants from the settlers of Plymouth.

Below the middle class in circumstances, there is no comparison between America and England. The filthy and squalid are to be found, but rarely indeed compared to those seen in Europe; and most who are seen in abject poverty are such as have reached America as emigrants. The English and Irish predominate among the idle and thoughtless of the lower order of mechanics. The Scotch, French, Swiss, and Germans are most prudent. Our author says, "The very prevalent notion of Europe, that society must of necessity exist, in a pure democracy, on terms of promiscuous association, is too manifestly absurd to need any contradiction." The comparison between the English and American character, page 231, vol. i. is well worthy attention, because we think it just. On the use of the language of gallantry in America, page 261, we equally recommend for perusal.

We have got thus far, and the second volume yet remains to be noticed. There is matter in it well worthy of close attention by every Englishman. The difference of appearance in the country occupied by the slaveholder, and the States where slavery is forbidden, we urge on the notice of the British people generally. Mr. Cooper's testimony on this head is a most valuable one. The description of the city of Washington; of the American Congress, and its forms;* errors of travellers respecting forms in Congress; Society of the Cincinnati; etiquette with respect to the chief members of the State; remarks on America as a maritime power; the latter certainly very just. The affected scorn and slurring notice of this work in some of the Ultra publications in this country, and the selecting a specimen or two of the writer's vanity as a sample of the whole work, instead of such quotations as the following, argues a consciousness that some of the truths are too unpalatable for recently existing customs among our Melvilles and Crokers to be generally diffused. Take the following:—

"Many absurd statements concerning the organization of the American navy have been circulated in Europe. There is none more false or more foolish than the story that young mates of merchantmen are, or ever have been, taken for the first steps in the service. Boys, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, receive the appointments of midshipmen; and, after having served a certain number of years, they are examined for lieutenants. These examinations are very rigid, and they are conducted with the greatest impartiality. While the writer was in America, he formed an intimacy with the commander of a frigate. One day, at Washington, he entered the room of the captain, just as a naval officer of high rank was quitting it. 'You met one of the commissioners at the door,' said the writer's acquaintance: 'he has been to beg I would make his son, who is just ordered to my ship, mind his books. They tell me the young fellow is clever enough, and a very good sailor, but he has been twice defeated in trying to get through with his mathematics, because he will not study.' In what other navy would the son of a lord of the admiralty lose his commission, in two examinations, for want of a little mathematics! The most severe system of examination, not only into professional qualifications, but into moral character, is now rigidly observed in the American army and navy. The lower ranks of both branches of their service are admirably filled. Midshipmen, instead of being taken from the merchant service, have been often taken from the service, under furloughs, to command merchant ships. No man in the world is

* There is an important correction of a blunder of Lieutenant De Roos, who must have been a most superficial observer of paintings in all events. Vide vol. ii. p. 36.

more jealous of his rank than the American navy or army officer. *It would far exceed the power of the President to push his own son an inch beyond the steps he is entitled to by his age and service.* The senate would refuse to approve of such a nomination. The same impartiality is observed in respect to commands. A captain or commander is not only sure of getting a ship, when his turn comes, but he must have an excellent excuse, or he will be made to take one. Both establishments are kept within reasonable bounds, and *promotions are slow and wary.* There is not a single officer necessarily on half-pay, either in the land or sea service. There is not now, nor has there been for twenty years, an officer in the American navy, in command of a ship, the four or five oldest excepted, who did not regularly enter the marine as a midshipman. Even the oldest entered as low as a lieutenant, thirty years ago. A secretary of the navy, during the war of 1812, is said to have wished to introduce a brother from the merchant service, by giving him the command of a cartel, but entirely without success. Some six or eight clever men, who entered as sailing masters, a class generally taken from the merchant service, have been so successful as to get commissions, a favour a little out of course, though sometimes practised to reward merit. Several of these even were midshipmen who had resigned, and had re-entered as masters, in the war, because they thought themselves too old to begin anew as midshipmen."

The chapter on colleges, education, and the press, is well worthy attention; for it is in America that the diffusion of knowledge adequate to the *most useful* in life, has produced the most stirring effects. Pennsylvania and New York, with 3,000,000 of inhabitants, have nearly two hundred journals; and books of all useful knowledge are printed and circulated in proportion. Treason cannot be written in America, unless in the shape of correspondence with an enemy during war. The government is too strong for "paper pellets" (as Cromwell styled them,) to injure it. The law punishes libel by an independent jury; and whether against public or private characters, or even the President himself, if the circumstances alleged can be proved, the attack may be made with perfect impunity. Trials for libel are therefore very rare in the United States. Mr. Cooper says that perhaps no English magazine is republished in America. We know that the "New Monthly" was, and, we believe, is now, for we have seen copies of the edition. The remarks on American authorship are judicious, and we have no doubt are correct. The stage of America is of course English, and Shakspeare their great dramatic author. The present theatrical taste is pronounced, *generally,* better than that of England. We think this is correct; the mass here have little dramatic taste; nothing can be viler than the state of the stage in England, for English comedy and tragedy of the higher kind never fail to draw audiences in America—can this be said at home? In architecture America has little to boast. The Fine Arts are not much encouraged. These things, however, come not to perfection in the youth of empires. Mr. Cooper's ideas on the pronunciation of the English language are worth reading; whether just, or not, the reader must decide. His claim to the old authors of England being equally American property is undeniable—Shakspeare and Milton are their's as well as ours. The low state of parties, &c. religion, division of lands, religious charity, and the happy freedom from bigotry and religious disputes, (where sects abound as much as in the "old country,") the condition of slaves, slave-emancipation, policy of the Government, duels, hospitality, and influence of money, are touched upon. We are glad to see that money is not, as in England, the paramount means of social distinction—that no wealthy demirep could there buy a titled noble, and trail at her heels the lofty and great of the country. Only one member for the State of New York can be called a wealthy man. Only one President has been rich; and no man of any great fortune is in the higher branches of the Government. As to society, the rich in America keep a species of ascendency in show, and consequently have an influence as elsewhere, and get purse-proud the same; but talent, not riches, the clear-sighted American sees, is that which can alone make public characters useful; and the benefit of the community is therefore paramount.

The public works are touched upon next. One canal, cut in a few years, is 350 miles in length, and pays a very high rate of interest. There are

5000 post-offices. The National Debt of the United States, on the 1st of last month, was but 55,413,377 dollars, or about 12,000,000*l.* sterling, though in 1813 it amounted to 120,000,000, or about 24,500,000*l.* In America, however, they are not yet ingenious enough to borrow money with one hand to pay off money borrowed with the other, adding the expenses of the transaction to the first debt *à la Bexley*. The manufactures of America are on the advance, and new sources of commerce and wealth are constantly opening.

Anticipations of the extent, power, and population of the American empire are, as we have before observed, indulged in by some of the writers of that country until they become almost ludicrous. Mr. Cooper, however, does not go quite so far; his expectations of the amount of people it will require to stock the country east of the rocky mountains alone, with only 150 per square mile, is not exaggerated. In this 1,000,000 of square miles there are now about 12,000,000 of souls; and the population doubling in every twenty-five years, as it has done, 1850 will give 24,000,000; and 1880, 48,000,000. "A new era is now about to dawn on this nation. It has ceased to creep; it begins to walk erect among the powers of the earth. All these things have occurred in the life of man. Europeans may be reluctant to admit the claims of a competitor, that they knew so lately a pillaged, a wronged, and a feeble people; but Nature will have her laws obeyed, and the fulfilment of things must come. The spirit of greatness (strength) is in this nation; its means are within its grasp; and it is as vain as it is weak to attempt to deny results that every year is rendering more plain, more important, and more irresistible."

It is precisely for this reason that we would stimulate the people of England into an inquiry after the truth respecting America; and we recommend these volumes as a portion of the means for this purpose. National vanity, and perhaps a zeal not judiciously tempered, has given birth to too much panegyric on the part of the writer, when speaking of his own country; but the facts given, and the respectability of the author's character, stamp the colouring of truth upon the facts in his pages. The books of few travellers in America contain any thing beyond road-side observations. The country has been deemed too remote for those to visit who travel out of curiosity and a wish to profit by the truth. Even Mr. De Roos, who has written one of the best tours in America we have had, seems to have been guilty of many inaccuracies, perhaps from want of time to scrutinize matters as he might have done. The Notes at the end of the second volume detail some of these, and contain comments on the pleasant prolusions of the Quarterly upon America and her navy: it closes with the subject of the impressment of American seamen. The reviewer intimates, that England will be ready to discuss any plan to prevent it America may propose. We think our own Government will not deem it expedient to argue the point again. The principle of force constituting right is, we hope, abandoned. The taking seamen by force out of their own ships to serve a foreign power will, we are confident, be no more insisted upon by England; in the past, the character of the struggle in which we were engaged was the sole excuse to be made for the outrage. The present Yankee writer dryly directs attention to the six line-of-battle ships building in America, as the plan that will be adopted to prevent the violation of American vessels in future. This, in fact, is the only part where he can be charged with any thing that looks like hostile feeling towards England, beyond that which the jealousy of one nation imagines the writer of another to imply by the praise of his own; but it is a provoking topic.

Mr. Cooper's "Notions of America," to conclude, should be read and weighed well by all gifted with the power of reflection. To write without partiality upon the subject of country, and that not merely to describe but to defend its character and institutions, is no easy task in a Republican author. What partiality may have dictated, the reader will excuse; and there is, we assure him, no great call upon his magnanimity. We possess no other work from an authentic source, which contains so much truth about America. If there be those who will not see the advances of a great empire, but prefer

shrouding her progress in darkness, let them close their own eyes and meet the results. It is essential to the welfare of Great Britain that the Americans should be thoroughly known, and their growing importance in the scale of nations accurately understood. Nothing is more mischievous than deception respecting a country so circumstanced; it will infallibly lead to errors that may not admit of a facile remedy; and they who attempt to deceive the British public on this point, are not only deadly enemies of America, but of England herself.

THE POLITICAL TRIMMER.

A Character.

Cold, formal, dull, pragmatical,
Anxious to pay his court to all,
Too hollow to please any;
In friendship seeking his own ends,
And therefore striving to make friends
For ever with the many;

A solemn, supple coxcomb—big
With emptiness—a perfect prig
In person, conduct, manner,
Behold Sir Janus turn and twist,
A coward fearing to enlist,
Yet flattering every banner.

Oh! but he's independent, he!
A conscientious worthy—free
From Prejudice's fancies:—
Ay—his sole master is himself,
And that's a timid, trimming elf,
The slave of circumstances.

Not Tory, Whig, nor Radical,
Nor fix'd in his equivocal
And intermediate station:
Not true to friend or foe, he lives
In everlasting negatives,
Himself a mere negation.

Blind prejudice may be a curse,
But hollow indecision's worse:—
When contrary attraction
Suspends the compass at the Pole,
The mere machine has lost its whole
Importance with its action.

Away with such cold-hearted knaves
We want not calculating slaves,
Who balance thus and palter;
But men who at their country's suit
Will do their duty *coute qui coute*,
And neither flinch nor falter.

THE BACHELOR'S VADE-MECUM.

Mr. Editor,—I request the assistance of your widely circulated Magazine, in order to convey to the world a scheme of great public utility. We live in days when all possible aid is afforded to inquiries of every description; not only are the paths of science made as level and easy as the rough, unyielding nature of the soil will permit, and finger-posts set up every ten yards to point out the nearest way and smoothest road to Mathematics, Chemistry, and Astronomy, but helps and conductors are ready for us in our shorter trips and more pleasureable excursions. We may possess "a Guide to the Quarter-Sessions" as well as "to the Stars," a "Companion to the Public Diversions" as well as "to Algebra;" "the young Brewer" may have his "Monitor," "the young Sportsman" his "Hints;" "the Florist" his "Manual," "the Auctioneer" his "Instructor," "the Ship-owner" his "Guide." "Every man" may be "his own Financier," "his own Cattle-doctor," "his own Farrier," "his own Physician:" there are "First Lines of Science," "First Steps to Botany," "Short Hints for the cure of Gout," "Keys" to all descriptions of knowledge, "Elements" of every branch of history: it is our own faults if we are not "Complete Graziers," "Complete Confectioners," and "Complete Cooks;" and, when we wish to travel, "Maxims of Locomotion," "Guides to the Watering-places," "Companions" to every county in England, and every country of Europe, "American Road-books," and "East India Vade-mecums," contend for the honour of directing our steps. But amidst this profusion of assistance in all our corporeal and mental rambles, this rich supply of knowledge and instruction for the man of business, the man of science, and the man of pleasure, there exists one most important deficiency, to supply which has been for some time the first object of my ambition.

Marriage is universally allowed to be the most serious act of a man's life; so numerous and so lasting are its consequences, so irreparable the effects of a step which few are permitted to repeat. Yet amidst the "Guides," and "Hints," and "Keys" I have enumerated, not one is to be found which will direct the Bachelor to a prudent choice; no aid has hitherto been afforded to the man of discretion and experience when about to make the selection upon which the comfort of his future life depends. The undue sway which beauty exercises over the younger and more inconsiderate part of the world has long been a subject of regret to the serious and reflecting mind. Its value, when connected with more solid and lasting advantages no one can deny; but the man of sense, however his taste and fancy may be pleased by "le crespe chiome d'or puro lucente, e'l lampeggiar del angelico riso," remembers their fleeting and fragile qualities, and subscribes his full assent to the assertion of Madame de Staël—"que l'âme ne reçoit aucun plaisir de ce qu'elle reconnoit elle-même pour passager." It is not, therefore, beauty which is the chief object of his search; neither with an absurd affectation of singularity, an undue assumption of superiority over the rest of mankind, does he take at all into his consideration the principles, understanding, or temper of his future wife: points upon which imposition is so easily practised, that the careless and the cautious have equal chances of success, and which he perceives to be totally disregarded by the whole human race, "by saint, by savage, and by sage."

The wisest of Kings was quite indifferent about the principles of his wives; the wisest of philosophers married Xantippe; a poet of our own days tells his mistress that he cares not if crime or if "guilt's in her heart;" and on looking around us, we may perceive that pretty simpletons are particularly to the taste of statesmen and scholars, the favourite choice of senior wranglers and D. D's. Dr. Johnson himself acknowledged the uselessness of inquiry concerning mind and disposition when he advised a young friend to "marry a handsome woman, since beauty is a positive good;" implying the probability that other amiable qualities would not bear examination by the torch of Hymen. But the axioms and oracular decrees of the worthy Doctor, whose adored spouse happened to be a scare-crow, have lost some of their reputation, as well as his etymologies and criticisms; and even if we allow that the *genus* of Beauties is extinct, who, on retiring to rest, deposit hair, eyebrows, and teeth on the toilettè,—

> "Et dans quatre mouchoirs de sa beauté salis,
> Envoie au Blanchisseur ses roses et ses lis,"

still it may be permitted to us to doubt how that can with propriety be termed "a positive good" which moralists and divines, poets and philosophers, the history of past ages, and the experience of every day, declare to be the most ephemeral and insecure of earthly possessions, and which, if it dies a natural death, can embellish but a short period of connubial life. We are told that "all that's bright must fade; the brightest still the fleetest:" the prudent man, therefore, seeks for that which, when it loses its lustre, does not lose its value; he knows that roses and lilies wither, and soon cease to produce interest, while a sum of money securely invested in the funds will afford exactly the same to the latest moment of his life. Perhaps there will not be found half a dozen persons who read this paper sufficiently sincere openly to approve the line of conduct I am recommending; but it is one nevertheless, which, spite of common-place panegyrics on disinterested affection, is always practised when there is an opportunity, and which the general language of society appears to enforce. Individuals may hold *esoteric* as well as *exoteric* doctrines on the point, and the most deeply initiated may be those who most carefully conceal their opinions; but the actions of men afford the surest criterion of their sentiments, and the voice of the whole civilized world is in accordance with mine. Listen to the first question which invariably follows the announcement of an intended marriage—observe the points which excite the congratulation or condolence of friends on such an occasion—look around you and see how many pretty women remain spinsters for life because they are portionless, while we find in every neighbourhood two or three Hecates who are visited by Hymen because they are favourites of Plutus.

> "L'or même à la laideur donne un teint de beauté,
> Mais tout devient affreux avec la pauvreté."

There may, perhaps, have existed for a short time a state of society in which it was permitted to him who was seeking a wife to take into consideration her personal qualities only, but this Arcadian condition of things was speedily banished by civilization and refinement, and in no moderately polished country under heaven, where polygamy is forbidden, does it now exist. In a luxurious capital, like London, how terrible are the sacrifices which that man must make who leads to the altar a

portionless bride! It matters not what his income may be; whether six hundred or six thousand a year, he has of course lived up to it: and now his daily indulgences, endeared by habit; his importance in society, maintained by free expenditure; his stanhope, or his four-in-hand; his port or his champagne; his yearly trip to Brighton or to Paris, must be resigned. These tangible, solid, durable comforts must be sacrificed to the gratification of a sickly fancy, which will not listen to the voice of reason, nor learn wisdom from the experience of others. And what are the consequences of such folly? Society, with one accord, condemns it, and, if pride forbids a confession of his own error, the children of a man who has married imprudently are sure to receive most energetic lessons enforced by severe denunciations against a similar line of conduct. Sir Henry Fynes had thought fit to marry a woman "neither rich nor great," probably for her beauty, for "she proved so jealous, so melancholy, so angry, peevish, and captious, so proud and conceited, and so full of devilish and unreformable humours," that we can scarcely suppose he had directed his attention to more than her outward qualities. Hear his advice to his son, urging him to avoid the rock on which he had himself split. "Be wise in marriage concerning worldly matters, for riches will be comfort when other things are amiss. I find, by sure experience, that a rich woman and a great woman will ask as little to be maintained, and give as much contentment (if she be religious and good), as the poorest and meanest." This is sound reasoning and sober sense, and, with the exception of the few words within the parenthesis, which are not applicable to the present more enlightened state of society, might serve as instructions from a prudent father of the nineteenth century.

"Je ne suis pas de ceux qui disent, ce n'est rien, c'est une femme qui se noie;"—far from it, I acknowledge the charm which woman sheds over society, the grace with which she heads a table and presides over an entertainment, and the advantage of her superintending eye to prevent the peculation so usual in the household of a Bachelor: she sets off a phaeton, enlivens a party, and cheers a sick room; but, notwithstanding all these recommendations, a wife is an expensive ornament: she requires dress, attendance, and elegances: and unless she brings a fortune sufficient to compensate for these outgoings, and for those which follow an increasing family, she speedily transforms her wretched husband from a gay and fashionable man, universally courted and welcomed, into a care-worn victim of economy, who spends his life in examining butchers' bills, counting sixpences, and retrenching his own comforts in order to pay for a son's schooling, or a daughter's illness, the wages of a wet-nurse, or the fee of an accoucheur. In such circumstances how can connubial happiness continue? where is the man who must not regret his days of independence and enjoyment, and look with loathing on the bright eyes and lily skin which have proved his bane? He, on the contrary, who owes to his wife's fortune a thousand additional luxuries, must feel his affection for her daily renewed; he forgets her awkward gait and figure, when he hands her into a barouche and four which her money purchased; and, however ugly her features may be, he must dwell on them with complacency, when seen at the head of a splendid table which owes its splendour to her.

" Et trois cent mille francs avec elle obtenus
La firent à ses yeux plus belle que Venus."

Love and friendship are subject to many similar laws, and " Fervet olla, vivit amicitia," is a maxim the spirit of which is applicable to both.

But it would be waste of time longer to employ myself in proving that the main object of every wise man's views, when selecting a wife, should be her fortune; we will suppose him, therefore, about to make his choice, and pursuing with zeal and discretion those important inquiries upon which his fate depends. How is he bewildered by varying reports, by the contradictory assertions of acquaintance, and that general love of the marvellous, which produces constant exaggeration! Delicacy forbids him to be too particular in his questions; rumour is his only guide; and fearful of taking an irremediable step on such authority, he pauses, observes, deliberates, and sees a bolder man step in and win the prize. Perhaps he is misled by the splendour of one lady's dress, or by the parsimonious habits of another; by the ostentatious display of a *parvenu* father, who is unable to give his daughter a shilling, or the selfish frugality of a miserly uncle, who grudges a new gown to the future heiress of all his fortune. An intimate friend of mine engaged himself irrevocably, deceived by the splendid ornaments of a young lady left to her by a relation who had left her nothing else; and I was myself just a day too late in my application for the hand of a wealthy spinster, having deferred my proposals twenty-four hours in order to remove some suspicions produced by her vexation at the expensive carriage of a box of Highland grouse.

To obviate these difficulties and remove the perplexing doubts of cautious men, myself and a party of friends who have a large acquaintance in London and its vicinity, propose publishing a work in monthly numbers, which we mean to entitle " The Bachelor's Vademecum, or a sure guide to a good match." It will contain a list of all genuine and undoubted heiresses in the metropolis and within ten miles around it, and of those ladies whose fortune depends on contingencies: as our correspondences and information increase, we shall hope to extend the circle of our inquiries, and we solicit those communications and assistances which the extent and utility of our plan require and deserve. Notices will be given of all who drop off by death and marriage, and of those whose value may be unexpectedly increased by a legacy, or a sister or brother's decease. Particular attention will be paid to rich widows. As beauty is a desirable addition to wealth, the most accurate information will be given on this particular; while on the minor points of sense, principles, and temper, we shall, for the satisfaction of the curious, subjoin such reports as may happen to reach us while engaged in more important researches. As it will not be pleasant for ladies to see their names and descriptions published at full length, we shall omit the former and affix a number instead; and any subscriber may be furnished with a key by making application at our office. The first part of this truly useful work is nearly ready for the press; and we flatter ourselves that its arrangement and execution will excite universal applause. The particulars concerning each lady will be distributed under four heads: the first will be devoted to her fortune and expectations; the second to a description of her person;

the third to non-essentials; and under the fourth will be found hints as to the readiest means of approach, cautions against offending peculiar tastes or prejudices, and much interesting and valuable information. On the first head we have, of course, bestowed by far the greatest portion of our time and labour; the result is perhaps but a few figures, which occupy a small space, but, as in astronomical calculations, the pith and marrow of the whole inquiry depends upon their accurate number and arrangement, and few are aware of the trouble, acuteness, penetration, and research, which have been employed to obtain this accuracy. We have already examined twelve hundred and thirty-four wills at Doctors' Commons; bribed about five hundred lawyers' and bankers' clerks; cross-questioned more than two thousand waiting-women; and perfected a system of espionage, which prudence will not permit us farther to develope. We neglect no circumstance, however trivial, from which a hint may be obtained. We have permission from several milliners, &c. to look over their books, and we immediately commence inquiries concerning every extravagant purchaser. These, however, frequently end quite contrary to expectation: it is by no means the richest who are most lavish in expenditure; and in those suspicious cases which we have dogged into shops, we have generally found that the poorest part with their money carelessly, while a good cheapener and thorough lover of bargains is seldom worth less than 10,000*l.* On the article of beauty, we have trusted no eyes but our own, well aware that lovers and near relations generally exaggerate a lady's charms, while her intimate female friends as surely depreciate them. Following Dr. Kitchener's example, who boasts of having given no recipe in his cooking-book which he had not previously made and tasted himself, we have conscientiously avoided describing any lady whom our own eyes have not twice attentively surveyed; once in "the pomp, pride, and circumstance" of evening dress, and again in the less deceiving attire of morning deshabille. A more clear idea, however, of our scheme will be conveyed by subjoining a few specimens taken at random from our first number, which will contain about seventy-five articles.

No. 14.

Fortune.—10,000*l.* certain, left by a grandfather: two brothers have the same, one of whom is likely to die before he is of age, which would produce 5000*l.* more. The father in business, supposed to live up to his income. A rich single aunt, but not on terms, on account of No. 14's love of waltzing. A prudent husband might easily effect a reconciliation.

Person.—Fair with red hair, and freckled, nose depressed, brow contracted, figure good, two false teeth.

Non-essentials.—Bad-tempered, economical almost to parsimony. Sings a great deal, but has no voice. Dances well; a Roman Catholic.

Miscellaneous Information.—Fond of winning at cards. A particular dislike to large whiskers; disapproves of hunting; makes her own gowns, and likes to have them admired.

No. 26.

Fortune.—16,000*l.* from her father, who is dead, and 10,000*l.* more certain on the death of her mother, who is at present ill. It is hoped

that her complaint is dropsy, but more information on this point shall be given in our next Number.

Person.—Fair with fine blue eyes, good teeth, beautiful light hair. Tall and well made. Hands and feet bad.

Non-essentials.—Weak in understanding, and rather ungovernable in temper. Has been taught all fashionable accomplishments; plays well on the harp; sings Italian. Bites her nails, cannot pronounce her h's, and misplaces her v's and w's. Her father was a butcher.

Miscellaneous Information.—Keeps a recipe book, and is fond of prescribing for colds and tooth-aches. Has a great dislike to lawyers. Eats onions. Fond of bull-finches and canary birds. Collects seals. Attends lectures on chemistry. Sits with her mouth open.

No. 43.

Fortune.—60,000*l.* in her own disposal.

Person.—Aquiline nose, large dark eyes, tall and thin. Fine teeth and hair, supposed false; but the lady's maid has high wages, and has not yet been brought to confess.

Non-essentials.—Plays well on the piano. Good-tempered. Aged sixty-three. Evangelical, and a blue-stocking.

Miscellaneous Information.—Dislikes military and naval men. Fond of hares and trout. Has a great objection to waltzing. Aunt to No. 14. A prudent man might easily widen the breach between them. Attends Bible-meetings and charity-schools. Lame of one leg.

No. 61.

Fortune.—An only child; father a widower, with landed property to the amount of 1500*l.* per annum, and 40,000*l.* in the Three per Cents. It is possible he may marry again, but as he keeps a woman who was his cook, it is hoped this may not occur. The daughter lives with a maternal aunt.

Person.—A decidedly handsome brunette. Tall, and well made.

Non-essentials.—Charitable almost beyond her means; from which, and her wishing her father to marry, she is supposed to be extremely weak. Temper excellent; said to be well educated, but of too retiring a disposition to allow of our discovering the fact without more trouble than the matter is worth.

Miscellaneous Information.—Fond of the country. Goes twice to church on Sundays, but this affords no opportunity to a lover, as she never looks about her. Has an uncle a bishop, which may recommend her to clergymen.

Every person who has directed his attention to the subject, must perceive at a glance the immense utility of a work of this nature, conducted, as it will be, by men who pledge their characters on the correctness of the information they convey. When a bachelor decides on marriage, by running over a few pages of our work, he will in half an hour be able to select a desirable match; by applying at our office, and giving testimonials of his respectability, he will receive the lady's name and address; and he may then pursue his object with a calm tranquillity of mind, a settled determination of purpose, which are in themselves the heralds and pledges of success. Or, should he meet in society a lady who pleases his taste, before resigning himself to his admiration, he will make inquiries at our office as to the number under

which we have placed her in our list; and should she be of too little value to deserve a place in it, he will vigorously root her from his imagination, and suffer himself no longer to hover round her perilous charms, "come al lume farfalla."

With what gratitude should I have hailed such a work as "The Bachelor's Vademecum" in my own days of freedom and matrimonial inquiry! What an influence would it have exerted on my comfort and my fate! I remember with horror the anxious days and sleepless nights which doubt, suspicion, and conjecture occasioned me; the fears of advancing too far, the dread of imposition, the vacillation in my conduct and manners which every new rumour produced. One day I was urging myself into ardour, the next studiously cold; one day I courted a smile as a blessing, the next feared it as a lure. And what at length was my fate? I affronted the only woman I ever liked on hearing a false, but general report, that she had lost the greater part of her fortune by the failure of a banking-house; and after unravelling a thousand artifices, avoiding a thousand snares, I was tricked into a marriage with a plain, disagreeable, healthy old maid, by her hoydening niece, whose artless manners I never suspected, and who told me as a great secret that her aunt had 40,000*l.* in the Bank of England, but did not wish it to be known. It was a spontaneous, unsuggested hoax on the part of the girl, intended to make me ask her aunt to dance; I asked a more important question, was favourably answered, and am tied to a termagant for life, with a paltry 5000*l.* strictly settled upon her to gild my misery. Let my own hard and unmerited fate be a warning to others; let it prove the insufficiency of caution if unassisted by accurate information; and as no mariner, however wary, could venture to despise the aid of a beacon, neither let the most prudent bachelor reject the proffered aid of our Vademecum. I am, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

W. E.

STATE OF PARTIES.

Party divisions, whether on the whole operating for good or evil, are things, we fear, inseparable from a free Government. In this country they have, however, for the most part, been productive of good; but of late years, from the want of the highest grade of talent amongst the leaders, and of consequent union in their followers, their nature, and their results, have tended to lower the standard of public morals, and materially to alter, and, if not checked in time, to hazard the existence of our constitution. During the life of Mr. Fox, except in two well-known instances (the Mission of Mr. Adair to Russia and the secession from Parliament), his party was of eminent service to the country. Mr. Pitt's party was so far of use, as a body, as to render it disgraceful for an individual to leave whatever banners he first appeared under, from motives of private and personal interest. We are old enough to remember the Irish Parliament in its full pride of power and of profligacy; and have not unfrequently seen the red-hot patriot of one day leading the ministerial band of placemen and pensioners on the following with no compunction and little disgrace. The practice was common, and by *use* made tolerably *perfect*. Here, if a party got into

power, it was in a body, and while such a practice continued, the country was benefited by the vigilance, the talent, and even the ardour of a regulated and skilful Opposition. The sagacious Lord Coke well observed, that "an inquiring Parliament" was good for the country; it kept ministers to their traces, and made their opponents attentive and active: the first were aware that no questionable act would be suffered to pass unquestioned; while the others knew that their weight with the country mainly depended upon their real or supposed acuteness and vigilance.

We have been led to these reflections by the change which has taken place in the House of Commons since the death of the two great leaders whom we have named.

Trading politicians have become numerous, who change their flags or their benches as it suits their convenience, and, as Mr. Grattan well observed, "they meander to their points," whenever they can do so with advantage to their own interests. Recent events in our political sphere have given a plausible pretext to these parliamentary *girouettes.* We have had, from various causes, some physical, some moral *four* administrations in about one year; and as each has been dissolved by death or disease, by intrigue or imbecility, large numbers have adhered to one *ci-devant* minister or another. Our Houses, both of Lords and Commons, now resemble a county map; we have four or five subdivisions of each body, each parcelled out and divided with different-coloured lines, and acting under different leaders or banners. We have the "friends" or adherents of Lord Liverpool; the admirers of Mr. Canning; the followers of Lord Goderich; and the "troops" of the Duke of Wellington.

The supporters of Lord Eldon and prerogative; of emancipation in religion, and liberality in commerce, headed by Lord Lansdown in one House and Mr. Huskisson in the other.

The adherents of Lord Goderich, veering and tacking, after the example of their unsteady leader, between both the foregoing; and the band of our late Commander-in-Chief, now our prime minister; as obedient to his "orders," as if engaged in a military, instead of a political campaign.

Each and all of these parties, except the last, range occasionally under the "Grand divisions" of Whig and Tory, of Ministry and Opposition. The Whigs, purely as such, are reduced to a small, but able and compact force. We have a detachment of the young nobility, classed under Lord Althorpe; of reformers, under Brougham and Tierney; of accountants and scrutineers, under Hume; of emancipators, under Lord John Russell; while Sir J. Macintosh and M. A. Taylor, aided by a detachment of rising lawyers, keep up an unremitting and powerful fire on the invetetate abuses and complicated chicanery of the Court of Chancery. The remainder of the Whigs consist of various denominations, some more, some less active and ardent, but few "of sufficient mark" to be separately enumerated. In the House of Lords we have the stern and fiery, but able and constitutional Lord Grey; the mild, sagacious, cool, and lucid eloquence of Lords Lansdowne and Holland, enlivened, sometimes by the wit, and always by the acuteness of the latter, and of Lord King; but we have to lament the want of cordial feeling, and sacrifice of personal, to public opinion,

where so much talent is still to be found; and above all, we want the concentrated effort of a united body under an acknowledged leader.

In the Tory party there is considerable talent, and even energy; though we think both to be so mingled and oppressed by such narrow views of national policy, such selfish aspirations after ranks and ribands, or even more solid rewards, such a keen scent after pensions and places—that we expect little good from such a body, while we fear much danger. The danger we anticipate is from the *divided* state of the Whigs—no master-mind to calm or awe them into quiet or obedience, and to constitute a powerful phalanx vigilant and united; while on the other side all is *union* and concentration, because all have *one* common end and object, to rule their King, and the country in his name, henceforth, as they have hitherto done, with little interval, for nearly half a century; making its best institutions, its press, and its Parliament, the engines of their own power, the sources of their own wealth, and the causes of national degradation.

To the Tories we owe an accumulation of debt almost beyond calculation. They found England with, perhaps, a useful debt of two hundred, and left it tottering under the oppressive weight of one amounting to near nine hundred millions!

They found us with a small standing army, proportioned to our wants as possessors of colonies; and with a powerful fleet, the natural guardian of an insular position. Our fleet is now turned into a sort of hospital for the "incurables" of our aristocracy. Our army has been encreased till it has become an object of rational fear to its country; while, from the nature of things, it never can be so numerous as to enable it to take an eminent station on the Continent of Europe; or, as the Great Frederick said of a military nation, so powerful as not to let a shot be fired in Europe without its permission. The army, too, has been made, by certain officers, more remarkable for their rank than for any military talent or quality, a source of great expense to the country, and we think a means certainly not of improving the military character of our soldiers. Some of our troops are made, in appearance, to resemble Russians, Prussians, or Germans; and considerable sums have been paid for mouse's skin, and other artificial modes of giving whiskers and moustaches to particular regiments; as if, after the severe lessons which both our cavalry and infantry have given to the best troops in Europe, the well-shaved lip and smooth chin of a ruddy English soldier does not present as formidable an appearance, and certainly a much cleaner one, to an enemy, than any other that he can meet in the field of battle. At the gigantic contest of Waterloo, our Horse Guards, in their cloth coats, encountered and destroyed the French cavalry, cased from their chins to their hips in steel; they picked, as we heard a soldier say, "the fish out of these lobster shells," and the next thing done, by some of our military men-milliners, was to case our fine fellows in these *shells*, which had been insufficient to protect their original wearers in that sanguinary conflict! This we have noticed here as connected with our subject, because it marks a desire to make our men resemble the troops of the Continent, while, in fact, they should have been preserved as "purely English" as possible; and, like our tars, in their "plain blue jackets," the ornament and defence of their own country, rather than the silly copyists of the fashions or the follies of any other.

Recent events, as we have elsewhere noticed, have thrown the whole of the Tory power, backed by this overgrown army, into the hands of the most successful, if not the most able General of modern times, and the result will hazard, we greatly fear, the permanence of our most celebrated institutions.

The Tory Oligarchy does not personally like his Grace; but then he is one of their "own body," and it will support him, not only upon that ground, but because they have no individual amongst themselves who has sufficient talent, or acknowledged character, to take his office.

In the House of Lords the conciliatory resolution respecting the Catholics, admirably calculated to quiet, if not altogether to satisfy them, has been negatived by a majority of forty-five; uniting in this small majority churchmen and placemen, and the *debris* of the military and legal professions, with one splendid exception, in Lord Plunkett, in himself a host! Lord Eldon has changed his tone, and instead of "cheering" Protestant ascendency, now talks of "Catholic securities."

Lord Grey did not speak, thus verifying and justifying our preceding observations; a silence, we suspect, resulting from the late divisions between him and his old friends. He thus affords a practical proof of the danger of party, if it be not united. Its admitted existence justifies the union of his opponents, while the schism between himself and a part of the Whigs renders his own, and their eloquence, and talent, useless to his country, and dangerous to the cause of civil and religious liberty. Mr. Calcraft has deserted the Whigs, to become Paymaster of the Army; thus imitating the practices and the scenes, so often witnessed in the Irish Parliament, where the minister of the day, provided his gun was sufficiently "loaded," brought down the bird at whom he discharged it, whether it was a goose or a woodcock! When we recollect the events in this same office during his father's and the first Lord Holland's time, we cannot help rejoicing that half a century cannot be required to pass a paymaster's accounts, as was then not unfrequently the case; nor half a million be left in a functionary's hands, who may not have been worth six pence during the whole course of his public life. Nor has this been the only secession which we have heard whispered, and which the recess may bring into open daylight. The Clare lesson may retain in the ranks of the "unemployed," a knight who represents a neighbouring county, and who, perhaps fears that were he sent back to his constituents, in consequence of having taken a halbert in the Duke's regiment, he might possibly not be returned "to the place from whence he came." This apprehension may keep him steady, as out of Parliament he would not be worth the powder and shot used to bring him down; and except for his own county, he has neither interest, nor means, we suspect, to ensure a return. That he has been coquetting with the Duke, is well known to us; and we therefore have written him off the roll of the Whig regiment, though he still *sits* with it. Another "gallant knight," we have also heard, has tendered his services; and as he has been a military man, we could the more readily excuse him for wishing to enlist amongst the Duke's troops, under whom he has served in his former capacity; but we are sorry to find that the Whigs should thus be mouldering away, and joining the banners of the enemy, from motives and causes at least "highly questionable." That the member for Wareham should have gone over, we own

has not surprised us; and though he professes to have done so with all his principles untouched, it will require either the friendship or the credulity of Sir James Graham, to put implicit confidence in the assertion. The Duke of Wellington is too good a disciplinarian to allow of such "reserves;" he must be served heart and hand, by every officer under him, or he will soon give the Paymaster General leave of absence from that office, and send him to graze, once more, on the barren plains which surround Wareham.

In our observations on the state of affairs immediately following the secession of Lord Goderich, and the strange and almost unnatural re-union in the same cabinet of those who had driven his lordship to that measure by their differences, the following passage will be found; not discreditable, we would fain hope, to our political sagacity: "Mr. Huskisson, whatever his talents may be (and they are great), in his anxiety for office, has essentially forfeited the confidence of his late friends without obtaining that of his present coadjutors, and will furnish a memorable example that 'honesty is the best policy,' to all rising aspirants for political power, public estimation, or private regard. That which the Duke so recently feared may now be urged by his Grace *in terrorem*—a dissolution of Parliament; and he will soon, therefore, possess a majority in the House of Commons, as he has one already in the House of Lords, *having first dismissed his disgraced ally, Mr. Huskisson*." An interval of not more than three months has verified our predictions. Mr. Huskisson has been consigned by the Duke to his political cemetery, "with all his glory about him;" while his friends,—at least those in the House of Commons,—have cowered to the power, or the threats, we suspect, of his military opponent. From the discordant materials of which the late Administration (composed of the fragments of several parties) was put together, we at first supposed that a dissolution at this moment was inevitable; but the well-timed and boldly applied hints of his Grace and his staff, "that he should consider every man his opponent who was not his supporter," has decided the wavering policy of all those who feel an habitual dread of an election contest, or the renewal of a course of borough caresses; or who value their own consistency, or the ties of personal or political friendship, less than they dread a recurrence to the individuals whom they *humorously* call "their constituents." His Grace has found a sufficient number of "recruits," and we shall have no dissolution; no breaking of bones (as surgeons sometimes do), to re-unite them again the more firmly.

With some occasional changes, of "red" coats for blue or black ones,—the wearers of which latter will find it pleasant, or useful, to solicit from his Grace the peaceful, if not profitable, retirement of the Chiltern Hundreds,—we shall see a new corps, as strong, and more "steady under arms," than those who so recently filled, if they did not adorn, the Ministerial benches.

After a correspondence, half angry, and on the part of Mr. Huskisson not very wise, the Duke "compelled" him to resign his office. At the letters, now in every body's hands, one is tempted to laugh, if the reflection, on its possible results to the country, did not check all visible tendency. England has lost a very able minister, in his particular official line of duty; and notwithstanding all his "explanations," we cannot

help feeling, that as well in "taking" as in leaving office, he has forfeited "some," perhaps "much" character. In taking it, he abandoned the high ground on which, till that moment, he had stood; he deserted Lord Lansdowne, and the other friends, in Lord Goderich's cabinet, who had offered to resign, for, and with him, because they thought him ill used; and he then accepted office in company with the very man who promoted, if he did not altogether cause, the schism which led to that nobleman's retiring.

Mr. Huskisson's recent resignation has not served his character, either as a politician or a man. The reason assigned, in his first letter to the Duke, was beneath a statesman, or even a "man of sense;" and if, under the mask of pretending to resign, he wished to dissolve the Duke of Wellington's administration, hoping afterwards to obtain the Premiership for himself, his conduct as a man was both silly and contemptible. We do not attribute this to him, but the world at large has been led by the events of the last year to suspect that

"All is not gold that glitters."

Mr. Huskisson clings to public life as the veriest wretch in the condemned hold of Newgate does to the mortal one. He is, however, hampered by his vanity, which prompted him to let three other cabinet ministers go out with him, Lords Dudley and Palmerston, and Mr. Grant, not one of whom can he ever reintroduce. Single-handed, he might have done better for himself, as it is said that the Minister has a "sneaking" (it can only be such!) liking for him, and having disarmed him, would not object to engage him as a "tractable follower." We suspect that the Ex-Secretary would pocket his difference with the "Field-marshal," if he could decently quarrel with his companions in misfortune, and "explain" them into the predicament, or the public into a belief, that these ministers must have left office on some other score than his own resignation. After the rising of Parliament, he purposes going to the Continent for many months; and by thus lying fallow, he hopes some good may hereafter spring up in his favour. In the interim, he has "sense" enough to assume as much good-humour as circumstances will allow, and to have decided against a factious line, or a junction with the systematic opposers of Government. He has occasionally advocated some of the measures of Administration; calls Mr. Peel "his Right Honourable Friend;" and endeavours, if he cannot keep the door open for his future return to the Treasury Bench, at least to prevent its being "locked" against him!

Nor is Mr. Huskisson's conduct, so far as regards himself, the only, or even the least serious cause of regret or complaint.

By his resignation, he has let in the "Prætorian Bands" upon civil life; and made military merit almost the sole criterion of fitness for public service. With a field-marshal as Premier, we have one of the first civil offices in the cabinet filled by another military officer: the civil duty in the War Office is committed to the charge of a third. This, perhaps, if no other military man had been put into office, might have passed unnoticed, as being one indirectly connected with the duties of a soldier. But the misfortune—for we must in candour call it one—does not begin or end here: early in the session, we observed upon the declarations of a military member of each House, before the

Duke had done one official act, "of their implicit confidence" in his fitness, not only for the office of Commander-in-Chief, but for that which he now holds. The country, however, thought that this was "too bad;" and his Grace left his own proper department, and, like Brennus, threw his sword into the scale, which was to make him the effective civil ruler of his country. A recent event in the House of Commons marked the feeling of military men on his Grace and Sir George Murray being both, at the same moment, in civil offices. One officer contends that the man who had risked his life in battle for his country, was the "fittest" person to serve the country in a civil capacity. We at once deny the position. The habits of a military man incline him to "implicit obedience" to the orders of a superior. Military talent, even of the highest grade, is very far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius, for it is never made conversant with the more delicate and abstruse of mental operations. It is used to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail itself of physical aids and advantages; and all these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest and rarest order. Nothing is more common than to find men eminent in the science and practice of war, wholly wanting in the nobler energies of the soul; in imagination, in taste, in enlarged views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalisation to the human mind, and to society; or in original conceptions on the great subjects which have occupied and absorbed the most glorious of human understandings—the Burleighs, the Bacons, the Lockes, of former, or the Burkes, the Pitts, and the Foxes, of our own times.

The habits of a civilian lead to a feeling of equality; and his more general and careful education urges him to question every position in politics, advanced by however high an authority. Military men surrender the free exercise of their judgments to a superior, because, in the discharge of their professional duties, "this would have been a merit:" an officer is not to reason, but to obey.

The slight sample which we had of Sir George Murray, as a Member of Parliament, before his appointment to office, was not favourable. He spoke but twice; and, on one of those occasions, in a tone, so far as regarded his opponents, rather novel in such an assembly, at least in England. While the Irish Parliament remained, we recollect something similar. A certain Baronet, also of "that" House, chiefly remarkable for his skill as a shot, (proved not only by having winged sundry of his opponents, but by being able to write his name in bullets on a pasteboard figure resembling a man,) more than once, when his eloquence or his argument failed him, has been known to say to the Speaker, "Sir, this is not a Parliamentary, it is a pistol case;" a figure of oratory very successful, even in Ireland. Sir George, in supporting the vote for Mr. Canning's pension, addressed his opponents rather as if he had been in a Council of War, or a field of battle, than a legislative assembly. While another General Officer called upon Lord Normanby to "explain himself," in a style which carried hostility in every note, merely because he had termed two military defenders of the Duke's Government "an advanced guard." These are the "signs of the times;" and as such, in our character of periodical writers, we have observed, and wish to mark them, and apply them—

"For warnings and portents, and evils imminent."

The Duke of Wellington's Administration seems even already to have taken root, and we foresee no storms likely to lay it waste—not even the O'Connell hurricane, which has so recently passed over Clare. It has blossomed well, with the Canterbury job, which has entailed on the country a nominee of the Archbishop's, in an office condemned by repeated Finance Committees; and in reserving the Lieutenant General of the Ordnance, in the teeth of Reports and votes from a similar quarter. The fruits must be looked for between the parting of the present and the meeting of the next Session of Parliament. If his Grace can stand, independently of the hungry and powerful Tory aristocracy, a "third" party will have been raised, which may be of much use, though bought at a great price to the country; but we fear that this cannot be effected without the application of a remedy, to which both the Duke and his opponents are equally averse—"a Reform in Parliament." The Retfords, and Basset Laws, and Clumbers; the Cockermouths, and Cumberlands, and Applebys, are too powerful even for his Grace, backed as he is by the Army, in all its ramifications: and while a Parliament so constituted remains, and administers the whole wealth of the country, can it be expected that the power of the state will not essentially be vested where the power of the purse has been placed by the Constitution?

In the interim, we fear that the system of freedom in Commerce will, as we not long since predicted, be abandoned. The new Vice-President of the Board of Trade has already begun to nibble at it; and in the face of two official, nay Ministerial, declarations, backed by two Acts of Parliament, has extended the period at which the East India silks were to be admitted on payment of a high duty. The Coventry men have persuaded Mr. Courtenay, that "liberal measures," though good in all other trades, are not to be safely introduced into that which forms the staple of fair Godiva's residence; and that while we overwhelm India with five millions of our manufactures, poured into their country, duty free, we are not to admit a bandana pocket handkerchief into England, except through the intervention of a smuggler, and at a rate little short of 90 per Cent. Our merchants, acting upon the faith, and under the sanction already stated, have given large orders in India; will they be considered as having "vested interests" in the cargoes, which will in consequence arrive? and is the country at once to prohibit the admission of the goods, and make compensation to the merchants for their seizure and confiscation? This is but the beginning of a series of measures which we suspect are in embryo, and which are likely to be the fruits of our recent changes. Let us but drive Ireland into rebellion, and then we shall have full employment for our armies, and for a portion of the two hundred unemployed generals, who are at present "a dead weight" at the head of the Army List. As to the Navy, the recent regulations will soon provide "effectually" for the officers who have fought and bled under Nelson and Collingwood; and we shall have a crop of young fashionables in their stead, who, according to Dibdin's song, will scarcely know

"The stem from the stern of a ship."

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR, *Paris, July 23, 1828.*

THE interest of the fashionable world in Paris has this month been exclusively engaged, 1st, by the sudden and extraordinary popularity of Madame Malibran; 2d, by an amusing comedy, performed at the Gymnase, entitled "Avant, pendant, et après;" and, 3d, by the discussion of the comparative merits of Macready and Kean. Since Martignac's Ministry has declared its hostility to the Jesuits, by the two famous ordinances of last month, public interest is beginning to be a little diverted from politics. Three months ago, the question repeated every evening in the drawing-rooms of Paris was, whether the Charter or the Jesuits would be triumphant? About midnight, some important personage would enter a saloon, and relate an anecdote of the interior of the Court, tending to show that the King was either abandoning the cause of the Jesuits, or was becoming more and more devoted to them. Now that people think they know the state of this great question, and that the triumph of the Jesuits appears to be deferred for a year, they begin to look to literature for excitement; but, unfortunately, French literature was never at so low an ebb as at present. Allow me for a moment to explain the causes which seem to have had an influence in corrupting French genius. The numerous manufactories which have risen up in every corner of France since the year 1817, have produced a class of people who are in opulent, or, at all events, in easy circumstances. M. de St. Simon calls this the *classe industrielle*. Except at Lyons and Nismes, these manufacturers are rarely found in the South of France. The families that have been enriched by trade since 1817, chiefly reside between the Loire, the Rhine, and the frontiers of the Netherlands. The principal centres of industry are St. Quintin in Picardy, and Louviers in Normandy. Our rich manufacturers are for the most part men about forty-five or fifty; but it must not be supposed that they bear the least resemblance to your worthy city merchants. Nothing can be more different. The wealthy French provincial thinks himself obliged to be *un homme galant;* or, if past the age for that, he sets up for *un homme d'esprit.*

Never at any period of civilization, in any city in the world, were so many books published as those which have issued from the Paris press since 1817. The Jesuits have calculated that, adding together all the editions of Voltaire, each of which frequently amounted to between two and three thousand copies, upwards of two millions of volumes of Voltaire have been published in Paris within ten years. Now, two-thirds of the books printed in Paris are bought by the provincial manufacturers who know nothing about them.

This utter incompetency of the purchasers of books to judge of what they pay for at a very dear rate, has had the effect of degrading French literature. Every petty provincial dealer lays the foundation of his library by purchasing Voltaire, Rousseau, the Memorial de St. Hélène, the rhapsody entitled "Victoires et Conquêtes des Armées Françaises," and the pleasant novels of Pigault Lebrun. If the fortune of the calico manufacturer should improve, he buys Molière, Corneille, Racine, all the celebrated authors of the reign of Louis XIV; and a French translation of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. He does not, to be sure, read all these books; but he gets them nicely bound, and arranges them in conspicuous places in his rooms. Should the cloth and calico trade continue so profitable as to produce to our manufacturer an income of twenty or thirty thousand francs per annum, he then gets introduced to the society of Monsieur le Prefet, Monsieur le Marechal de Camp commanding the department, and to the principal fiscal and judicial officers. The aristocracy formed by the functionaries just mentioned, constitutes what is called high society in the provincial towns of France. On getting introduced to this class of society, our newly enriched merchant

or manufacturer finds that continual allusion is made to different passages in "Quentin Durward, Ivanhoe," &c. He is therefore obliged to read Sir Walter Scott, lest he should be set down for a Goth when conversing with Madame la Prefette. He next finds himself obliged to procure all the literary novelties that appear in Paris; and this is the fatal circumstance which operates to the prejudice of French literature, and tends to compromise the high reputation we established in Europe during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Now-a-days, as soon as a book issues from the press in Paris, however bad an opinion the bookseller may entertain of its literary merits, he never fails to send off copies to St. Petersburgh, Stockholm, Moscow, Copenhagen, Berlin, and even to Naples, Rome, and Vienna. In towns nearer to us, such as Turin for example, there is an enormous demand for French books. A Russian nobleman residing at Florence is at present collecting a French library, which, when complete, will be worth several hundred thousand francs. This nobleman is a man of talent and taste. Many distinguished literary characters in St. Petersburgh and Berlin transmit to Paris extensive orders for French books; but how must they be disgusted when they receive the publications brought out for the amusement of our provincial traders! What must be the reflections of a man of literary taste in Munich or Turin, when he receives from Paris the "Memoires d'une Contemporaine;" "The History of Napoleon by M. Norvins;" "General Foy's History of the War in Spain;" and the whole host of paltry publications which are daily puffed off by the booksellers in the Paris papers? What must be the astonishment of a foreigner on perusing such a production as the volume entitled "Keledor, Histoire Africaine; publiée par M. le Baron Roger, Ex-Administrateur du Senegal." The worthy Baron, instead of presenting us with a simple and correct narrative of Senegal and its inhabitants, with which he was probably well acquainted, thought fit to write a romance, full of high-sounding phrases. His hero is a being named Keledor, who relates a series of events in which he himself took part. From the emphatic and exaggerated language put into the mouth of this poor negro, it is evident that the author has been aiming at an imitation of the character of Chactas, in Chateaubriand's celebrated romance of "Atala." Nothing certainly can be more absurd than the history of the war of Abdoul-Kader against the impious Daniel de Caior, who sometimes presumed to mock the holy precepts of Mahomet. The reader searches in vain, amidst all this Chateaubriantic bombast, for any portion of that curious information which M. Roger's intimate acquaintance with Senegal might have enabled him to give.

The attractive title of Keledor, together with the author's high-flown style, has occasioned the circulation of twelve or fifteen thousand copies of the work among our provincial *industriels.* "Stevenson's Travels in South America" issued from the press at the same time with the romance of Keledor. Of Mr. Stevenson's work, which is written in a plain unaffected style, some hundreds of copies have been circulated in Paris, but the booksellers declare that not more than eighty-seven copies have been sold in the provinces. Had the author adopted the style of Baron Roger, his work would have been as successful as Keledor. But this last production, indifferent as it is, is nevertheless infinitely superior to the wretched imitations of Jouy's style, with which we are daily inundated.

The above particulars will serve to show that we have at present two distinct styles of literature in France. The "Memoires of Brienne," which are remarkable for simplicity and the absence of all exaggeration, have been circulated extensively in the polite circles of Paris. But the sale of this work, has been nothing in comparison with that of the "Memoires d'une Contemporaine," of which, even in the little town of Honfleur, a vast number of copies were sold; people were absolutely fighting for them. All the Contemporaine's falsehoods respecting General Moreau and Marshal Ney are adopted as articles of faith at Honfleur, and, after being burlesquely exaggerated, become the subject of conversation; while, if a single copy of the

Memoires of Brienne had found its way to Honfleur, the style would have been thought very flat. There is no doubt that the "Memoirs of Harriet Wilson" suggested the idea of the "Memoires d'une Contemporaine." The taste and political tendency of the French and English nations are different, and therefore, instead of attempting to draw satirical portraits of persons in high life, the Contemporaine presents us with a tissue of anecdotes of the heroic period of our Revolution, written in an emphatic style. Marshal Ney is an object of adoration to the great bulk of the French people. He has, too, the advantage of being dead; and these reasons have induced the Contemporaine to make him her hero. But she seems to forget that General Marescot, by whom she pretends she was carried to Holland, is not also numbered with the dead. The gallant General has expressed himself fully sensible of the compliment paid to him; but he at the same time declares that he never was acquainted in Holland with any lady resembling the Contemporaine. But I shall say no more about these Memoires, lest I be suspected of ill-will against the writers by whom they have been manufactured for Ladvocat, the bookseller. I have merely explained the reasons of their extraordinary circulation, in order to give you an idea of the two styles of literature which are rising up in France. All the femmes de chambre in Paris and the mercantile classes in the provinces read the Contemporaine's "Memoires," while the literary circles of the capital and the provincial nobility read the "Memoires de Brienne." Of this last work two thousand copies have been sold, while the circulation of the Contemporaine has amounted to at least twenty-five thousand.

The best History of the French Revolution that has hitherto appeared, is that recently published by M. Thibeaudeau, who was a Counsellor of State and the Prefect of Marseilles under Napoleon. But his History has the fault of being written in a simple and natural style, therefore its sale has been very limited; while our wealthy provincials have purchased twenty thousand copies of the Abbé Montgaillard's "History of the Revolution." This Abbé Montgaillard was a little hump-backed man, who was employed in the commissariat at a salary of four or five hundred francs per month. He had a brother, Count Montgaillard, who is celebrated for his portrait of Louis XVIII. which he published in 1814, and which the Liberals pronounced to be a striking likeness. Count Montgaillard was said to be a spy in the employment of the Duke de Rovigo, by whom he was paid at the rate of two thousand francs per month. The rhapsody entitled "The History of the Revolution," is the joint production of the two brothers, and the fifteenth edition is now in the course of publication. An excellent refutation of this production has appeared from the pen of M. Laurent, the editor of the Globe; but the publisher of Montgaillard's History is protected by the Constitutionnel, which is the oracle of the mercantile classes in the provinces. Montgaillard's work is written in a style to suit the taste of provincial readers, and, therefore, it will probably pass through ten editions. On the other hand Count Thibeaudeau's excellent "Memoirs of the Consulate" will not probably reach a second.

The influence of the two classes of readers, and the two styles of literature which they create, is most remarkable in the department of novel-writing. One author has published eighty volumes, and all his works have gone through three editions. His name, though celebrated in Lyons and Bourdeaux, is utterly unknown in Paris. M. Benjamin Constant's clever novel of "Adolphe," which paints with so much truth the torments experienced by a man of delicate feeling wishing to separate himself from a mistress whom he no longer loves, has, probably, never found a place in the libraries of Toulouse and Nantes, which are filled with the productions of M. M. Mortenval, Paul de Kock, and Victor Ducange. This last-named writer has a most prolific imagination.

M. Broussais, one of the most fashionable physicians in Paris, has improved upon the system of the celebrated Rasori of Milan, and pretends to cure all disorders by bleeding and leeches. One of his patients lately died after the application of eight hundred leeches. This system is so much the rage in

Paris that leeches are now brought from the heart of Hungary. Absurd as this may appear, M. de Broussais is nevertheless a man of considerable talent. He has recently published a work, entitled "De la Folie et de l'Irritation, ouvrage dans lequel les Rapports du Physique et du Moral sont établis sur les bases de la Medecine." It is an exceedingly clever book, and well worthy of notice in England.

In France, where fashion reigns with despotic sway, there is an incessant craving for novelty. In 1800, Locke and Condillac were admired for the manner in which they explain the formation of our ideas and judgments; but they could not continue to enjoy permanent favour. Towards the end of 1803, M. M. Cabanis and de Tracy published their immortal works. Count de Tracy's Ideology, Grammar, and Logic, are the most profound and clear works in the French language on the formation of ideas, the art of expressing them, and on the right conduct of the understanding. But Napoleon detested the writings of M. M. Cabanis and de Tracy. About the year 1803, M. de Chateaubriand brought the Catholic religion into vogue. M. Frayssinous, now a peer of France, invested with the cordon bleu, and M. Royer Collard, now a Liberal, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, attacked the philosophy of Locke and Condillac. M. Royer Collard has been succeeded by M. Cousin and the conductors of "The Globe," who endeavour to throw Locke and Condillac into oblivion, and to establish the mystical reveries of the Germans. Translations of the works of Plato, and of Reid the Scotch philosopher, have been published here. The young men of fortune in Paris are somewhat touched with mysticism, and are enthusiastic admirers of M. Cousin's lectures, which they pretend to understand. M. Cousin is accordingly lauded to the skies by those journals which are supported by the subscriptions of his disciples. M. M. Royer Collard and Cousin take good care to say nothing definite and clear on the formation and expression of ideas, and the art of conducting the understanding to truth, in the examination of any subject whatever; but they tell us a multitude of vague things on the nature of the Deity, on the soul, and the manner in which God created man. M. Cousin pretends to have discovered all this in what he terms the *interrogation méditative de la conscience.* This is the whole secret of the new school of philosophy, which it is pretended is to upset Locke and Condillac. If these gentlemen did not cloak themselves under obscurity of style, every one would see the inanity of their ideas. While interrogating their consciences, in which they say they read so many fine things, they close their eyes against the clear facts established by Locke and Condillac, and set up ideal speculations in lieu of facts and experience. Because it is the fashion among our young men to listen with enthusiasm to M. Cousin's lectures; because a young professor has been imprisoned in Berlin, in consequence of M. Franchet having denounced him to the King of Prussia as a turbulent spirit; and because M. Cousin states that he himself was thrown into a dungeon several feet below the level of the Spree, no professor or journalist dares presume to comment on the obscurity of our new philosopher's language, and the mystical emphasis with which he speaks of God, the soul, and sometimes of the formation of ideas. Men of forty shrug their shoulders, because knowledge of human nature and of the world has taught them that that which is not clear is not worth attending to. On the other hand, in proportion as M. Cousin's lectures are obscure and mystical, the more they are admired by our young men of twenty. The youth of France are no longer distinguished for gaiety and levity, as they were before the Revolution. They have become gloomy, meditative, and calculating; and if the Jesuits had managed well, they might have been very devout, for their thoughts are constantly wandering to a future world.

In this state of French society, M. Broussais has had the courage to publish a book full of facts and observations. He attacks the new philosophers formed in the school of M. M. Royer Collard and Cousin, whom he designates by the title of "Kanto-Platoniciens." M. Broussais shows anger at the very outset; for he well knows that all the young men in Paris will rise up against him. He plainly tells them that the figurative style which they so

extravagantly admire is that of poetic fiction; that the logic of their masters is a perpetual anthology; and that their language is nothing but a metaphorical phraseology, as obscure as it is bombastic. M. Broussais attacks the only intelligible idea which these new philosophers have started. They assert, that "conscience is a feeling in itself, and is not felt through the senses." They pretend that, to hear the revelations of conscience, it is necessary to wrap oneself up in silence and obscurity, so as to be free from the operation of the senses. In a word, one must "hear oneself think." The philosophers of this new school allege that, after being long accustomed to these reveries, they discern an immeasurable perspective extending from man to God. A good pupil of M. Cousin clearly sees in his conscience, after closing his eyes for a time, a new world, presenting a multitude of beautiful, singular, and holy facts. These facts are connected together by relations, the laws of which may be understood. Finally, and this is better than all the rest, these facts are entirely distinct from those which are proved to us through the medium of the senses.

But I fear I shall weary your patience with all this detail. I shall therefore conclude my remarks on this subject by observing, that all our young Parisians, who are not hangers-on of the Court, or the dupes of Jesuitical intrigues, are enthusiastic disciples of M. Cousin. Napoleon would have made all these young men cavalry officers, or auditors of the Council of State; and M. Broussais tells them, without any ceremony, that their brains are turned with Cousin's mysticism, only because they want employment.

I am aware, Sir, that all these remarks on the new philosophy of Paris would present but little interest to you, were it not that they serve to show the turn of mind which prevails among that class of young men who, ten or fifteen years hence, will be Peers of France, and employed in all the departments of Government.

The corrupt taste and absurd doctrines which at present prevail in France have already had the most mischievous effects upon our literature. No author can enjoy success but by endeavouring to please our newly-enriched provincial traders, or by gaining a reputation among M. Cousin's mystical followers. The author who steers clear of these two shoals will gain but little profit. The only real judges of literary merit, and those whose opinions are worth any thing, are the females of the higher ranks, and men of about thirty, whose maturity of age secures them against the influence of our fashionable philosophy. But fashion, which has plunged us into this state of mental degradation, will probably soon extricate us from it. I doubt not but that Cousin's philosophy will be wholly forgotten two or three years hence. Instead of "closing their eyes, and looking into their consciences" for the immense chain of facts which connects them with God, our young men will again seek the society of the fair sex. The renewal of war, which every one heartily wishes for in France, would speedily convert our young philosophers into gallant officers.

SONNET ON REVISITING A SCHOOL.

Who but will sigh—while pacing oft alone
O'er the same walks, careless where once he stray'd
With playmates—many of whom a deeper shade
Than of your bowers hath wrapt! Yes, many are gone
The dark, the silent, phantom-flitting way
Which lies beyond the grave! for ever flown
From this vain world, from Fortune's smile or frown.
Ah Fancy! meteor shining to betray!—
Thy loveliest gleams were but the rainbow's hue
That flies a parley melting from the sight!
'Tis thus—with all the flowers of man's delight!—
With all that sparkle in life's morning dew:
Hope after hope bestrews the wintry gale,
Till the bare stem be left a mourner in the vale!

BURTON'S DIARY.

This is little short of a miracle—the recovery of the debates of the Cromwell Parliaments, taken on the spot by one of the very members, communicating not only the general views and feelings of eminent persons on matters of permanent and temporary interest, but recording their very phraseology; not only their studied speeches, but occasional flashes struck fresh from the conflicts of discussion, of persons whose names are as familiar as household words even to the most careless readers of our popular histories, but of whose individual sentiments no memorials were supposed ever to have been preserved, or at least to have survived the wrecks of time. To discuss the utilities of original sources of history, or insist on the paramount value and importance of contemporary evidence, is no part of our design; still less shall we spend any of our space in establishing the authenticity of these precious documents—the internal testimony, indeed, is irresistible; our main purpose is slightly to sketch the Parliamentary History of the Protectorate, to convey to our readers some notion of the general contents of the Diary, and by occasional extracts to convince them how large a mass of information is here at hand of the most interesting kind: confirming or correcting a long succession of impressions, made for the most part without the stamp of due authority; introducing them to a nearer view of the machinery of Government, and bringing them in closer contact with the memorable agents of a period to which the history of the world can furnish no parallel, for independence of character and energy of action.

By the philosophical students of other times, and of our own constitutional history, these volumes will be instantly appreciated, but those "select and sacred few" are not the only persons whose curious appetite they are calculated to gratify; to the myriads, who daily pore over the interminable reports of our own times, they will surely furnish a rich repast—especially in the craving interval of a prorogation; and we have no doubt but the sentiments and language of Scot, and Hazelrigge, and Lambert; of Whitlock, and Lenthall, and Ludlow, and Maynard; of Thurloe, and Wolseley, and Strictland, will speedily be as well known, and will ultimately be deemed as well worth knowing, as those of the heroes of our own broad sheets. The speakers of those days, whatever else might prompt to display, spoke not to the ears of reporters; it was not the folly or vanity of newspaper notoriety, that set their tongues a-going; there was at least so much less of the *ad captandum*. The superiority in this respect pressed irresistibly upon us as we went along; and very refreshing (as the phrase is) was the air that sweeps over them of sincerity and earnestness, of which there is now-a-days so miserable a lack.

But indirectly, and generally, these valuable reports are calculated to work important effects—in addition to the solid information they convey in topics of abiding interest, and relative to the manners, and customs, and principles of a distant age—by the fearless and searching spirit with which the foundations of Government are investigated, the rough handling given to institutions no longer according with the demands of the times, and the vigour with which the impositions of power were resisted. Contrast these with the time-serving spirit among ourselves—with the ignorant terror, or affected alarm about innovation; and the lesson to be read can scarcely fail of a useful influence. The bigotry of the fanatic, and the craft and suppleness of the courtier, are often visible and revolting enough, but these are forgotten in the blaze of numbers, and those the most able and active among them, who exhibit a firmness and dexterity, neither alarmed by danger, nor baffled by cunning, nor discouraged by opposition, commanding at once our admiration and respect.

The recent publication of Pepys's Diary has generated a taste for original documents of this kind; but popular and attractive as Pepys's Diary finally became, it was not till the public were informed of its general character through the periodicals, by the diffusion of some of its more piquant materials, that it won its way to universal regard. We venture to affirm, the

general acquaintance with the leading personages, maxims, and manners of Charles's days, was multiplied by that publication a thousand fold beyond all that was ever acquired by all the grave and unparticularizing statements of formal histories. In the same way, Burton's Diary will work a similar effect with respect to Cromwell's age, and must work it by the same means—it stands quite as little chance of being read and duly estimated, till some notion, from the same quarters, is gathered of what it is likely to contain; and still less, perhaps, from its being announced as a Parliamentary Journal, for who, but an antiquary himself as dry as a stuffed alligator, ever turned an eye upon the arid, naked, and perfectly repulsive things so named, and was not deterred from a second glance? But the Diary before us is a vigorous report of debates, fixing the stamp of individuality on the several speakers, and fitted, very far beyond any existing materials, to enable the reader to survey the period to which they relate, and come to right and useful conclusions. No man can read them without being impressed with something very like deep respect for the intellectual calibre of persons, whom the servile Hume—he is the chief sinner—has taught the last and present generation to believe a contemptible set of ignorant fanatics, or a mischievous crew of low-minded rebels.

But to the book itself:—Burton's Diary extends over part only, though by far the largest part, of both sessions of Oliver's last Parliament, and over the whole of Richard's single one. The purpose of the Editor, Mr. John Towill Rutt, (to whom the MSS. were consigned by Mr. Upcott of the London Institution, into whose hands, it appears, they fell, along with the Clarendon Diary and Correspondence, recently published,) has been to present a complete view of the Parliamentary history of the Protectorates, and he has supplied the deficiencies and lacunæ of Burton's Diary, partly from the Journals, but mainly from another manuscript found in the British Museum, written by a Member of the Parliament of 1654, and several unpublished speeches of Cromwell, and the Speaker; illustrating the whole with notes, biographical and historical, extracted from published memoirs of the period—very usefully and adequately performed, but too much in the spirit of a partizan—of unbounded contempt for royalty, and admiration equally unbounded and unreasonable for republicanism.

To spare the reader the trouble of reference, we state the periods and durations of the Protectorate Parliaments.

I. 1653, July 5. The Little Parliament assembled, which resigned its authority into Cromwell's hands the 12th of December following.

II. 1654, September 3. New Parliament assembled under the sanction of the Instrument, dissolved on the 22d of January the following year.

III. 1656, September 17. New Parliament assembled, sat till the 26th of June, 1657.

1658, January 20. Same Parliament assembled, dissolved on 4th February.

IV. 1659. Jan. 27. Richard's Parliament—dissolved 22d of April.

The Long Parliament was roughly broken up by Cromwell, on the 20th of April, 1653, and steps were immediately taken by him to supply its place with a legislative assembly of his own construction. With the concurrence of his Council of officers, he nominated one hundred and forty-four persons, one hundred and twenty-two for the English cities and counties, six for Wales, as many for Ireland, and five for Scotland: Lambert, Harrison, Disbrowe, Tomlinson, and Cromwell himself completing the one hundred and forty-four. This assembly, which is usually denominated the Little Parliament, is termed by Hume, in a silly spirit of derision, Barebone's Parliament; and whatever may be the fact of the "greater part being Anabaptists, Antinomians, Independents, Fifth-Monarchy Men, the very dregs of fanaticism," it certainly comprised no "low mechanics." Praise-God Barebone, a member for the city, was the only person among them who had assumed a fanatical name. The first act of the assembly was to declare itself the Parliament of England, Ireland, and Scotland; and, according to the Journals—a meagre record of proceedings—after passing sundry resolutions, not attempting to

carry one into execution, for the abolition of Church patronage and the Court of Chancery; referring these and other matters to committees; talking of the removal of "scandalous ministers;" voting thanks and gold chains to Monk and Blake, and giving credentials and instructions to Whitlock for his embassy to the Queen of Sweden; the members resigned, on the 12th of December, into the hands of his Excellency the General, the powers they had received from him. The necessity for the exhibition of such an assembly was, in short, over; the "Instrument" was ready, and within a few days was published, as the rule and sanction of Government, by virtue of which, Cromwell took the title of Lord Protector, was duly inaugurated amidst a splendid ceremonial, and proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the metropolis; and throughout England. The nation had been so long accustomed to Parliaments, that Cromwell, in a few months, found it prudent to get up another. Accordingly, on the 3d of September, 1654, a day of high luck, the anniversary of the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, a Parliament, consisting of four hundred and sixty, four hundred for England, two hundred and seventy of which were assigned to counties, and thirty each for Scotland and Ireland, assembled. Relative to those we have now, in addition to the usual records of the Journals, the good fortune to possess, through the researches of Mr. Rutt, the Diary of one of the members, Guibon Goddard, representative of King's Lynn, and colleague of Skippon, which supplies a report of the debates, not individually, like Burton's, but in a summary, general style—and sundry unpublished speeches of the Protector and Speaker from the same source.

Trusting apparently too much to the respect with which he supposed the vigour of his Government had impressed the country, Cromwell had suffered the elections, with scarcely any interference, to take their own course; and the opposition he forthwith met with seems really to have taken him by surprise. No sooner were the members assembled, than they took at once the tone of independence, and trod in the track of the Long Parliament. As if they were themselves an independent authority, they refused to acknowledge a superior, and immediately instituted an examination into the Instrument of Government. An Ordinance had a few months before been issued by the Council, making it high-treason to speak against the existing Government. This was considered by some as impeding the freedom of debate, and a declaration being proposed that the House, notwithstanding, were free to debate, it was finally voted superfluous by a majority, 180 to 130. The main question was then put from the chair, that the Government "by a single person and a Parliament" (these were the terms of the Instrument) be approved? Much debate, says Goddard, followed about the word 'approved,' on the ground of its not being parliamentary, nor for the honour of the House to 'approve' of any thing which took not its foundation and rise from themselves.

"The interest of the single person did plainly lose ground, for not only the word 'approved' was disrelished on all hands, but they began to break the question, and to distinguish the word 'Government' into the legislative power and the executive power. The first was generally thought, with all the reason in the world, to be the right of the Parliament alone, without communicating the least part of it to any single person in the world." On the following Sunday, "the parsons generally prayed for the Parliament, to strengthen their hands and enlarge their hearts; to send them that had wisdom, zeal, and them that had zeal, wisdom; but not much concerning the single person, as was observed."

The Protector was thus driven to an act of authority. On the 12th, the doors of the House were closed against the members, and none were admitted but such as subscribed a recognition, "freely promising and engaging to be true and faithful to the Protector, and not to consent to alter the Government, as settled in a sole person and the Parliament." The greater part of the members appear to have subscribed. Out of the sixteen Norfolk members, three refused, "and though the rest of us," says Goddard, who himself 'gave in his adhesion,' "condemn the breach of privilege as much as any,

yet we doubt not but to acquit ourselves to God and to our country, in so doing, rather than to put the nation into another combustion and confusion." Notwithstanding this apparent purgation, little change was visible in the spirit of the members. The Instrument was again taken into consideration, and every article keenly debated, point by point: the results were generally unfavourable towards the Protector, and scarcely any regard was paid to his wishes—till at last his patience exhausted, before the new Constitution could be presented, he suddenly dissolved them, and took the Government into his own hands, and interpreted his own Instrument to his own fancy.

After this abrupt and angry dismissal of the second Parliament, in January 1655, Cromwell refused to assemble another till September of the following year; and when at last he consented, he wisely took more effectual precautions for securing a favourable majority. With the proceedings of this Parliament commences Burton's Diary, but not till the 3d of December. Previously to that date articles of impeachment had been presented against himself, and he had been engaged in his defence. Of Burton himself, nothing is known, but what is to be gathered from the Journals, and incidental notices in his own Diary, which altogether amount to very little. That little, however, it is of importance, and a debt of justice, to collect. Some knowledge, too, of the bias of his politics, is indispensable for a due estimate of the opinions he scatters over his Diary.

From the Journals it appears, that early in the session, one Antony Hillary presented a "paper of articles against Burton. When this paper was laid before the House, Hillary was called in, and on undertaking to justify the articles by evidence, was required to sign, and withdraw. By the order of the House, the articles—involving apparently, for no particulars are given, a charge of disaffection to the existing Government—were read, and Mr. Burton, in his place, replied, denying the substance and circumstances of the accusation; and the matter was then referred to a Committee. What evidence was produced by Hillary we know not, but Lilburne, one of Cromwell's Major-generals, stated, in depreciation of Hillary, that, in the last insurrection, both Mr. Secretary (Thurloe) and himself had been abused (deceived) by the false representations of this Hillary, who had been in consequence employed by himself to make discovery, and had had authority, and the assistance of soldiers; but all he did was to turn some countryman out of his possession, and keep it for himself; for which he had been committed to the marshal, and, in his opinion (Lilburne's), was a very loose fellow." On the report of the Committee, the question was put, whether Burton was guilty, which passed in the negative, and Hillary was committed to Newgate.

Of Burton's opinions and remarks we shall select a few instances, to give some notion of the man himself; they will at the same time serve to show the style of the Diary. Though sometimes stated in a direct manner, generally his sentiments are conveyed indirectly in recording those of the speakers.

Naylor, the Quaker, who was unquestionably a madman, was brought before the House on a charge of blasphemy. Most of the sterner cast were for putting the poor wretch to death, Skippon particularly. "Reynell (from Devonshire) said, 'This blasphemy of James Naylor wounds Christ through every side, as well in assuming the worship of Christ, as his very breath—The voice is Christ's,' said he (Naylor.) He ran over all the texts formerly urged in this case, pretended to great skill in the original, and would prove it, that under the gospel, a blasphemer and an impostor ought to be put to death. He said, 'Paul in the Acts declared, if I have done any wrong worthy of death, let me then die,' &c." Waller (Wm.) and Sir Gilbert Pickering opposed this severity with good feeling and abundance of logic. "'From generals,' said Waller, 'you cannot conclude particulars. Your argument runs thus:—some blasphemy ought to be punished with death, but Naylor has committed blasphemy, *ergo*. Now I shall prove that Naylor has not committed such blasphemy as ought to be punished with death. No positive inference can be drawn from Naylor's confession as to his assuming the attributes of Christ, but rather a positive denial of these assumings. The proof is all along dubious. He hath not said that he is Christ, but only a sign. Now the sign is another thing than the

thing signified. He says not that Christ dwells wholly, or personally, in him. As to that of the woman's kissing his feet, and the like—this is but a civil posture to our superiors. That of assuming divine adoration—he does no such thing. He said not that Christ was in him more than others.'—He (Waller) said a great deal more," observes Burton, "to extenuate the crime, but I minded it not."

Burton himself and another were named to see a part of the sentence on the wretched Naylor carried into execution—boring the tongue, and branding the forehead.

"He put out his tongue," says Burton, "very willingly, but shrinked a little when the iron came upon his forehead. He was pale when he came out of the pillory, but high-coloured after tongue-boring. He was bound with a cord by both arms to the pillory. Rich, the mad merchant, sate bare at Naylor's feet all the time. Sometimes he sung and cried, and stroked his hair and face, and kissed his hand, and sucked the fire out of his forehead. Naylor embraced his executioner, and behaved himself very handsomely and patiently. A great crowd of people there; the Sheriff present, *cum multis*, at the Old Exchange, near the Conduit."

Generally, though something of a fanatic—witness Naylor's case—Burton's sentiments are of a liberal and enlightened cast.

"Whalley, Judge Advocate, presented a book, 'which contained,' he said, 'witchcraft, blasphemy, and freewill,' (meaning probably, as the Editor suggests, the doctrines of the Arminians); and which, on a second occasion, he declared to be 'diabolical;' and being desired to read such parts of it as he misliked, he began with the title—'Ars Notoria, or the Notory Art of Solomon; showing the cabalistical key of magical operations, &c. judicial astrology, art of memory,' &c. He read other parts of the book, where a great efficacy was placed in repeating certain words at some hours, and several other odd tricks of conjuration, as that laying one's finger behind the right ear was good for the memory;—and," adds Burton, "abundance of such stuff."

In another part of the Diary, Burton observes, "Whalley could not get a committee for his *diabolical* book."

On the House preparing to address his Highness the Protector on his "safe deliverance from Sindercomb's plot, Sir Gilbert Pickering (one of Cromwell's Council) alluded to a speech and address of Major-General Goffe's on the capture of two ships, which Burton explains in the following terms:

"It (Goffe's speech) was a long preachment, seriously inviting the House to a firm and a kind of corporal union with his Highness. Something was expressed as to hanging about his neck like pearls, from a text out of Canticles, &c. When Goffe stood up, on Sir Gilbert's call—'as tickled,' he repeated," adds Burton, "something of his former preachment, but I remember not."

Burton has occasionally a very happy negative-memory.

"A Bill was read for 'discovering, converting, and repressing Papist recusants.' 'There is one desperate clause in it,' said Bond, (he had been a member of the Long Parliament): 'if my wife were Papist, I shall suffer sequestration of two-thirds of my estate. I except against that clause for marrying a Papist wife.' 'The believing husband shall convert the unbelieving wife.'—'Nay,' says Downing, (a well known weather-cock,) 'that clause forms the best part of it. It (marrying a Papist wife) is against Scripture, Solomon excepts against it. It was that which the late King lost not only two-thirds for, but all, by marrying a Papist woman.'—'The end,' said Pickering, splitting a hair, 'is not to punish any for their opinions, but to reduce them to the obedience of the Government. Great sums came from beyond seas for relief of poor Papists.'"

"He made a long story to little purpose," concludes Burton, in terms involving more liberality than on such a subject could have been expected.

Burton took his notes openly in the House, though not without being remarked upon by certain busy persons.

On one occasion he observes, "I writ nothing this day in the House. A friend told me (Captain Lilburne) that it would be taken notice of. He heard it much talked on, at table, the day before. Col. —— told me, a week since, that Lu. R. (Luke Robinson) had a purpose to take me down; but he wished me not to forbear, nor yet to take him off, for he was apt to forget," (meaning L. R.?). A day or two after, he observes, "Col. Bingham offered, if I would lay five pieces to one, he

would wager that the House would be up before I had writ out this book (filled his note-book)—offered without equivocation."—" But within a week of this, Mr. Robinson," he says, "asked me this morning before the Speaker came, if I took notes at Scot's Committee. I said Yes. He told me he had much ado to forbear moving against my taking notes, for it was expressly against the orders of the House. I told him how Mr. Davy took notes all the Long Parliament, and that Sir Simon D'Ewes wrote great volumes—as well his own speeches as other men's, when he was prevented in speaking.* I said, how should young men learn arguments without their notes?—but I answered civilly. He said, Mr. Solicitor Ellis was highly ruffled one time for taking notes, and was commanded to tear them in face of the House. It takes away, quoth he, the freedom and liberty of men's speaking, for fear their arguments be told abroad; and a great deal more to this purpose, which I evaded as well as I could."

For what more immediately concerns Burton and his particular sentiments, this may suffice. In prosecuting the thread of the Protectorate Parliaments, we shall but shortly remark on this third Parliament, which assembled on the 17th of September, 1656, that till the discovery of the conspiracy against the life of the Protector in January, it was occupied mainly in private matters—in cases of divorce and alimony—disputes of property—prosecutions for heresy and blasphemy—and Irish settlements. At the beginning of the Session all who could not obtain certificates of approval from his Highness's Council were refused admittance. Ninety-three were thus excluded, though the inflexibility of some, apparently, afterwards relented. So little were the members, though thus thoroughly sifted, allowed to interfere in legislative matters, that it was of indispensable importance to enlarge their judicial authority, to give them something to do. But independently of this motive—there never yet was an assembly that did not strive to extend its power. From the period of the discovery relative to the conspiracy, Cromwell's courtiers availing themselves of the opportunity, the House was fully occupied in making a king of the Protector. A new instrument of government was put upon the stocks—the old one had been played upon long enough—under the denomination of The humble Petition and Advice, by which it was proposed to invest Cromwell with the crown, and the title of King, and empower him to name *another* House, not exceeding seventy members. When presented for his acceptance, he objected to certain articles, and the whole underwent a long and elaborate revision; but, finally, when modified and corrected to his fancy—such was the obstinacy and bigotry of his firmest supporters—he found himself compelled to refuse the 'feather.'

We shall now select a few passages calculated to point out some of the more remarkable points of the Session, and the character and execution of the Diary.

Fanatics, under the general name of Quakers, seem to have swarmed about the period of Naylor's atrocious punishment. Petitions were presented from all quarters, especially the northern and western counties.

"'I have no Petition,' said Briscoe, (representative for Cumberland) 'from the county for which I serve, but I am sure I have as much reason to complain as any, for they are numerous in those parts, and principally occasioned by the ignorance of these people in the principles of religion. They meet in multitudes, and upon moors, *in terrorem populi*.'—Major Brook (Cheshire) said, 'They will overturn all laws and government, unless you timeously strengthen the banks. They meet in thousands in our country, and certainly will overrun all, both ministers and magistrates.'—'Though you have no Petition from London,' observes Sir Christopher Pack, a City Knight, 'yet we are not less infested with them than other parts of the nation.'—'It is high time to take a course with them,' said Chief Justice Glynn. 'They daily disturb our courts of justice; several indictments against them; their persons and pamphlets daily pestering us. I was, in private opinion, against pu-

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* "He probably here refers" says the Editor, "to Sir Symonds D'Ewes's MSS. now preserved in the British Museum, which are said to contain a journal of his life, even to very minute particulars.—*Biog. Brit.*"

Does the Editor mean something different from the published Diary?

nishing old offenders with a new punishment, and am also for tender consciences. But those that openly profess against the ministers and ordinances, and magistracy too, it is fit they should be taken a course withal, for they grow to a great number.' —'They are a growing evil,' chimes in Sir Wm. Strictland, 'and the greatest that ever was. Their way is a plausible way; all levellers against magistracy and propriety, (property). They say the Scriptures are but ink and paper. They are guided by a higher light. They deny all ordinances, as marriages, &c.'—'We are all full,' observes Skippon, 'of the sense of the evils spread all the land over, and our indulgency to them may make God to cause them to become disturbers of our peace. I am for tender consciences as much as any man; but it is one thing to hold an opinion, another thing to hold forth an opinion. If a man be a Turk or a Jew, I care not, so he do not openly hold it forth. I am for an enumeration of their blasphemies, for I would not have any honest man surprised by a general law. I would have Biddle * and his sect also considered by the same Committee, which are also dangerous, as well as Quakers.'—'It is a hard thing,' cried Whalley, himself a bit of a fanatic, 'to make a law against them. Some do acknowledge Scripture, magistracy, and ministry; others, not. Good ministers is the only remedy to suppress them; only make a law against blasphemy, and let them that commit James Naylor's fault, have his punishment. But for their denying of the magistracy and ministry, you have laws against them already. Bind them to their good behaviour.' —'If there be any such people as deny magistracy and ministry,' said Whitlock, 'we may easily guess the consequence. Cutting of throats must necessarily follow, &c. I am against the general words blasphemy and Quakerism. This is like the word incumbrance; the more general, the more dangerous for the people of England. I would have it referred to a Committee to bring in, by a particular law, what persons shall be punished, but not to leave it in the general.'"

The Aldermen of London presented a petition, the object of which was, says Burton, "to debar all from being eligible to be freemen there that do not contribute with their pains, and persons, and purses, to the burthen of the justice of that magistracy, to support it." Apparently this must have been intended to deprive such persons of their freedom. The Speaker (Sir Thos. Widdrington), on receiving it, expressed himself in these magniloquent terms:

"'This City is an ancient, honourable, and famous city; it is called *Camera Regis*, &c. The citizens being the life of this Commonwealth, and so exempted from going out to wars, yet many of them have ventured their lives and fortunes for this commonwealth in the late wars. Privilege and duty the Lord Chief Justice of Heaven hat h married together. Some have neglected that duty; yet during the privilege get great estates by their freedom, yet never look to bear any of the duty or offices of the City of London.'—Bond exclaimed, 'This is a most mischievous Petition to the gentry of England that ever was. They surely have privilege enough. Shall this fall upon the gentlemen of the nation that have bound their younger sons apprentices, and, the elder brothers dying, they come to the estate. These never had a penny profit by the City, yet they must fine seven or eight hundred pounds for sheriff, alderman, and the like; it is not to know what vast sums have been raised that way. When they got a stranger amongst them, they squeezed them to the purpose. I paid, myself, four pounds a week, while I lived in the City, to the Earl of Essex's assessment. My estate was all sequestered, and I was not able to bear it, so left the City. This is the complaint of a many. I desire this Petition may be rejected.'—'This gentleman is angry,' replied Mr. Lloyd; 'all the intent of the Petition is to bring an equality of burden as well as profit—*qui sentit commodum sentire debet et onus*. The City has served you faithfully; nay, more than any city in England. You owe them now 300,000*l*. They pay a fifteenth part of the assessment. You may have occasion to use them afterwards. I desire it may be committed.'—'This gentleman,' says Mr. Bodurda, 'hath dealt more ingenuously than the Petition. They would have strangers bear the burden. They tell you how they have suffered, and they likewise imply how they will make up their losses by these fines. They choose sheriffs by design. They will pick you out thirty or forty that they know will fine for sheriff rather than stand. They choose but two out of them all, and if the two first stand, their design is broken for that year. Instanced in one gentleman that was

* The Socinian, at this period imprisoned in one of the Scilly Islands.

chosen sheriff. He told them ingenuously, he would do the duty of a sheriff to the full, but would not spend all the estate he had got in many years, in one year. He told them plainly he would go in his cloak, and in the same clothes. He would be at no charge. Whereupon the Council rejected him, and he paid not a penny fine. Otherwise their design had been spoiled. I would have this rejected.'—'That gentleman,' replied Sir Thomas Wroth, 'is mistaken. I do aver there is no such design in the choosing sheriffs. That person he speaks of, was a man much wedded to his own opinions, and therefore rejected.'—'I am a freeman myself,' said Major General Kelsey; 'I know that gentleman that was chosen sheriff. He was no such base-minded man as is represented. He is now chosen sheriff for a county. I desire the Petition may be committed. That of the factors is no danger at all. I am not afraid to be sheriff.'—Aldermen Foot and Pack were for committing the Petition; 'else, in time, none shall support the duty of the City, but such as are mere mechanics.' Mr. Highland affirmed 'This City has lost nothing by the Parliament. What by offices, and what otherwise, they have been no losers. I am for rejecting the Petition. It is true what is said. They so choose sheriffs by design, and go a-birding for sheriffs every year.' Referred to a Committee."

On the approach of Christmas, a desire to adjourn was expressed by numbers.

"'Many members are gone,' says Mr. Bond; 'others are going, as I hear. I desire a day may be appointed to call over the House, lest we be called a *rag* of Parliament, as formerly we have been called. They ought not to go without leave. The weather is cold, and the days short, and we do little. I desire we adjourn two or three weeks.'—Major Burton 'thought it hard that those who had constantly (except in cases of sickness) attended all the time, should now be debarred from going home on these occasions. I myself have business at home; a servant out of his time the first of January, and nobody to look after any thing.'—'Sir Wm. Strictland, 'though he had as many occasions at home as another, yet should be loth to adjourn till the business of most concernment before you be dispatched.'—'Dr. Clarges hoped they would not think of adjourning till they had done some of their business, at least such as was most material—as provision for the Spanish war, which can no more move without nerves and sinews, than can the natural body.'—'We had better never have met,' exclaimed Captain Fiennes. 'We cannot kill the King of Spain, nor take Spain, nor Flanders, by a vote. There must be moneys provided. Shall we rise and pass but four Bills? It is private business that jostles all out.'—'Twenty,' urges again Mr. Bond, 'resolve to go down on Monday, (this was on the previous Saturday). It is reported we are but a rag of a Parliament. They say we are men made up of none but soldiers and courtiers, and I know not what friends of my Lord Protector. This is a scandal to us.'—This called up Gen. Disbrowe. 'I hope no man thinks it a scandal to be a soldier, or my Lord Protector's friend.'—'That noble person (General Disbrowe),' said Sir Gilbert Pickering, 'is mistaken. It is not said it is a scandal to be a soldier, or the Protector's friend, but Mr. Bond says it is a scandal abroad upon them. We desire not to monopolise this trouble, but that all should attend.'—'It is a great fault,' said Lord Lambert (General Lambert), for the members to leave you in this business. It is a sin and a shame indeed. I would have the House as full as may be. But I would have you distinguish, between such as are approved, and such as are not,' (referring to the approval of the members by the Council at the beginning of the Session).—Mr. Bampfield would have the words 'such as are approved, or shall be approved,' left out in the summons. 'I hope the Council are by this satisfied of those that are left out, that they are now persons capable to sit. I know one person in town that was excepted—a very pious man, and there are others. I desire all may be called in now, it is high time, to the end that we may carry on things with more unanimity and general consent, especially when we come to tax the people.' This occasioned some heat, which was composed by Disbrowe's good-humouredly observing, 'We grow hungry, and consequently angry;' and Goffe's more gravely asking, 'What would be said abroad, that men were open in debate, and could not end it, but rose in anger, and let the sun go down upon our wrath?'—A call of the House was resolved on for the following week."

Among the private business which occupied the House was a petition of Edward Scot, of Scot's Hall, in Kent. The case is one of unblushing infamy on the part of the lady; but not unamusing in the details and the *naïveté* of the discussions.

"Scot married Katherine daughter of Lord Goring"—this is Burton's statement, from the Petition—"She eloped from him, and at Oxford, and other places, had children by other men. She hath contracted great debts, &c. Desires he may be divorced from her; that those children may be declared bastards, and not inherit his estates; and that he may be relieved against those debts. He would have some of the long robe consider it, and give their opinion.'—Major-General Kelsey said, 'I have an act in my hand for this gentleman's relief, if you please to read it. It will shorten your business. I am satisfied in the matter of fact.'—Sir Thomas Wroth said, 'It is not every man's luck to have a good wife. No man in this House has so bad a wife. It is fit the gentleman should be relieved, that bastards may not inherit his estate. He is a person of ancient family, and highly injured by the debts she has contracted. We were petitioned in the Long Parliament. The Lord Chief-Justice has settled alimony upon her, but she deserves no more than a dog. I would have it cut off, and that the Bill be read.'—Mr. Robinson observed, 'It was no jesting business. It is a sad case to have such a wife, and to have posterity put upon him that is none of his own. I desire the Petition may be referred to a committee, to hear both parties, and then judge.'—Lord Strickland. 'I would not have us to suppose this business to be so till we have examined it. As the petitioner is a person of quality, so is she; but for us to judge parties unheard is very unequal. By this means, any man that is weary of his wife may be quit of her by petition.'—Mr. Attorney-General. 'This business is notorious. The matter of fact is but too true. I wish there were a law in general provided for this. It is only fit for a Parliament. She sought for alimony in the Chancery, but durst not prosecute it.'—Mr. Bodurda. 'I propose the gentleman may be called in, to own his petition, though against his wife. I hear he is a very weak man, and under some restraint.'—Colonel Welden. 'I spoke with the gentleman last Friday, and I affirm that he did own the Petition.' —Mr. Bampfield. 'The business may be heard upon the Bill as properly as upon the Petition; and though he be a weak man, as is pretended, his wife ought not to abuse him.'—Colonel Whetham. 'As weak as he is reported to be, he has been a captain in your service.'—General Disbrowe. 'We shall grow angry at one (exceeding, probably, the dinner-hour). I desire the Bill may not be read, but refer it (the Petition) to a committee.'—Referred to a committee.

"The Committee," says Burton, "for Mr. Scot and his wicked wife sat in the Painted Chamber. Mr. Godfrey had the chair (who once intended to have hanged her in the country—he was Recorder of Maidstone). Both parties appeared. She said 'How do you do, Mr. Scot?' He answered little—no sweetheart, dear, nor angel. If one may judge of colours, she has a very bold face, but seemeth old. She was in black, and a long patch upon her forehead. The first witness produced was an ancient servant of Scot's Hall. He ripped up the whole course of her elopement, &c."

The case—as such cases always do—seems to have excited great interest. On one occasion, Burton observes—

"It was a great committee; there were above a hundred people present, besides pickpockets, which by report were also there. They said one was under the table; and Colonel Fiennes drew his sword, and vapoured hugely how he would spit him: but the fellow escaped, if there were any such. At another sitting, there was most of the House, and abundance of gentlemen of quality. One young lord, who would needs keep on his hat, was there."

On presenting the Report of the Committee on arrears of Assessment, 2000*l*. were due from the Temple.

"Mr. Fowell said, 'It is very unreasonable to lay any assessments upon the Inns of Court. The inhabitants there are young gentlemen, that have nothing but their books and clothes, &c. and may say with Bias, 'Omnia mea mecum porto.' They are Universities of the law, and, surely, ought to have the privileges of Universities. I believe they are not all worth 200*l*. How then can they pay 2000*l*. assessments?' Sir Thomas Wroth made a long story to excuse the Inns of Court from paying this tax—'It will put a discouragement upon the students of the law, and affright the Universities. It will pull up the laws by the roots. The long-robe men may do you good service. They are good swordsmen as well as bookmen.' He fetched a long preamble from the Conqueror, and talked of the boughs of Kent.—Mr. Attorney-General (Prideaux). 'This assessment is very unreasonably laid upon the Inns of Court. The City ought to pay it. The students have nothing wherewithal to

pay it. I am sure that I pay, to the purpose, assessments for my living in the city.'—Lord Chief-Justice (Glynn). 'This is a very hard case. It would never have been offered in former times. I never knew it in all my time. We that have many children must, by this means, have their charge increased; for though this be laid upon our sons, the parents must bear it.'—Major-General Disbrowe. 'If this charge should be merely upon the gentlemen, or upon the clothes, or the like, I should be against it. But, methinks, they might as well pay, or abate of their ribbons and other extravagancies, as the farmer pays for every cow or sheep that he has.'—Mr. Downing. 'What would the City do if the lawyers were gone? How would they pay their rents, much less their assessments? The study of the law is of more advantage to the nation, both to the gentry and others, than the mathematics, or their *datur vacuums*. This encouragement to tax the Inns of Court was made by a Parliament that had no great love to law or learning.'—Mr. Robinson. 'It is just every man should bear his burden. Many that live in the Inns of Court have great estates, and great places. It is fit they should contribute to the public charge of the nation. I would not have them privileged more than other places. They are fallen from their first constitution. No readings,* nor exercises, now performed. In former times, readings were twice or thrice a year. Again, there are great rents taken for chambers there, which ought to be liable,' &c.—The Temple was discharged."

Major-General Disbrowe reported amendments to the Bill for mitigation of Forest Laws within the forest of Deane, in the county of Gloucester; and for the preservation of the wood and timber. The short debate that followed gives a good specimen of Burton's powers of reporting, and of the ability of the speakers.——The House assembled on Christmas-Day.

In the Committee of Trade was argued a Petition of the Free Merchants against the Merchant Adventurers.

"Wherein," says Burton, "was set forth what a great prejudice it was to the Commonwealth that the trade of the woollen manufactures should be engrossed into the hands of one company, it being the only staple trade of England, and ought to be improved to the best advantage. There were strong arguments brought on the account of the Free Merchants, to prove that a free trade was most for the good of the Nation. Sir Christopher Pack, who is master of the Merchant Adventurers' Company, turned in the debate like a horse, and answered every man. I believe he spoke at least thirty times. Mr. Lloyd helped him as much as could be; but both reason and equity, and the sense of the Committee being against them, they were forced at last to give up the cudgels, but with much ado. Sir Christopher did cleave like a clegg, and was very angry that he could not be heard *ad infinitum;* though the Committee were forced at last to come to a compact with him, that he should speak no more after that time. He said at last, he hoped to be heard elsewhere. The man will speak well; and I heard that when the consultation was at Whitehall about the admission of the Jews,† of all the headpieces that were there, he was thought to give the strongest reasons against their coming in of any man. Mr. Lloyd will speak well; but we were too hard for them."

The Vintners' Bill, by which a duty was to be levied on wine, occasioned considerable discussion, and elicited from many of the members popular sentiments. It was proposed to give Commissioners authority to enter houses, warehouses, cellars, &c.

"Judge Lawrence, a Scotchman, moved it might not be put between sun and sun, but between such and such hours, because of the shortness of the winter days.

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* These appear to have been discussions of law points by the more learned lawyers. The first reader of Lincoln's-Inn was appointed in 1463. The first reader of Gray's-Inn was John Spelman, Esq. in 1516. Readings have continued till within these twenty years. (*New View of London*, 1708.) Among the orders made to be observed in all the four Inns of Court, June 22, 1567, none were to plead in the Westminster courts, or subscribe any action, bill, or plea, unless he be a Reader, or Bencher in court, or five years Utter Barrister.

† "In 1655, according to Whitlock, in consequence of the proposals made by Manasseh Ben Israel, who is said to have offered 200,000*l.* for the Jews' full admission to all the rights of citizenship. Another attempt will be made speedily; and they will surely succeed, and without paying for it too."

'I desire,' said Bampfield, 'it may stand between sun and sun; for there will be time enough for the officer to search in winter days as well as in summer. The sun shines in winter, as well as in summer, in England. It may be, it does not shine in some part of Scotland.'—'Under colour of an officer,' said Godfrey, 'any thief may enter a man's house in the night-time.'—'Many of us,' said Colonel Rouse, (it was getting dinner-time probably) 'have a greater stomach to our dinners than to the Excise Bill. I desire to adjourn.' Bampfield followed it with—'I desire to adjourn, that we may sleep in quiet in our beds this night, now that you are debating the breaking open of men's doors,' &c.

A Thanksgiving was ordered on the Protector's escape.

"Warren was suggested by one member to be the preacher. Alderman Foot desired Dr. Reynolds might preach. Exceptions were taken to his low voice. 'If so, then,' replied Foot, 'I desire Mr. Jenkins (a preacher described by Baxter as 'sententious and elegant,') may be appointed; for why need we fetch them out of the country, having enough about us to do the duty?' Other members objected to Dr. Reynolds's voice as too low, as well as Caryll's. 'It is strange,' observed Lord Strickland, 'we should not hear as well now as we did fourteen years ago.'—'Ministers tell us our faults,' said Robinson; 'it is fit we should tell them theirs. Their reading of sermons, making their voice low—I doubt we are going the Episcopal way of reading prayers too.' Lord Cochrane moved Galaspy, a Scotch divine, might preach. He said, he used not to read his sermons. He said something of an evil man that read sermons. This caused laughter. Lord Strickland moved that Galaspy be desired to preach, 'as was moved,' said he, 'by that noble lord, who I perceive is a very godly man.' Warren and Galaspy accordingly preached."

The first hint about offering the crown to Cromwell came from Ashe the elder, when the House were giving the Speaker instructions as to the points of congratulation on the Protector's escape.

"'I would have something also added, which, in my opinion, would tend very much to the preservation of himself and us, and to the quieting of all the designs of our enemies—that his Highness would be pleased to take upon himself the Government, according to the ancient Constitution, so that the hopes of our enemies' plots would be at an end. Both our liberties and peace, and the preservation and privilege of his Highness, would be founded upon an old and sure foundation.'—Many expressed surprise and indignation.—Major-Gen. Disbrowe. 'I know not what that gentleman means by his expedient for his Highness's preservation. I doubt that will be but a slender prop, without taking care of his enemies. That, in my mind, is the best fortification for all honest men.'—Mr. Robinson said, 'I understood not what that gentleman's motion means, who talks of an old Constitution; so I cannot tell how we should debate upon it. The old Constitution is Charles Stuart's interest. I hope we are not calling him in again. I know not what it means. This gentleman would have his Highness to be Charles Stuart's vice-roy, or some such thing.'—Mr. Highland (of whom Burton occasionally speaks as Cousin Highland), 'That gentleman that moved this, was one of those (the L. P.—though this must be a mistake, the younger Ashe was the L. P. member,) that was for the pulling down of what he would now set up again. That was King, Lords, and Commons—a Constitution which we have pulled down with our blood and treasure. Will you make the Lord Protector the greatest hypocrite in the world? &c. Are you now going to set up kingly government, which for these thousand years has persecuted the people of God? Do you expect a better consequence? I beseech you, consider of it! What a crime it is to offer such a motion as this! Do you expect a thanksgiving-day upon this? I desire this motion may die, as abominable, &c.'—The debate fell asleep, I know not how, but I believe it was by consent (as I heard Mr. Nath. Bacon, and others say as they came out,) and only started by way of probation. I have not seen so hot a debate vanish so strangely, like an *ignis fatuus*."

The project soon became intelligible enough. The Petition and Advice was immediately brought forward, and much interesting discussion took place upon the several articles, and again upon the revision.

Numerous as are our extracts, they furnish but a glimpse of the treasures this Diary contains. It is a mine that will bear long and deep working before it be exhausted, affording returns of inestimable value.

EVILS OF MEASUREMENT IN LITERATURE.

"Wit should be like the vine, which the oftener it is pruned, the more clusters of sweet grapes it produces. It should not be allowed to flow in the channel faster than it can spring from the head to keep up a due supply."

Certain of our grumbling critics are pleased to be prodigiously dolorous and declamatory upon the manifest decline and fall of our general literature; and it would be uncandid to deny that many of them illustrate and establish the fact of this lamentable decadency by their own example. According to these carpers, every thing that we now write, is light, trivial, and ephemeral; the wind of the next hour will blow away from us for ever the thistle-down which the present has wafted towards us; it would be difficult to decide whether we write or read with the greatest hurry and carelessness; books are scribbled to be sold, and perused to be forgotten; the public mind is as a mirror which recollects none of the images that are perpetually flitting athwart it; all is superficial and evanescent; and the predominance of novels and romances, generated in the hot-bed of high copy-right, and devoured by all classes with an undistinguishing avidity that effectually vitiates the palate for wholesome and nourishing food, is the surest and most melancholy proof of the prevailing degeneracy. So impatient has the public become of any thing solid or instructive, that even in these works of fiction they will have nothing but continuous uninterrupted narrative, incident, and amusement; they will not tolerate instruction or research of any kind; these are sure to be skipped over in the perusal, and even a passing sentiment incurs considerable risk of the same fate. Fielding used to begin the different books into which his novels were divided with a didactic essay, a practice which would now be scouted with indignation; and so carefully has even Sir Walter Scott ministered to this impatience of interruption in a work of fiction, that, in the whole of his novels and romances, it might be difficult to find a dozen abstract propositions, or sentiments of a general nature. We are in our dotage, in our second literary childhood; and in proof that "men are but children of a larger growth," we eagerly devour "fabellas aniles;" cram ourselves with nursery nonsense, and beginning even to tire of a story that is carried through three consecutive volumes, exhibit an infantine preference for tales, the Arabian Nights of the adults, which are sure to become popular in proportion to their being short, slight, and trashy. If authors, like lobsters, carried their best meat in their tails, there might be some excuse for this preference, but the contrary is notoriously the case; we do not reap corn where we have planted tares, &c.

Thus say some of our Aristarchi, and perhaps they say the truth; but after all it is any thing rather than a discovery, and instead of any necessity for looking so sad and solemn upon the occasion, the more their remarks are founded in justice, the greater subject do they afford for present congratulation and future hope. Mathematics, and all the exact sciences, may be fixed and immutable, for there cannot be any fluctuation in truth when once ascertained; but polite and inventive literature being subject to the influences of taste, must, from its very nature, be perpetually variable. It is because novelty is unattainable in one department, that there is such an insatiable craving for it in another, and that as in the restless caprices of fashion, we change from

beauty to deformity, and think we have made an improvement, so in literature, we sate ourselves in a celestial bed, "and prey on garbage." Where there is no permanent standard, the hunger of the human mind for fresh excitement and emotion will not allow perfection itself to be stationary. If we cannot go forwards, we must go backwards; we prefer new ugliness to the beauty that has palled upon the sense, for there is no charm equal to that of variety. Contrast is a delight, and, as we know that extremes meet, we need not wonder that the adulteration of literature has always been commensurate with its previous purity, not only because "optimi corruptio pessima," but because the darkness of the shadow will be always proportioned to the brilliancy of the light, and *vice versa.* Let it be remembered, however, that as the night was made before the day, so we may be well assured, that if the dark ages had not preceded as well as followed the different Augustan eras, the latter would not have existed. Homer would never have built up his fame upon such a solid basis, and to so towering a height, had he not pulled his predecessors to pieces to furnish himself with materials. The world is too old to afford us any thing original; nothing is left but to display our skill and taste in cooking up a Rifacimento, either from the old writers or their successors. "Oh! what felony from the ancients! what petty larceny from the moderns! There is the famous Iphigenia of Racine; he stole his Agamemnon from Seneca, who stole it from Euripides, who stole it from Homer, who stole it from all the ancients before him." Virgil laid the foundation for his immortality with the rubbish of Ennius; and in spite of Horace, we may be assured that the brave men who lived before Agamemnon did not want chroniclers, though they were absorbed in the subsequent writings and fame of Homer; just as the tributary streams lose their name when incorporated with any mighty river. We are too apt to fix our admiring eyes upon some Augustan era, and most pathetically to bewail its decadence, without reflecting that in this, as in every thing else, there is a succession of cause and effect, of production, destruction, and renewal; and that the perfection we extol and regret would never have been attained but from the thirst of novelty prompting men to escape from the previous imperfection. Poverty makes us struggle for wealth, and the abuse of wealth again reduces us to poverty. The polite literature of different ages cannot, after all, vary so widely as some pretend, the diversity will be rather in diffusion and quantity than in degree; for Nature does not change; the human faculties, taken upon an average, remain always of the same calibre; and the materials upon which they have to work being nearly identical in every period of the world, there must be a considerable degree of sameness in the result. Literature may have its infancy, youth, manhood, and decrepitude; but since the invention of printing it cannot die, otherwise than as the Phœnix expires—to be renewed out of its own ashes.

But that which has accelerated the degeneracy of our contemporary literature, and given its "corruption lighter wings to fly," is the custom of remunerating it,—as is more especially the case in all our periodicals,—not by the intrinsic value of the article furnished, but by length or measurement, as if the parties were dealing together for the paper, and not for the writing upon its surface. If there be any truth in the poet's dictum, that

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long;"

or in the adage, that "Brevity is the soul of wit," it is manifest that our booksellers are offering a bounty for diffusion; putting a premium upon prolixity; giving the gold medal to the most tedious and long-winded proser; paying, in short, the highest price for the worst commodity. This is the worst of all heretical mistakes, for it actually makes *pessimism* its *optimism*. Callimachus affirms that a great book is a great evil. (The Greek is too trite to be quoted.) "I have said it," says Voltaire, "and I will maintain it, that the fault of most books is their being too large." The remark is equally applicable to literary articles, which, like asparagus, are always weakly and flavourless when too long; and yet the sickly, insipid, overgrown plants are worth more in the market than the most short and sapid specimens. If a carpenter were to be remunerated by measuring his shavings; if a well-digger were to be paid by the soil he threw about him, we need not doubt that the former, instead of effecting any solid, durable work, would fritter all his materials into long, thin, unsubstantial shreds; and that the latter would turn the same surface over and over without attempting to penetrate into the earth, still less to go deep enough to reach the bottom of the well, and disinter truth.—But it may be urged that the length of an article is *primâ facie* evidence of the labour bestowed upon it, and so far affords a fair criterion of value. Quite the contrary. Every body recollects that when Queen Anne, wishing to compliment Dr. South upon one of his sermons, observed that it was too short, he very pertinently replied, that he would have made it shorter if he had had more time; and there is no doubt that by so doing he would have still farther improved it. O that modern preachers would employ a little more frequently this meliorating process! A perfect literary production of any sort should be wrought into beauty and proportion in the same way as a statue, by perpetually striking off excrescences, until every superfluous particle is chiseled away, and the whole polished into symmetry and smoothness. But our writers, however little they may know of arithmetic, will naturally study addition rather than subtraction, so long as bulk, and not quality, is to be the measure of value. Imagine a string of epigrams, the labour, perhaps, of a life, to be paid for by the sheet, the said sheet, according to the type of "The New Monthly," extending over about nine feet four inches of letter-press! Who would sacrifice himself in this manner? who would not rather join the mob of prose gentlemen, and

"Write with ease to show his breeding,
Though easy writing's d—d hard reading?"

Few things, not even life itself, are the better for being long, though we may perhaps make an exception in favour of an Irish giant, whose length constitutes his merit and his profit. None but sempstresses and paper-makers should be paid by the sheet. What author will prune his trees when he is to be remunerated by the leaf, not by the fruit? If he did, he would be worse than the Nauplian ass, that first taught the Argives how to improve their grapes. No, if he wants to keep his head above water, he jumps into the literary long-boat, scribbles away till he has covered paper enough for a main sheet, and, without caring

for rudder or compass, or even knowing his latitude, thinks of nothing but discovering the longitude. Truly, the public are "long suffering and abundant in goodness," or they would never have tolerated this expansion of letter-press and contraction of merit, this superficial abundance and intrinsic poverty, this wire-drawing of the solid ingot, this dilatation of the sterling ore of literature into so much flimsy gold leaf, or still more worthless tinsel. Readers are more in fault than authors, for "they who live to please must please to live;" and if the public are satisfied with the "contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration," they need not expect that writers will wait for the divine afflatus. Counterfeits, pretenders, laborious scribblers, and Birmingham bards, "proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines," will diffuse their washy superficial trash over the fields of literature, till they resemble a succession of brine pits, long, shallow, and muddy, while the attic salt left, after the usual process of evaporation, will be so minute in quantity as not to be found without great difficulty, and so poor in quality as to be utterly tasteless and insipid.

In these strictures, it will not, of course, be surmised that I am alluding to the articles in "The New Monthly Magazine," farther than as they supply the exception which proves the rule. Still less can it be supposed that the writer is glancing with an insidious vanity at his own contributions, though he cannot avoid a passing sigh, and an involuntary exclamation of "Ah! si sic omnia!" More he might have said, but for the recollection of Dr. Pangloss's dictum—"On their own merits modest men are dumb, &c." Thus much, however, he may safely and bashfully hint—that his readers are infinitely more indebted to him for what he has suppressed than for what he has published—that he has always made a point of docking and cropping his Pegasus, mane and tail, exordium and peroration, and that he has ever considered a good book to be like a canal, which increases in value, and has a longer run, the more you cut away from either end of it. If others will not take the hint thus diffidently suggested, and follow so bright an example of terseness and condensation, it is not his fault. To say more would look like vanity, a failing which he holds in most especial abhorrence! Publishers must commence the reform if authors will not. To restore to the French opera its lost prosperity, an Abbé recommended that the dances should be lengthened and the petticoats shortened; and to renovate our languishing literature, I would humbly submit that our writings should be curtailed, and that the time employed in completing them should be extended—a consummation which can only be effected by a more judicious mode of remuneration.

I have alluded to the absurdity of paying for epigrams by the sheet, or rather the counterpane of nine feet four inches, but the remark might be extended to poetry of all sorts, which is only appreciated at a trifle more than prose by the paymasters of literature, although tenfold time and labour may be required for its production, and the talent itself is of much rarer occurrence. What is the consequence of this preposterous standard of value? Our most gifted bards cannot afford to be poetical, and many "a mute inglorious Milton," writing *pro fame* rather than *pro famâ*, is obliged to condemn himself to prose, *invitâ Minerva*, and sacrifice future immortality for present subsistence. None but an amateur, an improvisatore, or improvisatrice, can now find it worth

while to write poetry; and it is to be feared that such works will attain no other description of immortality than that which arises from our reading them *to no end.*

Fortunately for all parties, these evils will ultimately effect their own cure, for there is in the moral and literary, as well as in the physical world, a perpetual tendency to correct partial aberration, and restore the equilibrium and fitness of things. We may descend a little lower in the prevalent character of our writings, but the incessant demand for novelty will ultimately necessitate a change, and the improvement will be sudden and great, for it will be commensurate with the previous debasement. In this point of view the worse we are, the better we shall speedily become; and therefore did I advance the seeming paradox, that the better founded were the objections of our censurers and critics, the greater was the ground for present congratulation and future hope. What! has Pegasus got the glanders because he is changing his coat; is Minerva's owl dying of the pip because it is moulting; is the snake, the emblem of immortality, moribund when he periodically casts his skin; is there to be no more Spring time because of the dark and fruitless winter; is the moon going to be extinguished because it is suffering a partial eclipse? No! these periods of apparent sickliness and decay are but the harbingers of a brighter, more glorious, and more vigorous existence. It is always the darkest just before daybreak; and the greater the alleged obscuration of our existing literature, the more near and the more certain is its emergence into a sphere that will be pure, exalted, and radiant, in exact proportion to the previous gloom. H.

LINES TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER ON THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILD.

My heart is with you, Bulwer, and pourtrays
The blessings of your first paternal days;
To clasp the pledge of purest holiest faith,
To taste one's own and love-born infant's breath,
I know, nor would for worlds forget the bliss.
I've felt that to a father's heart that kiss,
As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.

Such are the joys, ill mock'd in ribald song,
In thought, ev'n fresh'ning life our life-time long,
That give our souls on earth a heaven-drawn bloom;
Without them we are weeds upon a tomb.

Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine,
Propitious stars saw Truth and Passion twine!
Joy be to her who in your rising name
Feels Love's bower brighten'd by the beams of Fame!
I lack'd a father's claim to her—but knew
Regard for her young years so pure and true,
That, when she at the altar stood your bride,
A sire could scarce have felt more sire-like pride.

T. Campbell.

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

In the improvements which have taken place of late years in all things moral, and material, in London, nothing tends oftener to surprise and yet oftener to bewilder those who possess a laudable curiosity as to the meaning of things, than the style and phraseology of the advertisements which occur in the public prints; and, as a straw will show the direction of the wind quite as well as a church weathercock, when it does condescend (like the Bishop of ——) to alter its long-fixed opinions upon a subject, I look not to the leading article of a leading journal,—the severe and biting commentary on men and things of an atrabilious scribe, who, investing himself with the garb of a censor, is content with denouncing where he cannot improve the morals and manners of the age; but I turn to its advertisements, where popular wants and popular desires are best indicated, and whence, consequently, the character of public taste can best be derived. They do more, however, than merely express the variations of fashion and the caprice of ton; for in my researches I have discovered much of erudition — things that are new in science and in art, and of which we had scarcely dreamed before; and thus, like French, the Irish barrister, I can, from new, and unknown sources, afford instruction and amusement to a dull and ignorant world. No one can entertain more respect for the talent and genius of a Brunel, a Dodd, or a Rennie, than I do: the meed of public approbation and popular applause has been freely, if not justly, accorded them, and their fame will long live in their works: but in the construction of bridges it is evident they have (like my Lord Ellenborough in all things) much, very much, to learn—if they but permit one otherwise ignorant in such matters, to call their attention to an advertisement now lying before me. "The Royal Clarence Bridge," which it is now proposed to erect, will most certainly differ *toto ponte* from all its predecessors in character, if the public notice given of it to the world may be at all relied upon; and it is reported that, upon receiving the annunciation, the French Institute has been most grievously puzzled as to the nature of the professed edifice: nay, nearly as much so as my Lord Eldon when the Duke concocted an Administration without ever having appealed to him on the subject. "The daily transit of the neighbouring bridge for twelve hours in the day-time having been accurately ascertained." In quoting the words of the advertisement, I am sadly at a loss to know who this moveable friend of the Royal Clarence may be—can it be the City Alderman, or the old Goldsmith?—it is difficult to say. However, let that pass, and let us proceed to the notice itself, which concludes with the gratifying assurance "that the transit of the new bridge will be greater"—of course in the day-time only. The night transit will not be visible. A transit of more than twelve hours, however, is certainly enough to content us; but I hope that, for the purpose of gratifying foreign curiosity, the gentlemen of the press will not forget to be present when "the Royal Clarence" condescends to make its first transit; and, perhaps, when the Times and Chronicle have a place to spare, they will deign to inform us who the lively neighbour of the new bridge may be. All that I can say is, that it is passing strange; but, certainly, you Londoners are an improving people.

But this is not the only freak of architectural genius I find, for, in the same newspaper, there is the following confounded and confounding advertisement: and had it been derived from Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls, I should have given it up in despair—but as it emanates from an English literary character—(by the way, I see it is a Bull too that prefers it), and in a London journal, I really am content, that in the only point the Irish could pretend to excel us, an English Bull has left all theirs far behind. There must be something in it, no doubt. So, instead of the old vulgar custom of teasing the readers of Miscellanies with inexplicable charades and riddles, I shall just give it to them as it stands, to make the best they can of it.—"New Public Subscription Library, formerly the Banking-house removed:" if the Banking-house be really and *bona fide* removed, the New Public Subscription Library, I would respectfully suggest, cannot have been formerly the said Banking-house; or if it be so, it cannot have removed. Now, in this "Yes and No" business, I will just adopt the words of its author, Lord Normanby, and call upon the Honourable Bull to explain—only entreating that his explanation may be somewhat more to the purpose than that which his Lordship had the fortune to obtain; or the explanation may be deemed somewhat more difficult of comprehension, and little less of a bull, than the advertisement itself.

In medicine, too, I perceive we are (to use a new-coined term) "rapidly progressing." Certainly, the late meeting of the College of Physicians, in which the lamentable state of ignorance of the profession seems largely admitted, and the opinion of foreign practitioners, in regard to the extent of medical science in England, might lead us to doubt the fact; but I am one of those who put but little faith in the words of doctors, even when they speak to their own disadvantage, and it is more pleasant and profitable to recur to one of rank and family (even if both be Hibernian) in approval of my statement. Here is a letter from a scion of the noble house of Aldborough to Mr. Rowland, the ingenious inventor, I believe, of a specific for—for what is it not a specific?—and, although to the excessive prejudice of our national revenue, the low-born and ignorant may be disposed to denominate his generous and beneficial exertions as sheer quackery, it is better, far better to rely with confidence on the assurance of such as birth and education have better fitted to ascertain their character and effect. The Lord Viscount Amiens thus writes:—"Your inestimable medicine"—There is a commencement sufficient to render mute all would-be detractors of the specific! "Your inestimable medicine has been the means of restoring my infant child under circumstances the most unparalleled." We must allow something to the superlativeness of modern style; if we can, satisfy a legitimate curiosity, as to what these "most unparalleled circumstances" may be. Read on then, and the secret is out at once, "having the first medical advice." I wish his Lordship had given us the terrific nomenclature of "the most unparalleled circumstances." A circumstance was but lately the dandy designation of "an event" in the fashionable world; hereafter whatever may occur of an "unparalleled character" had better be termed a doctor—a Halford, a Latham, a Heberden, or a Nevinson; and when they presume to prescribe, just give them Lord Amiens's Rowland for their Oliver.

"We have all, haply, heard of Doctor (not a circumstance, but the schoolmaster,) Busby's dignity of character: and it is delightful to observe that the more modern professors of education are as tenacious as the birch-loving Dominie of the olden time; and, at least those of London, are not disposed to resort to the meaner arts which characterize other professions in their feeble attempts at the attainment of fame and riches. Here is an application for scholars by advertisement. "A Doctor of Laws," in stating that his notice on the subject will not be repeated, observes—"a newspaper being too expensive, and the advertiser cannot descend to puff." What a dignified style is this! really, Mr. Hume, I would advise you to take a lesson or two from the Doctor of Laws. His instruction in "cannon" law might be most serviceable to you, Sir Edward Codrington; and his civil law not wholly thrown away upon you, Mr. Attorney, as Lord Eldon delighted, and Sir Nicholas dislikes, to term you.

The fine arts amongst us are, however, worse off, I fear, or at least the professors of them, if we may judge of poor Haydon; but I must say that I really think he has been most deservedly treated. In a number of the "Literary Gazette" of last year, is the following account of a transaction, which with whatever levity and coolness it may be narrated, would in better times have made us shudder with fear and disgust in its perusal. Unwillingly I copy it. "Lord Mulgrave's fine and spirited picture of 'Haydon's Assassination of L. Dentatus' has been engraved." Well it might be!" Who the unfortunate Mr. L. Dentatus was, I know not. The Newgate Calendar gives me no information. It does not even appear that a coroner's inquest was summoned to sit on the body of the wretched man; or that justice was invoked against his murderer.

The next advertisement I meet with is in the Times Newspaper of the 18th of March last; and it excited in me no less astonishment than delight. I must say that as far as his general policy is concerned, I have little to admire in the Duke of Wellington; but, if he reduce the expenses of Government, he will deserve better of his country than even at the battle of Waterloo. With the best intentions, it was to be expected that his prejudices might lead him to spare the army in the execution of his promised measures of reform; it was therefore the more "refreshing" to read, in right prominent and most distinguished characters, "His Majesty's Regiment of Royal Horse-Guards to be sold." There was something that followed about horses certainly, but I was too much gratified with the principal fact announced to enter into the details. Now, this is certainly doing the business effectually. No puff, no ostentation, no answering "the noble Lord on the opposite side with an assurance that his Majesty's Government has adopted measures," and all that stuff we have heard the last thirty years; but here they are brought at once to the hammer and knocked on the head—"going, going, gone!" and one scratch of the pen erases them for ever from the Army List, and relieves the country of their charge. Then there's the perfect impartiality of the thing. It is not the extinguishment of some miserable skeleton of a wasted West India corps, or a regiment so completely what is termed cracked, that it will no longer hold together, but the Blues, the King's favourite corps—colonel, kettle-drums, and all—all off at a swoop. Besides, in the way of economy, what an admirable

expedient! Had they been reduced in the old-fashioned way, there would have been a pension for one, half-pay for others, a job-sale of horses and equipments, producing one and a quarter per cent on their real value; but here they are despatched in the lump; sold, turned over to the best bidder, Rothschild, King Ferdinand, the Prince of Hesse Hombourg, or whoever he may be; we pocketing the purchase-money, and getting rid of all charges, military or civil, at once. They are a fine body of men, I must say, these same Blues, if they be not yet sold; but we must not gratify our taste at the expense of our honesty: we must first pay our debts. Your Grace's conduct will call for the gratitude of the present and all future generations.

In natural history I always deemed we had yet much to learn, and the recent expeditions to Africa, the Pole, and the New American States, have fully confirmed me in the idea. I have ever read the account of the mole with interest, and foolishly enough deemed myself somewhat acquainted with its form, qualities, and attributes; but we are just as blind as the animal itself has been said to be, and I do think Mr. Lloyd, the hat-maker, should have commanded more attention for his extraordinary discoveries than he yet seems to have done; but as the Royal Society has had a complete clearing out,—president, secretaries, and all,—let us hope he will yet be duly noticed in the "Philosophical Transactions," and that the jealousy and unfairness once displayed to John Dundas Cochrane may not exist to the unworthy prejudice of Mr. Lloyd. "Lloyd's napped beaver-hats:" be patient, and you shall have it, "like a mole's back with consolidated cork linings." How beautifully has Nature provided for the wants of this creature; how admirably the effect of any Thames-tunnel affair, in its process of mining, is guarded against by a contrivance so simple and at the same time so natural. A mole's back with "consolidated cork linings;"—not like other consols, sinking in times of peril and of danger; but here the greater the danger the higher they rise. Oh! Mr. Goulburn, pray think of it! for if ever your consols had need of cork linings, they will shortly have, I assure you. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd is a highly meritorious man.

Mercantile phraseology has often furnished us amusement in novels and on the stage; but people often laugh at that they do not understand. Perhaps I am myself in "such a case," when I read in "The Times" the following extraordinary notice—"Wanted a situation *in* a desk." There is no accounting for tastes, certainly: but here is another—"Wanted in a counting-house, a lad of fifteen, 'well grounded' in arithmetic." I should have scarcely thought it worth advertising about, for there are enough to be had. Take half the University of Oxford, two-thirds of the Commons, and all the Peers, and if you do not find them all "aground" as to Cocker, as "well grounded," as the advertisement has it, as heart can wish, I'll give my head.

Man has been designated a cooking animal; but since we have been blessed with the theory of a Kitchiner, and the practical exertions of an Ude, I should have rather deemed him, what would be more to the purpose, an eating animal. Experience, however, only serves to demonstrate our ignorance—Sir William Curtis has a rival he hardly dreamed of; and we who have so lately trembled at the idea of Turkey being a *bonne-bouche* for Nic. may now more justly tremble for our-

selves in regard to a turkey: but here it is, "Staffordshire Bill—crammer of turkeys—makes them eat any thing." Heaven help us! If that is not a crammer, we are badly off indeed! but ere it comes to our turns with these very Catholic gluttons, do, Mr. Peel, persuade them to try at the National Debt, or Wilmot Horton's Emigration Report, or Lord Palmerston's reductions, or Lord Ellenborough's wit—if they can swallow any one of these things, then we shall fairly give in and own that Staffordshire Bill is not a bit of a crammer, or the first crammer, in or out of Parliament, whichever he prefers.

How delicious is the style of George Robins in his advertisements! how flowery his language! how rich, copious, and luxuriant his descriptions!—"A mansion *seated*," not standing like vulgar mansions, but "*seated* on a beautiful lawn"—the lawn is thus identified with the house—a sort of cottage-chair for the mansion to repose in (they must be sadly off for cellar-room); "adorned by luxuriant cedar-trees, plantations, and shrubberies." Pretty! "Kitchen-garden, walled and clothed with the choicest fruit-trees—stocked, cropped, and planted." Stocked, clothed, and cropped, what can one desire more, but that it had been in Ireland, where the Croppies want stockings and clothing sadly? Then, "the premises are in 'excellent and very complete order.'" Mathews's Frenchman, with his "excellent, pretty-well," is scarcely inferior. In another advertisement, the anti-Johnsonian auctioneer, speaking of an estate, informs us "that there is a very gentlemanly villa upon it." Really! I know some members of Parliament it would suit admirably, as they then might boast of possessing something "gentlemanly." Why did not Mr. Robins add "peculiarly well adapted for Government Secretaries returning from our colonies, Treasury Clerks, Custom-house Officers, or Police Magistrates?" But I think the condescending courtesy of the Auctioneer yet better than his style, as I read "Mr. Robins has great pleasure in submitting this Church Preferment to the attention of the public." He may have what pleasure he likes, but I am sure the Beresfords, and a hundred others, would have still greater pleasure in "submitting" to any "church preferment" the Government, or Mr. Robins, may please to inflict upon them.

"But in this free country," as Sheridan observes, God forbid that style should be confined to the "stylish" of the land, and that the lower orders should not assert their rights to it. I am really glad to see that even the butchers, in their announcement of an intended meeting to oppose the construction of Abattoirs, have most properly put in their claim to it. "All butchers interested in the killing cattle, sheep," &c. "Killing" indeed! and how interesting! We used to sympathise with the sheep, but now, like the first Lord Clive's, our affections are enrolled on the side of the butchers. Then, with what contempt we used to regard dustmen and scavengers! who would have ever thought one of that tribe would have attained the honours of Chancery? "The Creditors of James Gardiner, late of Paddington Wharf, Scavenger and Dustman," are summoned to appear "before Master Trower to prove their debts." "This is much by the father!" as Lancelot Gobbo would say; but really, after butchers, scavengers, and dustmen, we had better resort to the perfumes and cosmetics of Mr. Rowland—let us apply to his Kalydor, "the vital sustainment of female loveliness," as the ingenious

inventor has it. After that, Mr. Charles Phillips, you can scarcely show your head—"French" is nothing to it.

The treatment of the Irish Catholics, (the slaves of the Protestants, O'Connell terms them,) and the want of toleration in their masters, if justly reproached to us as a nation, is contradicted in very many individual instances, one of which may be found in the Chronicle of the 13th of February, wherein is the following advertisement: "Servant of all work wanted in a Protestant's family." One would rather suppose, after the annunciation of the family's religious character, a Papist would be the last person who should apply, but no such thing: "she must be a Roman Catholic;" but that is not all, "and be able to give a reference," not to her last place, but "to a priest of her church;" and that not as to her qualifications in trundling, scrubbing, grate polishing, and other lay occupations, but "as to the strict performance of all her religious duties," mass, vespers and all, "particularly confessions." Really, Mr. Peel, what do you think of these Catholic securities! the Veto here is to the prejudice of the Protestant interest, and in favour of the Catholics. Now if this be not the most tolerant Protestant family we have ever heard of, then Mr. Fyler, the ribband man, is not a wit; the Duke is not minister, and his brother, the Marquis, not out of favour. But this is not all, for so careful is the family about the religious observances of the proposed "servant of all work," that there comes a postscript, "A Catholic chapel is in the neighbourhood." Really, without "the family" had hired a Jesuit as chaplain to the lady of all work, I cannot see what more could have been done; and they might have imported one from France cheap just now, since M. de Villele has gone out, and Royer Collard has assumed his functions.

That the King never dies is a most constitutional axiom, and that our present Monarch may long live is the prayer of all his subjects. I was therefore much horrified, some years since, in observing on an Undertaker's sign, near Russell Place, the announcement of his being "coffin-maker to his Majesty and all the Royal Family." It has, I believe, since been taken down; and this lie in law, this illegal fiction, happily expunged. "Tiffin, Bug-destroyer to his Majesty," if he profess an indelicate, at least it is an useful and lawful occupation; but if he hold a place by patent, I would advise an action against Thomas, the inventor of the patent brass bedsteads in Long-acre, ere his Majesty patronize the same.

The foreign journals afford little of the entertainment to be derived from the notices in English papers; but in the rage for new newspapers in London, I see one referred to by a German paper, of which I was not before aware. Speaking of M. Rabbe's "Histoire d'Alexandre de Russie," it reports that the English journal, "The Times," had most unjustly calumniated the German Universities; but its representations had been admirably refuted by that excellent London paper "The Opposition's Blatt!"

A HINT TO RETIRING CITIZENS.

Ye Cits who at White Conduit House,
Hampstead or Holloway carouse,
Let no vain wish disturb ye
For rural pleasures unexplored,
Take those your Sabbath strolls afford,
And prize your *Rus in urbe.*

For many who from active trades
Have plunged into sequester'd shades,
Will dismally assure ye,
That it's a harder task to bear
The ennui produced by country air,
And sigh for *Urbs in rure.*

The cub in prison born and fed,
The bird that in a cage was bred,
The hutch-engender'd rabbit,
Are like the long-imprison'd Cit,
For sudden liberty unfit,
Degenerate by habit.

Sir William Curtis, were he mew'd
In some romantic solitude,
A bower of rose and myrtle,
Would find the loving turtle-dove
No succedaneum for his love
Of London Tavern turtle.

Sir Astley Cooper, cloy'd with wealth,
Sick of luxurious ease and health,
And rural meditation,
Sighs for his useful London life,
The restless night—the saw and knife
Of daily amputation.

Habit is second nature—when
It supersedes the first, wise men
Receive it as a warning,
That total change comes then too late,
And they must e'en assimilate
Life's evening to its morning.

Thrice happy he whose mind has sprung
From Mammon's yoke while yet unwrung,
Or spoilt for nobler duty;—
Who still can gaze on Nature's face
With all a lover's zeal, and trace
In every change a beauty.

No tedium vitæ round him lowers,
The charms of contrast wing his hours,
And every scene embellish:—
From prison, City, care set free,
He tastes his present liberty
With keener zest and relish.

RAMBLES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Letter X.

In my last I gave you some account of the desirable country connecting Bathurst on the north with Hunter's River, by Mudgié, Daby, Pylong, &c.; we will now, if you please, take a short trip to the south of Bathurst, up Campbell's River. It is the junction of this with the Fish River which forms the great and interesting river Macquarie.

We were rather late in starting from the pseudo-town of Bathurst, having been detained by the difficulty of procuring a new shoe for one of our horses, as well as a heavy but welcome storm of rain. Our time was not, however, altogether lost, as we were entertained with an excellent dinner, &c. by my worthy and intelligent friend M. It was here I tasted, for the first time, a bottle of excellent Bathurst ale, superior to any thing of the kind made in Sydney, and quite equal to that brewed in Hobart Town, which I consider is no small praise. I don't know the name of the Bathurst brewer, but I would caution him against the druggist's shop; the excellent barley and hops of his neighbourhood requiring no assistance from Quassia or Coculus Indicus. In a fine grain country like Bathurst, no settler should be without a cask of home-brewed; this would materially abate that restless desire for ardent spirits, which runs through the working population, and which supports in this part of the country one licensed publican, and about ten unlicensed ones, to the great loss and annoyance of the respectable settlers; and which they can only hope to see abolished by the constant vigilance of a permanent Police Magistrate.

As we mounted our horses, I could not help taking another and last look at the gentle Macquarie, which murmured at our feet, and which excites so much interest from its unknown termination.

> "Flow on, thou shining river,
> But, ere thou reach the sea,
> Pray tell us, shall we ever
> Know what becomes of thee?"

We galloped across the Government farm and the beautiful and clear country called Queen Charlotte's Valley, for about five or six miles, when, getting into the forest country, we soon arrived at the ford over Campbell's River, and stopped for the night at Mitchell's Plains. On the return of daylight, this beautiful little spot showed to the greatest advantage: the placid and peaceful lake at the bottom, covered with wild-fowl, not being the least prominent feature in the view. Fine as a New South Wales morning is in general, a Bathurst sunrise cannot be surpassed in summer-time. A strong breeze comes off the mountains during the night, and refreshes the open plains with the most agreeable coolness. The wheat lands in this district, although not extensive, are highly productive. I saw twenty-eight stalks, the produce of a single grain; and a settler assured me, last season he had thrashed fifty-eight bushels from five pecks of seed wheat! Our horses having wandered off the farm during the night, a constant misery in this uninclosed country, we were compelled to halt until they were found, which was not until late in the day, they having gone on a visit to the Government mares, some eight or nine miles. This prevented us seeing George's Plains; a very rich, and, as I was told, beautiful tract of country on the west side of the Campbell. This is an interesting river, and runs through a hilly, thinly timbered, sheep country. There are few resident settlers, the good spots being occupied as stations, and the persons in charge of the stock living the life of Dutch cattle-boors, in the remote districts of the Cape of Good Hope. We slept or rather stopped at one of these craals, as they might be called, at the head of Campbell's River; the owner of which carried his hospitality too far, by refusing to go to bed the whole night. Between twelve and one o'clock, at midnight, we were surprised at the arrival of two friends, on horseback, who had lost themselves in crossing the country, and, although

well mounted, had been five or six hours in coming a dozen miles. They had lost themselves in a place called 'Dead Man's Valley,' which obtained its horrid name from five of Mr. ——— men, several years ago, being attacked here by the black natives, and murdered, mangled, and scalped. Lord Byron somewhere says—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods"—

but we settlers know better; and, having tried both, prefer the turnpike-road. When we came to look about us in the morning, for it was dark when we got in the preceding night, we could not see our hands before us for the fog, and it was so excessively cold that we could scarcely be induced to leave the fire. This was in the height of summer, the month of February. The fog dispersed about eight o'clock, and we saw we were getting again into the mountains; vast lofty hills, and narrow slips of valley of small extent, though fertile, forming the character of this highland district. The cattle which one of our party had purchased, and expected to see here, were all out dispersed towards Balubula, and the banks of the Lachlan, and could not be seen without many days labour and loss of time. The style of country and of living, in this distant region, having no particular attractions, and not being provided for bushing it in these early frosts, we made up our minds to return.

Near the head of Campbell's River, in the direction of the Lachlan, there is a small part of the country known by the name of the "Wild Horse." When the Commissioner travelled from Bathurst to Argyle, in October 1820, one of the baggage horses was so much hurt as to be rendered useless, and after distributing his load among the other horses, he was let loose and abandoned, and the travelling party proceeded on their journey. The horse recovered, and may now be seen in the same place where he was abandoned, fat and sleeky, though perfectly wild, with his tail sweeping the ground in the most majestic manner. He is thought never to leave his little domain, of about two miles diameter, which is the cause, no doubt, of his excellent condition, as he has been constantly seen by different parties, and always near the same spot. He gallops off at the sight of man or horse, and prefers his freedom to all the trappings of civilization.

It is here, in this bleak and distant country, that cattle-stealing has flourished, undetected, and unknown; and where it has become a sudden source of wealth to the most undeserving and obscure persons. Thinly scattered over a wide and difficult country, the entire population has hitherto only consisted of men in charge of great herds of cattle, seldom visited by the owners; and with no leaven of respectable residents to keep them in check, these stockmen have lived hail-fellow-well-met with each other, in the utmost gaiety, while in the idle and solitary vacancy of a herdsman's life, some of them have deserted their companions, and evinced a love of letters quite remarkable. A predilection for such studies, you will say, has frequently signalized the pastoral life; but don't be deceived, it is not a Fergusson, a Burns, or an Ettrick Shepherd, that we can boast of in our remote pastures at the source of the Lachlan. If we have any Helicon, it is, I think, nearer the capital. The learned leisure and studies of these Bathurst stockmen, of which it may be truly said, "non impediunt foris—peregrinantur, rusticantur," is confined to the alphabet, and all their research and ingenuity is how to alter the brand marks on their neighbour's property. A bit of iron-hoop, made hot, and applied to a cow's side, soon alters a C or a G into an O or a Q; and while a B, an M, a W, and R, oppose considerable difficulties, and excite the highest flight of genius, an easy conquest is gained over your F's, your I's, L's, O's, P's, T's, and V's.

Thus are bits of old iron tortured in the kitchen fire to effect their guilty purposes; it is the only precious metal, in the eyes of these deluded men, at all essential in acquiring their ill-got wealth. Another plan, with those cattle-stealers, is to drive away from their pastures any cows nearly ready to calve; and, as soon as the calf is two months old, to return the mother back

again into the old herd, the calf being detained, and branded with as little delay as possible.

On our return from Campbell's River, we passed through the country which last winter proved so fatal to the sheep, as many as twelve or fifteen thousand having died in the course of the season. The year 1826 was unusually wet. The rains of January and March had been very injurious, ploughing up the public roads, breaking down bridges, and producing floods. These rains had saturated the ground all over the colony, both high and low, and when they had subsided, left the country about Campbell's River full of springs, the course of which may be traced down the hollows by long verdant strips of rank grass, not many yards wide. These waters afterwards stagnate, producing a rank and dangerous vegetation. If the sheep are suffered to feed near these ribbons of grass, their livers become rapidly diseased and full of small flat animals called flounders, and the sheep generally die off. Some sheep I saw opened had very unsound livers, and in one, in particular, I think I counted sixty or seventy of these animals all alive, about the size of a sixpence. The gall also swells to a great size, and the heart and intestinal parts assume a whiteness and wateriness, denoting the highest stage of the disease. This is the rot; which it is hardly possible to cure, and which is sure to be the result of depasturing flocks in flooded lands, especially when flooded in summer, the sheep filling themselves with the premature and unsubstantial grasses, the rapid growth of heat and moisture. The celebrated Mr. Bakewell made a practice always to rot his fat ewes previous to selling them, on purpose that they should be slaughtered by the butcher, and not get into the hands of other breeders. This was simply effected by overflowing his meadows in summer-time; and, when in autumn the water was let off, the sheep were let in. There is no reason to think this mortality among the sheep at Bathurst will occur again, after the dearly bought experience of last winter. There will no doubt be some deaths as soon as the frosts set in severely; but it will be chiefly among those sheep which, though infected, escaped by reason of the present dry summer.

I have been asked which is the finest country, Bathurst or Hunter's River. Till we can say to the Blue Mountains, "Be thou removed and cast into the midst of the sea," there is no difficulty in answering this question. The mountain-road, though as smooth as ice, will always be what it is, in point of elevation, barrenness, and extent. No doubt, when you are there it is a desirable and beautiful country, and better adapted to the feeding of sheep than the lower parts of Hunter's River; but to pay twenty pounds sterling per ton carriage to Bathurst, on such articles as salt, iron, sugar, household furniture, &c. is much against it. The one, as I said before, is the Milanese, this is the Tyrol: and every year the contrast will become greater. That population will flourish most in the fertile and accessible parts of the colony, is amply proved by the present well-peopled districts of Morpeth and St. Patrick's Plains; though not settled half the time that Bathurst has been, the number of inhabitants on these two spots is already larger than the entire population of Bathurst.

The River Hunter, though so forbidding at its mouth, and as far up as the water continues salt, shows afterwards that we must not judge by first appearances. From its great extent, excellent natural pastures, fruitful soil, good water, delightful climate, easy travelling, picturesque scenery, salt, coal, cedar, building timber, and three navigable rivers, Hunter's River will be the garden of New South Wales.

If four years have produced so much, what will forty? After seeing Bathurst and Van Diemen's Land, commend me to a farm at Hunter's River.

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee."

X. Y. Z.

Letter XI.

JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO BRISBANE WATERS.

Sunday, eight o'clock a. m. started from the King's Wharf, in a waterman's boat, for Manly Beach, the head of the north harbour of Port Jackson, a

servant carrying two or three small bundles, containing cold ham and tongue, bread and cheese, a couple of bottles of Cognac, with change of linen, &c. Landed and began our march, with coats across our arms, for the South Head of Broken Bay, through the bush. After rather a difficult path of two miles we found, by the roar of the surf, that we were near the coast, when the trees getting thinner, all of a sudden we found ourselves on a fine sandy beach, called Cabbage Tree Beach, with a lagoon at the north end of it, running out with great rapidity into the sea. Here we were obliged to take off our shoes and stockings and walk across the water up a little higher than our knees. The head land jutting out too far into the sea, we were compelled to climb over the top, three hundred feet high; but the view of Port Jackson and its hundred coves, its bold and fearful heads, with the coast to the north, and all the successive beaches and promontories we had to pass, amply repaid the trouble of the ascent. We soon got in sight of Long Reef, seven miles, which appeared, on inspection, to be a very superior farm, considering its sandy situation, and standing very happily with a commanding sea-view, both north and south. It is the property of a person of the name of Jenkins, whose improvements, plenty, and hospitality, evinced him a farmer of some substance. It was nearly one o'clock at noon, and rather singular to our Sydney notions to be asked if we would have a cup of tea; we preferred a good English cheese and a glass of brandy and water, and after resting ourselves, resumed our journey, which lay through the Narroby Lagoon, a most beautiful spot, and more resembling the lakes of Keswick and Ambleside, than any thing we had seen in the Colony. There having been no rain for three months, and a very low tide at the time, there was no occasion to take off more than our shoes and stockings, and we walked a quarter of a mile through the water, not deeper than our knees, over a fine sand, that felt so velvety to our naked feet that we almost regretted it was not broader. Another head-land, as usual, succeeded to this sand, and after ascending it, we turned to our left through the bush and arrived at the head of Pitt Water, and regaled ourselves at the farm of one Geary. Here a Sydney boat was at anchor, and, very fortunately for us, had no objection to accept 15s. for putting us across to Brisbane Water. This is not the usual place for crossing the Bay, but seven miles lower down, at the mouth of Pitt Water, at a projecting rock called Barren Joey; but we preferred the boat and the smooth placid inlet, at sunset, to the rocky unpleasant journey by land. Pitt Water is an old settlement, although it has very scanty signs of cultivation. The few spots about it cleared are mostly for the rearing of onions, which, on account of the rich accumulation of sea shell, the soil is enabled to produce in great perfection. On our arrival at the fisherman's hut, the usual place for ferrying passengers across Broken Bay, the moon had just risen, and threw an agreeable but uncertain light over the broad expanse of water, the lofty crag of Mount Elliott, the entrance of the River Hawkesbury, and the numerous head-lands about the bay, which caused Captain Cook to give it its name of Broken. It was well we were provided with a boat, for the fisherman had none, which much excited our surprise; and, in a passage of so much importance, so much danger in bad weather, and such increasing traffic as Broken Bay, the Government, we hope, will not be long in establishing a competent and safe conveyance across this stormy estuary. From the South Head to the North is eighteen miles, almost as wide as the entrance of the Mediterranean between Gibraltar and Ceuta; and yet travellers are left to find their way across in little cockle-shells of boats, when the fishermen think proper, and at a rate of more than 1s. per mile each passenger. The inconveniencies in winter must sometimes be serious; for instead of finding a decent or convenient ferry-house, it is hardly credible that human beings can exist in such perpetual filth and darkness, as in the fisherman's hut at Broken Bay. Those who have crossed the Pentland Frith, and had the happy luck of being weather-bound a week or ten days at the Ferry-house at Houna, might be able to make a comparison; but the house at Houna is a Shropshire dairy by the side of this

beastly abode. Cockroaches, in thousands, were marching and counter-marching on the rushy sides of the dwelling, and our persons in a few minutes were literally covered with them. Fleas, bugs, and mosquitoes were only less annoying because they were less numerous. In vain did we wish for the flood-tide to enable us to cross the bay; we were obliged to light cigar after cigar and walk about outside the hut, and at last wrap ourselves up in a dirty old sail, and try to go to sleep under the thwarts of our boat as she lay at anchor near the shore; but it was nearly impossible—the mosquitoes followed us, and some of the other vermin accompanied us, and what with their buzzing and biting, and the hardness, dirt, and wetness of our bed, it was merely closing our eyes and nothing else. At last the tide turned and the moon waned: it was two o'clock in the morning; there was a fresh chilliness in the air; we lighted another cigar, pulled up the stone, and rowed away from this abominable hole. The old fisherman had just lost his black gin, who it appeared had been his housekeeper for many months, and had completely left her black associates for his company and hut. I blushed to think that any man, bearing the name of Englishman, should form a cool, deliberate connexion with a female savage, who must have been unlike her race if she had ever washed herself, if she was not eaten up with vermin, legs ulcerated, and blotches on her head, and in manners and habits every thing that is base and disgraceful. Oh! Mrs. Fry, I exclaimed, this would not have been the case but for your system of recommending female convicts to be kept at Millbank, instead of sending them to New South Wales. But for your unnatural folly, this old man would have been most likely a happy, cleanly and creditable husband, with every thing around him comfortable and tidy, and half a dozen chubby children to make this stage in the journey pleasant and interesting. As it was, no doubt the black woman was getting more civilized; but the white man was approaching the savage state of indolence and filth. But enough—there was a great swell across the bay, much more than I liked for our little boat, though the two men pulling agreed that they had never seen the bay so smooth; this was annoying, but never mind. Mount Elliott seemed to recede from us the more we pulled: so large an object, it was seen through the obscure starlight as if close to the boat, and yet we were pulling more than an hour before it was abreast of us. The tide now favoured us, and the rapid rush near the sand rollers of Brisbane Water became louder and louder; and passing Lobster Beach, we regretted the indistinct twilight did not allow us to make out more than the beautiful outline of its surrounding hills. The morning of Monday here broke upon us, and the first sight and impression made by this enchanting spot will never be forgotten. God has done every thing for you, O beautiful Lake Brisbane! man nothing! Nature here still assumes her sway; and if we may judge from the stupendous size of her innumerable trees, years will revolve before she can be much disturbed. Twenty clearing gangs, in twenty years, might make some difference; but the forest appearing at present as everlasting as the hills, they almost mock the individual, whose feeble axe on their giant sides is like the tickling of a lady's fan. The day, no doubt, must come, when wealth and luxury shall have converted this elegant sheet of water into another Geneva or Maggiore, but who of this generation can hope to live to see it?

We refreshed at Anderson's, both outwardly and inwardly, and tried to forget our want of sleep by a walk through his green corn and fertile beds of onions; and at sunrise the boat left us in Cockle Creek, and we made the best of our way over a thickly-wooded country to a farm on the sea-coast, called Culcarone. This was not effected, however, without some tremendous hills; and we were glad to get a peep of the white sea through the trees, to assure us there *was* an end to this endless bush. A bit of damper and a panikin of water were very refreshing; and we would fain have stopped and fished at Tudibarring Lagoon, but want of time, and a long journey before us, compelled us to go on. In this, and all the other lagoons on this coast, the fish are so abundant that a black fellow, with a seine, can load a bullock-

cart at one or two hauls, and it forms a constant food for the farmers and their pigs: the fish are mostly bream and mullet; the first are excellent eating, but the last are thought too fat and rich: we did not taste them. The sea is delightful after emerging from these black forests; its eternal surf on the dazzling beach commands your attention; and the breezy coolness at mid-day, even in the height of summer, with the variety of sea-shells and medusæ washing ashore, and the white skiff, with cedar or lime, bound to Port Jackson, make the sea-coast much preferable to the bush. Before getting to Terrigal, we were compelled to cross the head-land of Tudibarring, a precipice five hundred feet high, with the path not the breadth of your sofa at the very edge of the abyss. It was quite nervous—as the rock rather overhangs, and we could just see the foamy lather of the dashing spray. The blacksmith's shop at Sydney Lighthouse is curious, and worth seeing; but a jump down Tudibarring would immortalize any Australian Sappho, more than any lover's leap I ever saw. The hill was almost clear of trees, except a species of stunted eucalytus, which were growing horizontally from the ground, by reason of the constant action of the sea-winds. Lower down we trod upon the elegant fringed violet, they were so numerous, at every step. By the time we got to the bottom, we saw there was a very convenient, safe harbour in Terrigal Bay, for large boats or craft not drawing more than six feet water. This beach is very rich in shells. The heads of Lake Macquarie, or the name it is better known by, Reid's Mistake, were in full view as we came down the hill; and a boat was fishing off Bungaree's Nera, as the head-land is called. A very successful establishment for catching and drying the snapper is formed, though on a small scale, at Terrigal; and a little spot has been inclosed, by the industry of the fishermen, which grows excellent potatoes and onions. We now bade adieu to the coast, and turned again into the bush, for the head of Erina Creek, the hospitable retreat of the magistrate of the district. And a *bush*, indeed, it turned out to be. It was the thickest brush either of us had ever seen. Not a gleam of sunshine ever reaches to the bottom of Terrigal Bush. Not Vallombrosa, with its deepest shades, can surpass the rich gloom of this impervious wood. Trees unknown near Sydney, and other open parts of the country, here flourish in all their tropical luxuriance: the cabbage-tree, with its towering stem and tufted top; the elegant palm, which makes you fancy you are in the West Indies, with its umbrageous and lofty foliage, explaining at once the compliment and honour intended by that description of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, which says, "they took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet him." The splendid fern-tree, and the gigantic lily, here also seek the shade in the deep solitudes of the thickest brush; vines, and a hundred other beautiful and strange shrubs, keep them company in such abundance as in five minutes might fill the herbals of all the lovers of botany in the Colony; here particularly,

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air!"

We lost our path, and became a little alarmed till it was found. Evening was approaching; our provisions were gone: the servant had been despatched to announce us and prepare for dinner, and the struggling through the rich luxuriant vegetation had wearied us more than all the open country; we were nearly exhausted; the freshest of our party was despatched in the right direction, according to the sun, while we rested ourselves, anxiously waiting the concerted signal of "coo-ey," as soon as the path was found. Fortunately, it was soon discovered, and we met again in the beaten track, and reclined by the side of a gurgling brook, at the entrance of the brush, laughing at our past troubles. We would not own to be tired till we reached home, when the excellent fare and long cork soon made us forget Terrigal Bush. A neighbour came in after dinner, and we agreed to breakfast with him the following morning; and after one more cigar and a glass of grog, not being able to keep our eyes any longer open, we finished the second day.

Tuesday.—The beds are not so good in the bush as to induce any indulgence in them beyond daylight; therefore, we were shaving at sunrise, and went over the farm; saw the fires of some black natives, and went to chat to them. They had all been more or less afflicted by the late sickness: "Murri budgel," was the plaintive answer of one of them to our inquiries how he was. Murri budgel, very sick, could not apply to the rest of the sable group, for they were young and healthy, and plump enough to make one wonder how they keep themselves in such good condition. We arrived at our neighbour's farm just as the steamer and stewed fowls were taking off the fire; they were delicious, and would not have disgraced Beauvilliers or Veri; this, with eggs, bacon, and excellent tea, eked out a breakfast for us that would have satisfied a king. The boat had been in readiness all breakfast-time; and it was no sooner finished than we jumped in, and rowed down the interesting creek, than which, perhaps, there is hardly any thing in New South Wales prettier. Arrived at the broad water, the farms of one or two friends underwent our scrutiny; but the "murri cobon waddie" was the universal character of them all. Twenty Point Pipers seemed to offer their green hillocks for Italian villas; and certainly there never was a lake that presented so many eligible sites for building on. But the day, I am afraid, is hardly yet arrived, though, to an industrious hard-working man, one would think fifty acres of rich vegetable mould, within six hours' water carriage of Sydney, would be preferable to five hundred any where else, not having this advantage. Onions, pumpkins, melons, and potatoes grow in the greatest profusion; and the inexhaustible body of sea-shells offer a valuable manure for generations to come. It is difficult to believe the common opinion that these shells have been deposited by former natives, because it implies a populousness which the present state of the blacks would hardly warrant. We added to the heap, by prevailing on our blacks, Charlewal and Dick, to dive for mud oysters, and when roasted at the bush fire they were excellent. Mr. H—— has got a house and offices that would be complete if he resided there; but absenteeism is the crying evil of this Colony, as it is of Ireland. After resting ourselves at Nerrara, we made the best of our way home to dinner; but the best of our way was very bad, as we crossed the lofty Bulga of Razor Back, a ridge eight hundred feet high between the two creeks, now and then getting a glimpse of water, but generally immersed in the forest, and nothing to be seen but rocks above, and tops of trees below. A great deal of fallen timber, of the largest dimensions, impeded our progress home; but, when there, we enjoyed our rest and excellent dinner quite as much as the day before. The news of our arrival had by this time spread far and wide; and several blacks from neighbouring tribes had collected about the house, fine athletic fellows, asking for *bacco*. Some of them had come from Wollembi, and others farther, fifteen or twenty miles, just for a walk, and had brought their black gins with them. It seems they are very constant with their gins; the marriage ceremony is, however, very primitive and simple: the lover, seldom going farther than the nearest family, approaches their circle, while at meals, and sitting down next "the lady of his love," asks her if she will sleep with him that night; she, nothing loth, generally answers Yes, and the thing is finished, they being as indissolubly fixed in holy matrimony as though they had received the benediction of mother church. Infanticide is too common among the black women; they will not be troubled with the rearing of children, and mostly take them up by the heels and knock out their brains against a stone. We were amused after dinner by the throwing of the Bomaring, or crooked stick. There seems a sort of magic in it, by the certainty of their making it come back to where they stand, however forcibly they may throw it from them. But what surprised us most, was a black fellow going up a tall tree, to the height of sixty feet, by means of his feet and hands and a tomahawk. The tree must have been twelve feet girth, and therefore the performance resembled more the going up a dead wall, than any notions we are accustomed to of climbing trees. I never saw any thing so clever. Nothing but hunger could have

taught it. It was done by one of the Bush blacks, who are much cleverer, honester, and thinner than the Coast blacks, who live on fish. Catching the kangaroo, grubs, snakes, guanas, wild-honey, fern roots, and banion, seem the employment of the first; while oysters and snappers are the things needful for the last. X. Y. Z.

OLD AGE.

"Oh, Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be ruled, and led
By some discretion."—*King Lear.*

"OLD age, indeed!" methinks I hear a maiden reader, who has passed her —th year,* exclaim with an indignant toss of the head, and a hard and forcible expiration,—"Old age, indeed! what does the fellow mean? I'll be whipped if this article be not written by that odious curate, whom we got turned out of the parish for preaching last summer against rouge and waltzing?"—"Age, Madam, do you say?—all twaddle—no such thing now-a-days, depend upon it. No old people now; haven't seen an old man these thirty years."—"I beg your pardon, Sir; without meaning to play the saint, I must insist upon it, that yours is a very unscriptural doctrine. Age there most certainly is, and we must all come to it. There's Archdeacon Crump has long been of the *fuimus* family, and can't hold out much longer; and the Dean is a very old man indeed. I'm only sixty-four myself; and but for this cough, and now and then a touch of the gout, I'm as good as ever I was in my life; but I must be old some day or other for all that." Rochefoucauld has well remarked, that "peu de gens savent être vieux;" and the single observation is well worth all the flimsy sophistry and stoical cant of the Cato major, which serves only to put the incommodity it celebrates more prominently in evidence. If life itself is a blessing, then is the plenitude of life preferable to decrepitude; and however Providence, in its mercy, may now and then have suited the back to the burden, yet is it not less a burden because it may be well borne. Strong sensations, powerful volitions, and muscles and joints to do the bidding of the will, constitute the perfection of physical existence; but age is the reverse of all this, to say nothing of the maladies and the dependence it brings in its train. Old men have told the world, and the world have believed it, that the decrepitude of the body is the maturity of the mind; and it is amusing to observe how Bacon,† in balancing the faults of youth and of age, leans lightly on the last. The fact however is against the philosopher. Charron, who was in all things the opponent of humbug, and who got so much the start of the times in which he wrote, justly observes of age, "Elle nous attache encore plus de rides en l'esprit, qu'au visage; et ne se voit point d'ames qui en vieillissant, ne sentent l'aigre et le moisi." To grow old is not necessarily to grow either wise or good; but, on the contrary, it is

* Aulus Gellius fills up this blank with forty-six; but the fair reader is requested to use her own discretion, always however employing a pencil, that she may amend the record when her mind changes on the subject. Young ladies of fifteen think young ladies of thirty very old; but they alter their opinion as they gain experience.

† Essays.

most frequently only to change one set of vices for another, and that too not for the better. Chagrin, disappointment, and satiety, make up the wisdom of the mature. Against this vain pretence to superior wisdom, a pretence which gives authority, in public and private affairs, to those who are the most encumbered with prejudices, impeded by habits, and the farthest in arrear with the improvements of the times, it may be sufficient to notice the physical fact that, in latter life, the brain contracts in all its dimensions, and its substance becomes condensed, and partakes of the same super-solidity which affects the joints with stiffness, and destroys the mobility of the muscles. Those in France, whose interest it is to preserve the world in a perpetual infancy, and to maintain unimpaired all the vices and mistakes of a barbarous legislation, have provided that the office of making laws should be confided only to persons who have passed the vigour and honesty of youth: and this piece of cunning is decisive against the assumed superiority, either moral or intellectual, of advanced life. Age, as Ossian truly says, "is dark and unlovely;" and to bear it with patience and dignity requires some firmness.

It is not, however, in the *grand serieux* that the chief difficulty lies; for firmness under inevitable necessities is no very uncommon quality. The thief at the gallows can meet his fate as bravely as Cato or Regulus; and many a condemned felon might invite his friends, with Addison, to "see how a Christian can die." So ably, indeed, do the dealers out of consolation "perform their spiriting," that the most atrocious criminals often meet Jack Ketch with a confidence in futurity, to which the wise and the good cannot always attain:—a confidence, by the by, which, however comfortable to the patient, is any thing but auxiliary to the purposes of penal infliction. It must be a great consolation to the whole tribe of murderers, housebreakers, and highwaymen, not only to perceive the ease with which the last scene of their existence is gotten over, but to understand how little a good and useful life is necessary to an happy eternity. All men wish to go to Heaven upon cheap terms; and surely none can be easier than a gratuitous "call," when the pleasures of life have faded from view. The vicious must be especially delighted thus to discover that they have a better market in the world to come, than their stupid neighbours, who have entertained an old-fashioned respect for "mine and thine." But to return to the subject in hand, it is chiefly in the lighter departments of life, in the thousand futilities which flesh is heir to, that men find it so hard to grow old with decency. Yet, if the slightest of these particularities is misunderstood or neglected, your old man becomes a dire bore to society; and is as tiresome to himself as to his fastidious acquaintances. The invention of natural wigs, (or to use a more loyal phrase, of heads of hair,) and of false teeth, has done much for the persons of the aged; and the tailor, if he be an artist of "any pith and likelihood," can convert the merest codger into a very respectable beau. By thus keeping out of sight the hideous in the physical man, the epoch of senility may be adjourned to "this day six months;" but the misfortune of it is, that these external advantages only seduce the inconsiderate owners of them to overlook the more important deficiencies of the moral man, and to forget the want of "that within which passeth show," and which should

serve to fill out and render substantial the "trappings and the suits" of a green and vigorous maturity. There are stains and deficiencies of the mind which require concealment as much as the "boneless gum" or the bald head; and these natural decays are the less easily managed, because they so frequently escape our own consciousness. All the Feinagles *in esse* and *in posse*, together, cannot supply a doting old proser with an artificial memory, to prevent his endless repetitions of the same tiresome story; nor are there any cosmetics of the mind strong enough to wash away the freckles of avarice, a vice which in latter life eats into the finest dispositions, like rust upon polished steel. False teeth are very well, as far as they go; but the devil of it is there are no false digestions in the shops, and consequently no false tempers. It is astonishing how much pettishness proceeds from flatulence, and how goodhumouredly grand-papas would stomach the levities of the young folks, if they could but master the crudities of the *primæ viæ*. Alas! that there should be no buckram for stuffing the shrinking dimensions of a faded intellect; no rouge for hiding the "green and yellow melancholy" of the mental complexion. We may cram our stockings with wool into a decent resemblance of a chairman's calf; but there is no giving an artificial muscularity of mind to bear the burden of accumulating infirmity without querulousness and without ill-temper. Every period of our "seven ages" has its peculiar duties and its decencies; and to these the old man comes as unprepared as the child;—but age has this additional disadvantage, that while in early life we anticipate futurity, and try conclusions respecting conduct to come, age creeps upon us unperceived, and is as unexpected as it is unwelcome. Who is there old enough to have been told by his congratulating friends that he wears well; who did not receive the first intelligence of that fact with surprise and displeasure? For my own part, I honestly confess, the compliment struck me like a thunderbolt! First, I thought my sympathising informant very rude, and then I set him down for a fool. The stealthy and Tarquin-like steps of time in vain leave their indelible impressions behind them. Crows' feet on the temples, and gray hairs in the whiskers, do not arouse attention. Perhaps it may be the necessity for shaving that prevents one from marking these changes in a face which one is accustomed to look at every morning. If so, may not the final cause of the hairy excrescence be found in a kind intention to accustom us to a fact as deplorable as it is inevitable? Be this, however, as it may, your gray beard no more leads to wholesome reflection, than if it were a pigtail dangling quite out of sight; and we go on, frisking and jaunting it through the grand climateric, as if we were still in our teens. In vain does Nature stiffen our knees and supersede the tooth-drawer in his functions; in vain does she thicken the hearing, and suggest the comfort of a pair of spectacles; she has, by conferring on us what Falstaff calls "the malady of not marking," rendered all these good gifts useless to edification, and exposed us to a thousand ridiculous mistakes. Like a looking-glass, that reflects all but itself, the experience of the old man bears upon every thing but the wants of the individual in whom it resides. All its wise saws and instances serve to illustrate the life through which he has passed, and which is gone for ever; but are totally inapplicable to the space he has yet to cover; so that, to

the very last, there is no fool like the old fool." "When the age is in," says Shakspeare, "the wit is out," an observation which is forced upon us, not more by the actual supremacy in folly of the lean and slippered pantaloon, than by the absurd contrast between his boastful pretensions to wisdom, and the inconsequence of his actions. "Young folks," the proverb tells us, "think old folks fools, but old folks know the young to be so." It will, however, abate the force of this dictum to remember that the aged are the makers of proverbs; and if lions were painters—we all know the consequence. "Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please," can never be applied to the aged; because the perpetual contradiction between their actions and their "seeming" renders their absurdities ungracious and awkward. If there is any point upon which a man might be supposed to appreciate himself justly, it surely must be his fitness for love; but in proportion as Dan Cupid takes to his wings, and leaves "deponent" in the solitary possession of a worn-out constitution, the demon of Vanity gets a greater hold of his silly pate, till the victim of the flattering error finds the realities of passion less troublesome and overmastering than its "horrible imaginings." Nothing renders a man more exquisitely absurd than superannuated gallantry. "This is the monstrosity of love, that the will is infinite and the execution confined." Many an honest rake has run through the dissipations of youth, without incurring any of their greater penalties, to be shipwrecked utterly by the loves of his latter Lammas. In love, as in money, we can accommodate our expenditure to our natural wants, with some reference to our means; but in gratifying caprices there are no bounds, and no economy. This solitary feature in the human physiognomy serves to occupy half the comedies and half the tales of all nations; but the old beau continues incorrigible, and laughs, night after night, at the Lord Ogleby's of the stage, without the slightest reference to himself. The great majority of criminal punishments incurred by irregular indulgences of *la belle passion*, are inflicted upon persons somewhat beyond the middle age; and the greatest number of ludicrous absurdities in love are committed when men have already "some smack of the saltness of time." In these matters Heaven protect the old! the young may take care of themselves. In fact, there is something so respectable in the passion which fulfils the great design of nature, that its very excesses are matter for high poetry in that season of life to which it is appropriate; but the most respectable *tendre* of the most respectable middle-aged gentleman will continue ridiculous, treat it how you will. With all the ennobling rust of antiquity, and with all the beauty of his verses, Anacreon is, after all, only a silly old fellow, who goes on scanning and drinking, when he ought to be making money and saving his soul. The conduct of aged persons towards females need not, however, be wholly unmarked by a sense of the difference of sex. There is, on the contrary, something very pleasing and touching in the reverential deportment of a polite old gentleman towards that beauty which he does not cease to admire because he can no longer enjoy; while we are justly offended at the brutality and snappishness which so often proceed from selfish jealousy of the preferences conceded to women. Old men do not like being put out of their way; and of this a droll instance is recorded of

Voltaire. On some occasion, when he was particularly desirous of shining at dinner, he observed that the attention of the company was distracted from his *bons mots* by the bosoms of his Genevese handmaids, which, as the weather was warm, were rather more exposed than usual. This was a rivalry which the philosopher of Ferney could ill endure; and after struggling in silence for some time with his annoyance, he suddenly burst forth, to the surprise of the abigails, with " Gorge par ci, gorge par là; allez à tous les diables!" The sort of gallantry which becomes an old man seems to spring exclusively from natural politeness and good feeling. It is often not without a slight touch of formality and old fashion; but it is in all things the antipodes of that attention which seems to advance a pretence to favours, and which is more marked by indelicate innuendoes than by an abnegation of self in the furtherance of the ease and comfort of the women. The obtrusive and insinuating gallantry to which the underbred Irishman is especially prone, is sufficiently offensive in the young and ardent; but it is wholly without excuse in those in whom it must be evidently mere *façon*. When old men indulge in this silly practice, they are also in the habit of carrying it much farther than their juniors, and create immeasurable disgust, both to the blushing parties addressed and to the lookers on.

Less offensive, perhaps, but not less ridiculous, is the indecent levity of the aged in their social intercourse with the juniors of their own sex. There is no line in morals finer than that which separates the indulgence and facility of old persons for the gayer follies of youth, from the absurd participation in boyish vices of the *ci-devant jeune homme*. An old man need not be as sententious as Seneca; nor need he sit mumchance when the sports of the field are discussed. Still less is he justifiable in ill-timed appeals to religion, and in imposing an hypocritical seriousness of demeanour upon the young, which is foreign to their nature, and therefore unbecoming. But he must not, like Falstaff, talk of " us youth," and boast of follies and vices which he is no longer in a condition to commit. In all such cases, however, it is safer to yield something to the genius of the hour than to be too morose; and to chime in lightly and playfully with the younger part of the company (preserving always in such gaiety a sense of personal dignity and decorum), than by an habitual sourness and rebuke to destroy the cheerfulness of a season, which once passed can never return.

Perhaps the great source of all the social mistakes of aged persons is a sense of the feebleness and inferiority which is creeping on them; an instinct that the world is eluding their grasp, and a conviction of the necessity for that resignation which they are disposed to resist with all their remaining powers. This is strongly exemplified in those who have become parents early in life, and who are annoyed at being pushed from their stools before they are inclined to quit them. Mothers of a certain age, with strong remaining pretensions to beauty, are particularly nervous and fidgety in all that respects their daughters, and frequently make themselves very troublesome in society by their rivalry with the rising generation. The love of power is a weakness which increases with indulgence. Young men are contented with being their own masters; the old desire to master others; and when their children grow up around them, they are apt to forget that they have now to deal

with their equals, perhaps with their superiors; and they become petulant and unbearable by a perpetual assumption of an authority which is no longer acknowledged. This is rendered more saliently absurd, where an estate is in the question. According to the law of primogeniture, the landholder contracts an obligation to die and make room for his successor, at or about the time when his son comes of age. The longer protraction of life is on mere sufferance, an usurpation. *Tempus abire tibi.* This the parent is apt to feel: and he is generally very awkward in his false position. Sometimes, especially on his son's marriage, he makes a Lear-like distribution of his estate, reserving to himself only an annuity out of the land, which is seldom an happy arrangement. More frequently, the sense of being in the way only produces an horrible jealousy of the successor. The son's allowance appears so like a quit-rent, that it is paid with a bad grace, or it is made insufficient for maintaining the young man in his proper rank. Hence eternal bickerings and unworthy contestations, plainly indicative of the unwholesomeness of the law from which they flow; and proving how far legislation upon false principles can corrupt and degrade human nature. Of these quarrels the graceless make a jest, but they are the sources of much bitterness and misery to kind and benevolent natures. Whether the dislike of abdication, which besets the aged, shows itself in an hateful morosity and tyranny over the younger and more joyous part of the community, or is manifested in a foolish endeavour to protract the season of enjoyment, when the organs are no longer fitted to receive it, it is still the same impulse; and the variety, vast as it is, is wholly an affair of temperament. In old maids it sometimes shows itself in calumny, prudery, and plain clothes, sometimes in coquetry, grimace, and pink ribbons; sometimes in a desperate effort to retain the men, sometimes in as desperate a refuge in the love of heaven; but in both cases it is the same desire of dominion, the same painful and afflictive sense of power escaping from the reluctant hand; it is the convulsion of debility, the struggle which precedes dissolution. To conquer this infirmity requires a strong mind, and a life spent in the exertion of self-control. More frequently an exemption from the faults of age is the result of an happy temperament, of that cheerfulness which accommodates itself to all the accidents of life, and which is ever graceful, because it is always natural and unaffected. In this respect the French are greatly our superiors. The exuberance of their animal spirits softens down, in advanced life, into a cheerfulness that is exquisitely amiable, and their habitual good breeding never leaves them. Most travelled Englishmen have enjoyed the acquaintance of Denon, to whose apartments they were not more attracted by the rarity of his collection, than by the cheerful gaiety of his manners, the solidity and variety of his information, and the frankness with which he communicated it. Denon was a perfect model of what an old man should be in society. Gay and good-humoured with men, delicate in his attentions to females, considerate to all, he adapted his conversation with care to the intellects and pursuits of those whom he addressed. In displaying his treasures to the various classes of persons who pressed around him, he contrived always to find something which he could place in a light congenial to the character of each; and the same adaptation marked his general intercourse with society. There

was not a single grain of sourness or austerity in his whole composition; no regret for the past, no weak and childish apprehension of the future disturbed the serenity of a mind which was at peace with all the world. Neat in his person, without foppery, exempt from all disgusting habits, he had no claims to make on the indulgence of his auditor: and though distinguished throughout all Europe for his talents, his acquirements, and the space he had occupied in the literary world, he had no Johnsonian arrogance to excuse, no assumption of authority to tolerate. Simple, playful, and unpretending, he was universally sought for in all societies, and he was the life and the soul of the small but educated and refined circle, of which he was himself the centre. His body partook of this elasticity of mind. He was marvellously exempted from disease, and the temperance of his life left him, at its close, more alert than many men are in the vigour of their existence; so that, though he died full of years, his death might rather be considered as an accident, than as the accomplishment of his natural destiny. On the Continent, this is a character by no means uncommon. La Croix the mathematician, Delfico of Naples, La Fayette, De Tracy, Bonstetten and Dumont of Geneva, the Archbishop of Tarentum, are each, in their several ways, delightful and amiable companions, over whom time has passed without diminishing their social good qualities. If it were admissible to cite individuals from among the undistinguished walks of life, the list might be extended to an inconvenient length; but every one who has lived abroad will find in his memory abundant materials for verifying the assertion. Why are amiable old men less frequent among ourselves? Is it that society in general is less well understood with us than it is abroad; and that all ranks and ages on the Continent afford better companions than with us? or is it that there is something in the temperament and habits of the people that conducts them to a mellow and richer maturity?

M.

THE RETURN OF FRANCIS THE FIRST.

Dart forth like light, my Arab steed,
  Leave far behind detested Spain—
From torturing doubt, from bondage freed,
  I feel I am a King again!*

Farewell, my children! had my heart
  A place for aught but frenzied joys,
'Twere bitter thus with ye to part,
  My own belov'd—my noble boys!

I go—your blest return shall be
  My guiding hope, my tenderest care,
Soon, soon shall France my children see
  The glory of their father share.

Forward, my steed! as on we fly,
  What crowding thoughts rush through my brain—
But oh, exulting memory!
  I am—I am a King again!

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* His exulting exclamation after crossing the river Andaye on his release, and mounting his Arabian horse.—*See Robertson.*

When, all but fame and honour lost,*
I fell a captive to my foe,
In conquest, in ambition crost,
Consign'd to fetters and to woe—

My wandering soul has often flown
Across yon Bidassoa's bound;
Once more, attendant on my throne,
Glory and joy and love I found.

Dear Marguerite her magic lay
Waked there for me with watching voice:
And gentle Claude awhile was gay
That happy Francis might rejoice.

My queenly mother's brow of pride
Was calmly bent that joyful hour
On him who hail'd her by his side
The honour'd partner of his power.

There Bayard, virtue's champion, met
His brothers 'midst that charmed ring,
And Bourbon—ere he dared forget
His fame, his country, and his king!

Once more fair forms and sparkling eyes
Were fair and bright for me alone,
For me to choose each willing prize—
And lovely Françoise was my own!†

Where is she now!—once o'er my sleep
A sad, a fearful vision came,
It told such vengeance dark and deep—
I dare not think—I may not name!

Oh, Françoise! may no adverse fate
Divide thee ever more from me!
My crime deserves thy husband's hate,
But he—ah, he deserved not thee!

I come to dry those flowing tears,
To shield thee in this throbbing heart—
Away, away, my idle fears,
Was love like ours ordain'd to part?

Beloved France! again, again,
Your echoes shall my triumph ring,
Hence! far from bondage and from Spain,
Your Francis is once more a King!

L. S. C.

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* His short but emphatic letter to his mother, after the fatal battle of Pavia, "Tout est perdu hormis l'honneur."

† Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriant, beloved by Francis, murdered by her husband during the King's detention.

A RENCONTRE IN THE DESERT.

"Non levia, aut ludicra petuntur
Præmia." *Virg. Æneid.*

Homs, or Hems, the ancient Emesa, is the last town which the traveller meets on his way through the desert of Tedmor or Palmyra. In coming from Baalbek, it is discoverable for many miles before one reaches it. The great height of the conical truncated hill of the citadel, and the continuous line of town stretching out from its base to the west, mark it conspicuously, at a great distance, on the horizon. On entering the town, this citadel, or Acropolis, is found to form the centre of a circle, of which the diverging streets may, in some measure, be considered the radii. It is regularly cut on all sides in the solid rock, in an angle of about sixty degrees, girt with a ruinous wall, above and below, and crowned by a fortress, now in a dismantled state, and, as far as I could perceive, without guns. The walls of the city are equally dilapidated, the population dwindled to about seven thousand; the suburbs occupied by cemeteries, which, when the wind blows from the south and the graves are new, infect the neighbourhood with exhalations sufficiently pestilential to expel every one but the women.* The gates, with the exception of that generally described by travellers, are of no beauty or interest; nor is there any monument or relic of antiquity in the town worth looking at, unless, perhaps, a few fine columns in the church belonging to the Greeks. Without the walls is a sort of pyramidal mausoleum, at the distance of a few hundred paces to the west. A great portion of two of the sides has fallen down, but the slab, containing the inscription, (not very brief or legible) still exists. The architecture is of that mongrel character which connects it with the decadence of Roman art. The eye stretches from this centre in every direction over an immense expanse, thinly covered with a very meagre vegetation, and here and there dotted, in the immediate vicinity of the town, with a few starved and stunted trees. Beyond this, like the mists arising from a boundless sea, are dimly descried the dust and haze of the Desert.

In this frontier town of Turkish rule we arrived on the 3d of June, after a very fatiguing two days' march from Baalbek, with the intention of penetrating onwards as far as Palmyra.† The information we had received at Damascus led us to hope that we should meet with few difficulties: the sequel, as in other instances, very remarkably contrasted with our expectations. The first aspect of the town was by no means encouraging: the streets were silent, the houses closed, and the market-place, though full of poor merchandize, and Turkish turbans had so few black Bedouin faces scattered amongst them, that we at first apprehended an altercation had taken place between the governor and the neighbouring tribes, resulting from the late rencontre in the Hauran. These alarms were in some degree dissipated by the courtesy of the Mouzzelim, to whom we had sent, immediately on our arrival, our principal interpreter with the letters of Saali Vizir, the Pasha of Damascus. After a short delay in the streets, his Seraf was dispatched to meet us. He

* The Turkish women count a visit to the tombs, like a visit to the bath, amongst the chief gaieties of their monotonous existence. They rarely miss their Thursday rounds. Numerous groups are to be seen in most eastern capitals, towards the evening, gliding under the trees of these last repositories of mortality. Their long white costume (it is the female uniform in Turkey, as black was once at Venice), contrasting with, and chequering the massive gloom of the cypresses, is peculiarly spectral and imposing. If I am correctly informed, and I had my information from an assistant, their conversazione is of a very opposite character. It savours very little of Hamlet, or his philosophy.

† We were then six in party with a numerous suite. Should these pages meet the eyes of any of the gentlemen with whom I had the fortune to travel; I hope they may be the means of recalling to their recollection some of the happiest moments of our lives.

conducted us with all due honours to his house, and, on alighting, we were seated on a comfortable divan, and regaled in great pomp with the ordinary refreshments.

Immediately after breakfast the succeeding morning we visited the Mouzelim, or governor, to thank him for our reception, and to concert measures for our proposed excursion. We found him seated on a very discreditable divan, in a dirty room: the walls yellow with smoke, and the windows closed and stifling with cobwebs; a want of *tenue* for which we were somewhat prepared by the rickety appearance of his staircase, and the disorder and abandonment of the court below. His levee had a very provincial appearance, and brought back the imagination to the maimed and limping state of an ancient village baron, or of a modern German sovereign: it consisted of his Cafigee, an officer of scarcely less importance than a private secretary, and his minister Scander, a Copt of the usual Coptic rotundity of countenance and plethoric heaviness of manner, but distinguished even above his countrymen for the good sense and temper of his administration, and the honourable characteristic, as we deemed it, of unbounded attention to strangers. The centre of this group was the Mouzzelim himself. His broad and somewhat drowsy physiognomy, seldom dimpled, by thought, from its habitual repose, a more than Turkish honesty in his grave and homely manners, detracted perhaps, at first, from the impressions which Turkish courtesy in general conveys. By degrees we became more nearly acquainted, and found, as in the case of the palaces of the country, we had formed rather an erroneous estimate of the man from his exterior. After the customary preliminaries of pipes, &c. it was arranged that the Mouzzelim should, upon our part, dispatch a confidential messenger to the chief of the tribe Saba, Douaki, then encamped a day and a half's distance from Hamah, requesting him to conduct a party of travellers, under the immediate protection of the Pasha, to Palmyra, and promising, in case of acquiescence, such recompense as should be adjusted between us before setting out. The same evening the courier left Homs. In the mean time we are lodged and entertained by order of the Mouzzelim, at the Serâf's.

The messenger did not return for two or three days, and we were left, having already exhausted the neighbouring sights, and got tired of reading our books for the third time, to the slender resources of Arab society, and to John Bull's lamentations on the unreasonable heat of the weather. The Serâf's establishment was numerous and noisy enough. We inhabited two apartments at one extremity of the court, lately built, almost entirely of wood, and, as is frequent in the East, unpainted. They seem to have been designed for strangers only; the remainder of the court, paved with much skill and taste, had been reserved for the family. The father, a septuagenarian, had been for some time an invalid, and was actually, at the moment of our arrival, confined to his bed: the female portion of the establishment, though Christians, were not permitted to wander beyond their nursery, or harem, and were protected from all profane inquiry with little less than Moslem scrupulosity. We occasionally saw the two brothers: the eldest, about thirty, had been some time married: the second, not more than sixteen, was on the eve of a similar connexion. His mind was still younger than his body; he had all the giddiness and noisiness of childhood, with the peremptory vivacity of a young Arab. He asked a thousand questions at once, and impatient at their slow transmission through our interpreter, waited for scarcely any other answer than what could be collected from the ambiguous expression of our countenances. This, of course, produced an infinity of mistakes; but unchecked by our ennui, and at last reproof, he continued the amusement uninterrupted until evening. Cards and talking were his passion, and we found no other means to extricate ourselves from his attentions than a resolute attempt at taking his portrait: an infallible specific against intrusion in the East: no Turk we have ever met with submitting with ordinary patience to have his likeness thus pirated by men, who, for aught he knows, may be vampires or necromancers. As to his marriage, it

was the last thing he probably thought of: the elder brother found in it an unceasing source of merriment and mystification; to him it was literally unintelligible: he had never seen his intended, nor did he profess the slightest curiosity or wish to see her; all that was to be managed for him *par son cher papa*. Another personage of our circle was the Kiaia of the governor. He was constant in his visits. The moment dinner was removed, he came dropping in with two or three of his followers. We occupied the honourable posts, but a temporary divan, raised in front, accommodated the family and our guests: a large candelabrum was placed in the middle, and we played cards on the floor. The Kiaia was a particular favourite. I have his solemn official-looking eye, and surly good-natured forehead, before me still. He was a sort of Front-de-Bœuf of the Desert. The marks of years and hard service were breaking in upon his features; yet they had a soldier-like alacrity about them, which was precisely the sort of colouring which we wanted; every attitude offered the most perfect personification of a Lord Warden of these marches. He spoke little, and his monosyllables were the roughest I ever heard: yet I willingly took his bluntness together with his good faith: he was less ostentatious of his attentions than the Turk, and less officious, without being inattentive, than the Greek. His turban, like himself, appeared never to have been changed—for his Khanjar he had been indebted to a sort of border adventure. On the whole, the Kiaia was a personage at Homs, and his ruling passion, an instinctive hatred to the Arabs, deservedly ingratiated him with the governor. This master feeling was constantly working its way to the surface, and it was one of our amusements to provoke it, as often as we could, to an explosion. One evening our conversation, after a variety of *detours*, suddenly turned to the frequent incursions of the enemy, and the late awkward attack in the Hauran on the troops of the Vizir. The questions were not the most flattering to his military pretensions; he answered them with a sort of sulk, which delighted us: we now found him *en train*, and abruptly demanded whether he had ever slain an Arab with his own right hand? I shall never forget the broad surprise and prolonged contempt of his countenance and voice when he repeated our word *wackil*, (one). He looked upon the entire race as the natural *chasse* of the Osmanli, and created and intended merely to keep them in exercise and amusement. No Englishman of the Pale, or modern Orangeman could have spoken with more hard-featured sportsman-like indifference of their borderers. He soon became animated; the *gaudia certaminis* were depicted with the matter of fact emphasis and personal exultation of a sharer. Then his pistols were displayed, and their merits discussed with a grave vanity, which was exceedingly entertaining. Some of our party assured him that our English pistols were far superior in value and workmanship. He shook his head, smiled, put them up, and relapsed into his ordinary silence. Tedmor and our projects again awoke him. He saw some sport in the distance. He thought it no more possible that half a tribe of Arabs should resist a Turk, than that in the imagination of a beef-eating orthodox John Bull a cohort of Frenchmen should withstand the meanest of his countrymen. From him, at least, we had every assurance of success; but at times he warned us, when in his more pensive moods, against the *Punica fides*, the ambidextrous servility of these "Pagan dogs." This warning we then passed over, as a mere trait in the character of the man; we soon found it to have been a prophecy, verified by a series of subsequent disasters.

In this manner, and with the doubtful assistance of our little coterie, we contrived to "amble" indifferently well through the interval between the departure and return of our messengers. Two Arabs of the tribe Saba, deputies from their chief Douaki, after a few days appeared, and were immediately conducted by our party to the Mouzzelim. In answer to the commission of the messengers, they presented a letter from the Sheikh. It was couched in the usual submissive phraseology of the country; and, after the customary preface, continued—"The conditions and sum demanded were perhaps high, but the Governor, in consequence, should not be offend-

ed: it must be remembered that the enterprise at the present juncture was perilous, and that he seldom had the opportunity and advantage of conducting strangers through his territory. He required six hundred piastres per head, exclusive of all concomitant expenses of horses, camels, and guides." This appeared to us, and even to the Mouzzelim, so extravagant a proposition, that the first movement it excited was a general laugh. The Bedouins found they had ventured too far; and as it appeared they had been entrusted with plenipotentiary powers, they were invited, and immediately acceded to a separate conference with the Mouzzelim. This was carried on with a becoming diplomatic gravity, all parties supporting their several parts with a solemn plausibility, which would not have disgraced the pupils of Lord Castlereagh or Mr. Peel. Whenever a new clause was started, it was referred, with great ceremony, to the chairman of our committee at the extremity of the hall, and the answer conveyed back by our Pergermans to the Arabs. The Arabs, on their parts, affected a mysterious air of consternation: the words "Barouf, barouf," (powder, powder,) and "Alf, alf," (thousands,) formed an emphatic item in their animated discourse: their gestures were fierce and significant; their frowns full of alarm and portent; and their pauses sudden, and meant to intimate, or affect, their doubts and dissatisfaction. The comedy at last concluded, and the Governor advanced towards our party with the most qualified terms he could possibly obtain: six hundred piastres were to be given to Douaki, provided we returned in safety to Homs, five hundred to our conductor on similar conditions, fifty piastres for each camel, and fifty to each of the three Bedouins who were to accompany us, besides baxish, or largess, to the Governor's soldier, under whose immediate care was to be marshalled the entire expedition. These articles of agreement were embodied in a letter to Douaki, and the two Arabs charged with its delivery, enjoined to return with what expedition they could. They remained at the Serâf's a short time, and then mounted their camels for the Desert. We had not more reason in the present than on former occasions to felicitate ourselves on the appearance or presumed character of our future guides. They were low, middle-aged men, parched into mere sinew, and blackened down into a near resemblance with the African, by the wasting winds and intolerable sun of Syria. Their expression had little of the savage daring of their wild and troublous kind of life: it was keen, and base, and grovelling, lowering now and then, on a sudden ferocious, but habitually the dark, and dry, and hungry duplicity of a more civilised and degraded state of society. We saw them, however, depart with very considerable hopes of success.

Their absence was prolonged very far beyond our expectations, and we were again thrown back upon our former resources. "Are the Arabs arrived?" was the first question we asked in the morning: we were condemned to wait for them in vain the entire day. After breakfast, we sauntered about the meagre bazars, drank poor sherbet (for even here they have ices), looked out on the yellow desert, and dosed and dreamed on our divan. The young bridegroom intruded at times on these placid amusements, and the Kiaia never missed a night. Then came our dinner; but this also was sensibly deteriorated: the hospitality of our hosts began to tire. We had, as usual, pilau, eggs, and little greasy cups of boiled meat, served up on the low tray and stained carpet, which was doubled up with all its fragments, the moment we had finished, for the service of the ensuing day; but this sad repetition of filth and inattention, which we had endured with great magnanimity at first, in the hopes of its speedy termination, now began to be truly disgusting. The coffee and brandy also—a grievous loss—had for some time been retrenched by the economy of the Serâf, and we had long since given up all hopes of their reappearance. Even the *après-diner* was not as brilliant as usual; and we no longer looked with the anxiety of a dowager for the long-delayed *entrée* of our charming circle. The conversation, indeed, as the evening advanced, lost somewhat of its monotony; and at times, if not very original, was lively and amusing. We gratified the Kiaia with his

favourite scenes of carnage; and had Constantinople taken again and again for him by millions of white-haired Russians. To our Christian friends we spoke of scenes by no means less alarming, and depicted to them, in the midst of a dismay and silence every moment increasing and becoming more poignantly comic, the dangers to which the nuptial-bed was exposed from intruders, even in the jealous harems of the East; the absurd inutility of all precaution; the numerous advantages which they offered to the adventurous lover; the favourable costume; the promenade to the bath; the saunter to the tomb, &c. &c.; until, at last, all husbands present looked with sympathising horror on each other, spread their hands, and, after many Allahs, repeated the words of our interpreters in faith and trembling. In this manner we devoured our ennui, with what appetite we could, and bowed our head, like true Mahomedans and judicious travellers, to the decrees of destiny.

The happy morning at last dawned. Our Bedouins, with their new companions, appeared at an early hour. The soldier of the Governor, a grey-headed, sleepy, sans-souci looking figure, conducted them to the Seraï's about ten. Mersheb, the chief Arab, and who was destined to be our conductor, entered the town with one of his friends; the others, with their camels, remained without the walls. Mersheb was a man of middle size, somewhat beyond forty, who had practised his metier of brigand with apparently more cunning than courage: a distrustful look, and a hesitating tongue, a deep-cowering eye, without the briskness of his nation or employment, and a sort of lounging sycophancy about his gait, immediately excited our suspicions. His companion was a younger, opener, and altogether better-looking man; not more loquacious, it is true, but far more energetic and decided. He was seldom consulted, and seldom intruded his consultations; but, when occasion afterwards required, we found him by no means deficient in the usual proportion of Arab intelligence and ingenuity. He was distinguished from our conductor by a capacious red Giubé, and a goat-skin over it, the hair turned inwards, (though it was the month of June): and this, with a dirty white turban, a distinctive amongst these wanderers, and a long Bedouin lance, completed his accoutrements. The letter, we were informed, had been presented to Douaki, and our proposition, after a slight demur, accepted: the camels and their attendants awaited us without the walls; but it was requisite that at least half the sum agreed on should be paid down before starting. Rejoicing that our tedious captivity was in some way or other soon to terminate, we immediately requested the Kiaia, to whom the money had been entrusted, to accompany us to the gates, and to satisfy their importunities as quickly as possible. He followed us slowly, and in silence. On arriving at the spot, we found eleven camels, of the fine race of these deserts, each camel belonging to an Arab, who was to mount immediately behind the rider. The caparison was alarmingly bad; I was obliged to have recourse to my mattress, and to use it like a saddle. After much vociferation, we were all mounted; our party, with our Pergermans, Nicole, and Aritoon, and our two conductors, on camels; the Governor's soldier on horseback.. But this array was soon thrown into disorder: the Kiaia seated himself under a tree, and though the arrangement was perfectly clear, a full hour elapsed before their several claims were adjusted, and the promised six hundred piastres divided amongst them. At last, after much threat and entreaty, they were induced to form close ranks, and to advance towards the Desert, over some ploughed fields, about three or four o'clock. Even then they acted without concert; and after a little way, the eleventh camel and rider stole off. In about three-quarters of an hour, we reached the small village of Dehr El Baalbek. Here our Arabs insisted on stopping and bivouacking for the night, for the purpose, as they alleged, of laying in a stock of bread; but after some altercation, and on our promising to give them a share of our provisions, they were with difficulty prevailed on to proceed. The Desert, on this side, appeared to us to differ but very little from that which we had left behind us in our way from Baalbek: a spare vegetation

thinly sprinkled, rather than spread, over a shallow soil, and, for many miles of continuous flat, altogether destitute of tree or habitation. In many places we saw an unusual profusion of flowers, a teeming testimony of the natural fertility of the soil, and every where abundance of that small bitter herb, of which the camels are so singularly fond: they lost no opportunity of gathering it, and added materially, by their avidity, to the other annoyances of our journey. In an hour and a quarter we passed some stones, perhaps ruins; and in about another, an inconsiderable mosque, or place of rest for travellers, now in decay. In an hour and a quarter after sunset, we descended from our camels, and seated ourselves, almost in the dark, by the brink of a sluggish rivulet, took out our bags, and began to eat. The Arabs broke bread with us, and partook of our other provisions. Whilst we were getting through our supper, one of the party came up, and putting his lean finger on his lips, enjoined us magisterially the strictest silence. We looked up, as if to question the command; but we heard "Barouf," and "Alf, alf," again, and recollecting these ominous sounds, obeyed with solemnity the admonition. We finished our supper without speaking, but not without much laughing. After this hurried repast we got up again with alacrity on our camels. The night was still, but fresh, the sky unclouded, the stars clear and sparkling: little dew, and all nature in a state of the most delicious and refreshing repose. We thought of the Chaldean shepherds, and the first childlike aspirings of that science, which was so soon to scale the heavens, and from thence teach the nations of wondering mankind. In two hours and ten minutes we dismounted: a small hollow, scooped by the winds or the rains from the sandy soil, (a favourite position of the Arabs) was judged a sufficiently safe position for our bivouac. We spread our Abbas, or loose woollen mantle, doubled them up over our heads, and lying on the slope and gazing on the twinkling constellations above our heads, in a few minutes fell asleep. The camels and Arabs couched beside us, and the low guttural murmurs of the latter, with the rise and fall of the sobbing wind from the Desert, assisted in lulling us to repose. But two hours had scarcely elapsed when we were most provokingly roused from this sound sleep by the guides: the morning was yet distant; but they pleaded to our expostulations, that the place was insecure, and exposed to the incursions of the bordering tribes, with whom they were, as a matter of course, in a state of perpetual enmity and feud. We consented to advance rapidly nearly two miles farther into the Desert, where we took up a second position somewhat similar to our last. We found, on reaching our new post, that two of our faithless companions had absconded during our late sleep. We were too fatigued for inquiry or invective: we threw ourselves down the instant we arrived, and slept without any farther interruption until morning.

We were on camels before day-break. I found my bed a slight protection against the pointed frame of the pack-saddle, and soon felt a recurrence of the rheumatism which I had caught in the baths of Damascus, and from which I had suffered much and painfully ever since. The hope, however, of soon arriving at Palmyra more than balanced these momentary grievances. Such expectation, however, was not altogether without alloy. It had more than once occurred to us that we had been advancing too long in a northerly direction. Tedmor lies between Homs and Damascus; our proposed route should, therefore, have been very nearly S.S.E. We mutually communicated these suspicions, and agreeing on the necessity of an immediate explanation, called Mersheb to our side, and asked him at what period it was probable we should reach Palmyra. He answered with considerable hesitation, that he hoped we should come in sight of the ruins some time to-morrow evening. This appearing a very unsatisfactory answer to our doubts, we questioned him still farther, and wished to know, why, under such circumstances, he had taken so circuitous a route? He recurred to his former apology, and urged, with some appearance of reason, that he was compelled to this detour by the apprehension of meeting with some of the stragglers of the hostile tribe, and the necessity of keeping as much as possible within the reach of assistance

from our friends. We were for the moment pacified by these explanations, and on his promising to pursue the remainder of our journey with increased rapidity, to atone for this deception and loss of time, we agreed to place ourselves anew under his guidance, and to go on. We could not, however, any longer disguise from ourselves that we were every instant exposed to a recurrence of similar disappointments and treachery, and could not with any certainty calculate the direction or termination of our expedition. In two hours more, very much to our surprise, we came in sight of a Bedouin camp, still continuing, at nearly the same pace, our march towards the north. The plot now became apparent; but Mersheb and his companion, instead of attending to our expostulations and demonstrations of discontent, were busily engaged in exchanging their horses, who were much more fatigued than our camels with the journey, for some fine Arabian coursers which were grazing near. We at last obtained some answer to our demands. It was true no mention had been made of this camp, or deviation from the ordinary route, in our agreement, but this change was altogether inevitable; they had made this circuit for the purpose of baking or procuring bread, and they would depart immediately after; that in the mean time we, probably, should not find it at all disagreeable to repose, and should be furnished with coffee, and every thing necessary for breakfast: whilst this was preparing, they would attend to their own arrangements, and he promised us they should be completed before our breakfast was over. This appeared plausible, and the proposition was accepted. On entering the camp, we counted somewhat more than thirty tents, similar to those we had seen at the other side of the Jordan, of a species of black woollen stuff, intermixed with camels'hair, stretched loosely on irregular poles. They lay in two long lines, without any mound or defence whatsoever. We were immediately conducted to the Sheikh, who received us with the usual Oriental courtesy; but his tent was so crowded, and with such a multifarious levée, that after the usual salutations, we begged to be permitted to remain outside. The southerly wind began to blow; we got into the shade of the tents, and throwing down our abbas, and giving our camels to our attendants, stretched ourselves out, in the worst disposition either for sleep or conversation. After a few minutes, a curly-headed, starved, and nearly naked boy, brought us out some execrable coffee. This, however, was but a trifling subject for complaint; our philosophy had often fared much worse. In the hope that our fortunes would mend, and with a laudable desire to kill off as much of our time as was possible (the ennui of the Desert is as little supportable as that of the drawing-room), we set anxiously about counting the camels, which were then defiling to their morning pasture. I think we found them to be nearly a thousand; a fine breed, young, active, and valuable. It is very possible they belonged to the whole tribe, and were committed to the care only of the detachment here. After performing this feat, and drinking our coffee, which was not the less remarkable exploit of the two, having nothing more to occupy us, we attempted, though with little success, to get to sleep. Our situation every instant became more disagreeable. Mersheb had indeed told us every thing was nearly ready, and we should be all mounted in an hour; but the hour elapsed and the bread was not yet baked, the camels were at their breakfast, and Mersheb and his friends fast asleep. The sun now ascended the heavens in the plenitude of his midsummer strength; the little shade we had on our arrival gradually ebbed away; the sirocco continued blowing over the hot surface of the Desert, bringing with it eddies of burning mist and dust; we were soon driven from our retreat, compelled to rise, and shelter ourselves as we could, in the interior of the tent, from the piercing rays of the meridian sun. Not a cloud was to be seen over the heated and dazzling blue; not a tree, not a thicket, not a shrub. We found the tent crowded with half the tribe; the relatives, friends, and visitors of the Sheikh, from motives of curiosity, lay pell-mell, waiting the *entrée* of the strangers. There was no alternative: an Arab is not the pleasantest bedfellow in the world, but the sun was without—and, after all, there is some difference be-

tween the contact of a dirty abbas, and a half savage, and good, stout Eastern fever. We came in, and cast ourselves down in the midst of the herd, without much ceremony or arrangement. Their strange groups, constantly shifting before our half-closed eyes, formed all that variety of fantastic vision which we sometimes see thrown out at random in the studies of a powerful master. I was disturbed by them as by a sick dream; indeed, at the moment this was something more than mere imagination. I had suffered much from the fatigue and heat of the journey; my rheumatism had seriously increased, and I had every apprehension I should at last be prevented, by an access of fever, from proceeding on my journey. We remained thus tolerably tranquil for nearly two hours, and rather desiring than finding sleep, when tired of this neutral state, provoked at the duplicity of our guides, and questioning the sincerity of their promises, we at last leaped up, and resolved on putting Mersheb instantly to the test. Mersheb was accordingly summoned with his companion, and our conference opened with due ceremony. He sate down opposite to us with his usual hypocritical smile; the Governor's soldier was on his right, our interpreters on his left; the Sheikh and Mersheb's sheepskin companion behind, and a cohort of his friends and relatives near. One of these only I can now remember. He was a young and sinewy figure, black, naked, and gaunt as a wolf; with short stout nose, snub-looking lips, harsh curly hair, and a turbulent glaring eye. He appeared to take a warm interest in the debate against us, and was, I believe, one of the nearest of the hundred cousins of the Sheikh. When order could be obtained, which was even more difficult than in an Irish court of justice or a French Chamber of Deputies, and the rude clamours of our neighbours had been hushed by the Sheikh into a sort of under-growl, the court was opened in proper form, and the interrogatory commenced. Mersheb anticipated the queries, and with a canting and supplicating tone, and a *ubi lapsus quid feci* physiognomy, turned round to Nicole, and asked "What, in the name of Allah, the Beys wanted?"

"Where are the camels?" replied the whole Court together—"where are the camels?"

"The camels!—why, the camels are resting themselves, as you are, and will be ready, if necessary, before you are; but, with the permission of the Beys, we cannot proceed to Palmyra this evening."

"And why not?" interrogated the Court.

"The heat," replied Mersheb.

"And what is the heat to us? We have delayed too long in this country—the summer is upon us—we cannot spare a day to rest."

"But the journey is dangerous; our way is environed with perils."

"How dangerous?—What perils? Are you not bound, by your agreement before the Mouzzelim, to protect us? Has not your Sheikh Douaki promised us protection? Did you not report his answer to our letter at Homs? All this should have been mentioned before, and we would have found other protectors, and better means to guard us against these dangers."

"We knew nothing of them, nothing more than yourselves."

"And when did you first hear of their existence?"

"This very morning, from the Sheikh."

"And what have you heard which makes it dangerous to proceed?"

Here there was some whispering between Mersheb, the Sheikh, and the sheepskin friend; at last, on the question being repeated, he replied—

"We heard this morning that there were thirty camels abroad, double-mounted, between this and Tedmor."

"Well?" said the Court.

"Well! we cannot meet them as we are and as you are, that is all: You are not armed, nor are we armed. You must take an additional force," said Mersheb.

"I am ready to go," said his friend in the sheep skin, with great energy; but turning round to Nicole in a low whisper, "it is a great venture, and I had much rather turn back to Homs."

"Well—what force will be requisite?"

"As many as possible—as many as are willing to go."

"And then?"

"Then—you must pay them so much per head—fifty piastres at the least."

"What, after the six hundred piastres we have paid the Chief for protection, to pay you over again a still larger sum for yours? Never! we will first denounce you to Douaki!"

"Well then, what will you give?"

"Nothing. We have no money: we have no arms; we have nothing. Examine us—we have left every thing at Homs."

"Yes—but you can leave one of your party as a hostage, and send us the money back."

Nicole was here appealed to by Mersheb, and declared himself willing, if necessary, to stay.

"Not by any means," we replied; "neither one of us, nor one of you. Do you think we regard your safety so lightly as to leave you amongst these traitors?"

This refusal produced a new scene of confusion. The interrogatory was for some minutes suspended by the Sheikh. He addressed himself to Mersheb with great vehemence; and the Governor's soldier, not much liking this den of lions, very timidly interfered.

When resumed, the conversation was scarcely more satisfactory; they could not be persuaded of the sincerity of our assertions. Accustomed to every act of duplicity amongst themselves, they tried every species of ingenious cross-examination to elicit or extort from us the confession of concealed money. They invited us to Bagdad; repeated their denunciations of imminent dangers; magnified the difficulties in which we were placed; alternately suggested to us Homs and Tedmor, and in an unguarded moment, as they supposed, offered us large quantities of dates for purchase. These stratagems failing, they recurred to another expedient. An Arab suddenly entered the tent, and informed the Sheikh that the son of Douaki was to arrive towards evening. The Sheikh immediately seized the hint, and urged it as an additional and imperative motive for delay. We expostulated; we menaced; we entreated; we observed that our engagement in all its parts had been fully arranged, and on our parts most punctually fulfilled with the father, and did not require the intervention or sanction of the son. To this the Sheikh coolly replied that "we might think on these matters as we liked, but that we must and should see him. He was the son of their chief, and it was a compliment due to the tribe." The evening in the mean time advanced; no Sheikh, and no young Douaki arrived; and the disappointment, we remarked, was borne with the utmost composure. We did not, however, in the least relax our exertions: the dialogue continued. The stout, dark young savage, already noticed, stood constantly by our side; sometimes turning his fierce black eyes directly upon us, and then bursting out into broken and violent communications with the Sheikh. Mersheb sate beside him, with his legs squatted immediately under him, and both his lean hands supporting his bushy chin; his grey beard, and treacherous cat-like tranquillity contrasted strongly with the thick-set hair and tumultuous explosions of the Arab. The soldier seemed suffering under every kind of bad auguries, and not less from the privation of his pipe; he eyed despondingly the last spark of his tobacco, as he shook it out, with a sigh of Allah! and remained sad and silent, except when Nicole now and then, by our wishes, goaded him into a reply. The Sheikh had altogether lost his urbanity and temper, and rolled out his invectives and threats, mingled up now and then with sneers and promises, in a manner which edified the entire tent. "Who are these strangers?" said a figure, suddenly peeping over his shoulder, whom we had not yet noticed—"we know them not."

"They are Inglis," answered the soldier, rousing from his sleep.—"They are Beys," said Nicole and Mersheb.

"Inglis!—Beys!—and who are the Inglis?"

"A nation powerful and strong, from the North," replied the soldier, with something like an affectation of importance, and wishing to impress on his auditors an adequate idea of the dignity of his charge.

"And yet we know them not," replied his questioner with a sneer.

"They are Franji," said a second.

"No," says a third, "they are Babylonians.—They crossed our tribe last year by Bagdad, and refused or neglected to pay us tribute. By Allah! they owe it to us still!"

The conversation for a moment paused—the hint was ominous; we were apprehensive of the commentary: the eyes of all were fixed upon us—we remained silent.

"What," says another voice, "do they do here, or indeed at Tedmor?"

"They come," says Nicole, "to see the country."

"No, no, they come for treasure, for treasure deep hidden in the earth, and there is much of it at Tedmor. Do you think we do not know these things? This very morning we saw them looking for it here—even here round our tents. One of them," pointing to our party, "had a magical instrument to his eye,* by which he was enabled to look downwards into the very entrails of the earth. You may be learned, and you may be cunning, but you must not think to deceive us in this manner."

This conjecture produced a momentary smile: but it soon faded away from our countenances. Our situation, we easily perceived, was every moment becoming more critical, the evening was fast approaching: there was no time for hesitation; we called on the soldier, and, in the strongest tone we could with prudence assume, urged, through him, the necessity of coming to some immediate decision. Besides the wish to avoid a night in such a camp, and surrounded with such friends, I confess I felt a more exclusively personal interest in expediting these arrangements. I felt the feverish symptoms augmenting, 'slow head-ache, and rheumatic and bilious pains, to such a degree that I doubted much the practicability of continuing the journey; and though one of my friends, with a kindness which I shall not easily forget, professed his readiness, in any case, to accompany me, I would have suffered a great deal rather than avail myself of such a sacrifice, or consented to have deprived him, together with myself, of all prospect of seeing Tedmor. After several minutes consultation amongst themselves, their decree was pronounced, and the conference broken up: they refused, as was I believe their intention from the outset, to accompany us to Tedmor, and required us immediately to mount our camels for Homs. We sprang with alacrity from our disagreeable posture, for all this time we had been lying amongst their bags, provisions, and every other disagreeable accompaniment, with scarcely room to turn round in; our camels were harnessed instantly, a strong countermovement had been given by the Sheikh: its execution was pressed with proportionate activity. It was now about sunset: the Desert shone like a great sea: the mists were light, the breeze refreshing, the night promised to be fine; the word was given, "Let us be off." We looked once more towards Palmyra with regret, and then sprang out into a long trot across the immensity of the Desert.

(To be continued.)

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* An eyeglass.

THE LYRE'S COMPLAINT.

"A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave its melancholy music to the wind. But no human being was to be seen."—*Salathiel.*

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea;—
"O melancholy wind," it sigh'd,
"What would thy breath with me?

"Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies;
Thou strik'st not forth th' electric fire
Of buried melodies.

"Wind of the lone dark waters!
Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into wild gusts of mournfulness
With the rushing of thy wings.

"But the gift, the spell, the lightning,
Within my frame conceal'd—
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unreveal'd?

"I have power, high power, for Freedom
To wake the burning soul;
I have sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll:

"I have pealing notes of Victory,
That might welcome kings from war;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a Hero's death afar:

"I have chords to lift the Pæan
From the Temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unisons,
When sweeping winds are high.

"And Love—for Love's lone sorrow
I have music that might swell
Through the summer-air with the rose's breath,
Or the violet's faint farewell.

"Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined;—
But who shall call that sweetness forth?
Thou canst not, Ocean-wind!

"No kindling heart gives echoes
To the passion of my strain;
I perish with my wasted gifts,
Vain is that dower—all vain!

"I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—
Where is the touch to give me life?
—Wild fitful wind, away!"

So sigh'd the broken music,
That in gladness had no part;—
—How like art thou, neglected lyre!
To many a human heart!

F. H.

ENGLISH RESIDENTS ABROAD.

"If they be grieved, let their toad-swoln galls burst in sunder for me with puffing choler; let them turn the buckle of their dudgeon anger behind, lest the tongue of it catch their own dottrel skins. I weigh them not a niffle."—Stubbes.

I am one of the class of English residents abroad, and if a fair field and no favour be still in vogue in the land of our birth, I should wish to be allowed a little space in the columns of the "New Monthly," for replying to a formal attack upon our whole fraternity in the last Number of the "Quarterly Review." The writer modestly assumes merit to himself for using the mild tone of reprimand or dehortation, when he might have successfully visited us with the light shafts of ridicule, or the heavier weapons of contumelious reproach; and I for one, judging by what he has said, can easily forgive him for all that he has forborne from urging, being equally disposed "to scorn his smiles, and treat with smiles his scorning." He is manifestly angry, but he wishes us no farther harm than to leave us to the consequences of our own errors, which, in his estimate, are of no mean magnitude, and not likely, therefore, to be of trifling calamity in their results. He is as merciful as my Lord Herbert of Cherbury; who, in the praise of his own tenderness, observes with an amusing *naiveté*, "I never used revenge, as leaving it always to God, who the less I punish mine enemies, will inflict so much the more punishment on them." For a Christian charity of this nature it becomes us to be thankful! Infinite pains are taken by the writer, who castigates his countrymen, to make careful reservations—he excepts some of the absent, not the present company, since noblemen, and the friends of Government, and the staunch opposers of all reform and innovation, might at the very moment of his writing, be enrolled among the offenders; it is admitted, however, that the great mass of the permanent dwellers upon the Continent are respectable families of the middling classes of life, driven from England by the pressure of taxation and high prices upon their narrow incomes, or by their desire to give a cheaper education to their children than they can obtain at home. These motives may be thought by some to be rather praiseworthy than culpable, but even allowing them to afford no defence for expatriation, the culprits could never have expected arraignment from the quarter whence their present censurer has started. What! is he not of that ultra-loyal party, the Church and King men *par excellence*, who, during the war, were accustomed at Pitt Club dinners, and other festive meetings of the friends of good government and social order, to shout out with triumphant glee and three vociferous huzzas, the established toast of "The land we live in, *and may those who don't like it leave it!*" Is he not one of those who chuckled at Windham's sneer against economy, when he stigmatised it as a pitiful saving of "cheese-parings and candle-ends,"—has he not been always provided with jibe, sarcasm, or abuse, for those who advocated retrenchment, vilipending them as grumblers and radicals—was he not more clamorous than a parrot against rain in railing at those who deprecated profusion and wastefulness, and predicted their results—can he deny his participancy with the men who pamper the aristocracy and the landholders, at the expense of the less thriving classes, by keeping up bread at a high and artificial price; and is he not at this very moment one of those who

support the insulting mockery of appointing a Finance Committee to suggest retrenchments, and then stultify their proceedings by refusing to effect a single saving? If oppressive taxation be the great cause of absenteeism, its reduction would seem to be the simplest remedy for the evil; but this would not answer the purposes of those, who, having long tasted the sweetness of the public money, do not like to see any of the pretty pickings, any of the loaves and fishes, removed from their grasp. That we should be assailed by a man of this stamp; by a man who, having perhaps feathered his nest by a corrupt adherence to every administration, ought to show a little consideration for those who have had more principle, or less good luck than himself, is surely "the unkindest cut of all." Why, we are the inevitable results of his system, the work of his hands, his own act and deed, his victims; and to scold us for not staying at home to pay more taxes, when he has already taken from us nearly all the "means whereby we live," is to imitate the footpad, who maltreats the poor man he has robbed for not having a heavier purse.

"Quo lapsus sum, quid feci?" do I boldly demand on behalf of myself and my brother absentees. What is the head and front of our offending? We have taken the gentlemen of this stamp at their word—we have submitted to their favourite toast, we have reluctantly left the country when we could no longer live in it with comfort, we have given them what they so often and so tauntingly prayed for—"a good riddance of bad rubbish!" and we cannot but smile, when they want to woo us back for the purpose of swelling the revenue in which so many of them have a strong personal interest, to find how completely their note is changed, how bland, and courteous, and urbane, and even fawning and complimentary, these hip! hip! hip! three-times-three gentlemen can suddenly become. Lo and behold! instead of being the "bad rubbish" of which they wanted to get rid, we are converted into respectable country gentlemen, the most estimable characters in the world, so long as they reside upon their native soil, and discharge the duties of their several stations. Euge! Papæ! the grumblers and radicals are "all honourable men;" and every individual capable of paying taxes, is unexpectedly rendered as important to his country as the lost Italian author of whom Boerhaave mournfully said "Omnibus potiùs quam hocce carere possumus." The fatal consequences of our absence are next pourtrayed in a long and lachrymose jeremiade. The chimneys of the family mansion are smokeless, the pew at church is closed, the village church-yard is no longer a place of pleasant meeting for the landlord and his tenants, and the neglected clergyman participates no more in the customary hospitalities, a grievance that is exceedingly *naïf*, and savours vehemently of the Cassock, especially when the writer seems to share the regret of Selden, that the "Fairies have left off dancing, and the parsons conjuring."—We are next made responsible for the increase of poverty and crime in the neighbourhoods we have abandoned, a grave and unsupported charge, in answer to which it is sufficient to state, that if we had remained at home we should ourselves have become impoverished in a few years, and have thus contributed to swell the ranks of paupers, or perchance of criminals, the avoidance of either of which contingencies we hold to afford a present excuse for ourselves, and to make our absence an ultimate benefit, instead of a detriment to

our native country. But, admitting that absenteeism may be productive of much local evil in England, as well as in Ireland, granting even that it is the real parent of all those mischiefs which are now sworn against it, who are the guilty parties, who are the most culpable, the victims or the authors of the system that has engendered it? Needless was it for the Reviewer to enlarge upon the blessings of living in one's own country. Attachment to our native land, endeared as it must ever be to us by so many ties, sympathies, and associations, is so universal and natural a feeling, that no man can be disrooted and transplanted without pain. "So violent a wrench from all we love," can never be the result of choice; and wherever, therefore, expatriation prevails to any considerable extent, and among the respectable classes, it may safely be affirmed that the fault is not in the individuals, but springs from some intolerable defect in the system or government of the country. Let Ireland be restored to a state of tranquillity by conceding Catholic Emancipation, and redressing her other grievances; let the taxation be reduced in England, and all the necessaries of life be kept down to a lower level by allowing the free importation of corn, and an Irish or English emigrant would soon become as scarce upon the Continent as a French one now is in England. Until some approximation be made towards these desirable results, I doubt whether many of them will be wheedled back, even by the smooth-tongued cajolery of the writer in question, unless he can first disprove that important fact in household economy—"Qu'on vit de bonne soupe, et non de beau langage."

But if we smile at his blandishments when he would decoy us within the pale of taxation, we must laugh outright when he hints at coercion, and by way of punishment, should we contumaciously refuse to come into Court, suggests the propriety of a property tax; that is to say, that when the admitted cause of the evil is an excess of taxation, the remedy is to be an increase of the imposts! This is indeed to smother a fire with gunpowder, to cure an atrophy by bleeding, to lure the absentee back to his house by running away with his furniture. It is ludicrous to see how instantly these gentry who have a pensioner's interest in the revenue, propose taxation as the infallible succedaneum, the universal panacea that is to salve all the maladies of the State. With one eye on the Red Book, and the other on the Schedule of the year's Revenue, they have a single simple method for adjusting the balance,—to impose fresh burthens if the latter falls short. As to effecting their object by any retrenchment of the former, it is a thought that never enters their heads. To give him his due, however, the Reviewer is particularly courteous, and even friendly, at the very moment that he is suggesting this playful little plan for putting his hand into our pockets. He rivals the politeness as well as the conduct of Lamorce and the Bravoes in the last act of "The Inconstant:"—"Ha! ha! ha! Sir, you have got the prettiest ring upon your finger there—but I would not take it upon any account—a family ring! (Takes it.)—Oh, dear Sir, an English watch, Tompion's, I presume. (Takes it.) But, Sir, above all things, I admire the fashion and make of your sword-hilt. (Takes it.) Lookye, Sir, mine is a family wig, and I would not part with it, but if you like it—(They exchange wigs.) Oh, Sir, we shall rob you." —"That you do, I'll be sworn," says Mirabel aside; and so might the English absentee say openly, if he is to be heavily and vindictively amerced

for choosing his own place of residence. Did it never occur to the sapient proposer of this measure, that its immediate effect would be to drive the property out of the country as well as the owner, and to make the temporary resident abroad a permanent alien? But there is no end to the inconsistencies of this class of politicians, who, in their blind selfishness, would compel the labouring poor to emigrate, that they may be relieved from the burthen of supporting them, and would oblige the poor gentry to come back to England that they may uphold the taxes and the tax-eaters.

One word as to the charge that a long residence abroad is injurious to the moral character both of our men and women,—a dangerous and ticklish subject upon which the Reviewer delicately touches *en passant*, just as the Egyptian dogs sip the water of the Nile as they run, for fear of the crocodiles. Of all the cant of our most canting countrymen, none is so vain and false as the assertion that we are superior to the rest of the world in virtue and religion. If our claims rested upon the puritanical rigour with which we observe the Sabbath, and all the *external* forms of devotion, upon the repulsive coldness of our manners, the apparent prudery and squeamishness of our females, the number and variety of our churches and chapels, our Bible, Tract, and Vice-suppressing Societies, and our innumerable institutions for the professed object of upholding morality; if our claims admitted of no surer criteria than these, it might be difficult to reject them. But what is the result of all this bustling austerity and noisy sanctity? for the result is the only question of importance. Let us compare the number of people annually committed to prison for offences of every sort, the number actually tried, condemned, transported, and executed, with the similar delinquents in other European countries, according to their respective populations, and it will be found that the English are not only the most abandoned and vicious people in Europe, but perhaps in the whole world. I should be sorry to take the residents abroad as a fair average specimen of our countrymen; since many of them are compulsory exiles from the most discreditable motives, but such as they unfortunately are, I maintain without hesitation, that they are much more likely to corrupt our Gallic neighbours, than to receive from them any additional moral taint; an opinion which the French themselves loudly express in the indignant alarm that their own manners may be vitiated by the intercourse. That in the purlieus of the Palais Royal you may find plenty of those divinities *qui s'humanisent avec tout le monde*, cannot be denied, but you must at least go to seek them; they do not, as with us, disgustingly and openly obtrude themselves upon the eyes of wives and daughters. Immodesty at least wears a veil in France; they have no such gross, beastly, and public abominations as the lobbies of our theatres. The averment that many of our countrymen become listless idlers abroad, or betake themselves to gambling for want of an excitement, is founded in truth; but it must be recollected that the same individuals would have been loungers in Pall Mall and subscribers to Crockford's, instead of occasional visitants to the Salon des Etrangers at Paris. The existence of this, and other minor evils may be conceded, but are there no great and counterbalancing advantages, which, in their meliorating effects upon both nations, nay, upon the world at large, may well atone for the petty, selfish, and financial objections urged by our monitor? Boldly

do I maintain that there are. He contemplates the steam-engine with awe and admiration, and speculates upon the purposes to which its formidable physical powers may be applied in the event of war. I behold, in the limitless means of national intercourse which it affords, a great moral agent by the instrumentality of which war itself will be rendered of much less frequent occurrence, if it be not altogether prevented. If the facilities of inter-communication continue to increase as they have done in the last ten years, and this is likely to be the case in an augmented ratio, there will be such a friendly fusion of the two nations, such a dispelling of prejudices, such a transformation of blind hatred and bitterness into feelings of brotherhood and mutual esteem, that neither people will easily allow themselves to be pitted against each other. By a commixture of minds each will be morally humanized and improved, just as a physical melioration is effected by crossing the breed in animals. Except with the devout ultras of both countries, the blasphemous notion that France and England are natural enemies is already exploded and execrated; monarchs themselves may grow wiser and better, struck with the same compunctious visitings as the Devil, who, according to Ariosto, having invented a carbine, threw it into a river out of compassion to mankind. Subjects, at all events, on either side of the Channel, instructed by, and appreciating each other, and guided to a knowledge of their true interests by a free press in both countries, will not be readily led, like a hired gang of brutal gladiators, to cut each other's throats for the exclusive profit or amusement of their governors. They will discover that a general history of all wars might be entitled a history of the particular passions of ministers. That sort of patriotism which consists in a bravo-like readiness to murder and rob our neighbours, or in hating the great mass of our fellow-creatures under the pretext of loving an insignificant fraction of them, (a feeling which is at direct variance with the doctrine inculcated by Jesus Christ in the parable of the good Samaritan,) will be condemned as an unchristian and devilish error, invented by rulers for the subjection and torment of mankind; and war, that great scourge of humanity, will consequently be of much less frequent occurrence, as well as of mitigated ferocity.

If the Reviewer could have raised his eyes above the grovelling, narrow fiscal interests of a particular class in a particular country, if he could have entertained the enlarged, liberal, and long-reaching views of a philanthropist, if he had reflected that the number of English Residents in France, their intermarriages with the French, and the perpetually increasing personal, friendly, and commercial ties between the two nations, are daily multiplying the chances for the long preservation of peace, and the increase of human happiness, he would have seen a glorious counterpoise to the evils he has enumerated, even had the major part of them been real instead of imaginary. Nay more, with respect to the revenue itself, the darling object of his solicitude, he would have been forced to confess, if there be any truth in the view we have taken, that the English Residents Abroad, by diminishing the probabilities of war, are doing a thousand times more for the finances of their country, than if they could be laid under immediate and heavy contribution, by visiting them with his favourite panacea and punishment — a Property Tax!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLUBS, NO. IV.

We have nearly outlived that infatuated predilection for the metropolis, which, in spite both of reason and fact, so long convinced us that no other soil or climate is propitious to intellectual culture. London is unquestionably the seat of patronage; the fountain-head from which a thousand streams are perpetually springing to refresh and fructify the growth of all kinds of ingenuity and talent; "native," as well as "hospitable to famous wits," and with the genial rays of public encouragement, warming into life, or calling from their hiding-places, genius and merit wherever they are to be found. Take into the account her indiscriminate and ill-directed munificence—her ostentatious but undiscerning bounties, which have covered the land with countless hosts of impostors, who have no earthly claim to the proud recompenses that enable them to shove aside their more deserving competitors but the impenetrable front with which their pretensions are set forth, and the extravagant self-estimates (the more extravagant, the more likely to succeed) by which they impose on a credulity, which is for ever the willing accessary to its own deception,—let this be weighed, and our reverence for London, as the exclusive parent and nurse of literary excellence, will probably be abated. She must, indeed, draw within her vortex a considerable portion of our provincial talent; the spurious and doubtful kinds will naturally fly to her; but it is equally certain, that no despicable part of the really intellectual commonwealth of Great Britain is still to be found in their distant retirements, far, far beyond the reach of her allurements.

It is a class of talent too that stands high; neither oppressed by an unseemly distrust of its powers, nor fearful of vindicating its rightful place; for a provincial life strengthens the inward consciousness of desert; a consciousness that raises it above all external estimates, and that fevered love of outward applause which is the worst disease of the literary character. But the men of this class are, of all others, the least fitted for the elbowing and justling of the metropolis. The capital that they carry to that great mart may be of unquestionable solidity; but they have not the indifference, the insensibility, the recklessness as to the means of arriving at their end, that so frequently ensure success to less scrupulous adventurers, who start with the advantage of having little to lose. They had been smit from their youth upwards with the love of Wisdom, and in the stillness of their souls, dedicated themselves to her worship; and nothing but pure and undefiled truth, at once simple in form, and immutable in essence, showed to their eyes like wisdom. But give them a sample or two of a London conversation amongst your professed diners out—they would soon feel how far they had wandered from the clime of their beloved philosophy. What a cold neutrality as to those presiding principles, the strictest deference to which, in their honest discussions, they had habitually paid and exacted—how easy and polite the nonchalance with which the most sacred points of the controversy are mutually conceded! How bitter the sneer, how heart-withering the laugh, how freezing the enthusiasm of inward conviction! How all this would make them sigh with regret for the ingenuous converse of their little provincial circles! As for that Truth, in whose pursuit they had grown pale over the midnight lamp,

and trod a toilsome pilgrimage of laborious reading and solitary abstraction, whom they revered bright in her native panoply, and resistless in her native strength—in the intellectual societies of London they would ask for her in vain, or find in her place, and usurping her name, a Lady-of-Loretto-like image, laden with fanciful ornaments by the pretended priests of her worship, who had despoiled her of her real wealth, and encumbered her shrine with false and tinsel decorations; a sort of varnished falsehood, "fucata falsitas," Lord Coke somewhere quaintly calls it, dipped in the dyes of every opinion, that Fashion, the prolific mother of "all monstrous, all prodigious things," has hatched into ephemeral existence.

Nor is it "considering the matter too curiously," to trace a distinction not always apparent, but sufficiently marked, if minutely observed, between the literature of London, I mean that which is every day issuing from her loins, and that which is nurtured in the provinces. The metropolitan author retained and fed to minister to the taste of the public must necessarily be the mere creature of its applause; the moment it is withdrawn from him, both he and his productions exist no more; or let him dare to trust himself to the promptings and aspirations of his own genius, and attempt a new and untrodden track, he will probably pay in neglect and oblivion the penalty of his rashness. The buyers of his work are the weighers and aulnagers of its merit; its sale is the standard of its excellence. What avails his own secret diffidence, or even his decided condemnation of it? It is reversed by the general approbation. Is this an ennobling process? Such an author is the slave of the public; he is not the independent master of his own faculties; for they must do suit and service to the caprice and fashion of the hour. Whereas, it is by no means an idle paradox to assert with Montaigne, that the writer himself, if he is worth one farthing, is the best, nay the only judge of his production—his own genuine suffrage the most infallible test of its goodness. For he alone has taken the just dimensions of his powers, and is the most acquainted with their character and idiosyncrasy. The cause is heard, indeed, with closed doors, but the verdict is uninfluenced by the extrinsic judgments of the public. Self-love and vanity are excluded, because they are the mere echoes within a man's own bosom of the applauses of the multitude. It is they who are fearful of this silent inquisition, that take refuge in popularity. On the other hand, were it possible to get at the real feelings of authors, even of those who revel the most in public praise, they would be found the most inclined to undervalue it in secret. The advocate, knowing the weakness of the cause he pleads, disowns the triumph, if an undiscerning jury decides in his favour.

But the unpublished literature of provincial men of letters, the product for the most part of whole lives of contemplation, embodying the genuine history of the mind and feelings that composed it, because destined only "paucis ostendi," to a few privileged friends, or serving only for the private solace of its authors, if it could but see the light, might perhaps put to the foil a large proportion of that which is actually oppressing our shelves. Gibbon puts it as a distressing problem, whether, if the choice were given us of recovering the lost books of Livy, by the sacrifice of those which we possess, we should be gainers by the exchange. Might not a similar equation of chances, and one equally per-

plexing, be propounded between the publication of the suppressed, and the loss of the existing literature of our time? An immense mass and volume of mind, inlaid with the richest gems of the heart and the fancy, and now slumbering in obscurity, like the undivulged wealth of the ocean, thus redeemed—might it not be another restoration of letters, or the herald of new and unthought of revolutions in the moral and civil condition of humanity? I have seen unsunned treasures of genius reluctantly dragged from the escrutoire of a provincial man of letters—the fruits indeed of a secluded meditation, but filled with a deep and varied knowledge of intellectual and insensate things—evincing habitual converse with all the beauty of form and of hue that glows upon our earth, breathing a love of the fair, the decorous in morals, and an exquisite sense of the harmony and loveliness of the affections that bind us to each other, or lift up our hearts with joy and thankfulness to Heaven. Was he who had watched over the silent growth of his work from the first threads and filaments of thought, and beheld it gradually assuming its form and its complexion—was he insensible to its merit? No. The standard by which he tried it, and found it good, was perfect in his mind. Had it been sent into the world, it would have been tried by he knew not what rules of judgment, or have had to run the gauntlet of he knew not what tastes and caprices, and the thousand arbitrary tribunals in which Fashion pronounces her decrees. But the man was happier in the obscurity, or rather the utter oblivion of his work, than if the consenting acclaim of a thousand tongues had rung its praises. The consciousness that it was essentially good, supplied his mind with continued streams of delight and satisfaction. D'Alembert tells us that he found similar complacencies in the study of mathematics; because it is a science in which the sense of proficiency is purely intrinsic, and that proficiency as susceptible of proof too, as the subjects with which that study is conversant. So it is with the productions of genius—a poem, or even a philosophical analysis of our intellectual nature. In these, self-criticism, however laudatory, cannot err, because their criteria are fixed and unerring. The objects they delineate, are as enduring as the frame of external nature, immortal and unchangeable as the soul of man.

I have marked many of these provincial men of letters, when with a violence that uprooted all their dearest and most cherished habitudes, they have been transplanted to our modern Babylon. Their speculations, pursued in stillness and solitude, unfitted them for our intellectual circles, where all intensity of emotion, and all warmth and strenuousness of discourse, in which retired scholars are prone to indulge, are put down by the conventions of artificial life. They were too sensitive to push their way through her crowds, too proud to ask a share in her blind flatteries, or her still blinder dispensations of emolument. It was an atmosphere, from which they shrank, as the bud from the tyrannous breath of the North. All the aspirings that lonely meditation had nursed, or municipal praise incited, were insufficient to bear them up amidst the mingled tides of fashion, prejudice, and caprice, which it required "hearts of controversy" to stem. I have seen, too, the provincial aspirant to London fame,—his dreams of fortune dissipated, his hopes of reputation vanished,—return a repentant wanderer to the place in which he thought his genius had been too long confined and cabinned.

I have listened to the narrative of his failure, a sort of votive tablet of his shipwreck for the instruction and caution of others; and when the good old town joyed over him, as he came back with flagging wing and ruffled plumage from his bootless excursion, and

> "Chid his wanderings, but relieved his pain,"

it was delightful to see groups of his townsmen gathering round him, and with the breath of affectionate commendation, rekindling the half-extinguished spark of self-complacency within him. I have known, also, many highly endowed individuals, of unquestionable talent, and saturated with all kinds of human knowledge, who had hardly passed beyond the walls of their native town, and never sighed for a less circumscribed sphere of reputation. Their names are to be found only in the humble traditions of local excellence, the unobtrusive records of the club, or the fond memorials of the fireside, where they sat welcome and admired guests, and found chairs placed in bustling haste as soon as their familiar knock was heard; ushered in with smiles by the domestic, who knew the cheerfulness and delight their arrival presaged to the circle assembled round the urn, or busied in the more hospitable preparations of the supper-table. It is true, these are but frail memorials; but charactered in many a feeling bosom, may frequently outlive the blasonries of a more splendid fame.

Of the unambitious talent we have attempted thus slightly to sketch, Dr. Frank Sayers, already mentioned as the head of the little band of provincial wits that met at the Hole-in-the-Wall Club at Norwich, may be cited as a remarkable instance. A decennial journey to London on a visit to that prince of humourists, his uncle Sayers of Fleet-street, (and his nephew had imbibed much of his peculiar vein,) was all that diversified the even tenour of an existence, nearly equally divided between his books, his walk, and his evening club. When that club was formed, Norwich could justly boast of a cluster of clever persons, resembling, if great things may be compared with small, the aggregation of talent compressed within a short period of time, which Velleius Paterculus so philosophically notices as having suddenly arisen in ancient Rome. The time I point at was that of the French Revolution. In that Pandora's box, out of which so many evils leaped forth, there still remained a remedy and a recompense—I mean that moral hope of nations, a fearless spirit of inquiry, the handmaid of freedom, the parent of all improvement civil or social. Amongst the younger men at this time, habits of liberal study were thus superinduced over plebeian or mercantile ones; and as the clerical body, always an armed phalanx in a cathedral city, stood sullenly *super antiquas vias*, refusing to concede an inch to a spirit which had been taught by the portentous events in France to abate somewhat of the servile reverence in which mankind had heretofore held their ecclesiastical and civil institutions, there arose two parties, whose minds were sharpened by collision; and if private society was not much improved by the conflict, it was a gymnasium, in which the intellect was trained and anointed for higher exercises. He has observed provincial life but superficially who has overlooked its tendency to nourish exaggerated opinions, and to aggrandize to the moral vision every object of speculation. This is the result of its more restricted intercourses, the current of feeling, and

opinion swelling from the narrowness of the channel in which it flows; and above all, of a very limited supply of that worldly knowledge which deadens enthusiasm, and renders us indifferent at first from affectation, and afterwards from habit, to all that others feel intensely or pursue ardently.

It was then that Sayers established the club we are commemorating; and, primarily, for the sake of bringing together and harmonising into friendly communion those whom the heats and controversies of the time would otherwise have kept aloof. There never existed a more perfect friendship than between Sayers and William Taylor of Norwich, his attached and faithful biographer, who was also one of the glories of that club. It was one of those pure, abstracted, and immortal friendships, begun in the morning of life, and continued to its close, which are of such rare occurrence in our selfish planet, "fitted," to use the words of Jeremy Taylor, "to perpetuate the memory of those exemplary friendships which have filled the world with history and wonder." Yet no two beings stood more widely asunder on the great questions which then agitated the world. They "shook hands from the end of opposing winds." In religion, Taylor was a dissenter; but with a creed, if it could be called one, which might be described, in Burke's language, as "the dissidentism of dissent." Parr used to speak of him in his pompous way, "as irrecoverably lost in the wilds of latitudinarianism." As to his politics, he was a reformer, but upon philosophical theories, so exclusively his own, that no class of politicians could be found either to adopt or comprehend them. Sayers was a Church of England man, tolerant to charitableness, but not to neutrality. In politics, he had become, with many others, a Tory, from the reactive influence of the French Revolution, when it became a scourge and terror to mankind; a reaction which, though often wrested to the purposes of apostates and hypocrites, had produced an unaffected alarm on his honest and ingenuous mind. Yet these contrarieties of thinking, at a period when much slighter disunions of sentiment were fatal to the most inveterate friendships, served only to cement the hearts of these excellent men more closely together. The "idem sentire de republicâ" would have been a superfluous link in the chain of their affections. Taylor had from early life addicted himself to German metaphysics, and so many hypotheses had floated through his mind as to leave it in a state nearly approaching to Pyrrhonism; or at least, in a state ready for the reception of any new theory that was presented to it. In the metropolis, where a man, if he finds any leisure for the whims or day-dreams of philosophy, is soon laughed out of them, Taylor would have been a less eccentric, but by no means a more interesting companion; but a speculative life in the provinces is sure to fashion and to mould a man to habits of original thinking; and he who is determined to think for himself, is frequently disposed to entertain for a while the most extravagant propositions, rather than incur the risk of rejecting a sound, because it was *primâ facie* an absurd one. Taylor's mind became thus a sort of inn, or caravanserai, as his friend Sayers said of him, where every new opinion that arrived from Germany was sure of board and lodging. Windham, who had a sincere respect for Taylor's acquirements and talents, expressed a good-humoured wish that his housekeeper would render him the same good office that Don Quixote's did

for her master, and burn all his German books of metaphysics. It may be questioned, however, whether he would have been a happier man—he could not be a better—had the webs in which he loved to entangle himself been thus rudely swept away. As a club-man, he would not have been half so interesting; and it would have been cruelty to dissolve that visionary world of probability in which it is his empyrean bliss to wander.

This singular provincial philosopher has written much; but his published writings, though very numerous and excellent in their kind, have been so little indebted even to the legitimate arts of the trade, that, for the most part, they may be said to have fallen still-born from the press. His admirable translation of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," is not to be found; and his version of the "Leonora" of Bürger, which bids fair to survive the original, was consigned to the perishable pages of an obscure magazine. Who would so much as have heard of one of the best philological works in any language, his work on English Synonimes, but for his friend Southey's review of it in the Quarterly? The most industrious search into the obscurest holes and corners of London would be frequently requisite to find out the names of his publishers. Add to this, a mode of writing English according to his own singular notion of its strength and analogy—a style so elliptical and condensed, as to appear in some instances as untranslateable as if it were a new language, like that which Bishop Wilkins contemplated for his universal one. Yet the obscurity of many of his most valuable works has frequently exposed them to the ravages of a tribe of writers, who have the gainful art of expanding a single hint into a dissertation, and of beating out a page of his close and compressed thinking to the superficies of a book. I cannot here resist the temptation of speaking of him in the private relations of life. Amiable, hospitable, and kind as a companion—as a friend, steady and immoveable as a rock. It is many years since I saw him. He was then engaged in the tender office of soothing the declining days of a beloved mother, who had been prematurely visited with blindness. No pleasures fascinated him from her side. She, poor soul! hardly knew the sense of her infirmity when he was near; and the tones of his voice conveyed to her soul a delight more perfect than if all the mingled hues of creation had been reflected on her vision.

This species of speculatist, especially if he is in some sort the dupe of his own ingenuity, is invaluable at a club. A London club would furnish no specimen of it; and at a London club, the prosing, which it is necessary to tolerate whilst he is weaving his metaphysical tissues, would not be endured. At his own club, Taylor was always heard out, and no man listened to him with more delight than Sayers. I had the good fortune to visit this singular society but once.* On that occasion, Taylor, they told me, was not so talkative as usual. But he said enough to convince me that he was a dealer in constitutions by the wholesale, and that the Abbé Sieyes was nothing to him. One of his Utopianisms I well recollect, difficult as it is to recall a conversation of so old a date. A German writer had published an elaborate commentary upon that ludicrous but witty comedy of Aristophanes, in which

* In the year 1798.

he represents the Athenian women, tired of the Peloponnesian war, and ascribing its prolongation to the political incapacity of their husbands, as resolved upon taking the commonwealth into their own hands. The commentator, either for some purpose of latent raillery, or to try his hand at a paradox, had spun out a lengthened dissertation on gunocracy, or the government of women; asserting not only the practicability of an unmixed female republic, but its superiority over every known or existing form. The hypothesis was to Taylor's taste; and he reasoned with great force and learning in favour of gunocracy. I sate next to Sayers, who, in reply to a question I put to him to that effect, assured me that Taylor was quite serious. The married men of the club, however, would not listen to his hypothesis; swearing that their wives had quite power enough already. Nor was it possible to resist the imperturbable gravity with which he put forth his paradoxes. They kept up an unceasing grin on the laughter-loving face of Sayers; and they seldom excited the least opposition, beyond a pish! or a psha! from Ozias Linley,* himself not the least amusing oddity of the club.

It was upon the same evening, I recollect, that he proved to us, by a profusion of learning, and a copious citation of Anglo-Saxon records, with which his memory was well stocked, that Stonehenge, so far from being, according to the vulgar tradition, a Druidical temple, was nothing more than a compilation of huge Anglo-Saxon hail-stones, that fell on Salisbury Plain in the reign of Ina, and had been petrified by atmospheric exposure! How gravely also did he persuade a little attorney, who had been expressing his doubts as to the eligibility of taking a house for which he had been in treaty, near the cathedral, to lose no time in taking it; for that, according to the unerring laws of mental pathology, the vicinity of so noble an edifice † would enlarge his mind, inspire it with a taste for greatness and sublimity, and raise it above every thing mean and pettifogging! He was also very learned upon the antiquity and the emblematic meaning of signs; and told us, I recollect, that a very large volume might be compiled upon the subject, replete with valuable instruction. He made out the sign of the Hole-in-the-Wall, I remember, with great plausibility, to be deduced from the legend of Pyramus and Thisbe in Ovid, which, he said, as well as the Golden Fleece, was a common sign in England so far back as the reign of Henry the Eighth. The Cat and the Fiddle was a more strained solution. An *aubergiste* in Picardy had a cat, whose attachment to her master exceeded the more proverbial fidelity of his dog; and cats having, time out of mind, laboured under the unpopular imputation of being inconstant in their friendships, he hung up her portrait over his door when she died, and inscribed on it, in justice to her memory, "Voici un Chat fidèle." When the sign, which soon became common in France, was introduced into England, "Chat fidèle" was corrupted into the "Cat and Fiddle." But I shall never forget, that when he was asked for an explication of the Green Man, he out-Monboddoed Monboddo; for he galloped off into an elaborate hypothesis as to the original colour of mankind, maintaining it to have been green. Here Ozias

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* Sheridan's brother-in-law.

† A German philosopher has written copiously on the Moral and Pathological Influence of High Mountains.

Linley uttered his most emphatic pshaw! But Taylor went on without hearing it, and added, that the sign of the Green Man, being the most ancient sign in the world, was traditionary of that fact, signs or pictures being, he said, anterior to the use of letters in the progress of society, appealing to the picture-writing of the ancient Mexicans in illustration of his argument. In short, Taylor seemed to lead a life of hypothesis; nor could a child be more delighted with the soap-sud globules blown from a pipe, than this excellent and ingenious man with the inflated bubbles, equally light and evanescent, of the German metaphysics and German philology, to which he was so intensely addicted.

Mr. Hudson Gurney* for some years frequented this singular club. Amongst those whose talents at that period illustrated their native city, he was the most remarkable for the playful vivacity of his conversation. Nor has maturer life disappointed the promise of his early days. Born to great affluence, and nursed from childhood in the lap of opulence, he has neither wasted his prosperity in the pursuit of tasteless pleasures, nor in its exclusive and selfish enjoyments. To an elegant and polished taste for the arts, and that kind of literature with which taste is conversant, he adds a correct knowledge of political economy, not of that unsubstantial and umbratile science which exists only in books, but of the sinewy and muscular science which is the result of practical experience. In the House of Commons few deserve attention more—few would reward it more, had it not been for a voice constitutionally infirm, and pitched by nature too low for a public assembly. His personal character is that cluster of kindly virtues which the ancient stoics comprized in the word *κοινονοημοσυνη*, and which spreads itself out in multiplied diffusions of beneficence to mankind. But if, with the modesty inseparable from merit, he shrinks from the tribute of honest admiration, it is not the less due to him. Yet who would wound the delicacy he reveres? I desist, therefore, from the portraiture, and the more willingly, inasmuch as it is with moral as with physical delineation, an injury to the harmonious and summary wholeness of a great character to attract the eye to small and subordinate parts. In the easy and instructive conversation of Dr. Sayers, Hudson Gurney found great delight. He cultivated his friendship assiduously during his life, and at his death, carried on an amiable contest with his only surviving relative, for the satisfaction of erecting at his own expense a monument to his friend's memory, and he relinquished it only in deference to what he deemed the prior rights of affinity.

There yet remain one or two truly original characters of the almost extinct class of humourists who belonged to this agreeable provincial club, to whom a distinct delineation is due. They will be found, I trust, amusing chapters in the history of human oddities, and will do no discredit to our collection. My space for the present is exhausted.

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* M.P. for Newport, Isle of Wight.

THE FEASTE OF ALLE DEUILES.*—AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

BY LORD NUGENT.

A GOODLYE romaunte you shal heere, I wis,
'Tis ycleped of Alle Deuiles Halle,
Likewyse of the Feaste of Alle Deuiles it is,
And of what dyd there befalle.

For a pleasaunte thinge is this historye,
And much delyte doe I
In one so straunge, yett so true perdie
That noe man can ytt denye.

O the boarde is sett, and the guestes are mett
To drinke in Alle Deuiles' Halle,
The guestes are drye, but the walles are wett,
And the doores are barred on alle.

And why are the tables in ordere sett,
And why is the wassaile spredd,
And why are they mett while the walles are wett
To carouse o'er the uaultes of the dedd?

The Baronne of Hawkesdenne rose wyth the sunne
On the daye of Alle Sayntes in the morne,
A terrible feate hee had thoughte uponne,
And a terrible oathe he had sworne.

From holye Church full manie a roode
Hee had ravishede of landys fayre,
And where Alle Saintes' Abbaye had latelye stoode
Hys holde hee had builded there.

For to hym oure good Kinge Harrye had giuen
For hys fee that riche Abbaye,
When the angels bequeathed for the seruice of heuen
Were ta'en from the Church awaye.

Yett firmlye and well stoode the proude Chappell,
Though ne monk ne preeste was there,
Butt for festival nowe was hearde the bell
That wont to be hearde for prayere.

And those sayntelye walles of olde gray stone
Did witnesse foul revelrye,
And they shooke to heare theire echoes owne
Wordes of ribaulderie.

"Now builde mee a Halle," the Baronne sayde,
"And builde ytt both wide and high,
And builde ytt mee ouer the moulderinge dedde,
As they rotte in cemeterye.

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* To those who are well read in the interesting work of autobiography lately published by Sir Jonah Barrington, so singular will the coincidence appear between the relation he gives of the strange fate of Mr. Joseph Kelly and Mr. Peter Alley, in "My Brother's Hunting Lodge," and the catastrophe of the following tale, that, if a doubt could be entertained of the authenticity of the first-mentioned narrative, it might almost be thought to be founded on this ancient ballad, which appears to have been written about the middle of the sixteenth century by a person who was himself a witness of the event he celebrates. As it is, the two stories will probably be taken as strongly confirmatory of each other.

"For longe haue I lacked a banquettinge Halle,
Meete for my feeres and me,
For our mirthe the olde Chappell is alle too smalle,
Soe our butterye-hatch ytt shal bee.

"Thys aunciente place I wyl newlye calle,
And christene ytt in goode wyne,
Thys Church of Alle Sayntes shall be Alle Deuiles' Halle,
And the daye, too, Alle Deuiles' and myne.

"On the firste of Nouembere thys lordeshippe fayre
My heritage was made,
From noe Saynte dydd I craue ytt by vowe or by prayere,
But I called to the Deuile for ayde.

"Longe, longe did I striue, and on hope I leaned,
And att courte dyd uainlye toyle,
And hys highnesse was harde, tyll I uowed to the fiende
A share in the Churche's spoyle.

"Nowe onn thys daye beginneth a moneth of cloudes,
And of deedes that maye not bee forgiuen,
When the self-sleyne dedde looke upp from theire shroudes,
See no blew, and despaire of heuen.

"And eache yeare thys our festiuall daye wee wyl keepe,
Saynte nor angelle a place shal haue,
Butt darke spiritts wyth us shal carouse pottle deepe,
And we'll welcome suche from the graue.

"O there wyll wee mocke the skulles belowe,
And we'll grinne more wyde than theye,
And we'll synge more loude thann the owletts doe,
And louder than preestes wolde praye.

"And our dogges wyth eache pate that is bleached and bare
Shal sporte them rounde and rounde,
Or tangle theire jaws in the drye dedde haire,
As theye route in the hollowe grounde.

"Att the wildered batte wee wyl loudlye laugh,
As hee flitts rounde hys mansyons olde,
And the earthe worme shal learne redde wyne to quaff,
As he reeles in his slymie folde.

"We wyl barre oute the blessede lyghte fulle welle,
And we'll heare noe larke to disturbe us,
For the larke synges to heuen, butt wee to helle,
Noe hymninge fooles shal curbe us.

"For a frend in our neede is indeede a frend,
And suche frend wus the Deuile to mee;
And thys halle I wyll builde to thys dutyfulle ende,
That my cuppe fellowe hee maye bee."

O Nouembere is neare wyth the closinge yeare,
And the Halle is unfinishede quite,
And what liuinge menne dyd reare in the day, ytt dyd appeare
That dedde handes dyd undoe at nighte.

O the ceilinge and walles theye are rough and bare,
And the guestes theye are comynge nowe;
O how shal the Baronne feaste them there,
And how shal hee keepe hys vowe?

Att the builders he raued furiouslye,
Nor excuse wolde hee graunte att alle;
Butt, as one poore wretch low bent on hys knee,
He strake oute hys braynes wyth hys malle.

And highe as hee raysed hys bloudie hande
Ryght fearfullie thus spake hee:
"Yff att eue thys halle unfinishede stande,
Not one knaue of yee liuinge shal bee!"

Thenn the builders theye playstered dilligentlye,
For lyfe or deth playstered theye,
And, a dagger's depthe, thicke coates three
Theye had spredde on the walles that daye.

"Sore feare worketh welle!" quoth the proude Baronne,
As he strode to the festall chayre,
And loude laughed the guestes to looke uponne
The worke so smoothe and fayre.

The pine torches rounde a braue lighte dydd flynge,
A redd moone through the darke nighte streaminge,
And smalle thoughte hadd the guestes of the waynscottinge
Howe wett, and softe, and steaminge.

Nowe theye haue barred faste the doores belowe,
And eke the windowes on highe;
And withoute stoode tremblinge the vassailes a rowe
Att the bolde impietie.

O wee tremblede to heare theire reuelrie,
For I was there that nighte,
A sabbath ytt seemede of Deuilrie.
And of Witches att theyre delyte.

There was chauntinge thenne amayne, butt the pure and holie strayne
Of sweete musicke hadde loste ytt's feelinge,
And there was harpe and lute, but lyttel dydd ytt boote,
For the daunce was butt beastlie reelinge.

And the feates were ille tolde of chiualrye olde
Amiddste dronkennesse and dinne,
And the softe laye of loue colde noe tendernesse moue
Ynn hartes of ryott and sinne.

Three nightes ytt endured, and the staringe owle
Was scared from hys ivie throne,
And the poor currs dismallie answered a howle
More senselesse thanne theyre own.

And dronker theye waxed, and dronker yett,
And each manne dyd uainly laboure,
By reasone of manie speakers, to gett
Meet audience from his neyboure.

These wordes thenn stammerede the loude Baronne,
"Maye I ne'er quitt thys goode cheere,
Tyll our maystere come to feaste wyth hys owne!"
And thatt was the laste wee colde heare.

The third morne rose fulle fayre, and the torches ruddye glare
Through the windowes streamed noe more,
And when the smalle birde rose from hys chambere in the boughes
The festiuall shout was o'er.

The smalle birde gaylye sunge, and the merrye larke uppe sprunge
  And the dewe droppe spangled the spraye,
And the blessede sunne thatt stille shines the same on goode and ille,
  Smyled thatt morne onn the olde Abbaye.

O longe dydd we listene in doubte and feare
  Att thatt unholye doore,
And ere wee essayed to entere there
  Ytt was fulle highe noone and more.

Butt stille colde wee gaine noe answere att alle,
  Though wee askede continuallye;
And I that telle was the urchinne smalle
  That was thruste through the windowe to see.

O I hadde quayled in Saynte Quentin's fighte,
  Where I rode in that Baronne's trayne,
And hadde shrunke to see the slayne att nighte,
  As theye laye onn the bloudye playne.

I hadde sickennede to see eache pale face bare,
  And eache staringe glassie eye,
As the moone was dimmlye reflectede there,
  Farre from agreeablye.

Butt ne'er hadde I seene suche a syghte before
  As thatt whyche dydd thenn befalle,
Of grimme and ghastlye dedd heddes a score
  Mortared into a walle.

Theye were helde as theye dronkenlye backe dydd leane,
  Ynn deadlye payne and despayre,
And the redd wyne was clottede theire jawes betwene,
  And the mortare was growne to the hayre.

Full ofte haue I hearde thatt wyse menne doe saye
  Manie heddes are bettere thanne one,
Butt O thanne wyth suche gaunt heddes as theye
  Ytt were bettere to liue wyth none.

And stille the gaye fruites blushede on the boarde,
  As in scorne of the sadde arraye,
And the sparklinge flaggons, wyth wyne halfe stored,
  Beamed oute to the sunne alwaye.

Nowe Time hath rolled onne for three score yeare,
  And the olde walle standeth yett;
And deepe in rowes, rounde thatt dred chambere,
  Eache darke browne skulle is sett.

The ivye hath wreathede a coronett grene
  For the grimlye Baronne's browe;
And where once the dais carpett flaunted shene,
  The ranke grass waveth nowe.

In the sockett where rolled eache dronken eye
  Hath the martlett builded her holde;
And aye midde the whyte teeth gallantlye
  The walle flowere twisteth ytt's folde.

And, in place of the torches of pine-tree made,
  The pale moone quivereth o'er themme,
And the scritch owle, wyth sorrye serenade,
  Mocketh the mynstrell before themme.

And there muste they staye tyll the dredful daye,
  When theire maystere claymeth hys dole!
O Gentles beeware of suche doome, and praye
  Grammercye onne eache poore soule.

Butt euermore, to your dyinge hower,
  Remembere, whate'er befalle,
Keepe free your hartes from the foule fiende's power,
  And your heddes from newe mortared-walle.

Thenne of Alle Deuiles' Daye thys the storye is,
  And of Alle Deuiles' Halle lykewyse;
A wonderous tales, yett soe trewe ytt is,
  That noe manne it denyes.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD, NO. I.

THE priests of Ireland have often shaped the political destinies of their country, and at present they hold much of its fate in their hands. At the very first contest between Anglo-Norman lances and Milesian sparthes and battle-axes, their voice directed the issue of the strife in favour of the invaders. Subsequently, in all the most important struggles between the same antagonists, they were equally the arbiters of national independence. When the Reformation occurred, they kept Ireland Catholic. Amid the thunders of the English statute-book, dooming them to outlawry in their native land, or else to expatriation and the gibbet, they contrived that no religious identity, and, in consequence, no identity of any kind, then took place, or has since taken place, or perhaps ever will take place, between the two islands. Upon almost every political event in Ireland, from that day to this, they have had great influence: and meantime the minds, the hearts, and the morals of a people, so far as penal law permitted, have been formed by them. At present they control the physical force, and they are the political power of Ireland. The Catholic Association seems to set them in motion, but they set it in motion. What would be its most popular orator without their good-will? Mr. O'Connell knows, and "honest Jack Lawless," as Le Globe calls him, can tell. They return members to Parliament against Ascendency interests as old as the Battle of the Boyne. In every little parish nook throughout their country, they are the rallying-points for organizing the sentiments of millions of discontented men. They assess "the rent." At their beck the starving peasant sends in (Heaven knows in what vague feelings) his farthing a fortnight. By their local agency, the other day, fifteen hundred public meetings took place, all over Ireland, at the same hour. He that runs may read.

It seems a matter of interest to become somewhat intimately acquainted with this peculiar and not unimportant body: with the structure of their minds, with their habits, with their manners. They have been much talked of, in one way or another; but for men who almost preside over the future of Ireland, perhaps in some degree over the future of England, little is distinctly known at this side of the Irish Channel. They do not stand out before an Englishman's mind. A unique species of the clerical genus he admits them to be, but why

unique he cannot tell. Allowing for slight differences, he can easily present to his imagination an Irish rector, or an Irish curate; but of the co-reigning and real little sovereign of the rector's parish—with the curate's double, the priest's "coadjutor"—he entertains very vague, though, it may be, very strong notions.

In future numbers we may attempt to present more defined Sketches of the Priests of Ireland, commencing with what they *have been*, and ending with what they *are;* the one portraiture seeming necessary to elucidate the other.

What they have been fifty years ago, might answer all the purposes of understanding what we find them to be at present; yet it may not be uninteresting nor foreign from our plan to take a glance much farther back; nay, start not, vivacious reader of the New Monthly, if you are told that that glance shall play a moment amongst the shadowed and doubtful forms of about fourteen hundred years ago, fitfully indicating to your mental vision the russet garbs, the sandalled feet, the pilgrim staff, and the primitive crosier of the very, very first Priests of Ireland.

Nay, again, we seem challenged to say something of the elder priests of all, whom those holy men converted or confounded—the Druids of Ireland. That "something" must, however, be very little. No national or other records have reached us detailing their creed, their observances, their characters and manners, as satisfactorily as these matters are described with reference to the old Druids of Albion. Cæsar says that the paganism of the Ancient Britons, such as he found it, had been invented in the country. If so, we cannot conclude that it should minutely, or even essentially, resemble that of the primitive Irish, inasmuch as, previous to his day, no intercourse had taken place between the neighbouring islands. Other historians more rationally suppose that the Britons received their superstition from the Gauls. Even in this view, the fact of the isolation of Ierne from Gaul, as well as from Albion, leaves vague the presumption of minute resemblance between the Druids and Druidism of the two countries. So, whether or not the pagan priests of green Inisfail adored, under different names, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Minerva, and along with them, a poetical host of genii of the woods, the hills, the rivers, and the fountains; whether or not they sacrificed human victims, professed a mystic abracadabra, and doomed their luckless pupils to twenty years' probation before they would impart it; or were perfect geographers, astronomers, astrologers, physicians, metempsychosists, and wizards, able to teach the Persians magic, and delivering man to his "circles of courses," or purgatorial states of transmigration—all this remains uncertain. If the custom, yet prevalent in Ireland, of lighting bonfires about the time of the summer solstice be, as some say, derived from certain of their religious observances, then they would seem to have been fire-worshippers, and not polytheists. There are no Druidical recollections inspired by the oak in the green Island; there are no miseltoe gambols at Christmas (though abundance of others); the earth-spurning plant is almost unknown. The rude groups of stones called Druidical altars, to be found in the country (of which the most remarkable I have seen is situated close by a hilly high-road in Island-Magee) suggest, indeed, a contrivance for conveniently disposing a victim for slaughter; but perhaps we so

conclude because we are seeking evidence of the fact. In the servile honour paid to his wisdom, assumed or real, the Irish Druid can, however, be likened to his neighbour. He was regarded as superhuman. He framed new laws, or interpreted the old; and from his decision there was no appeal: the most violent warrior bowed before it. And a farther similitude appears in the admitted fact, that he delivered his oracles in verse, whence arose a separate class of Druid—the bard, who, from reciting grave or sacred things to the music of his harp, degenerated into the rhyming and chiming sycophant of any brutally-ignorant chieftain, who was able to give him his supper and a bed. We are not even certain that these ancient jugglers affectedly dwelt apart from the inferior multitude, in the dim seclusion of their primeval forests; and yet the following precious extract from "A General History of Ireland, translated from the Irish of Geoffry Keating, M. D. by Dermid O'Conner, Dublin, 1809," would seem, if we choose, to intimate as much, and at the same time show that the individual Irish Druid in question either worshipped the celestial bodies, or studied them:—

"There is a wonderful event to be met with in an old manuscript, which perhaps may be refused belief, but cannot wholly be omitted in this place. The chronicle relates, that when St. Colmecill was in Ireland, there lived a pagan priest in the county of Tyrconnel, who erected a temple of great beauty and magnificence in those times, and among other curiosities of art and workmanship he made an *altar of fine glass!* which he superstitiously adorned with the representations of the sun and moon. It happened that this priest was seized with a sudden distemper, which took away his senses, and he was without motion as if he had been in a swoon. The devil—who, it seems, had a particular resentment against this man—took advantage of the opportunity, and seizing him with his talons, was hurrying him away through the air; St. Colmecill looking up, perceived the fiend upon the wing bearing his prey, and when he was flying directly over him, the saint made the sign of the cross in the air above his head, which so astonished the devil that he let go his hold, and dropped the priest, who providentially fell at St. Colme's feet. This deliverance was so gratefully received by the priest, that, after a short discourse, he became a convert to Christianity, and when he dedicated his temple to the Christian service, he bestowed it upon St. Colme."

Some enviers of Irish antiquity and its various glories labour to prove that Patrick was the first Christian priest of the green Island (to say nothing, yet, of others who deny that fact, nay, his existence along with it). But Dr. Lingard, although no stickler for Irish antiquity either, says that the Gospel had been preached there at an earlier period. He does not, indeed, give us the names of any of the preachers, nor the date of that earlier period. From sources less known, and perhaps less authentic, it is added, that, in the second century Mansuetus, an Irishman, first bishop of Taul, and said to have been a disciple of St. Peter, despatched Cathaldus to preach to his countrymen: and very early in the fourth century Pope Celestine sent over Palladius as archbishop of Ireland, with twelve missionaries, also Irishmen, and educated at Rome. Next appears St. Keiran, or Kiran, a little before St. Pat, the most celebrated, up to his day, if not the first real Irish priest. More really Irish than his

eclipsing successor he certainly was, having been born in the country to which he preached, while Erin's patron saint came from the Land of Cakes. At thirty he went to study at Rome, and after twenty years' sojourn there was sent back to Ireland, together with five fellow students. Of him, his character and acts, we have respectable evidence. "Keiran," says Ware, "after his return to his native country, did not hide the talent of his Lord, but diligently preached Christ, and converted numbers from idolatry to the faith. He fixed his see at Sagur, which was afterwards removed to Aghavoe,* in Upper Ossory," now the Queen's County. Here, in the depths of a great wood, he built a cell—(cil, or kil—church)—which soon became an extensive monastery, with the adjunct, it is to be concluded, of a lay town; for, according to the respectable antiquarian, Mr. O'Conner, of Ballinegar, the first Irish priests quickly transformed the deserts in which they fixed their cells into well-cultivated places, that failed not to induce the formation in their neighbourhood of civilized communities of the natives. Keiran's cell, like all others of its era, in England, perhaps, as well as in Ireland, was a very simple building of wood, thatched with branches and reeds. Even the more regular and considerable buildings which succeeded it in both countries, previous to the Norman conquest, were mostly of the same material. "All the monasteries of my realm," says King Edgar, in his charter to the Abbey of Malmsbury, 974, "to the sight are nothing but worm-eaten, and rotten timber and boards." The shape of these primitive cells was, according to Grose, circular. The succeeding churches were oblong, rounded at the ends. At an advanced age, St. Keiran retreated from sublunary cares into Cornwall, and there led, near the town of Padstow, a hermit's life till he died. Mr. Alban Butler recites, that a church has been erected on the spot to his memory, and that an adjacent town bears his name to this day—St. Piran's in the sands—Piran being the ancient Briton's pronunciation for Kiran.

At a village between Dumbarton and Glasgow our great Patrick was born: it bears his name at present—Kilpatrick—the cell of Patrick. In 432 he went to Ireland. This is the most authentic account. Biographers of holy men differ from it, however; and some add that he was pounced upon in Gaul by a famous Irish warrior, Niall of the hostages; thence brought captive to Ireland; and set at liberty at the end of seven years, when he commenced his apostolic labours. It is impolitic, however, to become embroiled with unimportant contradictions about mere accidents of his life, when Doctor Ledwich would astound us at once with a flat denial of his very existence. But come, Doctor, although Gibbon goes near to unhorse the sainted and chivalrous patron of merry England, you must not so summarily deprive the poor Pats of their own dear old "Pawdhric."

You admit that a missionary, and a celebrated one, of that name was known after the eighth century, but not before; consequently that no St. Patrick went to the land of shillelagh in the fifth century. And yet Fleurus tells us, "Le Pope Celestin ayant reçu avis de la mort de St.

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* Ultimately to Kilkenny, where, at this day, it rests, distinguished by the most beautiful Cathedral Church in Ireland, repaired by Pocock after the spoliation of Cromwell's Independents.

Pallade, substitua en sa place St. Patrick, l'ordonna Eveque et l'envoya precher la foi en Irlande." Mosheim, the German, says exactly the same thing; first calling the personage in dispute Succathus, and then adding that Celestine changed his name into Patrick. I believe he is also authority for attributing that change to the fact of the admiring Pope having advanced Succathus to the patrician order—whence his new cognomen. To these evidences against Dr. Ledwich, Dr. O'Conner subjoins many more of equal importance. That learned antiquarian has found Patrick mentioned by the very ancient author of a Life of St. Gertrude; by Cummin; by Bede; and in the old antiphony of Binchar, "which," says Dr. Lingard, "is still preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan—(No. 10. Lit. C.)—and contains but three hymns in honour of particular saints, the first of whom is St. Patrick; and though it displays little taste or ability, incontestably proves that he was then (in the sixth century) considered as the apostle of Ireland.

"Audite, omnes amantes
Deum, sancta merita
Viri in Christo beati,
Patricii Episcopi—
* * *
Dominus illum elegit,
Ut doceret barbaras
Gentes, et piscaret
Per doctrinæ retia
Hibernas inter gentes."

So, still interchange your bland greetings of "God and Pawdhric bless you!" as you meet on every road-side, generous-hearted men of "the emerald set in the ring of the sea!" And still mount your shamrocks, and clatter your shillelaghs, upon each 17th of March, "while the world is a world!" There's Latin itself for it.

In real earnest, Patrick's good works in Ireland are historically recorded. Mosheim, before mentioned, with many others, witnesses that he founded the Archbishoprick of Armagh. Bardic and traditionary lore add very pleasant, if not as authentic, accounts of him. In Miss Brooks's Relics of old Irish Poetry, he will constantly be found arguing theology with Ossian, or Oisin; the old blind poet displaying much obstinacy in his Pagan creed, and neither disputant good-humour, or good manners. In fact, they both scold and call names. One of the O'Hara family has imitated Miss Brooks's faithful translations, so far as to allow the story of his youthful rhyme, "The Celts' Paradise," to grow out of a similar discussion between them. It is unnecessary to remark on the anachronism of making the two characters contemporaneous. But the Irish peasant will assure you, at this day, that after a great deal of trouble and logic, Patrick ultimately prevailed on Oisin to have himself baptized; and such was the convert's perfect change on the occasion, from Pagan frowardness into Christian equanimity, that when the saint, in striking his crosier into the ground, in order to leave his hands free for the ceremony, happened to dart it through Oisin's foot, the old bard, thinking the accident part of what he was to endure, never uttered a groan, or made a remark, till all was over. From the same sources, or from others not more considerable, we learn

why the shamrock was mounted in honour of the patron of Ireland by his present most gracious Majesty, upon the day of his public entry into his good city of Dublin. Patrick was explaining to a great king, and to the great king's most beautiful queen, and to their whole court, and, indeed, the greater part of their subjects, the doctrine of the Trinity, but not as successfully as St. Athanasius has explained it to the established church of these realms. In fact, the crabbed old Pagans began to shake their heads, and obstinately demurred to the numerical (Lord Norbury would say new-miracle) question; when the saint stooped down, (they were all in the open air,) plucked some trefoil, and by the simple demonstration of how one stalk ended in three leaves yet remained one and the same stalk still, convinced the most sceptical Druid that heard him. And the admiring living narrators of this veritable story applaud the apostle's ingenuity, and think his solution all that could have been desired by "Christian, Pagan, or man."

That one of St. Patrick's many Herculean labours in Ireland was a general clearing-out of all the snakes, vipers, toads, and spitting spiders to be found in the country, every person knows; and the fact should not perhaps have here been glanced at, but for a reason. In 1641, a David Ruth was Roman-Catholic bishop of Ossory (as shall more fully be shown); and he appears, by respectable witnesses, to have been a learned and a clever man, (which shall also be shown). He wrote many books; amongst them, "Elucidationes in vitam sancti Patricii a Jocelino scriptam," at which, though he otherwise likes Dr. Ruth, Harris is angry; but no matter; the following is an extract from it:—

"It has been delivered to us by our ancestors, that Saint Patrick possessed the power of expelling serpents; and this was the universal opinion, not only of the people, but of the wisest and most discreet men of our nation, that by him our Island was freed from all venomous creatures; this do the hymns, the antiphons, and the offices sufficiently prove, the national annals record, the Latin writers declare; in this do the moderns, one or two excepted, confirm the testimony of the ancients; in this do foreigners and natives concur; in this manner do the Greek writers understand the 90th Psalm, of the subjection of serpents, &c. therein promised unto the saints—'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet.'"

The question here grows serious; and since the good Saint of green Erin really achieved this summary ejectment of all vipers and all "venomous creatures" (the Orange species came after his time) out of his adopted country, well may Irishmen of the present day be allowed to exclaim, in the words of one of their old ballads—

"Oh, he's wanted again in our Island!
Our nate little, tight little Island!"

Although another of their songs, manufactured in "the black north," is not so much in earnest on this useful miracle of their patron as was Doctor David Ruth:

"Saint Patrick was a gintleman,
He came of dacent people,
He built a church in Dublin town,
And he put on it a steeple.

> Och! my blessings on Saint Patrick's fist,
> For he's the saint so clever—
> He gave these frogs and toads a twist,
> And he banish'd them for ever!"

To part decorously, as one ought to do, from St. Patrick, it is to be noticed that he was the first who introduced the Roman letter, and alphabetic arrangement, into Ireland. He also framed, conjointly with his most eminent brother-priests, and the most celebrated Druidical bards, a new code of laws, denominated *Seanchus Moer*, or the great antiquity; and this code, like many preceding ones, was published. Sir John Davis, indeed, and others, assert that the primitive Irish had no written laws, and that the judgments of their Brehons were regulated by traditionary precedents and statutes, rather than by known records of such. But Saint Osimard, Joseline, and Cambrensis Eversus (an authority treated respectfully by Dr. Lingard), affirm, that many written collections of old Irish laws existed in their own times. And Roddy, an Irish antiquarian, is said to have removed the doubts of Sir Richard Cox by putting into his hands an ancient Irish law-book.

JOHN BULLISM.

There is nothing in the manners of the age more conspicuous than the overweening complacency of John Bull upon all topics in which a comparison is made by a foreigner to his disadvantage. Honest John will grumble heartily enough at his own domestic errors and irregularities, but he will not suffer the stranger " within his borders" to whisper a syllable about them. Just or unjust, he will not submit to correction from without, any more than he will accept a benefit from such a quarter if he can help it. He wonders at the stupidity of other nations, and cannot understand what right they have to exclude his manufactures from their ports; but he looks upon his own refusal of their handy-work as a paramount act of his own authority, at which he thinks they have no right to cavil. He has not the faculty of putting himself in the place of a stranger, or a rival, in judging upon a question, and therefore is hardly ever impartial in his decisions. It is curious, too, that he has at times a consciousness of being on the wrong side of the argument, and his shifts to escape conclusions terminating inevitably to his disadvantage, often place him in the most unlucky predicaments. Logic, of a pure species, we can hardly expect from one so imbued with prejudices, notwithstanding his goodnature. He frequently first begs the question, next makes a positive affirmation of what is untrue, and lastly, draws a conclusion most monstrous.

I was lamenting the other day to a City acquaintance, the very representative of John Bull, rubicund, short-breathed, grossly fat, and excellently well tempered, that we should have no summer, that the clouds over London seemed more dense than ever I had observed them. "Oh for a day or two of the cloudless South of France!" I observed. A groan followed from my friend, and a guttural intonation of voice as from the recess of a cavern heaving forth—

"Hum! devilish good things!—I differ from you. Clouds are blessings, Sir; your foreigners are melted to skin and bone for want of

them. Clouds are a god-send, Sir, in the summer. How else should we walk to Change in June at noon-day?—Not at all too cloudy for me, Sir."

"We have enough of them in winter, Mr. Scrip," I observed.

"Ay, but now they are useful. They are a glorious umbrella, Sir. Under your blue skies you are melted, burnt up. This is a happy country, Sir, to have clouds in summer. None of your flaring blue skies, they are all one colour except now and then a white rag or two seeming to be stuck upon them to dry. Mr. Varnish, the artist, observed the other day that such as are now above us are *pittoresque*, fine, noble, dark masses rolling round the cross of St. Paul's, and that your foreign skies are all sameness, and the air too light. England for ever, Sir!"

"But they are giving us a deluge of rain!"

"So much the better," replied my friend Scrip; "the dust is kept down, and there is less need of watering the streets."

"But the harvest, Mr. Scrip?"

"We shall have the ports open, my dear fellow, and business will follow let the worst happen. A cloudy English sky for me, come what may!"

Farther remark was useless, and I changed the subject to the Price Current, perfectly aware at the same time that my friend and myself were of one opinion upon the point at issue, but that his "John Bullism" would not allow him to acknowledge the truth.

The Bench has constantly exhibited specimens of this kind of patriotic dissimulation. We have heard from the seat of Justice boxing justified, provided the hits are fair, upon the ground that it prevents the adoption of the knife and dagger, which are constantly used in all foreign States, according to the Judges learned in the laws, but in little besides, it would seem! It is this praiseworthy mode of combat alone that makes our navy and army so distinguished, and qualifies one Englishman for uniformly beating five Frenchmen at one time, and often more! Some of the "learned in the law" have been known to extol the courage of British highwaymen, and urge the manner in which they went boldly up to their prey, as a proof of the surpassing game of the lower class of Englishmen, and an illustration of the spirit that conquered at Blenheim and Malplaquet. Waterloo, however, was fought since this distinguished race of "gentlemen" became extinct; and I suppose the boxers have supplied their places, although it must be granted they are a degree below Turpin and Abershaw in the heroism of their calling.

Bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and cock-matches, are justified by honest John from being ancient sports of the country, preferable to foreign innovations, and tending to accustom the high and low vulgar to hardihood. Besides, who'd have the peasantry dance round the trees with the country lasses until sunset, and thus imitate Frenchmen, instead of taking a cheerful glass of Hodgkin's for the benefit of the revenue, and betting upon White-headed Bob and Black-muzzled Bill of St. Giles at their approaching "scratch?" "My dear fellow," said one of the Boulogne exiles, which place is now a colony of English renegades for all sorts of reasons—"My dear fellow, do you know we have introduced some of our 'manly' sports among the people at Boulogne; we have got some tolerable dog-fights, a bull-bait now and then, and we

shall try and get up a French boxing-match. It will do them good to stop their cursed chattering, fiddling, and dancing with the women. We shall make men of them before we have done." It is as easy to remove a mountain as convince John Bull that any thing good, except Cogniac and Port wine, can come from the Continent of Europe. French women are all light characters; German mere fishwomen. All foreign customs are bad in the lump, and there is no city in the world that has a single good thing in it but London. The peace has done wonders in removing the prejudices of the travelling part of our population. A dinner at Very's may be surpassingly good, French wine exquisite, and the people agreeable to a particular class of persons; but your downright John Bull, who has no notion of eating beyond a beef-steak at Dolly's, and porter or port wine for drink, looks with contempt upon other viands, except it be a Michaelmas goose or a turkey at Christmas. No one will say he has not a right to do this; but the worst is, that his "John Bullism" leads him to anathematise all who do not think in his particular way, and still more to do it to their faces. If you commend an edifice, the climate, in short any thing belonging to a foreign country, he tells you to go and live there. In short, it is considered a species of insult in "John Bullism" to speak the truth, if it be any thing commendatory of a foreigner, his manners, or country. Irishmen too must not be put upon an equality of any sort with himself. In his view, Pat is a foreigner, and ought to feel honoured by British protection.

The National Debt was attacked the other day by a gentleman well versed in finance at a dinner where I was present, as leading to bankruptcy in case of a new war, and he mentioned the flourishing state of America and France in this respect. He was stopped short by a little fiery gentleman on the opposite side of the table with the exclamation, "Pooh, nonsense, Sir, the National Debt is one of the best things in England. Where should we place our idle cash if there were no funds? The debt increases the industry of the country to pay the taxes necessary for meeting the interest. It makes people work, Sir, and keeps business alive. The debt is a glorious thing, Sir, which foreigners have not the brains to comprehend."

On the following day to that when this conversation occurred, the person who had been so rudely interrupted put the following maxims of "Bullism" into my head. "As no one disputes the many good qualities of honest John," said he, "it becomes a duty to lessen his bad ones, if possible, and to get him to substitute truth for prejudice in his decisions. His worst quality is his inveterate obstinacy, and the next his pride. Clodhopper as he is, he refuses to be taught but in the reverse mode in which teaching in general is practised. I therefore reckon upon his good sense for detecting his fallacies, and place before him his own maxims, and my life for it he will soon begin to see their absurdity."

Maxim I. Every thing in England, no matter how it gets there, is better than any thing out of it. A British sloe is better than a Portugal grape.

II. Every innovation, change, or novelty, no matter whether it be useful or not, which is a departure from old English custom, should be put down.

III. Religion is a thing of state concern, and there is but one true faith for the time being, which all are bound, by Act of Parliament, to believe. Those who will not believe have no right to share in the institutions or privileges which they contribute by purse and person to support, no matter whether they constitute nine-tenths, or only one-tenth of the population.

IV. If a man advocate a cause, it is immaterial whether he believe it or not, still less whether he act up to the precept he inculcates. A drunkard may teach sobriety, because the virtue lieth in what is said, not in what is done, for what is said may be efficacious, separate from example.

V. There is no solitary virtue any where out of England. Scotland approximates nearest to it in purity and honesty. Ireland, save and except a few Protestant priests and Orangemen, is destitute of all the humanities, a dreg of nations.

VI. All Frenchmen are knaves.

VII. All Frenchwomen are loose characters.

VIII. London porter is better than Burgundy.

IX. English law practice is the best and purest in the world, surpassing law itself, which is the perfection of human wisdom.

X. Money is the great thing needful; therefore, he that has the largest purse is the most respectable member of society.

XI. England is the model of morality for other nations,—not so much marked in London saloons and theatres, in its alleys and bagnios, it is true; but as vice must exist somewhere, it is better it should congregate in known places, and keep to them. Thus little or no immorality exists elsewhere in the British dominions.

XII. He who steals a purse is a thief, and must be hanged. He who fills a public office and thieves, does but peculate, and is merely a debtor. He who is a trustee and squanders the all of the widow and orphan, is only unfortunate in business. He who holds back the property of the dead father from his family, and suffers the members of it to starve in the streets, is a most discriminating judge in Chancery; and such a suit remaining undecided for fifty years is a public benefit.

XIII. Our aristrocacy is the most disinterested body of men upon earth, seeing they legislate for themselves alone, and have decreed that corn shall be under ten pounds sterling a quarter.

XIV. No stranger shall be suffered with impunity to find fault with the rulers of this kingdom. John Bull. himself retains the right of growling at them in his own person.

XV. Hard labour and coarse measures are allowable to all in money-getting, even to his Grace of St. Alban's.

XVI. A full purse should place all characters upon an equality.

XVII. Gin, whisky, and ale, are purer, better, and more nutritive beverages than any country can boast besides England. Yet, with such tempting luxuries in vice, we are still the most sober, moral, religious, discreet people on the face of the earth.

XVIII. Crockford's private subscription-house is a den of thieves; the Stock Exchange public subscription-house is the haunt of honest men.

XIX. The fashion of the day is the truest taste in all things, and Mr. Nash therefore is the model for all architects, and his new palace the British Louvre.

XX. The Royal Exchange forms the noblest symposion the world ever saw: Rothschild is its Solomon, and Sir William Curtis its Socrates.

XXI. Heavy loans are proofs of national prosperity; or how could they be raised?

XXII. Sir Harcourt Lees and Lord Farnham are the Jachin and Boaz, the two great brazen pillars that support religion and liberty in Ireland; pull them away, and down must fall Church and State.

XXIII. Waltzing is a gross German dance, quadrilling a finical French hop; the only true step becoming an English female is the merry hornpipe, and boisterous hop, skip, and jump of our good mothers. They will soon be corrupted by these foreign usages, as they are in dress from the same sources, and as they will soon be in principles, unless they return to the defences of wholesome stomachers and hoop-petticoats.

XXIV. Our law is the most glorious in the world; for it flings a thousand protections around the guilty, but never permits the innocent man to go unscathed from its clutches, either in person or purse; the law is right, knowing its best friends and consulting their welfare.

XXV. It is a great virtue to be in the possession of a plum. He that has two is doubly great, but he that hath ten deserves canonization.

XXVI. Piety and prelacy are not necessarily conjunct; the most pious are not to expect elevation on that account. They are to console themselves that virtue is its own reward. State religion, it is meet, should be regulated by state reasons: thus Blomfield's Greek may silence Kaye's piety. Polemical pens are more useful to statesmen than those of piety and virtue: they may intimidate if they cannot attract; bully if they cannot convince; sophisticate if they cannot reason; and to the politician, what matters it as long as his ends are gained!

XXVII. Brother Jonathan is ungrateful to one who has dealt him out such manifold favours as Brother Bull: he has no right to tax British goods, though John taxes his tobacco a thousand fold; for he is a younger son in the family.

XXVIII. Silver forks are a French innovation. The good old steel fork with two prongs should not be given up; he who says it should discourages our old customs, and is an enemy to his country's prosperity. What matters convenience when so much is at stake!

XXIX. Always take off your hat to a lord; bow low to a baronet, and draw back your left foot; nod respectfully to a squire, if of your acquaintance, and slap a friend on the shoulders hard enough to stun an ox.

XXX. Give way servilely to superiors where your interest is concerned; pride can't coin money. Where no interest interferes, be humble to a superior, because chance may produce a remote benefit from an unexpected quarter. Where you are certain no benefit can ever accrue to your interests, ride the "high horse," and be lord yourself, especially with a poor tenant having a large family, or with a humble dependent.

XXXI. Never affront the parson of the parish; for unless he be one of those excellent men in the church, of whom we hear little because they do much good, he will never forgive you.

XXXII. Go regularly to church, it is a good example. You need not think about what is going on there. You may calculate your crops, or number your debtors, in a pew as well as by your own fire-side; and the good name you obtain will amply repay the constraint of sitting an hour under the minister. This is the substance of nine-tenths of modern religion.

XXXIII. If you want game, always buy it of a poacher. To save money every way is the first law of existence in England. If he be tried and you are on the jury, be sure to bring him in guilty, for poaching is the parent of a thousand crimes. Thanks to the House of Lords, notwithstanding, you will never be without a stock of poachers, and hares and partridges may always be obtained.

XXXIV. Always lend your money to your friends who ask, if they can produce security. Never give alms in secret, but only in public, like her Grace of St. Alban's:—it will not repay interest. A donation to a hospital may come back in articles of trade ordered of you, therefore always give when the names of the donors are to be published in the newspapers, not else.

XXXV. It is only the good or bad name the world gives to any thing that makes it virtuous or vicious.

XXXVI. After you set out on foreign travel and reach Calais, muster your best stock of execrations, and curse all you see till Dover pier be in sight again.

XXXVII. If you can speak a few sentences of French, tell every man you meet that his country is a villainous one to your own, and you are half starved for want of roast beef, or a leg of mutton and trimmings.

XXXVIII. When you are at the Louvre, swear it is not equal to Kensington Palace.

XXXIX. Swear that Liston is the best comic actor, and Reynolds the best comic writer the world ever saw, and that Potier and Moliere are shoe-blacks to them.

XL. Tell the Italian that his climate and St. Peter's are poor substitutes for Dolly's and St. Paul's, and that there is not a brave man or virtuous woman from the Po to Otranto.

XLI. Never believe your own eyes, if they see any thing which contravenes your opinions.

XLII. Judge men by their party; for if opposed to your's they cannot be honest.

XLIII. Virtue in rags will never return a profit for clothing her: bearing up the train of high-born vice pays better:—there can be no hesitation which to do.

XLIV. Keep your servants at a due distance, and learn to respect yourself: dogs, servants, and horses must know their stations, and be made to feel their inferiority.

There are a hundred more of these maxims in my possession, which I may some day or other present to the reader, in addition to the foregoing. It is to be hoped John Bull will receive the moral they convey with a due sense of obligation. I would only administer to him a gentle corrective.

ON PROVERBS.

PROVERBS, forsooth, as we have often been informed, present us with the collective wisdom of ages; and hence these oracular aphorisms are cited on all occasions of difficulty in the affairs of life when special prudence is required. How often is a "good old maxim" introduced with, "as I remember my grandfather used to say," made to supply the place of rational argument; and how often are portions of this collected wisdom of antiquity forced upon the listener's ears, even in despite of that which a conscientious man should never yield up,—his own heartfelt conviction! For my part, I have often been inclined to think that there is scarcely any proverb, (excepting instances of *ultra* truism and platitude,) which, with reference to its prevalent acceptation, may not admit of being disputed; and that to such despotic sentences a degree of power has been accredited, which for centuries has been unduly "increasing, and ought to be diminished." Elia should have paid more attention to this question; and probably it would have induced him to continue his instructive expositions of "Popular Errors."

"*Prosperity gains friends, and Adversity tries them.*" I know not any one in the whole dictionary of proverbs which is a greater favourite than this, or of which the accuracy is considered more unimpeachable; and yet, a little calm reasoning on the subject may perhaps place it in a very different light. Every day, however, are not these words repeated? and by how many hundreds, perhaps thousands of wiseacres, each of whom shakes his head in ominous preparation, groans inwardly, and exclaims "Umph! It is indeed a wicked world; no such thing as real attachment to be hoped for: as my worthy old aunt Deborah used to say, 'Prosperity gains friends, and Adversity tries them!'" The listener generally groans also; or, if he be a classical scholar, chimes in with "*Donec felix eram,*" &c.; and the decision of Antiquity is once more corroborated.

In order perfectly to comprehend any such aphorism, it is necessary to propose two questions. First, What are the real spirit, drift, tendency and effects of the dogma? Secondly, How is it illustrated by examples in real life? On the present occasion, I should be inclined to say, in answer to the first question, that the favourite adage just now quoted is in spirit and tendency ungenerous, crabbed, severe, and misanthropical; while the individuals by whom it is most frequently repeated, are narrow-minded, chicken-hearted, discontented grumblers; finally, with regard to the effects produced, one bad consequence is directly involved, viz. that of heaping blame on the heads of respectable people who do not deserve it.

As to the second question of illustrative examples, such as may here be considered cases in point, these are indeed numberless; all of course bear a close resemblance one to another, and generally the story may be abridged within a narrow space. We shall take one of those instances which most frequently occur. A young gentleman happens to possess a fortune of some fifteen (or twenty) thousands per annum. He himself is gifted also with buoyant spirits, good convivial talents, and a generous heart. Consequently, he freely invites his connexions and acquaintances to share in his prosperity, and assist him in those enjoyments which for a selfish recluse would have little zest, indeed could scarcely exist at all. Doubtless, there will be no want of individuals ready to accept his invitations, to partake with him the pleasures of the festive board,—of the ball-room, the private theatre, the concert, the chace, the regatta, the quiet ride through the magnificent park, (I speak of living in the country,) with all other advantages and amusements incidental to his situation. So "Prosperity gains friends," and thus far the maxim literally interpreted is a mere truism; but from the spirit in which it is usually understood, a very different meaning is elicited; we are taught to believe that the young gentleman's visitors are, forsooth, all vile mercenaries, whose attention and regard are absolutely purchased by the boons which directly or indirectly his prosperity enables him to bestow upon them! That this may have happened in the world, it were

needless to deny; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I would maintain that the truth is far otherwise, and that the guests collected round our young Squire's table are almost without exception, sincere and attached friends; that every one among them, as he quaffs his glass of iced-Sillery during a luxurious dinner of turtle and venison, looks exultingly, kindly and sympathizingly towards his host; while the party might unanimously affirm that the wine, the viands, the fine mansion, the concerts, plays, and park scenery, would be comparatively devoid of all attraction, were not such *agremens* enhanced by the sunshine of enjoyment which beams in their worthy host's countenance, his ready wit, his jocund laugh, and sparkling eyes, which every where diffuse an influence of happiness around him! And yet these, forsooth, are neither sincere nor attached friends! On the contrary, I am ready to demonstrate by indisputable evidence that they are so; that they are devoted to him in heart, word, and deed; for actually there is not one of the whole crew, mercenary and base as the discontented misanthrope would represent them to be, who is capable of uttering a single expression likely to injure the feelings of his amiable entertainer; and so far is their good-will from being merely passive, that not one among them would refuse to gallop full speed, or to walk in morocco slippers to the land's end, if he were convinced that by so doing, he should in reality contribute to the worldly weal of his excellent friend, the hospitable Squire, who is now in possession of property yielding a clear fifteen or twenty thousand per annum.

But a change comes; it may have been gradual in its progress, so that in a course of eight or ten years, the income of fifteen thousand has been reduced to fifteen hundred, and this also sorely "*bespoke*;" or the change may happen in a single night at a splendid house in St. James's-street, and the said £15,000 converted all at once into £0 0 0. In either case, prosperity, no doubt, is alternated for adversity; and *now*, says the adage, "friends are tried;" that is to say, because the hospitable squire, after these untoward occurrences, is deserted, as in all probability he must be, by his former acquaintances, we are to understand that they have been weighed and found wanting;—"*ainsi va le monde*;" they are base, wicked people, who deserve every expression of censure and contumely which can be directed against them, as despicable parasites, mere summer friends, who are willing to batten in the sunshine of prosperity, but who invariably *rat* and run away if the sun gets under a cloud or the house is about to fall. Now, really, this is too bad. It is "silly soothe" if intended in earnest; and that it is so intended, the grave repetition and application of the favourite adage surely affords sufficient proof. Is friendship, then, a principle so peculiarly abstract, so refined, so ethereal, and indefinable, that it can exist without any intelligible ground to rest upon? I don't comprehend how any such doctrine can be good even in theory, but in practice it will never do! Friendship must unquestionably be founded on congeniality of character,—on uniformity of sentiments, feelings, and pursuits; thence it naturally arises, and on this basis it is a principle both rational and likely to be lasting; but destroy that foundation, and it must of necessity be at an end. The friends who "flattered, followed, sought, and sued," in prosperity, must, when adversity comes, retire disappointed, shocked, and confounded. I do affirm that such conduct not only is inseparable from, and inherent in human nature, but that it would be impossible for them, *as true friends*, to act otherwise, any more than (though I admit the comparison is far-fetched) it would be possible for a lover to continue his affection towards a mistress after he had discovered that, instead of possessing a fine bloom and elegant shape, she was painted and padded; or that, instead of being a good-humoured docile girl, she was a discontented, fractious, and obstinate shrew.

Let us examine this question a little farther, and try it by the immutable test of truth. There is no law by which a friend, once acknowledged, must (like a wife) of necessity be taken "for better and worse." The good people, whether male or female, who are stigmatised with the names of parasites,

sycophants, time-servers, *rats*, and so forth, were, as we have asserted, sincere, unaffected, and devoted friends; honestly and openly did they confess their attachment to the good things of this world; and with all their hearts they did and do love a cheerful, happy, laughing companion, whose ready smiles and brilliant spirits always command their services and ensure their attachment. Such a companion it was their lot to find in our acquaintance, the jovial young Squire, who had twenty thousand per annum; and with him, accordingly, they cemented a friendship, which I once more affirm was real and cordial. But must it, then, be demanded of these worthy people, that they are to show no consistency or decision of character? After changes such as I have already mentioned, when a clear £15,000 per annum has dwindled into £1500, or when a single night at Crockford's has reduced it to £0 0 0, and the formerly joyous and cheerful host, with his ready wit and laughing countenance, his carriages, horses, dinners, private theatre, concerts, extensive park, &c. &c., are metamorphosed into an absolute personification of misery,—when, of worldly advantages altogether denuded, he appears a mere mortal of the most ordinary class, such as one encounters every day loitering in the sanctuary of the park, or lolling on the benches, from sheer want of aught to do,—when his formerly round face has become longer than an undertaker's,—when his voice, that "wont to set the table on a roar," utters only complaints, reproaches, and prophecies of evil; and his once bright eyes appear either as unmeaning as boiled oysters, or else express unutterable woe,—can any one be so absurd as to affirm, that this lamentable personage,—this disfiguring incumbrance in the gay scenes of life,—this moody, capricious, melancholy, perplexed animal,—this living "memento mori," is the sort of character for whom the so-styled parasites and time-serving flatterers expressed and entertained a real friendship? Unquestionably not! The indispensable basis of friendship is taken away; its very existence is destroyed, because no longer do the same feelings and principles co-exist between the parties. Supposing that among the said much-injured and stigmatised gentry, there should be found individuals poor in purse even as the metamorphosed friend whom they desert, and who therefore do live as parasites, (though this is an extreme case,) yet the Squire, even in his adversity, is too proud to sympathize with and join in their pursuits. In all respects, and absolutely, he is become a being of a different species, with whom, if his former friends continued to associate, it would prove, that in their own characters they are variable as the wind, changeable as the chameleon. But no! They boldly say, "We did esteem and love the gay, flourishing, witty, gallant, spirited Jack Derby, Tom Sitwell, Frank Standish, (or whatever else his name may have been,) with his dashing equipages, splendid dinners, and beautiful estate; but poor Jack, Tom, or Frank, with his unhappy visage, growling voice, dull eyes, ill-made yet seedy coat, and silent, abstracted manner, forms a contrast with the other, almost as violent as that of the dead with the living! We have always, and confessedly, detested such a person; to compel ourselves to associate with him would be altogether unnatural; in fact, we could not endure it. Even the delicate sympathy that we must feel for his misfortunes makes us unable to bear with his company. The remembrance of the many favours that he formerly conferred on us, and the pleasures we have enjoyed under his hospitable roof, only render our meeting now the more painful and intolerable on both sides. Therefore on the purest principles of friendship and attachment, we feel ourselves under the necessity of breaking off all connexion with him!"

Such is the true state of the case. But how inconsistent with truth is the narrative which the proverb in its usual acceptation would force on our belief! We are told that worthless parasites, *pretending* to be friends, crowded about the rich man, whom, when poor, they basely and unpardonably deserted. By no means! There was neither pretence nor deception in their friendship; nor, as we have seen, was their conduct afterwards base and inconsistent; but, on the contrary, highly justifiable. These calumniated individuals cherish, up to the present hour and moment, just as much attachment to

their gay, sprightly, generous companion as ever; while, on precisely the same principles, the moping, discontented, helpless being, is a character whom they did hitherto and must always abominate. Let Frank Derby or Tom Standish appear again what he originally was; let him be once more the jovial, unembarrassed, witty, high-spirited *buono camerado*, as of yore, and I shall venture any bet, that if this condition be fulfilled, they will not, as now, cross over to the sunny side of the street on purpose to avoid his approach.

Thus I have placed in a correct and proper light, one of the examples usually adduced, and generally misrepresented, in order to justify the doctrine of this notable adage. But with regard to the question, what are its effects when practically applied, there are some other absurdities on which I have not yet made any remark. Not only is the guilt of deception and inconsistency imputed to worthy people, but they are especially accused of ingratitude, inasmuch as they must acknowledge having had favours voluntarily conferred on them by the wealthy Squire; for which, now in his adversity, it is alleged that he has a right to expect from them adequate remuneration. In other words, he has (solely by his own misconduct) floundered into the mud, and now he should expect that others, with whatever personal risk and inconvenience it may be attended, should help him out again, so that he may regain his former footing in the world. Once more, instead of allowing the "wisdom of antiquity" to lead us blindfold by the nose, let us apply the touch-stone of calm and rational reflection to this matter. Setting aside the consideration that our gallant Squire is perhaps too proud to accept of any such assistance; yet in what respect are his jovial boon companions to blame if they should instantly and resolutely refuse their interference in his behalf, were he to request it? Has any one of the whole party, either at a "jollification," when singing in full chorus "*in vino veritas*," or during his cooler morning hours, been heard to assert, or by any casual expression to indicate, that he had ever in his life meditated either on the past or the future, or fixed his attention on aught else but the one grand and important question for this world, viz. the enjoyment of the *time present*? On the contrary, the Squire's friends have, in his company, declared, again and again, that in *this* consisted the true philosophy of human life. In what manner, then, could laborious and irksome efforts to assist the fallen be reconciled to such principles? If the Squire lent them money, it is long since expended. As to the dinners and wines, the exhilaration they produced has, like their consequent headaches, passed utterly away. Thus, too, the fox-hunts, theatricals, concerts, balls, and all the rest! The blood-horses are either sold or become dead lame; the notes that so sweetly filled the echoing music-room are hushed; the brilliant assemblies are over, and their impressions effaced, like the flowers and kaleidoscope figures then chalked on the floor; at the theatre the curtain has fallen, to rise no more; in a word, the past is like a dream; and can any one imagine that by reverting to it, the philosophy of life can be promoted, or the enjoyment of "*le temps present*" be insured? But I am weary of exposing fallacies which must already be so apparent, and shall proceed to take into consideration some other precious aphorism from the Statute Book of Wisdom, as before, selecting one which is every day repeated, and is a prime favourite.

"*Honesty is the best policy.*"—I believe the remark has already been made, that for almost every proverb, *another* could be found, involving a direct contradiction of the former; and that there exists at least considerable incongruity of doctrine between the *dictum* now quoted and that already analysed, I think, might easily be demonstrated. On this point, however, (as it would require a pretty long explanation,) I shall not insist; but, as before, propose the two leading questions,—What are the drift, tendency, and effects of the aphorism? and, How is it illustrated by examples in real life?

With regard to the first, if the proverb went only to say, that, *in the long run*, it is better to be an honest man than a scoundrel, I should, on the

whole, be disposed to pass over this as a mere truism, neither admitting dispute, nor by any means requiring proof. Or if the meaning were only, that stratagem and artifice are a dangerous game, at which even masterly strokes often recoil, (especially on young beginners,) this also would be granted, as a correct and wise axiom. "Raise no more devils than you can lay," is a sensible admonition used north of the Tweed. But, on the contrary, we are explicitly given to understand that in the politics of this world (for it is always to sublunary affairs that such popular *dicta* relate) he that is honest will be most successful. Now I am far from entertaining any conviction, that more than one individual in a thousand by whom this opinion is gravely expressed, *really* believes his own assertions; it is a mere *façon de parler*, and therefore it may be said that contradiction here is superfluous, inasmuch as no bad effects can result from the dogma. This decision, however, is not quite satisfactory. If the doctrine be not often accredited and brought into practice, still it is so now and then; and its hazardous tendency ought therefore to be exposed. If only one individual in a thousand were so foolish as to believe it in downright earnest, I should wish, out of Christian charity, to put him on his guard, and assure him that with reference to his temporal interests in the voyage of life, the sooner he sets out on a new tack the better. "Honesty is the best policy!" Here is a paradox with a vengeance! For, whatever may be the etymology of the word politics, I should be glad to know who in all the world ever attached to it any other practical meaning but that of a system by which intricate affairs are managed to the best advantage, a result which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is effected best of all by concealment of the truth, and by mystification? And what are we to understand by the word honesty? That one should not venture to steal his neighbour's purse, (however well stored it may be with sovereigns,) or to filch his diamond ring, his tureen ladle, or silver punch-bowl, is nearly a self-evident proposition, while, if demonstration be required, a perspective view of "Tyburn tree" will in most instances prove effectual. But to be honest involves of necessity the rare characteristics not only of adhering on all occasions to truth, but of holding in contempt and abhorrence all advantages, however important, which are to be gained only by subterfuge and chicane. Nay, the really honest man cannot even endure to cherish dark suspicions of another. If he is so unfortunate as to find cause for such apprehensions, he perhaps reproaches himself in the first place with being uncharitable; but neither to any third party, nor in soliloquy, can he bear to make accusations against his neighbour, which he would not utter boldly before the individual accused and before all the world. Caution and stratagem are with him out of the question; he will have nothing to do, "not he indeed," with your dark lantern, your mantle and vizor; out bolts "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and onward he rushes to an *éclaircissement*. Tell him that his conduct is impolitic, he answers without a moment's hesitation, that "Honesty is the best policy, and this must be adhered to at all events;" no matter how many enemies he may thus excite against himself, or how many daggers may afterwards be raised against him in the dark! On no occasion whatever will he be persuaded, in words or deeds, to "go about the bush." Tell him that by turning to the left hand into a crooked path, instead of going straight-forward, he will be sure to arrive sooner at the goal of his ambition, and at the same time to find the road strewed with diamonds or guineas at the least, while, if he manages with sufficient caution, address, ingenuity, and secrecy, he may carry off all the treasure, and deposit it in his own coffers. This, without doubt, is a friendly and disinterested hint, but how is it received by the madman? (Surely the reader will soon agree with me that he deserves this appellation.) Why, forsooth, he frowns as if you had grossly insulted him, orders you perhaps to go to the devil, or asks how you dare come to him with a proposal so unpardonable as that of choosing a left-handed road when he can walk straight forward,—of practising address which in reality is

chicane,—caution, which in plain English means deception,—ingenuity, which is another name for low cunning, and secrecy which is no better than falsehood,—a catalogue of enormities, all which he loathes and abominates. Is this picture overcharged? I maintain that it is not so, even in the slightest degree. However extraordinary it may appear, the conduct I have described is not more eccentric, than that which a really honest man so circumstanced must of necessity display. And will such conduct be successful, —will this indeed prove the best system of policy for our sublunary sphere? Oh, ye tribes of younger brothers! But softly;—neither time nor space is allowed me to make separate references to different classes. Far better were it to invoke at once the mighty world, the whole population of London, appealing to all classes, ages, sexes, and professions. Answer then,—be for once in your lives honest, and declare with me *una voce,* that such a system will never do!—What! not unanimous? Still some dissentient votes? But no matter! The majority is so enormous, that the minority can scarcely be seen or heard; and whatever arguments they may have in reserve, I, for one, must retain my unshaken conviction that the system is altogether absurd! For behold,—at the moment you are telling your honest friend that he should turn to the left, and he is looking at you with scorn and indignation, another person comes up,—perhaps his most intimate acquaintance,—in whose integrity he places the utmost reliance. This worthy gentleman overhears your discourse; *verbum sapienti;* the hint is not lost on him, and while you are vainly admonishing the wiseacre, his friend steps into the crooked road without scruple, gathers up all the riches wherewith it is strewn, and the next time he makes his appearance, it is on the top of a proud eminence, from which he looks down disdainfully on his old acquaintance, still toiling in his humble vocation, and comforting himself with the assurance that "Honesty is the best policy." Notwithstanding the comfort thus obtained, however, I would venture any bet that he cannot look with perfect *nonchalance* on the advantages thus gained over him. No; he will be apt to say, "my friend Mountfort, Weatherall," (or whatever else the name may be) "has no doubt arrived at high distinction; but then, he turned to the left when he should have gone straight forward; he practised chicane under the name of address; deception under that of caution; low cunning and falsehood under the polite mask of secrecy and cleverness. *Thus* he reached his present elevated situation; but on such principles it was most unworthily obtained, 'for honesty is the best policy;' in a short time he will be debased and degraded,—stripped of his borrowed or usurped plumes, which ought to be in possession of those who really deserve them!" Such are the opinions expressed by our honest friend, and to these he expects that the world will conform, consequently that his own conduct will be applauded, and that of his quondam friend looked upon with indignation. Admirable sagacity! You remind him perhaps that some ancient though still surviving personage, whom the world has always treated with great respect, acted in a way precisely similar, and therefore,—but before you can finish the sentence, he cuts you short with another proverb, "Two blacks don't make a white,"—which in his wisdom he considers altogether infallible and incontrovertible; though the observations of every day in his life, if he were not hoodwinked, might furnish him with convincing proofs that this *dictum,* however unobjectionable in theory, is in practice by no means to be relied upon. Numberless are the opportunities afforded for demonstrating that *two blacks can and actually do make a white,* though no doubt three blacks are better for this purpose than two, four better than three, and so on progressively. What is of most importance, however, is, in the language of the colour-merchant, to consider the *quality* of the blacks which are to produce this remarkable change; if they are but sufficiently *rich,* the operation may in most instances be with certainty relied on; it hits to a nicety, like the cleverest experiment of Mr. Brande, in London, or Dr. Hope, in Edinburgh. But our friend is obstinate; it is useless to argue with him; for in spite of all that you can allege, he will persist in the even tenour of

his way, still toiling in the valley, while his former associate, with compassionate smiles, looks down upon him from the hill-top. In vain has he predicted that the ground on which Mr. Mountfort or Mr. Weatherall is placed, must prove brittle, and that such prosperity can endure but for a short time. In vain has he affirmed that the world will one day or another yield their unanimous support to his opinions, and so far from awarding Mr. ——— their applause, will infallibly send him to Coventry. I am not prepared to say that this result is impossible, though the odds are fearlessly against its realization, for not above one in a thousand will sincerely entertain the distinctions which our friend insists upon. That ingenuity which he stigmatizes with the name of low cunning, will, if its object has been attained, still pass muster under the name of cleverness or distinguished talents; chicane, if successful, will still be admitted as "genteel address;" while between secrecy and falsehood, there exists unquestionably a broad and exceedingly convenient line of demarcation. To a certain extent, no doubt, our friend's endeavours may not be without effect; he may prove that his *quondam* acquaintance did actually turn to the left, instead of going straight-forward, and so forth,—but meanwhile, his own station will be as humble as ever, and Mr. ——— will in all probability keep his elevated rank merely by the same arts or artifices by which it was won. "Every one for himself, and the devil for us all," is a principle so widely prevalent, an axiom so universally acknowledged, and illustrated by examples in the world, that the system of honesty, with its insignificant party of sincere votaries, has little or no chance. With regard to the query "Which proves the best *in the long run?*" I have nothing to do; for popular proverbs are not scripture texts; they apply only to "that which before us lies in daily life,"—to the management of affairs merely temporal,—to the driving of good bargains, and the formation of just conclusions on sublunary questions of intricacy and importance. This much may be granted in favour of the aphorism that "Honesty is the best policy:"—a simpleton had better adopt it *bona fide*, because if he proceeds on any other system, his contrivances and schemes will of course be defeated through his own incapacity. There is no *dictum* so absurd that it may not on some occasion or another hold good.

H. M.

FROM THE ROMAIC.

A LITTLE bird sat on the bridge,
  And sung in Ali's ear,
"O Ali Pacha! get thee gone,
  What evil brought thee here?
For this is not Jannina,
  Where the sparkling fountains fly,
Nor is that town Preveza
  To build thee towers high.

"But Ali, this is Suli,
  Renown'd both near and far,
Where women fight like heroes,
  And children go to war;
Where Lampro's noble wife
  Leads on his gallant band,
His infant at her breast,
  And his sabre in her hand!"

G.

THE CHAPERON.

"New vestals claim men's eyes, with the same praise
Of elegant *et cætera*, in fresh batches,
All matchless creatures, and yet bent on matches."
Don Juan, canto xii.

THE moralists of former times, influenced perhaps by the inexperience incidental to rude and imperfect civilization, were accustomed to attribute success in life very principally to certain qualities, on that account, called virtues. Courage, industry, perseverance, and economy in the men,—chastity, modesty, prudence, and domestic habits in the women, were regarded as the most probable elements of prosperity and happiness; and it was the object alike of parental vigilance and legislative foresight to provide for the developement of these useful dispositions. How far such a theory was correct, as it applied to the men, it is not now to my purpose to inquire; my business, at the present writing, being with the women. It would, indeed, be but idle dalliance with the reader to descant largely on the male branch of the subject, even if it came within the scope of this article; since examples abound within every man's reach, to illustrate the causes of masculine success. Can any one, for instance, look for a moment at the constitution of his Majesty's ministry (I like that epithet mightily, for one cannot, with any conscience, call them the people's ministry, and it is not good manners to designate them as the slaves of the Dukery)—it is impossible, I say, to look at his Majesty's ministry, and to contemplate the genius, knowledge, probity, disinterestedness, candour, and love of liberty of the men in power, without the justest appreciation of the sort of connexion that couples merit with advancement, in political life. Then, again, there is the bench of Bishops! "think of that, Master Brooke." There, if you will, is a theme that might provoke an appetite for analysis; but though the bishops do wear petticoats, and though they are accused by the O'Connels and the Shiels of a tendency towards anility in their modes of thinking, they are not women, (more is the pity, the Church owes a great deal to the ladies, and now-a-days, when it is, as we are told, in such danger, a St. Clair, or a St. Theresa on the bench, might be very profitable to that palladium of the British constitution). Although, therefore, I hate a Presbyterian, as an orthodox churchman should do, "worse than poison," I must, for the present, take leave to set their Right Reverences on one side; and foregoing my inclination to dissert, proceed without farther digression to the theme of my more immediate speculation. The older moralists, somehow or other, had taken it into their wise heads that the possession of orderly habits, subdued temper, well-regulated affections, discretion, and divers other old-fashioned qualities, which it would be useless to name without an elaborate definition, so completely are they gone by and forgotten, was essential to female happiness—the one thing needful in securing to a woman a respectable station in society; and their whole scheme of education, and all their views, centred in the attainment of this one end. Now, though I freely admit that such qualities may sometimes have their use, if they be not too ostentatiously displayed to the world's gaze, yet are they, after all, but the Frenchman's ruffle without a shirt, the tragedy of Hamlet with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted, by particular desire, or the balance of European power without our "an-

cient ally,"* the Turk. The great point, the main lever upon which female fortunes turn, and about which these silly old twaddlers never gave themselves any trouble, is the manner in which a woman is brought out and produced to the world. Every body knows that more battles are lost in the ring, and more persons shot at Chalk Farm, by bad handling, than by any other assignable cause; and just so it is with the ladies. More girls are thrown away upon pennyless blackguards by the fault of their chaperon, than by all the sentiment distilled through the Minerva press; and more virgins are left to pine in single blessedness by bad handling, than by the small-pox. Yet, neither Socrates, nor Seneca, nor Epictetus, nor Plutarch, have written one word *de re chaperonica*, nor offered a single apophthegm on the art of setting a girl off to advantage. Nothing can show the inferiority of the ancients on the subject of ethics more satisfactorily. The choice of a guardian may be important, the choice of a friend may be influential, the choice of a banker (in these ticklish times, when the currency is changed every session,) is not a matter of indifference; but all these together are but as a drop in the ocean, when compared to the choice of a chaperon.

To render this plain to the uninitiated, they should know, and it is a singular fact in the natural history of the species, that while all other animals arrive at maturity by a gradual developement, passing by slow and imperceptible steps from infancy to adolescence, the human female remains in a state of perfect childishness, fit only to be pent up within the four walls of a nursery, to the last moment of her pupilage; when suddenly, upon some given day, at an indefinite period between sixteen and three and twenty, it is agreed that she shall start into the full bloom of womanhood, and enter at once upon all the functions of a person of fashion, and a constituent of *bon-ton* society. Of all the climacteric periods of life, this is certainly the most critical, and accordingly, as it takes place under happy auspices, or is marred by injudicious management, the fortunes of the *débutante* will most probably be good or ill. At this epoch, therefore, her destinies are committed to the protection of a female mentor, termed a chaperon, whose office it is to produce her to the world, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance, befitting her rank and expectations. A man's place in the red-book does not more immediately result from the manner of his birth and parentage, than that of a woman in the great world depends upon the manner of this her second birth, or "bringing out;" and woe to the girl who, on this occasion, falls into improper hands! Full many a flower is born to blush, not unseen, but to blush in the eyes of the assembled fashion of the country, for the faults which an unskilful or inactive chaperon has neglected to eradicate; and many a "mute inglorious" old maid bemoans her virginity in the country, who might have shone a bride and a countess, had she been handled with common dexterity at her bringing out. A young woman, at her entrance upon the world, may have all the virtues under the sun, yet, like that sun, they will be invisible to all London, if veiled from the public eye by the impenetrable fog of a stupid chaperon. She may dance like a Terpsichore in vain, if her chaperon knows not how to get her a partner. She may sing like a syren, if the chaperon knows not how to call out her talent with effect. She may have the

* "Ancient ally!" Oh, John Bull, John Bull! "Ille sapit qui sic te utitur, omnia ferre si potes et debes."

form of a Pauline Bonaparte, and remain undistinguished in the crowd, if her chaperon lets her dress like a dowdy; and she may come of the gentlest blood, and be excluded from good company, if her lustre is clouded by the vulgarity of this all-important mistress of the ceremonies. If, indeed, a girl be rich, riches may excuse a good deal—even a frump of a dowager for a chaperon: but then, if that dowager understands not her business, or neglects what belongs to her calling, the heiress will as little fetch her value in the market as an old picture in the hands of a modest auctioneer.

A perfect chaperon is a character comprising so many qualifications, that unless nature and fortune combine to give the world assurance of the thing, it is ninety-nine times in the hundred *un rôle manqué*. The happiest dispositions may be rendered worthless, by want of sufficient influence in the *beau monde;* and all the advantages of rank, wealth, and fashion, may be thrown away upon an idiot, or a *poco-curante*. To be an efficient chaperon requires varied knowledge, quick perceptions, great presence of mind, perseverance, promptitude, and a perfect abnegation of self. A chaperon should be a little Machiavelli in her way; artful to plot herself, and clever at unravelling the plots of "fearful adversaries." She must understand all the different modes of setting matrimonial traps for "good men;" and she must be vigilant to avoid falling into the traps of men who are not good. Her place in society must be decided, and her fashion undisputed. She must not owe her *entré* at Almack's to favour and intrigue; still less must she be excluded, like the Duchess of N——, for irredeemable *mauvais ton*. Being in the world, she must know all who move in it: she must have a nose for an heir at his most distant approach; and nerve to cut a younger brother, or a marching ensign, under the most unpropitious circumstances. In dress, she should be a deeper connoisseur than a Victorine or an Herbot; and she must know how to combine to a nicety the *maximum* adaptation to personal peculiarities, with the *minimum* departure from the banalities of fashion. In ethics, she must be a second Aristotle; fully alive to the atrocity of cheese, and sensitively abhorrent of the vice of malt drink. She must be able to direct her charge in the minutest particulars of established etiquette. She must know how many grapes a lady should eat at the horticultural breakfast; and at what precise moment it is safe to enter an opera-box. Never should she suffer the female committed to her care to be entrapped into cordiality, even with a first cousin; nor allow her to indulge in the impropriety of refusing a glass of wine, when properly solicited.* Above all things, however, she must know how to regulate her own conduct, and to hit the precise line which separates the doing ample justice to her charge, from that obvious and indelicate pushing forward of beauties and pretensions, which at once marks her own *roture*, and sets all well-disposed beaux upon their self-defence. Forewarned is fore-armed; and nothing so effectually spoils a game, as too obviously to play the whole of it. The neglect of this golden rule is the besetting sin of underbred chaperons, especially with such as have passed their lives in a garrison-town, who are apt at every turn to exclaim to "Tom of ours," or "Will of yours," "I can't think what you men are about!"

* It is a great pity this custom is going out. The drinking wine with a lady was a marvellous help to bashful bachelors.

or, "It's a great shame you don't take to yourself a wife!"—or, "Look at that lovely creature, with her two thousand pounds, dying for a husband!" while the poor girl is ready to sink into the earth with confusion; and the said Tom or Will sneers and takes snuff, and drawls out "Tenth arn't connubial." This is showing your cards to the whole table, and wondering that you don't make the odd trick. Less common is the opposite fault of indifference to the matrimonial interests of the *chaperonée*, of awkwardly letting slip good opportunities, and losing a fish for want of giving him sufficient line. In such cases, much may be done by an appropriate dinner, a judicious dance to a piano-forte, or a well-timed pick-nick to Windsor Forest, just as the gudgeon rises to the hook. Many a fine girl is bolted, unsuspectingly, with a sandwich; and many a match that stuck in the throat, finally washed down with a glass of champagne.

It is a terrible oversight to commit a *debutante* to the care of a chaperon who has not yet resigned all remaining pretensions of her own. A dull suspense from all personal pleasures and pains is essential to the functions of a chaperon. Your middle-aged lady, if she cares to make herself agreeable, is ever an overmatch for the chits of girls, and infallibly throws them into the back ground: first, because she has more conversation; secondly, because it is of a freer description; thirdly, because she takes more pains to interest her man; fourthly, because there is more to be expected from her; and "lastly and to conclude," because she is a safer speculation. Let such a chaperon's intentions be as pure as friendship can desire, human nature will prevail, self will take the precedence, and female vanity will not abandon an innocent flirtation of its own, to draw out Missey, and fix the wandering attention of the beaux upon the silent doll who sits mum-chance and neglected at a corner of the sofa. For similar reasons your wit makes but an indifferent chaperon. She invites the men to admire her *protégée*, but she retains them to admire herself. Madame Recamier, beautiful as she was, had no chance in the society of her friend Madame de Stael; much less will a simpering, dancing, blushing beauty of sixteen, be able to make head against the attraction of brilliant conversation, even in a chaperon of five and forty. "Once, and but once," have I known a chaperon turn her wit to good account, using it always as subservient to the great end of her being; and only entrapping her listeners to provide partners for her young friends. In this she succeeded to admiration; and no female in the whole season wore out so many silk shoes as the much-envied *protégées* of this very vivacious lady. But the worst of all possible chaperons is a regular blue; for, none but the worst sort of men will venture to approach her. Dulness lies like lead upon her society. Even methodism is better than this; for provided a girl has but a little money, the Methodists are a "connubial" sect. There is indeed seldom a want of young parsons of all creeds, "pale, mild, and interesting," or fresh-coloured and presuming. A sectarian husband is better than no husband at all. With the blue-stocking chaperon, marriage is out of the question; unless a girl is fool enough to run off with the footman; or, what is worse, with some hungry inditer of good matters, ycleped "gorgeous poetry." If love flies out of the window, when poverty comes in at the door, it will be glad to escape, even up the chimney, from the pedantry and pretension of a true Lady Di Indigo. It is also a desperate speculation to trust a girl to a chaperon who has daughters

of her own. Seldom, indeed, will such persons undertake the charge. Mothers have a rooted dislike to other people's married daughters, and feel no affront so sensibly as their getting the start in the market of Hymen. When the offer is made by a mother to take your daughter out "with her own girls," be sure that nothing is intended but to obtain a foil for them. Even on these terms, the intruder is not safe; for though maternal vanity will rest satisfied of the general superiority of its own precious brood, yet a girl seamed with the small-pox may have good teeth, or a fine voice, or she may dance well, or be engaging; and unspeakable is the jealousy which this will breed in the bosom of a genuine mamma, when displayed to the detriment of her own children. The rivalry of opera singers is nothing to that of mothers; and a chaperon, so situated, must be another Griselda to abstain from dressing the stranger with the sole view of heightening her daughters' charms by the force of contrast. At best the *protégée* is second only in consideration, and must be contented to sit still till her companions are all amply provided with partners. But if the men should show an unlucky preference, and bestow upon her an unforeseen exclusive attention, indifference will be turned to hate, and a thousand sly artifices will be tried to spoil her market. The part of a chaperon requires more virtue than can well be expected from humanity, even where no such sinister interest stands in the way. If it be hard for a young chaperon to play second fiddle, it is no less so for an old one to run the rounds of dissipation, and to sit up, night after night, without any personal object. Generally, persons thus circumstanced take refuge in cards. But this is by no means to be justified. A card-playing chaperon is as bad as no chaperon at all. While she is coquetting with great Cas, who knows but her young charge may fall into the possession of a country curate, or an attorney's clerk, who, to gratify his own vanity, will parade her through the whole room without mercy; and then her reputation for *bon ton* is gone for ever; to say nothing of the risk of a serious attachment, where the girl's education has been so far neglected, as not to have rooted out all natural affection. Not, however, but that cards, judiciously managed, may be turned to good account. They afford an excellent excuse for a convenient absence, when the charge is in proper hands, and it is desirable to give the man an opportunity. Voltaire, in the preface to his "Catiline," observes that "personne ne conspire aujourdhui, et tout le monde aime," a curious contrast with the present state of France, by the by. But if times are completely changed in that country, they are no less so in England; and, in a certain sense, we may say also in London, that "personne n'aime aujourdhui, et tout le monde conspire." There are more conspiracies to marry than love matches,—a thousand to one; and this makes the part of a chaperon the more difficult to discharge. The line to be observed in bringing out a girl differs materially, according to her fortune and expectations. Girls of wealth and consideration have a right to look high, and should never be suffered to derogate from that lofty, composed, and compassed demeanour, which belongs to the *suprême bon genre*. But where there are "no mopuses," and "my face is my fortune, Sir, said she," some dash is admissible. The dress may be a little flaunting, the behaviour a little free, and dancing after supper may be carried to a farther extent than is becoming in young women who can trust with safety to their three per cents, or have a husband snugly impounded

within the *ring-fence* of their dirty acres. There is something ominous in the very word. For girls that have a desperate game to play, after supper dancing has its merit. Towards half-past two in the morning, caution is off its guard, and bashfulness begins to thaw. At that "witching hour," the most wary of coxcombs may so far commit himself as to justify a chaperon in asking the next morning, what are his precise intentions? This, however, is a position which requires the utmost circumspection. If the husband is not carried by a *coup de main*, Missey will soon be set down as a mere flirt; and then, matrimony and she will never enter into the same complex idea. There are always plenty of prudent mothers to point out the impropriety of such behaviour, in a market where every one is engaged in puffing her own wares, and decrying those of her neighbours. "Lorsque vous entrez," says Madame Geoffrin, "dans un salon, que vôtre vanité fasse la révérence à celle des autres, si vous voulez avoir dans le monde quelque succès." This may do at Paris, where ladies do not "come out" till they are married: but if a chaperon were to act herself, or suffer her *protégée* to act on such a principle, she would ill discharge her professional duties. So far from doing the honours by other people's vanity, her especial business is to triumph over them all, and to avail herself of every opportunity to gain an advantage without the slightest reference to the feelings of others. If her pupil sings well, the chaperon's object is to obtain for her the monopoly of the piano-forte, though she reduce Pasta herself to silence. If her charge cannot sing, she should not scruple to interrupt Sontag, to make way for a waltz or a party at small plays. To place the girl in the proper carriage on a party of pleasure, or to seat her next the proper person at table, decency and the Red Book may be equally violated: and to obtain her end, she should out-manœuvre a Napoleon. If the man to be seduced into matrimony has attached himself to another belle, the chaperon should break the obnoxious *tête à tête* by a well-conceived movement, and politely give him no peace till she has brought him into the desired contact with the object of her care. Nothing is so disgraceful to a chaperon as to have her charge remain long on hand; and if, after a winter or two, nothing is done, it remains only to change the scene. A large economy on such occasions is therefore the most profitable. It is a fit opportunity for launching an elegant carriage; for taking an elegant villa; for giving singularly elegant parties; and, in short, for doing every thing in the most elegant way. The only nicety in the case is, to provide that a bankruptcy does not precede the wedding-day. When such a misfortune is to be dreaded, let the chaperon set out on a Continental tour. It is wonderful how young men take to marrying at Florence and at Rome. There are no clubs, nor race-courses, nor fives-courts to draw them off on the Continent; and provided you can keep your man out of the clutches of foreign countesses of forty, and preserve them from the temptations of *les coulisses*, you are sure of your mark: besides, being abroad warrants such intimacy! When a skilful and fashionable chaperon has done her part, a small stock of accomplishments, &c. &c. will go very far. When once a girl becomes the fashion, she is asked to all parties, and is always noticed by the best men. This last advantage weighs more with marrying bachelors than all the beauty in the world. There are certain individuals whose attentions are so decisive of female reputation, that their fiat is fate; but

then, such men are not to be obtained without great means and sacrifices. Aunts have been known to intrigue with these favourites of fashion solely to obtain their notice of their nieces. These, it must be confessed, are pains-taking chaperons not to be met with every day. It is not necessary that such supreme gentlemen should themselves be disposed to commit matrimony. Indeed, they are not always the parties "possessed of every ingredient for making the married state happy;" but, like too many of the clergy, generally mere "guide-posts," pointing to the road they never take themselves. To have such men in her train is the glory of a chaperon; and with "their advice and their assistance," they rarely fail in obtaining an early match for the object of their attentions. Where this cannot be effected, the labour of the chaperon is proportionably arduous, and her dexterity more put to the proof. But the course of these exertions cannot be detailed in the fag-end of a long paper. Suffice it that, during the exercise of her functions, there is no life so little enjoying, no servitude so anxious as that of a chaperon; and I may add, no task so thankless. She has too often reason to say to herself, "All you have done has been but for a wayward (child), who, as others do, loves for her own ends, not for you." The chaperon makes more enemies in saving a froward girl from herself, and defeating the schemes of self-interested adventurers, than any friendship can compensate; and when she has provided and perfected a suitable match, the happy lady will still look back with complacency on the handsome young Irishman her friend had baffled, and owe her no kindness for her care. It is no wonder, then, that a perfect chaperon should be a *rara avis*. A mother's feelings alone afford sufficient motives for carrying them through the task; but then, how few mothers possess the required *nous;* and of these few, scarce one in ten has the rank, wealth and fashion necessary to give effect to her *savoir-faire*.

M.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

Paris, July 23, 1828.

The recently published Memoirs of Count Stanislas de Girardin have been much read. The amiable author, who was a man of considerable fortune, died about a year ago. He was one of the most amusing members of our Chamber of Deputies. His witty and satirical eloquence always appeared to me to resemble that of Sheridan. M. de Girardin styled himself a pupil of J. J. Rousseau, because he had seen that celebrated man two or three times at his father's beautiful estate of Ermenonville, where M. Girardin's father had given him an asylum, and where he died in 1778.

Having lately described the young men of Paris, I may add, that the class of men between the age of thirty and sixty is characterized by an almost utter absence of transcendant talent. M. de Talleyrand, who is in his seventy-third year, is of course an exception. We have plenty of men who are entirely free from prejudice; for, in general, a Frenchman turned of thirty believes only what is well supported by proof. We have plenty of men of wit, who are exceedingly entertaining in the drawing-room, and who make very good speeches in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Stanislas de Girardin was one of the eight or ten men most distinguished for talent in Paris; yet his Memoirs, just published, and which are the production of his own pen, are exceedingly flat and uninteresting. M. Girardin relates events

to which we have all been witnesses; for example, the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa, and the burning of Prince Schwartzenberg's ball-room, which was considered a fatal augury, and which presents a singular coincidence with the accident which took place on the celebration of Louis the Sixteenth's marriage. It is said, that when General Moreau fell at the battle of Dresden, the French observed a considerable confusion in the enemy's army, and some one, by mistake, announced to Napoleon that Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian General-in-Chief, was killed. "Ah!" exclaimed Napoleon, "then the augury is fulfilled!"

The "Memoires of M. de Girardin" are exceedingly flimsy and *cotonneux*, to use a fashionable term. The best thing they contain is the dialogue between Napoleon and Lucien Bonaparte at Mantua, when the latter refused the crown of Portugal, which was offered him on condition of his abandoning his wife. M. de Girardin, who died a staunch Liberal, was a most servile courtier during the reign of Napoleon; but in his dialogues with the Emperor or the Kings his brothers, which are introduced in the course of his "Memoires," he is silly enough to suppress all the titles then in use, and to address them unceremoniously by the pronoun *you*. Without commenting on the humorous, and somewhat coarse language which M. de Girardin frequently puts into the mouth of Napoleon, it may be observed that what rendered the conversation of that extraordinary man so interesting and so peculiar, was a certain antique turn of expression, and the absence of all those little graces of the age of Louis XV. which frequently renders French conversation so insipid.

It is curious to compare the "Memoires of M. Stanislas de Girardin," a man who mingled in high life, and whose education was completed before the commencement of the French Revolution, with "The Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo," the descendant of an honest bourgeois family, who had no education except that which he received in the camp. The ideas and the style of the son of the Revolution are marked by energy. We feel that such men are born to distinguish themselves. M. de Girardin would doubtless, had occasion required it, have evinced as much personal courage as General Savary, and nevertheless his ideas and his style of writing are impressed with a character of pusillanimity, which now-a-days appears very singular. This may help us to foresee the result of the contest which is maintained in France, in politics as well as in literature, between men who were born before 1780, and those who, being born subsequently to that period, unavoidably received an energetic education. Amidst the great events of the French Revolution, the very imperfect education that could be given to children did not by any means ingross their attention. The firing of musquetry in the streets, the great conspiracies that were discovered, the imprisonment of their friends, the guillotine which was every month erected on the *Place Publique*—all these appalling spectacles agitated their minds, and produced a profound turn of thinking, and an energy of character, which gave them an advantage over their parents. Thus the Duke de Rovigo is a very different man from Count Stanislas de Girardin. The latter, however, gives a very pleasing account of his travels in Italy, in the suite of the King of Naples, Joseph Bonaparte, to whom he was *premier écuyer*. His mistakes, when they occur, are not quite so absurd as those of M. Simond, a Frenchman, who lately published a "Voyage en Italie," and who gravely informs us that there are three hundred and sixty-five coffee-houses in the Place of St. Mark. Having alluded to Italy, I may mention a circumstance which shows the influence of France in that part of Europe; an influence which extends over the whole Continent. A literary gentleman recently returned from Naples, informed me that he had been asked in Rome, Bologna, and other towns, why M. Casimir Perier, the celebrated member of the Chamber of Deputies, had spoken less this year than in preceding sessions. The debates of our Chambers, in which the great interests of society come under discussion, are read with the greatest attention in all parts of Italy.

A literary journal, entitled "The Antologia," is published every month at Florence. Upwards of forty distinguished literary characters contribute to

that publication, not for pecuniary remuneration, but from the desire of being useful. The Grand Duke of Florence patronizes "The Antologia," to which an unusual degree of liberty is granted. It is the only publication which affords an idea of the present state of literature, &c. in Italy.

August 21.—Our expedition to the Morea, and the incidents to which it has given rise, have during the last month been a source of peculiar interest here, and exceedingly gratifying to the military taste of the French. If the colonel of one of our regiments gave in his resignation to avoid accompanying the expedition, five thousand officers of the old army have urgently solicited permission to join it. The booksellers are besieged by applications for M. Pouqueville's History of the Regeneration of Greece, though it is worse written than any work of the kind that has appeared for many years past. The author has adopted the emphatic style, in imitation of Chateaubriand, and the consequence is, that he cannot allude to war without speaking of the fury of Mars, nor to a pretty woman without comparing her to Venus rising from the waves. His style is so ridiculous that it borders on the burlesque, but in our southern provinces it nevertheless passes off for *esprit*. M. de Pouqueville, however, spent many years near the Pacha of Janina, and is very well acquainted with some parts of Greece. The enthusiasm which prevails among our young officers with respect to Greece, causes the writings of English travellers in that country to be much read. But all English travellers are not like Basil Hall. Many of them are merely dull triflers, who describe the beautiful scenery of the country, and expatiate on its moral degeneration, in pompous and affected language. An English traveller does not endeavour to make himself acquainted with all classes of people in the country he visits: on the other hand, the eternal desire of seeing and being seen, which characterizes the French adventurer, induces him, as soon as he arrives, to take part in every thing, be it a procession or a horse-race. For example, M. Cochelet, an unfortunate Frenchman who was shipwrecked on the Coast of Africa, finding the Moors engaged in preparations for a horse-race, solicited permission to ride one of the horses. This favour was with some difficulty obtained; M. Cochelet mounted, set off at full speed, and after proceeding a few yards was thrown. (See his Travels, 2 vols. 8vo.) No consideration would have induced an Englishman to make himself so ridiculous. His sensitive pride would have allowed him only to view this race from the window of his apartment, where probably he would have been engaged in the important office of preparing his tea. His travels would have contained but a very brief and vague description of the affair; while on the contrary, M. Cochelet, impelled by the restless spirit of his nation, took an active part in the scene which he minutely describes. The rage for translating English books of travels into French is now at an end, because detailed description is preferred to vagueness. The French do not appreciate sufficiently the courage with which English travellers brave danger and journey thousands of miles with the indifference with which a Frenchman would take a trip from Paris to Rouen.

A little work translated from the English, entitled "Austria as it is," was, on account of its attractive title, eagerly bought on the day of its publication, and unanimously condemned the day after. The author, though a German, does not give any clear idea of the artful measures employed by M. Metternich to put down the Austrian oligarchy.

In one of my former letters I mentioned the brilliant success of the three exquisite political pictures sketched by M. Scribe in his comedy entitled "Avant, Pendant, et Après," (viz. Before, During, and After the Revolution.) The Ultras of the Faubourg St. Germain are furiously enraged at the *avant*. The young republicans, who in their writings seek to justify Robespierre, are very indignant at the *pendant;* while the *après* is also displeasing to the Faubourg St. Germain. Yet, notwithstanding the disapproval of these different parties, the piece nightly brings three thousand francs to the Théatre du Gymnase. M. Scribe is said to have realized by his writings a million and a half of francs. His dramatic productions, including those in which he has been assisted by other authors, amount to upwards of a hundred and

twenty. He would, of course, long ago have been made a member of the French Academy, but that his popularity has roused the envy and indignation of the dull dramatists of the old school, who style themselves the *littérateurs classiques*. M. Duval, author of the "Jeunesse de Henri V." has just published a preface of about eighty pages against M. Scribe. M. Duval looks back with regret on the servile days of the old regime, when, he says, authors were better off than they now are. In those times, he observes, a young man who might distinguish himself by any considerable production, had a chance of getting appointed secretary to some nobleman. These notions are doubly absurd on the part of M. Duval, who professes to be a liberal; but all his liberality gives way to his indignation against the romantic style and the success of M. Scribe.

Gonthier the performer has just quitted the Théatre du Gymnase. You will very likely see this excellent actor in England; and if so, he will afford you an admirable idea of the manners of our young Parisians, their mode of speaking, walking, &c. It is the fashion here to imitate the affected manners of our military officers, which will not bear a comparison with the easy natural politeness of the officers of the English navy.

The popularity of the excellent work published by M. Broussais, entitled, "de l'Irritation et la Folie," is daily increasing, and its success gives great offence to the dreamy and mystical philosophy of some of our youthful pretenders to literary distinction. This is natural enough; for M. Broussais endeavours to deduce his conclusions from carefully investigated and well-attested facts. But our young philosophers, who are at war with Condillac and Cabanis, shut their eyes against facts, and despise such reasoning. They declare that they commune only with their soul, and thereby discover that the ideas of duty and God are independent of all demonstration.

M. de Saint Beuve has published two massy volumes on Ronsard and the first ages of French Poetry. The work possesses considerable merit, but it might have been made more amusing. It is also on the ground of not being sufficiently amusing, that "the Memoirs of Stanislas Girardin," are condemned by the friends of the author, who died in 1827, and who was a very amiable man.

Many, who by no means deserve the same character, are daily publishing political pamphlets, which are now quite a drug in the literary market. The celebrated Delaunoy, the principal bookseller of the Palais Royal, says that he does not, on an average, sell more than three copies of each new pamphlet. The general discredit into which this kind of publication has fallen, renders the more remarkable the extraordinary sale of a new pamphlet by M. Cottu, under the following title:—"Des moyens de mettre la Charte en harmonie avec la Monarchie." M. Cottu is a young Law Officer, attached to the *Cour Royale* of Paris, who in 1822 had made a sufficient progress in ultraism, to induce the Government to send him to England to study the admirable, but costly manner, in which justice is administered to you. On his return from England, M. Cottu published a work which was not much esteemed; and here I may take the opportunity to remark, that for these twenty years past, only two French writers, namely, MM. Duvergier de Hauranne and Rubichon de Grenoble, have spoken favourably of England. After his pamphlet on England, M. Cottu published another, which obtained some success, because it attacked the Jesuits, who were, and still are, too powerful in France. M. Cottu however, who, in his former essays, never rose above mediocrity, has quite unexpectedly published a pamphlet full of sound observation, and, what is not a little remarkable at the present moment, his ideas are not clothed in an emphatic, exaggerated, and ambitious style. It appears that the author felt so certain of the truth of his views respecting the state of France, that he thought a plain statement preferable to any thing like ornament.

M. Cottu lays it down as an indisputable fact, that at least nineteen-twentieths of Frenchmen, who have incomes of six thousand livres or thereabouts, want a Government suited to themselves at a reasonable market price. These persons have not the slightest attachment to the Bourbon dy-

nasty, or prejudice in favour of monarchy. The French would like a King well enough, if they could be persuaded that the kingly office was really of use to them. But the magistrate whom we call King, and whom we had forgotten during the Revolution, costs us now thirty-seven millions a-year. The French do not interest themselves much about their civil rights, or what, strictly speaking, may be called liberty; but they are enthusiasts for equality. It is well known, that they have a good share of vanity, and the King has the distribution of blue ribbons, which are in some esteem, and red ones, which are in much less reputation. Since 1814, the manner in which he has bestowed these ribbons has been very unpopular, especially with the land-owners. He has protected the Jesuits, who are abhorred. The administration of justice, the protection of individual liberty, and the organization of the army, are duties, the superintendence of which the French have been accustomed to attribute to the kingly office; but the execution of these duties is at once very imperfect and very expensive. If a criminal be a priest, like Mingrat, the law cannot be made to reach him. The army, which costs proportionally much more than under Napoleon, is composed of regiments only five or six hundred men strong. Our fortresses, as General Pajot has proved in the Constitutionnel, are dismantled and left without guns; while large sums are lavished on old ultra officers. General Lamarque, one of those men of talent whom Napoleon intended to raise to the rank of Marshal, demonstrated in the Courier of July, that out of four hundred Generals who are highly paid, nearly three hundred and fifty are men whom the King honours with his favour, but who have had no experience in war. Such, as may be gathered from M. Cottu's pamphlet, are the complaints of the nation against that regal Magistrate who is maintained at an expense of thirty-seven millions of francs per annum. If that Magistrate had imposed upon himself the task of offending the nation, he could not have succeeded better.

In the late elections M. de Villele resorted to all sorts of tricks to prevent popular sentiment from finding its way into the Chamber of Deputies. He did well, for the bulk of the nation, instead of giving thirty-seven millions to the first magistrate, wishes to have a government at a reasonable price. The Chamber of Deputies of 1828 approximates, however, very closely to the feelings of the nation, and M. Cottu observes that this approximation will increase more and more every year. M. Cottu proposes a change in the law of elections. His plan is, that the deputies should be nominated by electors chosen by the King from among the wealthiest landed proprietors of each department: the functions of elector to be transmissible from the father to his eldest son by the establishment of majorates. This would bring us to something like the English mode of election. If, in 1814, Louis XVIII. had put M. Cottu's idea into practice, the French monarchy would have been established on more solid bases than those on which it now stands. The journals of all parties seem to have leagued together to cry down M. Cottu's pamphlet. Some go so far as to say that it is not his writing. The fact is, it speaks the truth, though that truth is not agreeable to every one.

The popularity of the Memoires of Tilly is augmenting daily, and every one is buying the work to take it into the country. The author occasionally relates anecdotes of rather a loose description, but these are pardoned for the sake of the elegant style in which the work is written. In French, you know, there is an artful method of telling every thing. Many of the ladies mentioned by M. de Tilly, are still living, among others the Countess de ——, who, alluding to the publication, lately said, "Truly, if people go on writing Mémoires in this way, we must take care how we play the fool." This remark has been much repeated, and it must be confessed it is exceedingly just.

IRISH PROCEEDINGS.

The Clare Election.

The Catholics had passed a resolution, at one of their aggregate meetings, to oppose the election of every candidate who should not pledge himself against the Duke of Wellington's administration. This measure lay for some time a mere dead letter in the registry of the Association, and was gradually passing into oblivion, when an incident occurred which gave it an importance far greater than had originally belonged to it. Lord John Russell, flushed with the victory which had been achieved in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and grateful to the Duke of Wellington for the part which he had taken, wrote a letter to Mr. O'Connel, in which he suggested that the conduct of his Grace had been so fair and manly towards the Dissenters, as to entitle him to their gratitude; and that they would consider the reversal of the resolution which had been passed against his government, as evidence of the interest which was felt in Ireland, not only in the great question peculiarly applicable to that country, but in the assertion of religious freedom through the empire. The authority of Lord John Russell is considerable, and Mr. O'Connel, under the influence of his advice, proposed that the anti-Wellington resolution should be withdrawn. This motion was violently opposed, and Mr. O'Connel perceived that the antipathy to the Great Captain was more deeply rooted than he had originally imagined. After a long and tempestuous debate, he suggested an amendment, in which the principle of his original motion was given up, and the Catholics remained pledged to their hostility to the Duke of Wellington's administration. Mr. O'Connel has reason to rejoice at his failure in carrying this proposition; for if he had succeeded, no ground for opposing the return of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald would have existed.

The promotion of that gentleman to a seat in the Cabinet created a vacancy in the representation of the County of Clare; and an opportunity was afforded to the Roman Catholic body of proving, that the resolution which had been passed against the Duke of Wellington's government was not an idle vaunt, but that it could be carried in a striking instance into effect. It was determined that all the power of the people should be put forth. The Association looked round for a candidate, and without having previously consulted him, re-elected Major M'Namara. He is a Protestant in religion, a Catholic in politics, and a Milesian in descent. Although he is equally well-known in Dublin and in Clare, his provincial is distinct from his metropolitan reputation. In Dublin he may be seen at half-past four o'clock, strolling, with a lounge of easy importance, towards Kildare-street Club-house, and dressed in exact imitation of the King; to whose royal whiskers the Major's are considered to bear a profusely powdered, and highly frizzed affinity. Not contented with this single point of resemblance, he has, by the entertainment of "a score or two of tailors," and the profound study of the regal fashions, achieved a complete look of Majesty; and by the turn of his coat, the dilation of his chest, and an aspect of egregious dignity, succeeded in producing in his person a very fine effigy of his sovereign. With respect to his moral qualities, he belongs to the good old school of Irish gentlemen; and from the facility of his manners, and his graceful mode of arbitrating a difference, has acquired a very eminent character as "a friend." No man is better versed in the strategics of Irish honour. He chooses the ground with an O'Trigger eye, and by a glance over "the fifteen acres," is able to select, with an instantaneous accuracy, the finest position for the settlement of a quarrel. In his calculation of distances, he displays a peculiarly scientific genius; and, whether it be expedient to bring down your antagonist at a long shot, or at a more embarrassing interval of feet, you may be sure of the Major's loading to a grain. In the county of Clare, he does not merely enact the part of a sovereign. He is the chief of the clan of the M'Namaras, and after rehearsing the royal character at Kildare-street, the moment he arrives on the coast of Clare, and visits the oyster-beds at Pooldoody, becomes "every inch a king." He possesses great influence with the people, which is

founded upon far better grounds than their hereditary reverence for the Milesian nobility of Ireland. He is a most excellent magistrate. If a gentleman should endeavour to crush a poor peasant, Major M'Namara is ready to protect him, not only with the powers of his office, but at the risk of his life. This creditable solicitude for the rights and the interests of the lower orders had rendered him most deservedly popular; and in naming him as their representative, the Association could not have made a more judicious choice. He was publicly called upon to stand. Some days elapsed and no answer was returned by the Major. The public mind was thrown into suspense, and various conjectures went abroad as to the cause of this singular omission. Some alleged that he was gone to an island off the coast of Clare, where the proceedings of the Association had not reached him; while others suggested that he was only waiting until the clergy of the county should declare themselves more unequivocally favourable to him. The latter, it was said, had evinced much apathy; and it was rumoured that Dean O'Shaughnessy, who is a distant relative of Mr. Fitzgerald, had intimated a determination not to support any anti-ministerial candidate. The Major's silence, and the doubts which were entertained with regard to the allegiance of the priests, created a sort of panic at the Association. A meeting was called, and various opinions were delivered as to the propriety of engaging in a contest, the issue of which was considered exceedingly doubtful, and in which, failure would be attended with such disastrous consequences. Mr. O'Connel himself did not appear exceedingly sanguine; and Mr. Purcell O'Gorman, a native of Clare, and who had a minute knowledge of the feelings of the people, expressed apprehensions. There were, however, two gentlemen, (Mr. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele,) who strongly insisted that the people might be roused, and that the priests were not as lukewarm as was imagined. Upon the zeal of Dean O'Shaughnessy, however, a good deal of question was thrown. By a singular coincidence, just as his name was uttered, a gentleman entered, who, but for the peculiar locality, might have been readily mistaken for a clergyman of the Established Church. Between the priesthood of the two religions there are, in aspect and demeanour, as well as in creed and discipline, several points of affinity, and the abstract sacerdotal character is readily perceptible in both. The parson, however, in his attitude and attire, presents the evidences of superiority, and carries the mannerism of ascendency upon him. A broad-brimmed hat, composed of the smoothest and blackest material, and drawn by two silken threads into a fire-shovel configuration, a felicitous adaptation of his jerkin to the symmetries of his chest and shoulder, stockings of glossy silk, which displayed the happy proportions of a finely swelling leg, a ruddy cheek, and a bright authoritative eye, suggested, at first view, that the gentleman who had entered the room while the merits of Dean O'Shaughnessy were under discussion, must be a minister of the prosperous Christianity of the Established Church. It was, however, no other than Dean O'Shaughnessy himself. He was received with a burst of applause, which indicated that, whatever surmises with respect to his fidelity had previously gone out, his appearance before that tribunal (for it is one) was considered by the assembly as a proof of his devotion to the public interest. The Dean, however, made a very scholastic sort of oration, the gist of which it was by no means easy to arrive at. He denied that he had enlisted himself under Mr. Fitzgerald's banners, but at the same time studiously avoided giving any sort of pledge. He did not state distinctly what his opinion was with respect to the cooperation of the priests with the Association; and when he was pressed, begged to be allowed to withhold his sentiments on the subject. The Association were not, however, dismayed; and it having been conjectured that the chief reason for Major M'Namara having omitted to return an answer was connected with pecuniary considerations, it was decided that so large a sum as five thousand pounds of the Catholic rent should be allocated to the expenses of his election. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele were directed to proceed at once to Clare, in order that they might have a personal interview with him; and they immediately set off.

After an absence of two days, Mr. O'Gorman Mahon returned, having left his colleague behind in order to arouse the people; and he at length conveyed certain intelligence with respect to the Major's determination. The obligations under which his family lay to Mr. Fitzgerald were such, that he was bound in honour not to oppose him. This information produced a feeling of deep disappointment among the Catholic body, while the Protestant party exulted in his apparent desertion of the cause, and boasted that no gentleman of the county would stoop so low as to accept of the patronage of the Association. In this emergency, and when it was universally regarded as an utterly hopeless attempt to oppose the Cabinet Minister, the public were astonished by an address from Mr. O'Connel to the freeholders of Clare, in which he offered himself as a candidate, and solicited their support.

Nothing but his subsequent success could exceed the sensation which was produced by this address, and all eyes were turned towards the field in which so remarkable a contest was to be waged. The two candidates entered the lists with signal advantages upon both sides. Mr. O'Connel had an unparalleled popularity, which the services of thirty years had secured to him. Upon the other hand, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald presented a combination of favourable circumstances, which rendered the issue exceedingly difficult to calculate. His father had held the office of Prime Sergeant at the Irish Bar; and, although indebted to the Government for his promotion, had the virtuous intrepidity to vote against the Union. This example of independence had rendered him a great favourite with the people. From the moment that his son had obtained access to power, he had employed his extensive influence in doing acts of kindness to the gentry of the County of Clare. He had inundated it with the overflowings of ministerial bounty. The eldest sons of the poorer gentlemen, and the younger branches of the aristocracy, had been provided for through his means; and in the army, the navy, the treasury, the Four Courts, and the Custom-House, the proofs of his political friendship were everywhere to be found. Independently of any act of his which could be referred to his personal interest, and his anxiety to keep up his influence in the county, Mr. Fitzgerald, who is a man of a very amiable disposition, had conferred many services upon his Clare acquaintances. Nor was it to Protestants that these manifestations of favour were confined. He had laid not only the Catholic proprietors, but the Catholic priesthood, under obligation. The Bishop of the diocese himself, (a respectable old gentleman who drives about in a gig with a mitre upon it,) is supposed not to have escaped from his bounties; and it is more than insinuated that some droppings of ministerial manna had fallen upon him. The consequence of this systematized and uniform plan of benefaction is obvious. The sense of obligation was heightened by the manners of this extensive distributor of the favours of the Crown, and converted the ordinary feeling of thankfulness into one of personal regard. To this array of very favourable circumstances, Mr. Fitzgerald brought the additional influence which arose from his recent promotion to the Cabinet; which, to those who had former benefits to return, afforded an opportunity for the exercise of that kind of prospective gratitude which has been described to consist of a lively sense of services to come. These were the comparative advantages with which the ministerial and the popular candidate engaged in this celebrated contest; and Ireland stood by to witness the encounter.

Mr. O'Connel did not immediately set off from Dublin, but before his departure several gentlemen were despatched from the Association in order to excite the minds of the people, and to prepare the way for him. The most active and useful of the persons who were employed upon this occasion, were the two gentlemen to whom I have already referred, Mr. Steele and Mr. O'Gorman. They are both deserving of special commendation. The former is a Protestant of a respectable fortune in the county of Clare, and who has all his life been devoted to the assertion of liberal principles. In Trinity College, he was amongst the foremost of the advocates of emancipation, and at that early period became the intimate associate of many

Roman Catholic gentlemen who have since distinguished themselves in the proceedings of their body. Being a man of independent circumstances, Mr. Steele did not devote himself to any profession, and having a zealous and active mind, he looked round for occupation. The Spanish war afforded him a field for the display of that generous enthusiasm by which he is distinguished. He joined the patriot army, and fought with a desperate valour upon the batteries of the Trocadero. It was only when Cadiz had surrendered, and the cause of Spain became utterly hopeless, that Mr. Steele relinquished this noble undertaking. He returned to England, surrounded by exiles from the unfortunate country for the liberation of which he had repeatedly exposed his life. It was impossible for a man of so much energy of character to remain in torpor; and on his arrival in Ireland, faithful to the principles by which he had been uniformly swayed, he joined the Catholic Association. There he delivered several powerful and enthusiastic declamations in favour of religious liberty. Such a man, however, was fitted for action as well as for harangue; and the moment the contest in Clare began, he threw himself into the combat with the same alacrity with which he had rushed upon the French bayonets at Cadiz. He was serviceable in various ways. He opened the political campaign by intimating his readiness to fight any landlord who should conceive himself to be aggrieved by an interference with his tenants. This was a very impressive exordium. He then proceeded to canvass for votes; and, assisted by his intimate friend Mr. O'Gorman Mahon, travelled through the country, and, both by day and night, addressed the people from the altars round which they were assembled to hear him. It is no exaggeration to say, that to him, and to his intrepid and indefatigable confederate, the success of Mr. O'Connel is greatly to be ascribed. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon is introduced into this article as one amongst many figures. He would deserve to stand apart in a portrait. Nature has been peculiarly favourable to him. He has a very striking physiognomy, of the Corsair character, which the Protestant Gulnares, and the Catholic Medoras, find it equally difficult to resist. His figure is tall, and he is peculiarly free and *degagé* in all his attitudes and movements. In any other his attire would appear singularly fantastical. His manners are exceedingly frank and natural, and have a character of kindliness as well as of self-reliance imprinted upon them. He is wholly free from embarrassment and *mauvaise honte,* and carries a well-founded consciousness of his personal merit; which is, however, so well united with urbanity, that it is not in the slightest degree offensive. His talents as a popular speaker are considerable. He derives from external qualifications an influence over the multitude, which men of diminutive stature are somewhat slow of obtaining. A little man is at first view regarded by the great body of spectators with disrelish; and it is only by force of phrase, and by the charm of speech, that he can at length succeed in inducing his auditors to overlook any infelicity of configuration; but when O'Gorman Mahon throws himself out before the people, and, touching his whiskers with one hand, brandishes the other, an enthusiasm is at once produced, to which the fair portion of the spectators lend their tender contribution. Such a man was exactly adapted to the excitement of the people of Clare; and it must be admitted that, by his indefatigable exertions, his unremitting activity, and his devoted zeal, he most materially assisted in the election of Mr. O'Connel. While Mr. Steele and Mr. O'Gorman Mahon harangued the people in one district, Mr. Lawless, who was also despatched upon a similar mission, applied his faculties of excitation in another. This gentleman has obtained deserved celebrity by his being almost the only individual among the Irish deputies who remonstrated against the sacrifice of the rights of the forty-shilling freeholders. Ever since that period he has been eminently popular; and although he may occasionally, by ebullitions of ill-regulated but generous enthusiasm, create a little merriment amongst those whose minds are not as susceptible of patriotic and disinterested emotion as his own, yet the conviction which is entertained of his honesty of purpose, confers upon him a considerable influence. "Honest Jack Lawless" is the designa

tion by which he has been known since the "wings" were in discussion. He has many distinguished qualifications as a public speaker. His voice is deep, round, and mellow, and is diversified by a great variety of rich and harmonious intonation. His action is exceedingly graceful and appropriate: he has a good figure, which, by a purposed swell and dilation of the shoulders, and an elaborate erectness, he turns to good account; and by dint of an easy fluency of good diction, a solemn visage, an aquiline nose of no vulgar dimension, eyes glaring underneath a shaggy brow with a certain fierceness of emotion, a quizzing-glass, which is gracefully dangled in any pauses of thought or suspensions of utterance, and, above all, by a certain attitude of dignity, which he assumes in the crisis of eloquence, accompanied with a flinging back of his coat, which sets his periods beautifully off, "Honest Jack" has become one of the most popular and efficient speakers at the Association. Shortly after Mr. Lawless had been despatched, a great reinforcement to the oratorical corps was sent down in the person of the celebrated Father Maguire, or, as he is habitually designated, "Father Tom." This gentleman had been for some time a parish priest in the county of Leitrim. He lived in a remote parish, where his talents were unappreciated. Some accident brought Mr. Pope, the itinerant controversialist, into contact with him. A challenge to defend the doctrines of his religion was tendered by the wandering disputant to the priest, and the latter at once accepted it. Maguire had given no previous proof of his abilities, and the Catholic body regretted the encounter. The parties met in this strange duel of theology. The interest created by their encounter was prodigious. Not only the room where their debates were carried on was crowded, but the whole of Sackville-street, where it was situated, was thronged with population. Pope brought to the combat great fluency, and a powerful declamation. Maguire was a master of scholastic logic. After several days of controversy, Pope was overthrown, and "Father Tom," as the champion of orthodoxy, became the object of popular adoration. A base conspiracy was got up to destroy his moral character, and by its failure raised him in the affection of the multitude. He had been under great obligations to Mr. O'Connel, for his exertions upon his trial; and from a just sentiment of gratitude, he tendered his services in Clare. His name alone was of great value; and when his coming was announced, the people everywhere rushed forward to hail the great vindicator of the national religion. He threw fresh ingredients into the caldron, and contributed to impart to the contest that strong religious character which it is not the fault of the Association, but of the Government, that every contest of the kind must assume. "Father Tom" was employed upon a remarkable exploit. Mr. Augustine Butler, the lineal descendant of the famous Sir Toby Butler, is a proprietor in Clare: he is a liberal Protestant, but supported Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. "Father Tom" proceeded from the town of Ennis to the county chapel where Mr. Butler's freeholders were assembled, in order to address them; and Mr. Butler, with an intrepidity which did him credit, went forward to meet him. It was a singular encounter in the house of God. The Protestant landlord called upon his freeholders not to desert him. "Father Tom" rose to address them in behalf of Mr. O'Connel. He is not greatly gifted with a command of decorated phraseology; but he is master of vigorous language, and has a power of strong and simple reasoning, which is equally intelligible to all classes. He employs the syllogism of the schools as his chief weapon in argument; but uses it with such dexterity, that his auditors of the humblest class can follow him without being aware of the technical expedient of logic by which he masters the understanding. His manner is peculiar: it is not flowery, nor declamatory, but is short, somewhat abrupt, and, to use the French phrase, is "tranchant." His countenance is adapted to his mind, and is expressive of the reasoning and controversial faculties. A quick blue eye, a nose slightly turned up, and formed for the tossing off of an argument, a strong brow, a complexion of mountain ruddiness, and thick lips, which are better formed for rude disdain than for polished sarcasm, are his characteristics. He as-

sailed Mr. Butler with all his powers, and overthrew him. The topic to which he addressed himself, was one which was not only calculated to move the tenants of Mr. Butler, but to stir Mr. Butler himself. He appealed to the memory of his celebrated Catholic ancestor, of which Mr. Butler is justly proud. He stated, that what Sir Toby Butler had been, Mr. O'Connel was; and he adjured him not to stand up in opposition to an individual, whom he was bound to sustain by a sort of hereditary obligation. His appeal carried the freeholders away, and one hundred and fifty votes were secured to Mr. O'Connel. Mr. Maguire was seconded in this achievement by Mr. Dominick Ronayne, a barrister of the Association, of considerable talents, and who not only speaks the English language with eloquence, but is master of the Irish tongue; and, throwing an educated mind into the powerful idiom of the country, wrought with uncommon power upon the passions of the people.

Mr. Sheil was employed as counsel for Mr. O'Connel before the assessor; but proceeded to the county of Clare the day before the election commenced. On his arrival, he understood that an exertion was required in the parish of Corofin, which is situate upon the estate of Sir Edward O'Brien, who had given all his interest to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. Sir Edward is the most opulent resident landlord in the county. In the parish of Corofin he had no less than three hundred votes; and it was supposed that his freeholders would go with him. Mr. Sheil determined to assail him in the citadel of his strength, and proceeded upon the Sunday before the poll commenced to the chapel of Corofin. Sir Edward O'Brien having learned that this agitator intended this trespass upon his authority, resolved to anticipate him, and set off in his splendid equipage, drawn by four horses, to the mountains in which Corofin is situated. The whole population came down from their residences in the rocks, which are in the vicinity of the town of Ennis, and advanced in large bands, waving green boughs, and preceded by fifes and pipers, upon the road. Their landlord was met by them on his way. They passed him by in silence, while they hailed the demagogue with shouts, and attended him in triumph to the chapel. Sir Edward O'Brien lost his resolution at this spectacle; and feeling that he could have no influence in such a state of excitation, instead of going to the house of Catholic worship, proceeded to the church of Corofin. He left his carriage exactly opposite the doors of the chapel, which is immediately contiguous, and thus reminded the people of his Protestantism, by a circumstance of which, of course, advantage was instantaneously taken. Mr. Sheil arrived with a vast multitude of attendants at the chapel, which was crowded with people, who had flocked from all quarters;—there a singular scene took place. Father Murphy, the parish priest, came to the entrance of the chapel dressed in his surplice. As he came forth, the multitude fell back at his command, and arranged themselves on either side, so as to form a lane for the reception of the agitator. Deep silence was imposed upon the people by the priest, who had a voice like subterraneous thunder, and appeared to hold them in absolute dominion. When Mr. Sheil had reached the threshold of the chapel, Father Murphy stretched forth his hand, and welcomed him to the performance of the good work. The figure and attitude of the priest were remarkable. My English reader draws his ordinary notion of a Catholic clergyman from the caricatures which are contained in novels, or represented in farces upon the stage; but the Irish priest, who has lately become a politician and a scholar, has not a touch of foigardism about him; and an artist would have found in Father Murphy rather a study for the enthusiastic Macbriar, who is so powerfully delineated in "Old Mortality," than a realization of the familiar notions of a clergyman of the Church of Rome. As he stood surrounded by a dense multitude, whom he had hushed into profound silence, he presented a most imposing object. His form is tall, slender, and emaciated; but was enveloped in his long robes, that gave him a peculiarly sacerdotal aspect. The hand which he stretched forth was ample, but worn to a skinny meagritude and pallor. His face was long, sunken, and cadaverous, but was illuminated by eyes blazing with all

the fire of genius, the enthusiasm of religion, and the devotedness of patriotism. His lank black hair fell down his temples, and eyebrows of the same colour stretched in thick straight lines along a lofty forehead, and threw over the whole countenance a deep shadow. The sun was shining with brilliancy, and rendered his figure, attired as it was in white garments, more conspicuous. The scenery about him was in harmony;—it was wild and desolate, and crags, with scarce a blade of verdure shooting through their crevices, rose everywhere around him. The interior of the chapel, at the entrance of which he stood, was visible. It was a large pile of building, consisting of bare walls, rudely thrown up, with a floor of clay, and at the extremity stood an altar made of a few boards clumsily put together.

It was on the threshold of this mountain temple that the envoy of the Association was hailed with a solemn greeting. The priest proceeded to the altar, and commanded the people to abstain, during the divine ceremony, from all political thinking or occupation. He recited the mass with great fervency and simplicity of manner, and with all the evidences of unaffected piety. However familiar from daily repetition with the ritual, he pronounced it with a just emphasis, and went through the various forms which are incidental to it with singular propriety and grace. The people were deeply attentive, and it was observable that most of them could read; for they had prayer-books in their hands, which they read with a quiet devotion. Mass being finished, Father Murphy threw his vestments off, and without laying down the priest, assumed the politician. He addressed the people in Irish, and called upon them to vote for O'Connel in the name of their country and of their religion.

It was a most extraordinary and powerful display of the externals of eloquence; and as far as a person unacquainted with the language could form an estimate of the matter by the effects produced upon the auditory, it must have been pregnant with genuine oratory. It will be supposed that this singular priest addressed his parishioners in tones and gestures as rude as the wild dialect to which he was giving utterance. His action and attitudes were as graceful as an accomplished actor could use in delivering the speech of Antony, and his intonations were soft, pathetic, denunciatory, and conjuring, accordingly as his theme varied, and as he had recourse to different expedients to influence the people. The general character of this strange harangue was impassioned and solemn, but he occasionally had recourse to ridicule, and his countenance at once adapted itself with a happy readiness to derision. The finest spirit of sarcasm gleamed over his features, and shouts of laughter attended his description of a miserable Catholic who should prove recreant to the great cause, by making a sacrifice of his country to his landlord. The close of his speech was peculiarly effective. He became inflamed by the power of his emotions, and while he raised himself into the loftiest attitude to which he could ascend, he laid one hand on the altar, and shook the other in the spirit of almost prophetic admonition, and as his eyes blazed and seemed to start from his forehead, thick drops fell down his face, and his voice rolled through lips livid with passion and covered with foam. It is almost unnecessary to say that such an appeal was irresistible. The multitude burst into shouts of acclamation, and would have been ready to mount a battery roaring with cannon at his command. Two days after the results were felt at the hustings; and while Sir Edward O'Brien stood aghast, Father Murphy marched into Ennis at the head of his tenantry, and polled them to a man in favour of Daniel O'Connel. But I am anticipating.

The notion which had gone abroad in Dublin that the priests were lukewarm, was utterly unfounded. With the exception of Dean O'Shaughnessy, who is a relative of Mr. Fitzgerald (and for whom there is perhaps much excuse), and a Father Coffey, who has since been deserted by his congregation, and is paid his dues in bad halfpence, there was scarcely a clergyman in the county who did not use his utmost influence over the peasantry. On the day on which Mr. O'Connel arrived, you met a priest in every street, who assured you that the battle should be won, and pledged himself that

"the man of the people" should be returned. "The man of the people" arrived in the midst of the loudest acclamations. Near thirty thousand people were crowded into the streets of Ennis, and were unceasing in their shouts. Banners were suspended from every window, and women of great beauty were everywhere seen waving handkerchiefs with the figure of the patriot stamped upon them. Processions of freeholders, with their parish priests at their head, were marching like troops to different quarters of the city; and it was remarkable that not a single individual was intoxicated. The most perfect order and regularity prevailed; and the large bodies of police which had been collected in the town stood without occupation. These were evidences of organization, from which it was easy to form a conjecture as to the result.

The election opened, and the court-house in which the Sheriff read the writ presented a very new and striking scene. On the left hand of the Sheriff stood a Cabinet-minister, attended by the whole body of the aristocracy of the county of Clare. Their appearance indicated at once their superior rank and their profound mortification. An expression of bitterness and of wounded pride was stamped in various modifications of resentment upon their countenances; while others, who were in the interest of Mr. Fitzgerald, and who were small Protestant proprietors, affected to look big and important, and swelled themselves into gentry upon the credit of voting for the minister. On the right hand of the Sheriff stood Mr. O'Connel, with scarcely a single gentleman by his side; for most even of the Catholic proprietors had abandoned him, and joined the ministerial candidate. But the body of the court presented the power of Mr. O'Connel in a mass of determined peasants, amongst whom black coats and sacerdotal visages were seen felicitously intermixed, outside the balustrade of the gallery on the left hand of the Sheriff. Before the business began, a gentleman was observed on whom every eye was turned. He had indeed chosen a most singular position; for instead of sitting like the other auditors on the seats in the gallery, he leaped over it, and, suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the High-Sheriff. The attire of the individual who was thus perched in this dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He had a coat of Irish tabinet, with glossy trowsers of the same national material; he wore no waistcoat; a blue shirt lined with streaks of white was open at his neck, in which the strength of Hercules and the symmetry of Antinous were combined; a broad green sash, with a medal of "the order of Liberators" at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast; and a profusion of black curls, curiously festooned about his temples, shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of a bushy amplitude. "Who, Sir, are you?" exclaimed the High-Sheriff, in a tone of imperious melancholy, which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided in the service of the East India Company. But I must pause here, and even at the hazard of breaking the regular thread of the narration—I cannot resist the temptation of describing the High-Sheriff. When he stood up with his wand of office in his hand, the contrast between him and the aërial gentleman whom he was addressing was to the highest degree ludicrous. Of the latter some conception has already been given. He looked a chivalrous dandy, who, under the most fantastical apparel, carried the spirit and intrepidity of an exceedingly fine fellow. Mr. High-Sheriff had, at an early period of his life, left his native county of Clare, and had migrated to China, where, if I may judge from his manners and demeanour, he must have been in immediate communication with a Mandarin of the first class, and made a Chinese functionary his favourite model. I should conjecture that he must long have presided over the packing of Bohea, and that some tincture of that agreeable vegetable had been infused into his complexion. An Oriental sedateness and gravity are spread over a countenance upon which a smile seldom presumes to trespass. He gives utterance to intonations which were originally contracted in the East, but have been since melodized

by his religious habits into a puritanical chant in Ireland. The Chinese language is monosyllabic, and Mr. Molony has extended its character to the English tongue; for he breaks all his words into separate and elaborate divisions, to each of which he bestows a due quantity of deliberate intonation. Upon arriving in Ireland, he addicted himself to godliness, having previously made great gains in China, and he has so contrived as to impart the cadences of Wesley to the pronunciation of Confucius.

Such was the aspect of the great public functionary, who, rising with a peculiar magisteriality of altitude, and stretching forth the emblem of his power, inquired of the gentleman who was suspended from the gallery who he was.—"My name is O'Gorman Mahon," was the reply, delivered with a firmness which clearly showed that the person who had conveyed this piece of intelligence thought very little of a High-Sheriff and a great deal of O'Gorman Mahon. The Sheriff had been offended by the general appearance of Mr. Mahon, who had distracted the public attention from his own contemplation; but he was particularly irritated by observing the insurgent symbol of "the order of Liberators" dangling at his breast. "I tell that gentleman," said Mr. Molony, "to take off that badge." There was a moment's pause, and then the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced:—"This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman (pointing with the other to the Sheriff), that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him." This extraordinary sentence was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house. The High-Sheriff looked aghast. The expression of self-satisfaction and magisterial complacency passed off of his visage, and he looked utterly blank and dejected. After an interval of irresolution, down he sat. "The soul" of O'Gorman Mahon (to use Curran's expression) "walked forth in its own majesty;" he looked "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." The medal of "the order of Liberators" was pressed to his heart. O'Connel surveyed him with gratitude and admiration; and the first blow was struck, which sent dismay into the heart of the party of which the Sheriff was considered to be an adherent.

This was the opening incident of this novel drama. When the sensation which it had created had in some degree subsided, the business of the day went on. Sir Edward O'Brien proposed Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald as a proper person to serve in Parliament. Sir Edward had upon former occasions been the vehement antagonist of Mr. Fitzgerald, and in one instance a regular battle had been fought between the tenantry of both parties. It was supposed that this feud had left some acrimonious feelings which were not quite extinct behind, and many conjectured that the zeal of Sir Edward in favour of his competitor was a little feigned. This notion was confirmed by the circumstance that Sir Edward O'Brien's son (the member for Ennis) had subscribed to the Catholic Rent, was a member of the Association, and had recently made a vigorous speech in Parliament in defence of that body. It is, however, probable that the feudal pride of Sir Edward O'Brien, which was deeply mortified by the defection of his vassals, absorbed every other feeling, and that, however indifferent he might have been on Mr. Fitzgerald's account, yet that he was exceedingly irritated upon his own. He appeared at least to be profoundly moved, and had not spoken above a few minutes when tears fell from his eyes. He has a strong Irish character impressed upon him. It is said that he is lineally descended from the Irish emperor, Brian-Borue; and indeed he has some resemblance to the sign-post at a tavern near Clontarf, in which the image of that celebrated monarch is represented. He is squat, bluff, and impassioned. An expression of good-nature, rather than of good humour, is mixed up with a certain rough consciousness of his own dignity, which in his most familiar moments he never lays aside, for the Milesian predominates in his demeanour, and his royal recollections wait perpetually upon him. He is a great favourite

with the people, who are attached to the descendants of the ancient indigenous families of the county, and who see in Sir Edward O'Brien a good landlord, as well as the representative of Brian Borue. I was not a little astonished at seeing him weep upon the hustings. It was, however, observed to me, that he is given to the "melting mood," although his tears do not fall like the gum of "the Arabian tree." In the House of Commons he once produced a great effect, by bursting into tears, while he described the misery of the people of Clare, although, at the same time, his granaries were full. It was said that his hustings pathos was of the same quality, and arose from the peculiar susceptibility of the lacrymatory nerves, and not from any very nice fibres about the heart: still I am convinced that his emotion was genuine, and that he was profoundly touched. He complained that he had been deserted by his tenants, although he had deserved well at their hands; and exclaimed that the country was not one fit for a gentleman to reside in, when property lost all its influence, and things were brought to such a pass. The motion was seconded by Sir A. Fitzgerald in a few words. Mr. Gore, a gentleman of very large estate, took occasion to deliver his opinions in favour of Mr. Fitzgerald; and Mr. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele proposed Mr. O'Connel. It then fell to the rival candidates to speak, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, having been first put in nomination, first addressed the freeholders. He seemed to me to be about five and forty years of age, his hair being slightly marked with a little edging of scarcely perceptible silver, but the care with which it was distributed and arranged, showed that the cabinet minister had not yet entirely dismissed his Lothario recollections. I had heard, before I had even seen Mr. Fitzgerald, that he was in great favour with the Calistas at Almack's; and I was not surprised at it, on a minute inspection of his aspect and deportment. It is not that he is a handsome man, (though he is far from being the reverse,) but that there is an air of blended sweetness and assurance, of easy intrepidity and gentle gracefulness about him, which are considered to be eminently winning. His countenance, though too fully circular, and a little tinctured with vermilion, is agreeable. The eyes are of bright hazel, and have an expression of ever earnest frankness, which an acute observer might suspect, while his mouth is full of a strenuous solicitude to please. The moment he rose, I perceived that he was an accomplished gentleman; and when I had heard him utter a few sentences, I was satisfied that he was a most accomplished speaker. He delivered one of the most effective and dexterous speeches which it has ever been my good fortune to hear. There were evident marks of deep pain and of fear to be traced in his features, which were not free from the haggardness of many an anxious vigil; but though he was manifestly mortified in the extreme, he studiously refrained from all exasperating sentiment or expression. He spoke at first with a graceful melancholy, rather than a tone of impassioned adjuration. He intimated that it was rather a measure of rigorous, if not unjustifiable policy, to display the power of the Association in throwing an individual out of Parliament who had been the warm and uniform advocate of the Catholic cause during his whole political life. He enumerated the instances in which he had exerted himself in behalf of that body which were now dealing with him with such severity, and referred to his services with regard to the College of Maynooth. The part of his speech which was most powerful, related to his father. The latter had opposed the Union, and had many claims upon the national gratitude. The topic was one which required to be most delicately touched, and no orator could treat it with a more exquisite nicety than Mr. Fitzgerald. He became, as he advanced, and the recollection of his father pressed itself more immediately upon his mind, more impassioned. At the moment he was speaking, his father, to whom he is most tenderly attached, and by whom he is most beloved, was lying upon a bed from whence it was believed that he would never rise, and efforts had been made to conceal from the old man the contest in which his son was involved. It is impossible to mistake genuine grief, and when Mr. Fitzgerald paused for an instant, and turning away, wiped off the tears that came

streaming from his eyes, he won the sympathies of every one about him. There were few who did not give the same evidence of emotion; and when he sat down, although the great majority of the audience were strongly opposed to him, and were enthusiasts in favour of the rival candidate, a loud and unanimous burst of acclamation shook the Court-house.

Mr. O'Connel rose to address the people in reply. It was manifest that he considered a great exertion to be requisite in order to do away the impression which his antagonist had produced. It was clear that he was collecting all his might, to those who were acquainted with the workings of his physiognomy. Mr. O'Connel bore Mr. Fitzgerald no sort of personal aversion, but he determined, in this exigency, to have little mercy on his feelings, and to employ all the power of vituperation of which he was possessed, against him. This was absolutely necessary; for if mere dexterous fencing had been resorted to by Mr. O'Connel, many might have gone away with the opinion that, after all, Mr. Fitzgerald had been thanklessly treated by the Catholic body. It was therefore disagreeably requisite to render him, for the moment, odious. Mr. O'Connel began by awakening the passions of the multitude in an attack on Mr. Fitzgerald's allies. Mr. Gore had lauded him highly. This Mr. Gore is of Cromwellian descent, and the people detest the memory of the Protector to this day. There is a tradition (I know not whether it has the least foundation) that the ancestor of this gentleman's family was a nailer by trade in the Puritan army. Mr. O'Connel, without any direct reference to the fact, used a set of metaphors, such as "striking the nail on the head,"—"putting a nail into a coffin," which at once recalled the associations which were attached to the name of Mr. Gore; and roars of laughter assailed that gentleman on every side. Mr. Gore has the character of being not only very opulent, but of bearing a regard to his possessions proportioned to their extent. Nothing is so unpopular as prudence in Ireland; and Mr. O'Connel rallied Mr. Gore to such a point upon this head, and that of his supposed origin, that the latter completely sunk under the attack. He next proceeded to Mr. Fitzgerald, and, having drawn a picture of the late Mr. Perceval, he turned round and asked of the rival candidate, with what face he could call himself their friend, when the first act of his political life was to enlist himself under the banners of "the bloody Perceval." This epithet (whether it be well or ill deserved is not the question) was sent into the hearts of the people with a force of expression, and a furious vehemence of voice, that created a great sensation amongst the crowd, and turned the tide against Mr. Fitzgerald. "This too," said Mr. O'Connel, "is the friend of Peel,—the bloody Perceval, and the candid and manly Mr. Peel,—and he is our friend! and he is every body's friend! The friend of the Catholic was the friend of the bloody Perceval, and is the friend of the candid and manly Mr. Peel!"

It is unnecessary to go through Mr. O'Connel's speech. It was stamped with all his powerful characteristics, and galled Mr. Fitzgerald to the core. That gentleman frequently muttered an interrogatory, "Is this fair?" when Mr. O'Connel was using some legitimate sophistication against him. He seemed particularly offended when his adversary said, "I never shed tears in public," which was intended as a mockery of Mr. Fitzgerald's references to his father. It will be thought by some sensitive persons that Mr. O'Connel was not quite warranted in this harsh dealing, but he had no alternative. Mr. Fitzgerald had made a very powerful speech, and the effect was to be got rid of. In such a warfare a man must not pause in the selection of his weapons, and Mr. O'Connel is not the man to hesitate in the use of the rhetorical sabre. Nothing of any peculiar interest occurred after Mr. O'Connel's speech upon the first day. On the second the polling commenced; and on that day, in consequence of an expedient adopted by Mr. Fitzgerald's committee, the parties were nearly equal. A Catholic freeholder cannot, in strictness, vote at an election without making a certain declaration upon oath respecting his religious opinions, and obtaining a certificate of his having done so from a magistrate. It is usual for candidates to agree to

dispense with the necessity of taking this oath. It was, however, of importance to Mr. Fitzgerald to delay the election; and with that view his committee required that the declaration should be taken. Mr. O'Connel's committee were unprepared for this form, and it was with the utmost difficulty that magistrates could be procured to attend to receive the oath. It was therefore impossible, on the first day, for Mr. O'Connel to bring his forces into the field, and thus the parties appeared nearly equal. To those who did not know the real cause of this circumstance, it appeared ominous, and the O'Connelites looked sufficiently blank; but the next day every thing was remedied. The freeholders were sworn *en masse.* They were brought into a yard inclosed within four walls. Twenty-five were placed against each wall, and they simultaneously repeated the oath. When one batch of swearers had been disposed of, the person who administered the declaration, turned to the adjoining division, and despatched them. Thus he went through the quadrangle, and in the course of a few minutes was able to discharge one hundred patriots upon Mr. Fitzgerald. It may be said that an oath ought to be more solemnly administered. In reply it is only necessary to observe, that the declaration in question related principally to "the Pretender," and when "the legislature persevere in compelling the name of God to be thus taken in vain," the ritual becomes appropriately farcical, and the manner of the thing is only adapted to the ludicrous matter upon which it is legally requisite that Heaven should be attested! The oath which is imposed upon a Roman Catholic is a violation of the first precept of the decalogue! This species of machinery having been thus applied to the art of swearing, the effects upon the poll soon became manifest, and Mr. O'Connel ascended to a triumphant majority. It became clear that the landlords had lost all their power, and that their struggles were utterly hopeless. Still they persevered in dragging the few serfs whom they had under their control to the hustings, and in protracting the election. It was Mr. Fitzgerald's own wish, I believe, to abandon the contest, when its ultimate issue was already certain; but his friends insisted that the last man whom they could command should be polled out. Thus the election was procrastinated. In ordinary cases, the interval between the first and the last day of polling is monotonous and dull; but during the Clare election so many ludicrous and extraordinary incidents were every moment occurring, as to relieve any attentive observer from every influence of ennui. The writer of this article was under the necessity of remaining during the day in the Sheriff's booth, where questions of law were chiefly discussed, but even here there was much matter for entertainment. The Sheriff afforded a perpetual fund of amusement. He sat with his wand of office leaning against his shoulder, and always ready for his grasp. When there was no actual business going forward, he still preserved a magisterial dignity of deportment, and with half-closed eyelids, and throwing back his head, and forming with his chin an obtuse angle with the horizon, reproved any indulgence in illicit mirth which might chance to pass amongst the Bar. The gentlemen who were professionally engaged having discovered the chief foible of the Sheriff, which consisted in the most fantastical notions of himself, vied with each other in playing upon this weakness. "I feel that I address myself to the first man of the county," was the usual exordium with which legal argument was opened. The Sheriff, instead of perceiving the sneer which involuntarily played round the lips of the mocking sycophant, smiled with an air of Malvolio condescension, and bowed his head. Then came some noise from the adjoining booths, upon which the Sheriff used to start up and exclaim, "I declare I do not think that I am treated with proper respect—verily I'll go forth and quell this tumult—I'll show them I am the first man in the county, and I'll commit somebody." With that "the first man in the county," with a step slightly accelerated by his resentment at a supposed indignity to himself, used to proceed in quest of a riot, but generally returned with a good-humoured expression of face, observing;—"It was only Mr. O'Connel, and I must say when I remonstrated with him, he paid me every sort of proper respect. He is

quite a different person from what I had heard. But let nobody imagine that I was afraid of him. I'd commit him, or Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, if I was not treated with proper respect; for by virtue of my office I am the first man in the county." This phrase of the Sheriff became so familiar, that a set of wags, who in their intervals of leisure, had set about practising mimicry, emulated each other in repeating it, and succeeded in producing various pleasant imitations of the "first man in the county."

A young gentleman (Mr. Nicholas Whyte) turned this talent to a very pleasant and useful account. He acted as agent to Mr. O'Connel, in a booth of which the chief officer, or Sheriff's Deputy, as he is called, was believed to be a partisan of Mr. Fitzgerald, and used to delay Mr. O'Connel's tallies. A tumult would then ensue, and the deputy would raise his voice in a menacing tone against the friends of Mr. O'Connel. The High-Sheriff himself had been accustomed to go to the entrance of the different booths and to command silence with his long-drawn and dismal ejaculations. When the deputy was bearing it with a high hand, Mr. Whyte would sometimes leave the booth, and standing at the outward edge of the crowd, just at the moment that the deputy was about to commit some partisan of Mr. O'Connel, the mimic would exclaim, in a death-bell voice, "Silence, Mr. Deputy, you are exceedingly disorderly—silence." The deputy being enveloped by the multitude, could not see the individual who thus addressed him, and believing it to be the Sheriff, sat down confounded at the admonition, while Mr. O'Connel's tally went rapidly on, and the disputed vote was allowed. These vagaries enlivened occupations which in their nature were sufficiently dull. But the Sheriff's booth afforded matter more deserving of note than his singularities. Charges of undue influence were occasionally brought forward, which exhibited the character of the election in its strongest colours. One incident I particularly remember. An attorney employed by Mr. Fitzgerald rushed in and exclaimed that a priest was terrifying the voters. This accusation produced a powerful effect. The counsel for Mr. O'Connel defied the attorney to make out his charge. The assessor very properly required that the priest should attend; and behold Father Murphy of Corofin! His solemn and spectral aspect struck every body. He advanced with fearlessness to the bar, behind which the Sheriff was seated, and inquired what the charge was which had been preferred against him, with a smile of ghastly derision. "You were looking at my voters," cries the attorney. "But I said nothing," replied the priest, "and I suppose that I am to be permitted to look at my parishioners." "Not with such a face as that!" cried Mr. Dogherty, one of Mr. Fitzgerald's counsel. This produced a loud laugh; for, certainly, the countenance of Father Murphy was fraught with no ordinary terrors. "And this, then," exclaimed Mr. O'Connel's counsel, "is the charge you bring against the priests. Let us see if there be an Act of Parliament which prescribes that a Jesuit shall wear a mask." At this instant, one of the agents of Mr. O'Connel precipitated himself into the room, and cried out, "Mr. Sheriff, we have no fair play—Mr. Singleton is frightening his tenants—he caught hold of one of them just now, and threatened vengeance against him." This accusation came admirably apropos. "What!" exclaimed the advocate of Mr. O'Connel, "is this to be endured? Do we live in a free country, and under a constitution? Is a landlord to commit a battery with impunity, and is a priest to be indicted for his physiognomy, and to be found guilty of a look?" Thus a valuable set-off against Father Murphy's eyebrows was obtained. After a long debate, the assessor decided that, if either a priest or a landlord actually interrupted the poll, they should be indiscriminately committed; but thought the present a case only for admonition. Father Murphy was accordingly restored to his physiognomical functions. The matter had been scarcely disposed of, when a loud shout was heard from the multitude outside the Court-house, which had gathered in thousands, and yet generally preserved a profound tranquillity. The large window in the Sheriff's booth gave an opportunity of observing whatever took place in the square below;

and, attracted by the tremendous uproar, every body ran to see what was going on amongst the crowd. The tumult was produced by the arrival of some hundred freeholders from Kilrush, with their landlord, Mr. Vandeleur, at their head. He stood behind a carriage, and, with his hat off, was seen vehemently addressing the tenants who followed him. It was impossible to hear a word which he uttered; but his gesture was sufficiently significant: he stamped, and waved his hat, and shook his clenched hand. While he thus adjured them, the crowd through which they were passing, assailed them with cries, "Vote for your country, boys! Vote for the old religion!—Three cheers for liberty!—Down with Vesey, and hurra for O'Connel!" These were the exclamations which rent the air, as they proceeded. They followed their landlord until they had reached a part of the square where Mr. O'Connel lodged, and before which a large platform had been erected, which communicated with the window of his apartment, and to which he could advance whenever it was necessary to address the people. When Mr. Vandeleur's freeholders had attained this spot, Mr. O'Connel rushed forward on the platform, and lifted up his arm. A tremendous shout succeeded, and in an instant Mr. Vandeleur was deserted by his tenants. This platform exhibited some of the most remarkable scenes which were enacted in this strange drama of "The Clare Election." It was sustained by pillars of wood, and stretched out several feet from the wall to which it was attached. Some twenty or thirty persons could stand upon it at the same time. A large quantity of green boughs were turned about it; and from the sort of bower which they formed, occasional orators addressed the people during the day. Mr. M'Dermot, a young gentleman from the county of Galway, of considerable fortune, and a great deal of talent as a speaker, used to harangue the multitude with great effect. Father Sheehan, a clergyman from Waterford, who had been mainly instrumental in the overthrow of the Beresfords, also displayed from this spot his eminent popular abilities. A Dr. Kenny, a Waterford surgeon, thinking that "the times were out of joint," came "to set them right." Father Maguire, Mr. Lawless, indeed the whole company of orators, performed on this theatre with indefatigable energy. Mirth and declamation, and anecdote and grotesque delineation, and mimicry, were all blended together for the public entertainment. One of the most amusing and attractive topics was drawn from the adherence of Father Coffey to Mr. Fitzgerald. His manners, his habits, his dress, were all selected as materials for ridicule and invective; and puns, not the less effective because they were obvious, were heaped upon his name. The scorn and detestation with which he was treated by the mob, clearly proved that a priest has no influence over them when he attempts to run counter to their political passions. He can hurry them on in the career into which their own feelings impel them, but he cannot turn them into another course. Many incidents occurred about this rostrum, which, if matter did not crowd too fast upon me, I should stop to detail. I have not room for a minute narration of all that was interesting at this election, which would occupy a volume, and must limit myself to one, but that a very striking circumstance. The generality of the orators were heard with loud and clamorous approbation, but, at a late hour one evening, and when it was growing rapidly dark, a priest came forward on the platform, who addressed the multitude in Irish. There was not a word uttered by the people. Ten thousand peasants were assembled before the speaker, and a profound stillness hung over the living, but almost breathless mass. For minutes they continued thus deeply attentive, and seemed to be struck with awe as he proceeded. Suddenly, I saw the whole multitude kneel down, in one concurrent genuflection. They were engaged in silent prayer, and when the priest arose (for he too had knelt down on the platform), they also stood up together from their orison. The movement was performed with the facility of a regimental evolution. I asked (being unacquainted with the language) what it was that had occasioned this extraordinary spectacle? and was informed that the orator had stated to the people that one of his own parishioners, who had voted for Mr. Fitzgerald,

had just died; and he called upon the multitude to pray to God for the repose of his soul, and the forgiveness of the offence which he had committed in taking the Bribery Oath. Money, it seems, had been his inducement to give his suffrage against Mr. O'Connel. Individuals, in reading this, will exclaim, perhaps, against these expedients for the production of effect upon the popular passions. Let me observe in parenthesis, that the fault of all this (if it is to be condemned) does not lie with the Association, with the priesthood, or with the people, but with the law, which has, by its system of anomalies and alienations, rendered the national mind susceptible of such impressions. But I proceed. Thus it was the day passed, and it was not until nearly nine o'clock that those who were actively engaged in the election went to dinner. There a new scene was opened. In a small room in a mean tavern, kept by a Mrs. Carmody, the whole body of leading patriots, counsellors, attorneys, and agents, with divers interloping partakers of election hospitality, were crammed and piled upon one another, while Mr. O'Connel sat at the head of the feast almost overcome with fatigue, but yet sustained by that vitality which success produces. Enormous masses of beef, pork, mutton, turkeys, tongues, and fowl were strewed upon the deal boards, at which the hungry masticators proceeded to their operations. For some time nothing was heard but the clatter of the utensils of eating, interrupted by an occasional hob-nobbing of "The Counsellor," who, with his usual abstinence, confined himself to water. The cravings of the stomach having been satisfied, the more intellectual season of potations succeeded. A hundred tumblers of punch, with circular slices of lemon, diffused the essence of John Barleycorn in profuse and fragrant steams. Loud cries for hot water, spoons, and materials, were everywhere heard, and huge jugs were rapidly emptied and replenished by waiters, who would have required ubiquity to satisfy all the demands upon their attention. Toasts were then proposed and speeches pronounced, and the usual "hip, hip, hurra!" with unusual accompaniments of exultation, followed. The feats of the day were then narrated;—the blank looks of Ned Hickman, whose face had lost all its natural hilarity, and looked at the election like a full moon in a storm; the shroud-coloured physiognomy of Mr. Sampson; and the tears of Sir Edward O'Brien, were alternately the subjects of merriment. Mr. Whyte was then called upon for an imitation of the Sheriff, when he used to ride upon an elephant at Calcutta. But in the midst of this conviviality, which was heightened by the consciousness that there was no bill to be paid by gentlemen who were the guests of their country, and long before any inebriating effect was observable, a solemn and spectral figure used to stride it, like the ghost of Hamlet, and the same deep churchyard voice which had previously startled my ears raised its awful peal, while it exclaimed "The wolf, the wolf is on the walk. Shepherds of the people, what do you here? Is it meet that you should sit carousing and in joyance, while the freeholders remain unprovided, and temptation, in the shape of famine, is amongst them? Arise, I say, arise from your cups,—the wolf, the wolf is on the walk!"

(To be continued.)

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

"Many things answered me."—Manfred.

I go, I go!—And must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood play'd,
By my own streams?
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met

In grief or glee?
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me, where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought!
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,
With me be fraught!

And Memory answer'd me:—"Wild wish and vain!
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core:
The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'ergrown,
Is theirs no more!"

Hast *thou* such power, O Love?—And Love replied,
"It is not mine!—Pour out thy soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust!"

Song! is the gift with *thee*?—I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;
Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name
Where it would rest!

And Song made answer: "It is not in me,
Though call'd immortal—though my power may be
All but divine:
A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst live,
This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfil?
—And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still
Each vain regret:
What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,
Wilt soon forget."

Then did my soul in lone faint sadness die,
As from all Nature's voices one reply,
But one, was given:
"Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer! with a tone,
To give thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in Heaven!"

F. H.

SELF-LOVE AND BENEVOLENCE.—PART I.

A. For my part, I think Helvetius has made it clear that self-love is at the bottom of all our actions, even of those which are apparently the most generous and disinterested.

B. I do not know what you mean by saying that Helvetius has made this clear, nor what you mean by self-love.

A. Why, was not he the first who explained to the world that in gratifying others, we gratify ourselves; that though the result may be different, the motive is really the same, and a selfish one; and that if we had not more pleasure in performing what are called friendly or virtuous actions than the contrary, they would never enter our thoughts?

B. Certainly he is no more entitled to this discovery (if it be one) than you are. Hobbes and Mandeville long before him asserted the same thing in the most explicit and unequivocal manner;* and Butler, in the Notes and Preface to his Sermons, had also long before answered it in the most satisfactory way.

A. Ay, indeed! pray how so?

B. By giving the *common-sense* answer to the question which I have just asked of you.

A. And what is that? I do not exactly comprehend.

B. Why, that self-love means, both in common and philosophical speech, the love *of* self.

A. To be sure, *there needs no ghost to tell us that.*

B. And yet, simple as it is, both you and many great philosophers seem to have overlooked it.

A. You are pleased to be obscure—unriddle for the sake of the vulgar.

B. Well then, Bishop Butler's statement in the volume I have mentioned——

A. May I ask, is it the author of the Analogy you speak of?

B. The same, but an entirely different and much more valuable work. His position is, that the arguments of the opposite party go to prove that in all our motives and actions it is the individual indeed who loves or is interested in *something*, but not in the smallest degree (which yet seems necessary to make out the full import of the compound "sound significant," *self-love*) that that something is *himself*. By self-love is surely implied not only that it is I who feel a certain passion, desire, good-will, and so forth, but that I feel this good-will towards myself—in other words, that I am both the person feeling the attachment, and the object of it. In short, the controversy between self-love and benevolence relates not to the person who loves, but to the person beloved—otherwise, it is flat and puerile nonsense. There must always be some one to feel the love, that's certain, or else there could be no love of one thing or another—so far there can be no question that it is

* "Il a manqué au plus grand philosophe qu'aient eu les Français, de vivre dans quelque solitude des Alpes, dans quelque sejour éloigné, et de lancer delà son livre dans Paris sans y venir jamais lui-même. Rousseau avait trop de sensibilité et trop peu de raison, Buffon trop d'hypocrisie à son jardin des plantes, Voltaire trop d'enfantillage dans la tête, pour pouvoir juger le principe d'Helvetius." —*De l'Amour*, tom. 2, p. 230.
My friend Mr. Beyle here lays too much stress on a borrowed verbal fallacy.

a given individual who feels, thinks, and acts in all possible cases of feeling, thinking, and acting—"there needs," according to your own allusion, "no ghost come from the grave to tell us that"—but whether the said individual in so doing always thinks *of*, feels *for*, and acts *with a view to himself*, that is a very important question, and the only real one at issue; and the very statement of which, in a distinct and intelligible form, gives at once the proper and inevitable answer to it. Self-love, to mean any thing, must have a double meaning, that is, must not merely signify love, but love defined and directed in a particular manner, having *self* for its object, reflecting and reacting upon *self;* but it is downright and intolerable trifling to persist that the love or concern which we feel for another still has self for its object, because it is we who feel it. The same sort of quibbling would lead to the conclusion that when I am thinking of any other person, I am notwithstanding thinking of myself, because it is *I* who have his image in my mind.

A. I cannot, I confess, see the connexion.

B. I wish you would point out the distinction. Or let me ask you —Suppose you were to observe me looking frequently and earnestly at myself in the glass, would you not be inclined to laugh, and say that this was vanity?

A. I might be half-tempted to do so.

B. Well; and if you were to find me admiring a fine picture, or speaking in terms of high praise of the person or qualities of another, would you not set it down equally to an excess of coxcombry and self-conceit?

A. How, in the name of common sense, should I do so?

B. Nay, how should you do otherwise upon your own principles? For if sympathy with another is to be construed into self-love because it is I who feel it, surely, by the same rule, my admiration and praise of another must be resolved into self-praise and self-admiration, and I am the whole time delighted with myself, to wit, with my own thoughts and feelings, while I pretend to be delighted with another. Another's limbs are as much mine, who contemplate them, as his feelings.

A. Now, my good friend, you go too far: I can't think you serious.

B. Do I not tell you that I have a most grave Bishop (equal to a whole Bench) on my side?

A. What! is this illustration of the looking-glass and picture his? I thought it was in your own far-fetched manner.

B. And why far-fetched?

A. Because nobody can think of calling the praise of another self-conceit—the words have a different meaning in the language.

B. Nobody has thought of confounding them hitherto, and yet they sound to me as like as selfishness and generosity. If our vanity can be brought to admire others disinterestedly, I do not see but our good-nature may be taught to serve them as disinterestedly. Grant me but this, that self-love signifies not simply, "I love," but requires to have this farther addition, "I love *myself*," understood in order to make sense or grammar of it, and I defy you to make one or the other of Helvetius's theory, if you will needs have it to be his. If, as Fielding says, all our passions are selfish merely because they are *ours*, then in hating another we must be said to hate ourselves, just as wisely as in loving another, we are said to be actuated by self-love. I have no patience with such

foolery. I respect that fine old sturdy fellow Hobbes, or even the acute pertinacious sophistry of Mandeville; but I do not like the flimsy, self-satisfied repetition of an absurdity, which with its originality has lost all its piquancy.

A. You have, I know, very little patience with others who differ from you, nor are you a very literal reporter of the arguments of those who happen to be on your side of the question. You were about to tell me the substance of Butler's answer to Helvetius's theory, if we can let the anachronism pass; and I have as yet only heard certain quaint and verbal distinctions of your own. I must still think that the most disinterested actions proceed from a selfish motive. A man feels distress at the sight of a beggar, and he parts with his money to remove this uneasiness. If he did not feel this distress in his own mind, he would take no steps to relieve the other's wants.

B. And pray, does he feel this distress in his own mind out of love to himself, or solely that he may have the pleasure of getting rid of it? The first *move* in the game of mutual obligation is evidently a social, not a selfish impulse, and I might rest the dispute here and insist upon going no farther till this step is got over, but it is not necessary. I have already told you the substance of Butler's answer to this commonplace and plausible objection. He says in his fine broad manly and yet unpretending mode of stating a question, that a living being may be supposed to be actuated either by mere sensations, having no reference to any one else, or else that having an idea and foresight of the consequences to others, he is influenced by and interested in those consequences only in so far as they have a distinct connexion with his own ultimate good, in both which cases, seeing that the motives and actions have both their origin and end in self, they may and must be properly denominated *selfish*. But where the motive is neither physically nor morally selfish, that is, where the impulse to act is neither excited by a physical sensation nor by a reflection on the consequence to accrue to the individual, it must be hard to say in what sense it can be called so, except in that sense already exploded, namely, that which would infer that an impulse of any kind is selfish merely because it acts upon some one, or that before we can entertain disinterested sympathy with another, we must feel no sympathy at all. Benevolence, generosity, compassion, friendship, &c. imply, says the Bishop, that we take an immediate and unfeigned interest in the welfare of others; that their pleasures give us pleasure; that their pains give us pain, barely to know of them, and from no thought about ourselves. But no! retort the advocates of self-love, this is not enough: before any person can pretend to the title of benevolent, generous, and so on, he must prove, that so far from taking the deepest and most heartfelt interest in the happiness of others, he has no feeling on the subject, that he is perfectly indifferent to their weal or woe; and then taking infinite pains and making unaccountable sacrifices for their good without caring one farthing about them, he might pass for heroic and disinterested. But if he lets it appear he has the smallest good-will towards them and acts upon it, he then becomes a merely selfish agent; so that to establish a character for generosity, compassion, humanity, &c. in any of his actions, he must first plainly prove that he never felt the slightest twinge of any of these passions thrilling in his bosom. This, according to my author, is requiring

men to act not from charitable motives, but from no motives at all. Such reasoning has not an appearance of philosophy, but rather of drivelling weakness or of tacit irony. For my part, I can conceive of no higher strain of generosity than that which justly and truly says, *Nihil humani à me alienum puto*—but, according to your modern French friends and my old English ones, there is no difference between this and the most sordid selfishness; for the instant a man takes an interest in another's welfare, he makes it his own, and all the merit and disinterestedness is gone. "Greater love than this hath no man, that he should give his life for his friend." It must be rather a fanciful sort of self-love that at any time sacrifices its own acknowledged and obvious interests for the sake of another.

A. Not in the least. The expression you have just used explains the whole mystery, and I think you must allow this yourself. The moment I sympathise with another, I do in strictness make his interest my own. The two things on this supposition become inseparable, and my gratification is identified with his advantage. Every one, in short, consults his particular taste and inclination, whatever may be its bias, or acts from the strongest motive. Regulus, as Helvetius has so ably demonstrated, would not have returned to Carthage, but that the idea of dishonour gave him more uneasiness than the apprehension of a violent death.

B. That is, had he not preferred the honour of his country to his own interest. Surely, when self-love by all accounts takes so very wide a range and embraces entirely new objects of a character so utterly opposed to its general circumscribed and paltry routine of action, it would be as well to designate it by some new and appropriate appellation, unless it were meant, by the intervention of the old and ambiguous term, to confound the important practical distinction which subsists between the puny circle of a man's physical sensations and private interests and the whole world of virtue and honour, and thus to bring back the last gradually and disingenuously within the verge of the former. Things without names are unapt to take root in the human mind: we are prone to reduce nature to the dimensions of language. If a feeling of a refined and romantic character is expressed by a gross and vulgar name, our habitual associations will be sure to degrade the first to the level of the last, instead of conforming to a forced and technical definition. But I beg to deny, not only that the objects in this case are the same, but that the principle is similar.

A. Do you then seriously pretend that the end of sympathy is not to get rid of the momentary uneasiness occasioned by the distress of another?

B. And has that uneasiness, I again ask, its source in self-love? If self-love were the only principle of action, we ought to receive no uneasiness from the pains of others, we ought to be wholly exempt from any such weakness: or the least than can be required to give the smallest shadow of excuse to this exclusive theory is, that the instant the pain was communicated by our foolish, indiscreet sympathy, we should think of nothing but getting rid of it as fast as possible, by fair means or foul, as a mechanical instinct. If the pain of sympathy, as soon as it arose, was decompounded from the objects which gave it birth, and acted upon the brain or nerves solely as a detached, desultory feeling,

or abstracted sense of uneasiness, from which the mind shrunk with its natural aversion to pain, then I would allow that the impulse in this case, having no reference to the good of another, and seeking only to remove a present inconvenience from the individual, would still be properly self-love: but no such process of abstraction takes place. The feeling of compassion, as it first enters the mind, so it continues to act upon it in conjunction with the idea of what another suffers; refers every wish it forms, or every effort it makes, to the removal of pain from a fellow-creature, and is only satisfied when it believes this end to be accomplished. It is not a blind, physical repugnance to pain, as affecting ourselves, but a rational or intelligible conception of it as existing out of ourselves, that prompts and sustains our exertions in behalf of humanity. Nor can it be otherwise, while man is the creature of imagination and reason, and has faculties that implicate him (whether he will or not) in the pleasures and pains of others, and bind up his fate with theirs. Why, then, when an action or feeling is neither in its commencement nor progress, nor ultimate objects, dictated by or subject to the control of self-love, bestow the name where every thing but the name is wanting?

A. I must give you fair warning, that in this last *tirade* you have more than once gone beyond my comprehension. Your distinctions are too fine-drawn, and there is a want of relief in the expression. Are you not getting back to what you describe as your *first manner?* Your present style is more amusing. See if you cannot throw a few high lights into that last argument!

B. Un peu plus à l'Anglaise—any thing to oblige! I say, then, it appears to me strange that self-love should be asserted by any impartial reasoner, (not the dupe of a play upon words,) to be absolute and undisputed master of the human mind, when compassion or uneasiness on account of others enters it without leave and in spite of this principle. What! to be instantly expelled by it without mercy, so that it may still assert its pre-eminence? No; but to linger there, to hold consultation with another principle, Imagination, which owes no allegiance to self-interest, and to march out only under condition and guarantee that the welfare of another is first provided for without any special clause in its own favour. This is much as if you were to say and swear, that though the bailiff and his man have taken possession of your house, you are still the rightful owner of it.

A. And so I am.

B. Why then not turn out such unwelcome intruders without standing upon ceremony?

A. You were too vague and abstracted before: now you are growing too figurative. Always in extremes.

B. Give me leave for a moment, as you will not let me spin mere metaphysical cobwebs.

A. I am patient.

B. Suppose that by sudden transformation your body were so contrived that it could feel the actual sensations of another body, as if your nerves had an immediate and physical communication; that you were assailed by a number of objects you saw and knew nothing of before, and felt desires and appetites springing up in your bosom for which you could not at all account—would you not say that this addition of

another body made a material alteration in your former situation; that it called for a new set of precautions and instincts to provide for its wants and wishes? or would you persist in it that you were just where you were, that no change had taken place in your being and interests, and that your new body was in fact your old one, for no other reason than because it was yours? To my thinking, the case would be quite altered by the supererogation of such a new sympathetic body, and I should be for dividing my care and time pretty equally between them.

Captain C. You mean that in that case you would have taken in partners to the concern, as well as No. I.?

B. Yes; and my concern for No. II. would be something very distinct from, and quite independent of, my original and hitherto exclusive concern for No. I.

A. How very gross and vulgar! (whispering to D——, and then turning to me, added,)—but why suppose an impossibility? I hate all such incongruous and far-fetched illustrations.

B. And yet this very miracle takes place every day in the human mind and heart, and you and your sophists would persuade us that it is nothing, and would slur over its existence by a shallow misnomer. Do I not by imaginary sympathy acquire a new interest (out of myself) in others as much as I should on the former supposition by physical contact or animal magnetism? and am I not compelled by this new law of my nature (neither included in physical sensation nor a deliberate regard to my own individual welfare) to consult the feelings and wishes of the new social body of which I am become a member, often to the prejudice of my own? The parallel seems to me exact, and I think the inference from it unavoidable. I do not postpone a benevolent or friendly purpose to my own personal convenience, or make it bend to it—

> " Letting *I should not* wait upon *I would*,
> Like the poor cat in the adage."

The will is amenable not to our immediate sensibility but to reason and imagination, which point out and enforce a line of duty very different from that prescribed by self-love. The operation of sympathy or social feeling, though it has its seat certainly in the mind of the individual, is neither for his immediate behalf nor to his remote benefit, but is constantly a diversion from both, and therefore, I contend, is not in any sense selfish. The movements in my breast as much originate in, and are regulated by, the *idea* of what another feels, as if they were governed by a chord placed there vibrating to another's pain. If these movements were mechanical, they would be considered as directed to the good of another: it is odd, that because my bosom takes part and beats in unison with them, they should become of a less generous character. In the passions of hatred, resentment, sullenness, or even in low spirits, we voluntarily go through a great deal of pain, because *such is our pleasure;* or strictly, because certain objects have taken hold of our imagination, and we cannot, or will not, get rid of the impression: why should good-nature and generosity be the only feelings in which we will not allow a little forgetfulness of ourselves? Once more. If self-love, or each individual's sensibility, sympathy, what you will, were like an animalcule, sensitive, quick, shrinking instantly

from whatever gave it pain, seeking instinctively whatever gave it pleasure, and having no other obligation or law of its existence, then I should be most ready to acknowledge that this principle was in its nature, end, and origin, selfish, slippery, treacherous, inert, inoperative but as an instrument of some immediate stimulus, incapable of generous sacrifice or painful exertion, and deserving a name and title accordingly, leading one to bestow upon it its proper attributes. But the very reverse of all this happens. The mind is tenacious of remote purposes, indifferent to immediate feelings, which cannot consist with the nature of a rational and voluntary agent. Instead of the animalcule swimming in pleasure and gliding from pain, the principle of self-love is incessantly to the imagination or sense of duty what the fly is to the spider—that fixes its stings into it, involves it in its web, sucks its blood, and preys upon its vitals! Does the spider do all this to please the fly? Just as much as Regulus returned to Carthage and was rolled down a hill in a barrel with iron-spikes in it to please himself! The imagination or understanding is no less the enemy of our pleasure than of our interest. It will not let us be at ease till we have accomplished certain objects with which we have ourselves no concern but as melancholy truths.

A. But the spider you have so quaintly conjured up is a different animal from the fly. The imagination on which you lay so much stress is a part of one's-self.

B. I grant it: and for that very reason, self-love, or a principle tending exclusively to our own immediate gratification or future advantage, neither is nor can be the sole spring of action in the human mind.

A. I cannot see that at all.

D. Nay, I think he has made out better than usual.

B. Imagination is another name for an interest in things out of ourselves, which must naturally run counter to our own. Self-love, for so fine and smooth-spoken a gentleman, leads his friends into odd scrapes. The situation of Regulus in the barrel with iron-spikes in it was not a very easy one: but, say the advocates of refined self-love, their points were a succession of agreeable punctures in his sides, compared with the stings of dishonour. But what bound him to this dreadful alternative? Not self-love. When the pursuit of honour becomes troublesome, "throw honour to the dogs—I'll none of it!" This seems the true Epicurean solution. Philosophical self-love seems neither a voluptuary nor an effeminate coward, but a cynic, and even a martyr, so that I am afraid he will hardly dare show his face at Very's, and that, with this knowledge of his character, even the countenance of the Count de Stutt-Tracy will not procure his admission to the saloons.

A. The Count de Stutt-Tracy, did you say? Who is he? I never heard of him.

B. He is the author of the celebrated "Idéologie," which Bonaparte denounced to the Chamber of Peers as the cause of his disasters in Russia. He is equally hated by the Bourbons; and what is more extraordinary still, he is patronised by Ferdinand VII. who settled a pension of two hundred crowns a year on the translator of his works. He speaks of Condillac as having "*created* the science of Ideology," and holds Helvetius for a true philosopher.

A. Which you do not! I think it a pity you should affect singularity of opinion in such matters, when you have all the most sensible and best-informed judges against you.

B. I am sorry for it too; but I am afraid I can hardly expect you with me, till I have all Europe on my side, of which I see no chance while the Englishman with his notions of solid beef and pudding holds fast by his substantial identity, and the Frenchman with his lighter food and air mistakes every shadowy impulse for himself.

THE FRENCH GOVERNESS.

Our modish manners well we vaunt,
When we behold our daughters flaunt
  In Gallic silks and dresses;
And give them, in our foreign whims,
(Their minds to garnish like their limbs,)
  Parisian governesses.

Able her mother-tongue to talk,
To cry "mon Dieu!" to shrug—to walk
  With true Parisian wriggle,
Tight in her waist, but loose of speech,
Prompt, if her teeth be white, to teach
  The most becoming giggle,—

Some sage mamma in ecstasies
Snaps up the fresh-imported prize,
  And puffs her as a pattern;
Her faults the pupil quickly learns,
Pert, prating, shallow, and by turns
  A dandisette or slattern.—

Attempting all things, versed in none,
How glibly Miss's accents run,
  How fluently she smatters!
What erudition—what a vast
Display of nonsense, and how fast
  Her broken French she chatters!—

That many, tutored thus, receive
No taint, we willingly believe,
  We are no loose impeachers;—
But French romances, novels warm
And amorous songs that often form
  The reading of French teachers,—

May sometimes generate, methinks,
A prurient, vain, romantic minx,
  Not French, nor English neither;
A mongrel mischief, nothing loth
To learn whatever's bad in both,
  Without the good of either.—

LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT, NO. VIII.

Castelorizo, Antiphellus, &c.

THE morning was splendidly beautiful, when about sunrise we drove past the Hephta Kavi, or Seven Capes, and bore down upon the island of Castelorizo. These frequent divergences from his course to Cyprus did not seem to incommode our commander in the slightest degree; he had no specific business at the island farther than to land us according to agreement, and to take on-board some fresh provisions; but even without these obligations he would no doubt have been induced to put in for a day or two, by his invariable principle of never remaining more than eight and forty hours at sea at a time, when he could avoid it. In this part of the Mediterranean, too, islands are so very frequent that our navigation seemed rather inland than at sea. We never ost sight of one cluster till a second rose to view; and, as the seamen who traffic from port to port, form numerous acquaintances at each, a trip through "the Arches" is, to a Greek, merely a succession of visits to old friends, since he only parts with one in the morning to sup with another at night. The Karavi Kyrios wears none of the important looks of a supercargo; he is totally freed from the annoyances of charts and logbooks, and observations and bearings; a deviation from his course is never a matter of either moment or reflection, and even the business of his life becomes but a vehicle of pleasure, his ship being rather his yacht than a merchantman, and his voyage as much a matter of amusement as of speculation. This propensity is well illustrated by a modern poet :—

> "A merchant, who sailing from Greece to Triestè,
> Grew vex'd with the crew and avowedly testy,
> Because, as he said, being lazy and Greeks,
> They were always for putting in harbours and creeks,
> And instead of conveying him quick with his lading,
> (As any men would who had due sense of trading,)
> Could never come near a green isle with a spring,
> But smack they went to it like birds on the wing."*

About noon we passed the outer bay, and rounding a narrow cape at the entrance to the harbour, came to an anchor about an hour after midday. The island, like the adjacent coast of Karamania, is formed of steep and precipitous cliffs of limestone, through which a red ochreous matter is constantly exuding, which communicates its tinge to the surrounding rocks. Hence it may have obtained from the Genoese and Maltese who have at different periods held possession of it, the name of Castel Rosso, corrupted by the modern Greeks into Καστελοριζο, but whether it be the Cisthenè of Strabo, the Rhogè of Pliny,† or the Megisté of Ptolemy, seems yet undecided, though the fact of its being the "largest" island on the coast, as well as its coincidence with the details of Livy, has induced Captain Beaufort to decide in favour of the latter.‡ We landed at the beach, and proceeded to a miserable coffee-house, whence, whilst our host was preparing some partridges and pilaff for our dinner, we sallied out to take our survey of the town.

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* Leigh Hunt. † Hist. Nat. l. v. xxvi. ‡ Karamania, p. 12.

Of about five hundred houses, of which it consists, we saw none that did not bear the traces of abject poverty, and numbers were totally in ruins and uninhabited, their late occupants having fled to Adalia,* and other towns on the Karamanian coast, in order to avoid the grinding exactions of the present Aga, whose term of tenure being of very uncertain continuance, he is forced to lose no time in reimbursing himself by sedulous extortion for the sums he has expended in the purchase of his government from the Pacha of Rhodes. The few remaining inhabitants are miserably poor, and subsist, almost exclusively, by piloting vessels to the different ports of Syria and of Egypt, by dealing in firewood from the opposite coast, or in wine from the Cyclades, and provisions from Adalia, with which they supply the seamen who may enter the harbour. The island is scantily covered with a sprinkling of calcareous soil, but produces neither fruit, verdure, nor crops, and even for their fresh water the natives are forced to be dependent on the wintry rains, or the wells of the neighbouring shore. Trade they have none, and though, before the opening of the Greek revolution, they possessed a petty commerce in naval timber with the Hydriots and Spezziots, it has now been prohibited *in toto* by the Turkish authorities. The town stretches along the borders of the sea, but, as the cliff rises suddenly into a precipice behind it, a number of the retired streets and passages are forced to be chiselled into steps from the rock, and these, owing to their steepness, are in general more clean and orderly than the less lofty portions of the town. Immediately on the summit of the cliff, at an elevation of some hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, stands a ruinous castle, built by the Genoese, chiefly from ancient materials, but now incapable of either assault or defence. Three or four useless cannon, of small calibre, are all that remain on the battlements, the others having been carried off by some Greek cruisers, a few years since, and transferred to the navy of Hydra. A little fort lower down, towards the point of the cape, in an equally tottering condition, completes the batteries of Castelorizo; but the walls of both have never yet recovered the injuries which they sustained from the Russians, who, in 1770, captured and reduced them to their present state of helpless ruin. They are still, however, garrisoned by two hundred Turks, who are maintained by the impoverished islanders; and so jealous of the inspection of strangers was the tyrannous Aga, that it was with considerable difficulty we obtained a permission to visit the castles.

The men whom we met in our walks were poor and dejected in the extreme; every object wore an aspect of distress and melancholy; and the sombre sadness of the scene was aggravated by the unbroken silence which reigned around us, and which, at particular hours of the day, when the streets are deserted and the inhabitants are enjoying their noonday sleep in the shade, renders Castelorizo more like a city of the dead than a resort of the living. The women were any thing but handsome, and their costume peculiarly ungraceful; a red clumsy jacket reached below the hips, from beneath which appeared a cotton petticoat and striped trowsers. The head was enveloped in a coloured handkerchief; and, as at Simé, a row of metal bosses was arranged down the breast of the bodice, whilst

* Now Satalia, i. e. εις Αδαλια.

the arms, wrists, and ankles were profusely adorned with metal rings. They all seemed to be peculiarly shy and retiring, and, whether from a natural sense of modesty, or a consciousness of their deficiency in personal attractions, we found it peculiarly difficult to gain even a glance of their blushing and charmless countenances, or a rejoinder of ωρα καλη σας to our salutation of καλ' ἡμερα σας. A walk of three-quarters of an hour brought us to the site of the ancient city, on one of the loftiest points of the island. In going towards it, we passed, upon the summit of the cliff, a reservoir or cistern of simple but elegant construction, which serves to collect the water from two ravines in the hill, which would otherwise pour down upon the town. It is circular in form, built of stones, some of which are antique, and covered with a dome, whose general effect, in its exalted situation, is grand and imposing.

We were met by several girls returning from it, bearing vessels in which they had been to draw water, and others laden with linen which they had washed at the fountain. Throughout the East, the custom, so often alluded to in Scripture, of its being the duty of females to go to the wells, seems to have prevailed from a period of the remotest antiquity, and is as prevalent at the present moment, as when Rebecca assuaged the thirst of the servant of Abraham, "at the time of the evening, even the time when women go out to draw water,"* or when the woman of Samaria met Jesus by the well of Jacob. This very edifice too, and others constructed for a similar purpose, afford a striking illustration of the peculiar force of the passage to which I have last alluded, besides several throughout the New Testament, in which the word "well" is erroneously translated. "If thou knewest (said Jesus to the woman) the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked him, and he would have given unto thee *living water.* The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and *the well* (το φρεαρ) is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the *well* (το φρεαρ), and drank thereof himself, his children, and his cattle? Jesus saith unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. But whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be unto him a *well* (πηγη ὑδατος) of water springing up into eternal life." (1 John iv. 10—14.)

Now, in the above passage the words φρεαρ and πηγη have been indiscriminately translated "well;" whereas the latter, which is applied by our Saviour to the "living water," signifies a *fountain*, a constant *spring*, in which sense it is employed in the Epistle by James:—"Doth a fountain (πηγη)," saith he, "send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"†—and the former, φρεαρ, which should be translated a *cistern* or *reservoir*, from the Hebrew באר, signifies literally a *pit*, as in Luke xiv. 5. "Which of you shall have an ox or an ass fallen into a *pit*" (εις φρεαρ εμπεσειται, &c.); and in Revelation ix. 1, 2. the key of the bottomless pit (ἡ κλεις του φρεατος της αβυσσου); and ηνοιξε το φρεαρ της αβυσσου, he opened the bottomless pit.

The import of the passage therefore is, that the woman of Samaria

* Gen. xxiv. 11. † James iii. 11.

stood by the *cistern* of Jacob, and hesitated to give Jesus to drink of the stagnant water collected within it, whilst he, had she known to ask it, could have given unto her, to drink of the fresh *fountain* that springeth up into endless life. I may be mistaken in this interpretation, but the frequency of both wells and reservoirs throughout the East, and the superiority of the one to the other, serve to countenance the conclusion I would draw, and to add fresh force to the import of the sacred text. To him, however, who has never panted beneath the burning sun of Asia, or trod its scorched and glowing soil; whose eye has never turned upon its cloudless skies, or shot wistfully along its parched and endless deserts, the frequent mention of water and its important uses in the Bible can come with but little weight; and he alone who has toiled through the privations of India, or writhed beneath the withering sunbeams of the East, can enjoy in their full richness and luxury the sublime allusions of the Scriptures.

Our view from the summit of the hill was really splendid; beneath us lay the barren, rocky island, with scarce a tree to diversify its monotonous cliffs, and beyond it the broad expanse of the Adalian Gulf, with its countless islands and glittering silvery waves; whilst on either side extended the towering shores of Karamania. Of the ancient city of Megisté the perfect circuit of the walls can still be traced, inclosing a space of nearly half a mile in circumference. The spot on which it stood, uneven by nature, is now rendered doubly more so by the *debris* of the crumbled city, of which a few cisterns and reservoirs are the only perfect vestiges that remain. All around are discernible traces of the industry of a former race; and in every direction the steps are still distinguishable by which a communication was cut out from one quarter to another. A few remnants of a fortress are seen above the hill, which have been attributed to the Genoese, or the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; but they are much more probably Turkish, being constructed of small stones, and the Genoese, as Mr. Scoles remarked, always used proper materials in the erection of those edifices which they have left throughout the Levant.

We descended the hill about sunset, and returned to our repast at the coffee-house. As we passed through one of the retired streets, we were surprised to hear the voice of a female issuing from one of the wretched hovels, in tonès of sorrow and bewailing. It seemed, however, to attract the attention of no one save ourselves; and our guide, whom we questioned, informed us that it was a widow, whose husband had died some months before, and who was now, according to custom, chanting her daily dirge to his memory; a practice which it is ordinary in the island to continue for twelve months after the decease of the individual, unless the mourner find a second husband in the interval. This custom of lamenting for the dead long after the period of dissolution, is of the remotest antiquity; and Esdras mentions that "In all Jewry they mourned for Josiah, and the chief men, with the women, made lamentation for him unto this day; and this was given out for *an ordinance*, to be done by all the nation of Israel."* A few other strangers, chiefly Greeks, from two or three vessels in the harbour, were seated round the door of the coffee-house as we entered, and

* 1 Esdras i. 32.

their songs and laughter formed a most unoriental serenade during our repast. The establishment was a very miserable one; and the credit and custom of the house seemed to be sustained less by the quality of the fare, than the entertainment afforded by the sallies of our host, who was one of the liveliest Turks I have ever met with. In the evening, having got a supply of fresh bread and honey, we returned to sleep in our births on board, having secured a boat to convey us in the morning across the strait to Antiphellus.

The vestiges of this forsaken city are now abandoned to the winds and the beasts of prey. They stretch in loneliness along the deserted beach; and amidst the ruins of lofty walls, proud theatres, and gorgeous temples, a few miserable huts, inhabited by groveling serfs, alone give life to the scene of desolation. The roadstead in which it is situated, is known by the name of Port Piandouri; and a narrow tongue of land stretching out from the shore, divides the line of the coast into two commodious harbours, called Vathi and Sevedo, at the junction of which the few habitations I have mentioned, now form the population of Antiphellus, whilst the fallen edifices and mouldering tombs of their ancestors stretch far along the level shore. As our boat grounded on the strand, some three or four of them came down to meet us; they appeared poor, and miserable, and naked; but alas, as Nehemiah said unto Ahasuerus, why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my father's sepulchres, lieth waste? As we drew near to the land, the first objects which were visible were the remnants of the ancient terrace which repelled the sea, and the ruins of a theatre on an eminence above the shore; on coming closer still, the tombs became gradually more and more distinct, whilst their gloomy aspect and melancholy associations served to increase the sombre dreariness of the scene. On landing, we proceeded first to the examination of these singular, and in many instances beautiful sepulchres. They are principally situated above Port Sevedo, and are formed out of the rock of the coast, or constructed with materials found on the spot, being a sort of limestone approaching to marble, with a slight yellow tint, save where it has assumed a greyish hue, and the surface has become corroded from the effects of time and the siroccos. They are of two kinds, either built upon the surface, or hollowed from the face of the cliff. The former are not by any means so numerous as the latter, but are in many instances of extremely elegant design, though the workmanship, especially in the ornaments and mouldings, is by no means equal to the conceptions of the artist. Their form is that of a parallelogram, of seven feet long inside by three feet wide. This is cut from one block of stone, the exterior carved into pilasters and panels to receive inscriptions, many of which are still legible; and we observed a few in which the lower plinth was chiselled from the native rock, which was levelled to receive the superstructure. The coverings, which have, with very few exceptions, been all removed, were likewise formed from one single block, shaped into a lancet arch, each end decorated with a wreath, and the sides with lions heads projecting very boldly from the surface. In some the two ends are formed like doors, with sunk panels, one of which is generally open, by which access has been gained to the interior; and from the holes for hinges and fastenings, there can be no doubt of doors having been once attached to them; but in others

no aperture whatever is visible, and the body must have been deposited within ere the ponderous roof was placed upon the sepulchre. There does not remain one which has not been violated by the curiosity of Europeans or the avarice of the Moslemin, who expect in such monuments to discover the gold reputed to have been inclosed along with the remains of the deceased; all, without exception, have been opened and plundered of their contents. These repositories of dust are pretty numerous, and in some instances (perhaps those of relatives) are placed side by side; but it does not appear to have been an object to produce a general effect by their location, or to arrange them in streets as at Pompeii, though such a design might perhaps have been rendered impossible by the unevenness of the surrounding soil.

At some little distance from these are the places of sepulture excavated in the cliff, consisting ordinarily of a small chamber with one or more divisions for the reception of bodies, and not unfrequently the front of the rock, above the low entrance to the vault, is formed into a façade, with pilasters and a pediment, the capitals being shaped like the volutes of the Ionic order.

These two species of sepulchres are amply illustrative of the various texts throughout the Bible, which speak of the entombing of the ancients. The first, from their elevation and profusion of ornament, are evidently those referred to in the text, "Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye *build* the tombs of the prophets, and *garnish* the sepulchres of the righteous;"* whilst the low apertures of those which are subterraneous explain the stooping down of Mary to look into the sepulchre of Christ.† Their capacious chambers would readily admit of the entering in of three or more individuals; as when Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James, entered into the tomb of Jesus, and found a third person sitting.‡ And one of these gloomy apartments would form no unsuitable residence for the maniacs, whom the Saviour met "coming out of the tombs" in the country of the Gergesenes.§ The ranges, too, of depositories for the dust of the dead explain the frequent phrase of one person being buried *beside* another, in the same grave; as when the old Prophet, returning from entombing the man of God who came from Judah, charges his sons, saying, "When I am dead, then bury *me* in the sepulchre where the man of God is buried, and let my bones rest *beside* his."‖ May not the external architectural embellishments of these excavations likewise serve to illustrate the words of Isaiah, "As he that heweth out a sepulchre on high, and *graveth* an habitation for himself in a rock."¶ On the way from the landing-place to the Theatre, we passed some ancient walls of beautiful masonry, and near them, on a rising ground, was the site of the ancient city—the Antiphellus of Strabo, and still called by the neighbouring islanders Antiphilo. All around it the ground is partially levelled for the houses, and steps are cut from rock to rock, for the purpose of forming a mutual communication, similar to those of the Pnyx at Athens.

The Theatre is constructed of stone from the spot, the back of the scena fronting the sea, and thus affording to the spectators a pro-

* Matt. xxiii. 29. † John xx. 11. ‡ Mark xvi. 5.
§ Matt. viii. 28. ‖ 1 Kings xiii. 31. ¶ Isaiah xx. 16.

spect of unrivalled magnificence. As usual with the Greeks, advantage has been taken of the rising ground to hollow out the retiring seats, and twenty-six of the twenty-seven rows of benches of which it originally consisted are still almost uninjured; but the proscenium, and the parts connected with the stage, have disappeared, merely a few walls, probably part of a terrace, remaining, towards the sea. The whole diameter of the theatre, fronting the scena, was 165 feet, and 36 feet 6 inches that of the orchestra, from whence four passages to the summit of the edifice gave access to each row of seats. These, with the *debris* of some unknown building, a few reservoirs for water, and some crumbling walls, are all that have survived the decay of Antiphellus. A lofty pedestal rises in the midst of the ruins; but it bears neither effigy nor legend; and from its oblong shape alone we can conjecture that it once supported an equestrian figure: all besides is a blank, a waste, a wilderness. Her port and her harbour are desolate: the waves now dash unheeded over the barriers once raised to curb them. Her streets are abandoned to the fox, and her sepulchres are open to the winds. The voice of the multitude is mute; the ceaseless sea alone disturbs her silence: and so deep is the stillness of the scene, that the most trifling sound, the falling of a stone, or the scream of a restless sea-bird, re-echoes far along the solitary shore.

After the delay of a few hours, we regained our boat, and returned to the vessel in the harbour of Castel Rosso. On coming on board, we found all in uproar and confusion. There appeared to have been a general uprising of the Castelorizians against us. The captain had been prevented from purchasing the requisite supplies of water and provisions for his voyage, and Mr. Scoles' servant had been taken in custody to the castle, and imprisoned by the Aga. The poor fellow was, as I have mentioned before, a native of Lebanon, and though by religion a Christian, still, by political events, a Turkish subject, and an enemy to the Greeks; from whom, during the visits of their cruisers a few days before, he had been obliged to conceal himself, by exchanging his "coat of many colours" for an English jacket and a large straw hat. It appeared that during Mr. Scoles' absence he had gone on shore, in order to purchase some fowls and other provisions. Here, by his ignorance of the language, he was discovered not to be a Greek; whilst his professing that he was no Moslem, induced some petty officer beside him to demand his karatsch ticket. This is a receipt for the annual capitation-tax, paid by all the rayahs of the empire, which they are bound to carry constantly about their person, and produce on demand; or, failing to do so, pay the stipulated sum to the nearest official person. Georgio, as he had been in the service of an Englishman, considered that this form was unnecessary, and had omitted to procure the necessary document, on which information was instantly conveyed to the Aga; and as the poor fellow had not a single para to meet the prompt demand of the conscientious Governor, he was thrown into the dungeon of the castle.

Mr. Scoles immediately sent to demand an audience of the Governor; but as he had retired a few moments before to take his siesta, it was some time before we were admitted. We ascended a wooden staircase, or step-ladder, outside the house, and passing through several miserable apartments, not without imminent risk of falling through the

decayed flooring, were ushered into the presence of the Aga. He was rather a fine-looking old fellow, though somewhat ferocious; and, at the moment of our entrance, was reclining on one corner of a low divan, in a balcony which overlooked the sea, and commanded a splendid view of the harbour and the adjacent coast. We were attended by a noisy Greek, who acted as interpreter; and as he had been only an hour before to remonstrate with the old Turk on his barbarity, we found his presence anything but agreeable to the Aga, whose reception of us was cold in proportion. The room was filled with soldiers and armed attendants; and on the right-hand of the Governor reclined his Secretary, a staid, stately personage, with a sad-coloured jubbee and a crimson turban, his features full of gravity, his pen in his hand, and his long brass *inkhorn* (to use an Hibernicism) stuck in his girdle.* The Aga motioned us to be seated; but as we chose to transact our business first, we declined, and Mr. Scoles presented to him the Sultan's firmaun under the protection of which he was travelling. This was evidently an unexpected measure: the secretary raised his eyebrows, examined it attentively, and being assured of its authenticity, first placed it to his own lips with reverence, and then handed it to the old man, who performed the same ceremony; after which it made the circuit of the room, being fervently saluted by each individual. There was now no difficulty in procuring Georgio's liberation: he was presented to his master at once with a thousand apologies for his detention, which the Aga assured us would never have occurred had he known to whom he had the honour to belong. We next attempted to reconcile him to the Captain, but in this our efforts were of no avail; Androcopoulo had, it seems, insulted him, by his overbearing carriage; he vowed that he should not carry off an okka of flesh, or even cup of water from the island, and he kept his word. In the old gentleman's vehemence he forgot his usual Turkish politeness, and we were offered neither the accustomed sweetmeats, pipes, or coffee, which are invariably presented to strangers; but as we were in no humour for adhering to punctilios, having settled our business we made a hasty bow and retired. We had, however, to return the same evening for the purpose of claiming his interference in another matter. We had paid the boatmen who took us to the ruins in the morning two gold pieces of fourteen piastres each, instead of two of ten, and the scoundrels refused to refund the difference. In this affair, however, his Highness was not so complying as on the former occasion: he decided, without assigning any reason, in favour of the Greeks, and it was only two days after that we learned that the boat had been his own, and he himself had pocketed the fraudulent sum out of which they had tricked us.

Matters being now arranged, the commander of the Madonna de Tunisa prepared to get under weigh for Cyprus. Our luggage we trans-

* This implement is one of considerable antiquity, it is common throughout the Levant, and we met it often in the houses of the Greeks. To one end of a long brass tube for holding pens is attached the little case, containing the moistened sepia, used for ink, which is closed with a lid and snap, and the whole stuck with much importance in the girdle. This is without doubt the instrument borne by the individual whom Ezekiel mentions as "one man clothed in linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side." Ezekiel ix. 2.

ferred to the Caffè on the beach, and we then returned to bid adieu to our travelling companions. The day was closing, and as we sat in the little cabin, the sailors came down one by one to cross themselves and repeat a prayer before the image of the Virgin; on their returning upon deck, we heard them singing their vesper hymn as they slowly hove up the anchor, shook out the sails, and prepared to bear away. All was ready, and we rose to depart: Captain Panagies Androcopoulo insisted on our taking with him a parting cup of coffee, and a *petit verre* of rosoglio, then kissing our hands and wishing us a *buon viaggio*, we shoved off and saw him no more. Having no farther object to detain us in the impoverished island, we were now anxious for the arrival of a vessel which would convey us to one of the Cyclades, whence we might be able to procure a passage to Milo, and thence to Malta. This, however, we long looked for in vain: day after day passed on, and we had already been a week at Castelorizo, ere the wished for opportunity occurred, and even then it was only in a mystico of about thirty tons burthen that we could engage a passage to Santorin, where she was going for the purpose of procuring wine and other commodities. During the interval whilst she was employed in completing her preparations for sea, we had wandered with our guns over the entire island, and occasionally a few snipes and partridges rewarded our toil, bnt our walks were never repaid by the discovery of any remains of antiquity, or any new points of attraction. Our time we spent chiefly in lounging with a book along the rocks, or in reclining on some beetling cliff, looking down upon the dark blue sea and the distant sails, or gazing on the ruins of Antiphellus. At evening we returned to the miserable caffenes, and, after chatting with the loungers about the door, retired to spread our cloaks in a corner and enjoy an hour of uncertain rest, for the mosquitoes rendered it any thing but sleep or refreshment. Amongst the crowd of the natives we met no one individual endowed with more than ordinary intelligence; all were stupid and ignorant in the last degree; their only accomplishment card-playing, or firing at a mark, and their only knowledge a string of fabulous legends connected with the isles of the Archipelago.

Under these circumstances we heard with no small pleasure the announcement of the approaching departure of the mystico, and, taking our places along with half a dozen fellow-passengers, we had but few regrets on bidding farewell to Castelorizo.

The weather was most annoyingly calm and beautiful, our useless sail hung in lazy folds upon the mast, and our only progress was made by the assistance of our oars, at which, however, exertion was almost impossible, owing to the dazzling heat of the sunbeams. We crept slowly and tediously along, now impelled by the currents, and again gently urged onwards by the cool breeze of evening. The spirits of the company were chiefly kept alive by the efforts of two individuals, one a Naxiot, who had been a waiter in the caffè we had left, and another a Hydriot sailor, with a broken nose, whom his companions had named the Archduke Constantine, in allusion to the brother of the Emperor Nicholas, whose royal countenance labours under a similar demolition. The Naxiot had a fine flow of sparkling spirits, and an admirable voice, and the intervals not enlivened by his songs were filled up by the witticisms of the noseless buffoon; and even during the night we were

often awakened from our fitful sleep by the noise and laughter which they excited. The owner of the mystico was a native of San Nicolo, a town in Santorin, a man of middle age, whose life had been spent in the same occupation in which we found him employed, namely, trading in wine, cottons, honey, and wax, from isle to isle of the Ægean.

On the evening of the third day we passed the southern point of Rhodes, keeping close in by the shore, as the Karavi Kyrios wished to catch some fish in order to recruit his provisions, which were rapidly disappearing. His apparatus consisted of several hooks, attached at intervals along a deep line: one of these he baited with bread, and the first fish caught was cut up into morsels in order to bait the remainder. The water was remarkably clear, and the sport not very good; but, nevertheless, in the course of the evening, he succeeded in taking as many as furnished our supper and breakfast; a fire was struck on the gravel, with which the boat was ballasted, and the cooking took little more preparation than the procuring of our provisions. The fish were all small, perches being the largest caught, but the brilliancy of their metallic colours, crimson, purple, and glowing amber, I have never seen equalled, nor was their flavour inferior to their beauty.

Towards twilight, on the day we approached Santorin, a large vessel was dimly discernible, passing towards Milo, and although she was almost hull-down in the distance, the sailors immediately pronounced her to be the Cambrian, which she proved to be. On inquiring the means of this singularly accurate recognition, they replied, that she was the only one of the British vessels that had black, or as they called them, Greek masts. This colour is, however, by no means unfrequent amongst the crafts of the Levant; they often remind one of the "black ships" of Homer, and one of the most popular of the modern Greek songs is a ballad concerning

The Black Ship of Stathos.

A stately vessel cleft the tide
That rolls by steep Kassandra's* side.
Her gloomy sails of raven black †
Flung darkling shadows on her deck,
And at her bending mast there flew
A pennon of cerulean blue.

Far down the stormy bay she met
Athwart her course a swift corvette,
Which, forcing through the swelling flood,
Bore high Mohammed's flag of blood,
And as she drew th' Albanian near,
Her haughty summons meets his ear.

"Down helm, ye slaves, swing every sail
To face unmoved the opposing gale."
"We halt not," was the quick reply,
"Whilst yonder breeze careers the sky,
One swelling sail we will not check,
Whilst men and swords array our deck.

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* Kassandra is a promontory of Thessaly, at the entrance of the Bay of Salonika.

† Μαῦρου καράβι ἔπλεε 'σ τὰ μέρη τῆς Κασσάνδρας
Μαῦρα πανιὰ τὸ σκέπαζαν και τ' οὐρανοῦ παντιέρα.
Fauriel, vol. i. p. 14.

"And deem'st thou us affianced girls,
Or maids bedeck'd with bridal pearls,
That we should crouch to empty words,
Or yield to thee Albanian swords?
Our chief contemns thy proud Pacha,
'Tis Stathos lord of Agrafa.—

"But hold, my mates, your deck swift clear,
And bear upon the Moslem's rear;
We'll teach the craven crouching slave
How keen is an Albanian glaive,
Till every wave with crimson hue
Shall tinge its iridescent blue.*

Scarce died the words when quickly now
The fiery chiefs lie prow by prow,
And Stathos bursting on his board,
Rush'd hand to hand, and sword to sword;
The Othman's blood flow'd o'er the side,
Red mingling with the foaming tide,
And slow his last long sigh he drew,
'Midst dying shouts of Alla Hu!†

GOOD LIVING THE CAUSE OF BAD WRITING.

"We say it is a fleshly stile, when there is much periphrases, and circuit of words; and when with more than enough it grows fat and corpulent."

Ben Jonson's Discoveries.

In a former paper, entitled "Evils of Measurement in Literature," while I discovered the strongest ground for anticipating a speedy renovation from its present alleged degeneracy, I proved, to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced persons, that the decay, more especially in the quality of our periodical works, arose from the injudicious mode of paying for the commodity by external admeasurement rather than by intrinsic value. My limits would not then allow me to follow up and expose the disastrous consequences of this system, which, reacting upon itself, tends to accelerate, in a frightful ratio, the depravity of taste that our critics so pathetically deplore. By writing long articles, and running into diffuseness, authors have become rich, while the good living consequent upon sudden wealth has still farther deteriorated the quality of their writings, pecuniary abundance invariably producing intellectual penury. That the reader may yield a perfect assent to the truth of this proposition, he must bear in mind that the stomach hath ever been held the seat of some of our noblest faculties and affections. Persius calls it the dispenser of genius; the Hebrews considered it the head quarters of intellect; Saint Paul cautions the Philippians against making it their deity; we ourselves, in common parlance, hold it to be the seat of pride and courage; the Hindoos and other nations reverence it as the seat of thought, whence, in all probability, beasts with two stomachs came originally to be called ruminating animals *par excellence.* I believe I have expressed this opinion elsewhere,—*mais n'importe;* it is

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* Iridescent. On a calm day in the Mediterranean, the rays of the sun deeply refracted in the dark blue waves, give them all the appearance of the changing and iridescent hues of mother of pearl.

† 'ΑΛΛΑ! 'ΑΛΛΑ! *οἱ ἄπιστοι κράζοντες προσκυνοῦνε.—Fauriel.*

too plausible and pertinent to be suppressed upon an uncertainty, and if I am repeating myself, I may at least plead the excuse of the old French wag, who was sometimes guilty of the same misdemeanour—"Il faut bien que vous me permettiez de redire de temps en temps mes petits contes; sans cela je les oublierais." Where else than to the stomach should we look for the primary cause of that irritability which, in all ages, has been the distinguishing characteristic of authors; as well as for that morbid state of the intellectual faculties by which they are so often afflicted, and of which the evidence is sometimes so lamentably seen in the inferiority of their writings? Authors are no longer Grub-street garreteers, invigorating their minds by Spartan temperance, and their bodies by inhaling the pure and classical air of an Attic lodging. The "mens sana in corpore sano," may now be prayed for in vain. Payment by the sheet of nine feet four has tempted them to scribble by the furlong; they have acquired riches, money has made them luxurious, luxury has deranged their intestine economy, the sympathising soul "embodies and embrutes," and thus do I come round to the title of my paper, and most logically and incontestably prove that good living is the cause of bad writing.

A ready clue will be afforded us to the superiority of the ancient writers over the moderns, if we recollect that necessity is the mother of invention, and that invention has always been deemed the test, the *experimentum crucis*, the *sine qua non* of a great poet. What says Shakspeare, who, in confirmation of his own dictum, never wrote a line after he retired to Stratford and fattened upon aldermanic fare:

> "Fat paunches make lean pates, and grosser bits
> Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits."

In a medical work now before me, containing some excellent maxims for men of letters, the author observes that the most successful writers have been starved into excellence and celebrity. Homer begged his bread; Cicero is described by Plutarch as being at one time of his life extremely lean and slender, and having such a weakness in his stomach, that he could eat but little; Tasso was often obliged to borrow half-a-crown for a week's subsistence; Cervantes wrote his immortal work in prison; the author of "Gil Blas" lived in great poverty; Milton sold his "Paradise Lost" for ten pounds; Otway—but there is no end to the list. Read the Calamities of Authors, and you will find abundant proof in almost every page that there is no Muse or magic, no Pegasus or Parnassus, no Helicon or Hippocrene, like hunger. "It is well ascertained," says the medical writer before me, "that a spare diet tends very much to augment delicacy of feeling, liveliness of imagination, quickness of apprehension, and acuteness of judgment. The majority of our most esteemed works have been composed by men whose limited circumstances compelled them to adopt very frugal repasts; and we have much reason to suppose that their scanty fare contributed in no small degree to the excellence of their productions."* So convinced is our worthy physician of the fact, that he earnestly recommends a dose of medicine to authors before they engage in any particular study or composition; and is obliging enough to give recipes pro-

* Sure Method of Improving Health, p. 359.

portioned to the intensity of the application required. We now see the reason why the ancients made Apollo the god of medicine as well as of poetry; so true is it that there is a hidden wisdom in the most trivial detail of their mythology, if we could but unveil it. Is it not notorious to the most superficial pathologist, either from personal experience or pure observation, that gluttony stupifies the reasoning faculties, and that drunkenness destroys them altogether? and how could this result occur unless the stomach were the seat of the intellect, the great sensorium of the human frame? That the fumes of these immane potations, alembicised in the intestines, ascend into the head, and thus disorder the ratiocinative powers, is a mere medical conceit, a fond imagining of the theorists, unsupported by proof, and even unwarranted by analogy. Let our literati, then, cultivate the griping of a hungry belly as an infallible test of inspiration, and of the presence of the *mens divinior*, prompting all sorts of nimble, fiery, delectable, and spiritual fancies; while the Philodeipnos, who indulges in poluphagia and poluposia, (I wish to avoid the vulgar terms of gluttony and inebriety,) will never be classical in his compositions; his mind will become empty as his body fills, and he will produce heavy, somnolent, dull, leaden writings, manifestly engendered "crassâ Minerva," under the influence of a fat Minerva. Even air, light and insubstantial as such a food may appear, except to a cameleon, may be of too pinguid a quality; and the ancient Bœotians were thought to be stupified by the undue fatness of the element they breathed—"Bœotum in crasso juraris aëre natum."

So far, however, from wishing to confine men of letters to a diet of air, however unctuous and satisfactory, the physician to whom I have referred is willing to allow them over and above, during the course of the twenty-four hours, twelve ounces of solid, and twenty ounces of liquid food, after which it will behove them to make a change in their intestine punctuation, and to take care that their colon comes to a full stop. A single mouthful beyond this limitation, even of *Cotelette à l'Epigramme*, will infallibly injure the point of their writings, and stultify them with ponderous and phlegmatic dulness. The writer in question cautions authors not to be "sleepless themselves to make their readers sleep," but to slumber for at least eight hours at a stretch, as the surest method of avoiding somnolency in their productions—a piece of advice which most patients, whether literary or not, would be very happy to follow. Example, which is infinitely better than precept, will abundantly justify the wisdom of this starving system. Our greatest writers have been little, attenuated men, stomachless, meagre, lean, and lath-like; beings who have half-spiritualised themselves by keeping matter in due subordination to mind, corporeally testifying that the sword has worn out the scabbard, and that the predominant soul has "o'er-informed its tegument of clay." Look at the busts and portraits of Cicero, Demosthenes, Voltaire, Pope, and a hundred others, whose minds have meagred their bodies till they became almost as ethereal as the ardent spirit they enshrined,—is it not manifest that they have the true form and physiognomy of intellectual pre-eminence, that "pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto?" Lord Byron never wrote so well as when he was macerating himself by rigid abstinence; and the most eminent of our living writers are all men of temperate living and a spare bodily habit. I am not covertly complimenting the Editor of

"The New Monthly," still less myself, though I flatter myself that we might both be adduced as——but this might be construed into individual vanity, of which I have already recorded my very particular abhorrence! A corpulent intellectualist is a contradiction in terms, a palpable catachresis. One might as well talk of a leaden kite, a sedentary will-o-the-wisp, a pot-bellied spirit, or lazy lightning. Obesity is a deadly foe to genius; in carneous and unwieldy bodies the spirit is like a little gudgeon in a large fryingpan of fat, which is either totally absorbed, or tastes of nothing but the lard. Let no man attempt to write who has a protuberant stomach; let no man reckon upon immortality who cannot distinctly feel and reckon his own ribs; for the thinnest bow shoots the farthest, and the leanest horse generally wins the race. If I were a publisher, I should invariably fight shy of the "fair round belly with good capon lined," and immediately offer a handsome price to the Living Skeleton for his memoirs. They would have a run, and they would deserve it; for we may be assured that they would exhibit none of the faults pointed out in my motto. All bone, muscle, and nerve, they would be doubly acceptable to a public which has lately been overwhelmed with such a mass of flesh, fat, and flummery. Nothing fat ever yet enlightened the world; for even in a tallow candle the illumination springs from the thin wick.

How comes it that in the upper classes of life, among men possessing "all appliances and means to boot," who ought to be specially qualified by liberal education and the full enjoyment of leisure, we find so few writers of any sort, and scarcely one of marked eminence. With all his industry, Walpole's list of royal and noble authors presents but a meagre show in point of number, and not a particularly creditable one as to talent. The "Lords of fat Evesham and of Lincoln Fen," and our other wealthy agriculturists, have never attempted to cultivate the soil of Parnassus. What can explain this apparent anomaly, but the reflection that their station in life, placing every luxurious indulgence within their reach, has tempted them to make their own stomachs the tomb of their own genius? Hecatombs of fish, flesh, and fowl have they offered up to this insatiable ventricle, stifling in their fumes the very germs of talent, and clouding or extinguishing almost every spark of intellect. Happy they who have plied their teeth so incessantly that they have found no time to put the pen in motion, for the few who have rashly essayed to combine gastronomic with literary pursuits, have only offered a more signal example that good living is invariably the cause of bad writing.—Our oldest authors are the best, and why? Not only because they were the poorest, but because they wrote in Roman Catholic times, when fasts, and lent, and spare diet were rigidly observed. Is it upon record that any work of celebrity was ever begun during the Carnival, or that any of our civic dignitaries, conversant with feasts, festivals, and aldermanic excesses, have distinguished themselves as literati? I pause for a reply. Even poor Elkanah Settle, the last of the city laureats, unable to resist the stultifying influence of gluttonous repasts, as his Inauguration Odes attest, *usque ad nauseam*, finally gorged himself into such a lamentable plight, that he had just wit enough left to enact a dragon at Bartholomew Fair, and to hiss, and spit fire, for the amusement of the populace. Let our gormandizing and tippling scribblers have the fate of Elkanah perpetually before their

mouths; let them pray for some physician's wand, like that which whisked away the dishes from the expectant jaws of Sancho Panza, if they wish to preserve their faculties unimpaired, and to write something that the world shall "not willingly let die."

In the mysterious reciprocal action of the mind upon the body, and of the body upon the mind, it is impossible to say how intimately the mere quality of our food, without reference to its quantity, may affect every thing that we write. By longing for some particular viand or fruit, a mother will, through some inscrutable process of nature, indelibly stamp it upon her unborn child; and may not men, by the kind of nutriment upon which they subsist, while teeming with some literary work, communicate a similar impress to the offspring of their brain? Diversity of diet may even plausibly explain the various characteristics of national literature. The writings of a Frenchman, habitually living upon soupe maigre, a vol-au-vent, and an omelette, graced with Chablis or champagne, will be naturally light, mercurial, playful, sparkling, and frothy; while those of an Englishman, dining upon beef and plum-pudding, made into a heavy quagmire with port and porter, will be of a more solid texture perhaps, but gross, ponderous, grave, plethoric. By indulging in sour krout, the Germans have become a nation of critics; waterzootje and red herrings are legible in every line of the Dutch literature; macaroni and vermicelli have imparted their own frivolous and insubstantial character to the writings of the Italians; while from the wild birds and wild beasts which constitute the prevalent food of the north, we may plainly deduce the singular wildness of the Scandinavian mythology and poetry. Bearing these incontrovertible facts in mind, let every author endeavour to adapt his food to the nature of his intended composition; above all, and under every circumstance, attending to that golden rule of Milton, who exemplified in his works the glorious results of his own recommendation.

> "Well observe
> The rulè of not too much, by temperance taught,
> In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
> Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

LONDON LYRICS.

The Two Elephants.

WHERE, back'd by a Castle, the Elephant's free
  To all, I dismiss'd my portmanteau,
And walk'd off to Astley's the new Piece to see:
  "Don John, or the Siege of Otranto."

But here a live Elephant stood on the brink
  Of the Pit, and extended his fauces:
"Heavy wet" was, I found, his appropriate drink,
  With which he surcharged his proboscis.

'Twixt hither and thither, a mere nunc et tunc,
  My Muse finds a subject to court her:
The Porter *there*'s ready to carry the trunk,
  But *here* the Trunk carries the Porter.

TABLE-TALK ABROAD, NO. VII.

The Bar.

"If from those only to whom much be given much will be required, the silk gown of Mr. Jervis will probably cover the trifling aggregate of his legal offences (if, as it was once said, law in itself be an offence); and his faults will scarcely exceed the small amount of professional cares allotted to him during his career at the Bar. Like Spencer Perceval, with many qualities to command respect elsewhere, Mr. Jervis was permitted to pursue the tranquil tenor of his way, undisturbed by the perplexity of affairs: yet, constant in his attendance, he long occupied his corner of the Court—the very Diogenes of the place; a cynical but quiet tubman,* who seemed thence to moralize on legal life, and the vanity, and toil, and bustle, in which he had no more than a spectator's interest: there would he, undisturbed, (for Erskine sat at the opposite end of the bench) reflect on the brief nature of briefs, in which no Nisi qualification led him to expect an estate in fee, or even a copy-hold tenure; there he appeared a sort of fiction of the law, unblest by a single motion, or the mandamus of a benign attorney; an ever silent and enduring *quare impedit* itself. Like Perceval, too, his official advancement was due, as it has been reported, to his connexion with nobility; but, if he were not popular as a lawyer (and how many living instances teach us that popularity is not always the consequence of merit), he well justified, by his conduct, his nomination as counsel to the Admiralty. That he has now resigned for a Welsh Judgeship, where he will be yet even more in his element and at his ease; and Horace Twiss has stepped into his shoes. Of him I can scarcely speak but from Fame's report; for, in my time, he was but a bantling of the law, and his infant nature was, I remember, strangely wild and wayward. He had more freaks and fancies than Lord King himself, or Sir Joseph Sidney Yorke. He then cared about as much for law as Lord Cochrane himself; and all his prepossessions were evidently in favour of the drama. His only glory, at that moment, was derived from his connexion with the Kembles, (and who but might be proud of it?): as it was his chief ambition to be regarded as the arbiter of taste in theatrical matters. He would write critiques on performances and performers; analyse the beauties of a pantomime; prattle about ladies' legs, and 'such small deer,' in right pleasant style; and it has been said that, while other his ancient sympathies have become extinct, the taste for reporting yet remains in no small degree, and on what he deems no common subject; but which, haply, are the last reports likely hereafter to be consulted by the Bar. He is now of professional rank, and a legislator; he is a clever man, and fortunate as clever: and, if somewhat liberal of allowance towards himself, neither tenacious or hard-handed with respect to others in the transactions of public or of private life."

"You have forgotten Brougham, Ashley?"

"Of him what can be said which is not already known? He has now risen, like a giant refreshed, from his short repose behind the Ministerial benches, to renewed exertion; and can verify the words of

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* In the Exchequer Court is a box denominated a Tub, in which the barrister of longest standing takes his seat, and is thence named Tubman.

Romilly, 'that there is no fun but of Opposition.' He has now, and only now, undertaken a task worthy of his powers; and he must feel 'that the blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare.' He has attempted to lay the axe to the antique but yet flourishing tree of corruption and abuse; spurning a partial abolition of rank and luxuriant error, his aim is to reform it altogether; and the importance of his purpose is, in value, as a sovereign to the small change of Mr. Peel. He has proposed to confer upon his country the greatest benefit ever contemplated by any of our legislators through a series of ages: he is admirably adapted to the employment: he brings a master mind to its conception, and must prevail if he be but true to himself. Let him but shrink not from his post, or admit (as he has too often done) the treacherous refinements and uncandid qualifications of others until his plan may be no longer recognized as creditable to himself or beneficial to his country, and his name will be handed down to posterity with unrivalled honour. Let him take his stand, in the name of the people, for a reform which cannot but avail if it be largely and liberally met, but which will be neither useful nor advantageous, if puny reparation be doled out with the timidity of a Secretary and the condescension of a Minister. He will be strenuously opposed, no doubt; but let him assume an attitude correspondent to his superior powers, and, where opposed, let him reply with Benedict XIV. when publicly interrupted in his discourse by the Ambassador of Venice, 'Si tace Pantaleone, quando il Dottore parla."* It has been frivolously enough suggested, I see, that he is in this instance but a copier of Peel; but if it be said by the partizans of the Secretary, as the peasant observed in displaying his picture, 'Voila mon portrait! voyez comme le peintre a attrappé la rassemblance:'† it may be replied, as then, 'Il a bien mieux attrappé l'original.' The earlier bears as much similarity to the later plan, as Jervoise's copy to the master-piece of Titian; when the more modern artist, raising his eyes in ecstasy at the contemplation of his presumed success, and his shoulders in pity of the divine painter, exclaimed with ineffable contempt, 'Poor Titian!' Brougham's reform will render the law a feast, not a fast—a feast attainable by rich and poor, and resembling the Cabinet dinner of the minister Roland, where the cost of entertaining the whole corps diplomatique amounted to the very unministerial sum of fifteen francs: while enough of what was wholesome and substantial was afforded to the guests. The hideous deformities of the present law system are only to be pointed out to be acknowledged; and if, unhappily, he be successfully opposed, let him yet persevere, and, like Vivien, give his portrait a tail, that the merit of the painter may only be excelled by the monstrous character of his subject. Let him dwell upon its ugliness without fear or dismay, even though he should be rewarded by another slamming of the door at Brookes's for having dared to mention the obnoxious word elsewhere. Even Mr. Peel, like Brougham's "Mr. Bailey senior" friend, (as the Frenchman politely has it) may not stickle at an attempt to steal his bags; or hesitate to meet him half way over

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* "Pantaloon is silent when the Doctor speaks." Alluding to the Venetian comedy, in which those characters generally appear.

† "Behold my portrait! Observe how well the painter has hit," or "entrapped the resemblance."

the bridge, for the purpose of compromising with him. They will however, I fear, prove far too weighty for ministerial strength; and will as certainly be returned—without fee or reward,—no names mentioned; the contents being wholly useless to any but the owner.

"Long political connexion, with much of mutual professional and official exertion, must long associate the name of Denman with that of Brougham. The Common Serjeant was, in my time, yet in his legal nonage, but gave already evidence of superior talent. He came from a highly intellectual family, and possessed resources which it has been given to few to attain, for his parents were persons of talent and ability. Mr. Denman has the nerve and courage of a man, with no ordinary learning as a lawyer, and eloquence adequate to its display; and if, in the course of time, he become somewhat detached from politics, (wherein he will least shine,) and be destined for the Bench, he will make a fearless, independent, and constitutional Judge.

"Then was there Edward Morris, a kind and gentle person, whose chief legal attribute was haply having married a daughter of Erskine; so that, when the Whigs came into power, he was made a Master in Chancery by his father-in-law, and took his station in the pleasant domicile of Southampton Buildings. The appointment was certainly somewhat irregular, and the translation of Alderman Birch from his soup-concocting mansion in Cornhill, to the throne at York, would scarcely have produced more surprise than the transfer of a Common Lawyer to the Equity Bench; and the Emperor Paul might be heard, the whole length of the corridor of the office, growling in his den at the unprincipled profanation attempted by Erskine. Yet there, his bland and courteous manners, as contrasted with those of the Father of Mastership, were grateful to suitors as the termination of a Chancery suit to some venerable plaintiff—as a farthing damages to the attorney of some newspaper-tormenting client, for it (like old Hogarth of Staples Inn, with his everlasting bundle of papers under his arm,) always carries costs. He was a man with a temper *ad satisfaciendum*—a free and liberate disposition—and he really made an excellent master, for he was wholly unacquainted with the routine of office, (it is only by following it one can err,) and he got through business in a very rapid manner. He was a novice in the art, and understood not the prolongation of affairs:—advocates lost briefs, solicitors fees, and his colleagues their patience;—but the whole matter will some day be performed by steam; that is some consolation.

After a long, long interval, there came within the precincts, but not the rules of the Bench, he of the Emerald Isle to enlighten us. That was an acquisition; for, as Shelah would say, he was 'a jewel of a man,' and would 'talk: ye gods! how he would talk.' Lord Ellenborough was terribly posed at his first appearance, and was really taken by surprise; the Chief-justice's philosophy was wholly at fault—all his speculations on life and character were completely set at defiance, and the concatenation of long established ideas, once and for ever irretrievably disturbed by the alliterative and fluent Hibernian. Trope, simile, metaphor, and all figures of speech were brought to the assault of judicial patience; the chaste and classic scholarship of the peer was 'frightened from its propriety," he snorted like the war-horse in Job, he shook his wig in very indignation, and seemed ready to descend from his

pride of place and bring down judgment *in propria persona* on the offending barrister; but nothing would do, the oratorical shilelah was still flourished with tremendous effect round his affrighted head. It was a running fire. It set at nought all the experience of his Lordship, for he might but remember haply Bishop Atterbury's mild reproach of Lord Cadogan: that he was 'a bold, bad, blustering, bloody booby;' or the title to Dr. Milner's pamphlet of the miraculous cure of 'Winifred White of Wolverhampton at St. Winifred's Well;' but what were they to the rosary-strung alliteration of Charles Phillips? It was the report of Perkins's gun, distinguished by time alone, yet ever the same in sound—it came over the ear like the 'sweet south,' when it approaches in less favoured climes, loaded with the faint and pestiferous blasts of the sirocco.

"Heaven be good unto us, but it seems that the luckless tribunal has been gifted with another import from the Sister Isle—one who has modestly declared 'that when he does prepare his speeches, he produces periods for which he has no reason to blush.' He has, it would appear, enough of business, if it be only in his own cause. Perhaps no one envies him his client, and he may yet fail perhaps in his attempts against the Press: as one I knew did towards himself, a man who, being desperately enamoured of a scornful lady, proposed to move her feelings by suicide, and yet enjoy the result of his act, and who, when the door of the chamber was burst open, as the report of the harmless pistol was heard, exclaimed, with mingled vexation and self-satisfaction, to his friends, 'By the powers, gentlemen, but I have missed myself.'

"What, in the name of all that is witty, has become of Dubois? Surely we have some need of him in these degenerate days, and of a continuation of his 'Ryghte merry and conceitede Tour.' His debut in the law was as a client, not a counsellor: when he stood upon his defence as the author of 'My Pocket-book,' and dared to brave the fury of Sir Richard Phillips himself. Alas! that was a settler of the famous Sir John Carr and his pleasant histories, and before unheard-of jests—all fell before the ruthless and unsparing hand of Dubois; his just and humorous *exposé* of the pretensions of the travelled knight attracted the commendation even of Sir Vicary himself, who had never before, perhaps, expressed approbation of any thing not peculiarly law-full, and drew down on the City publisher the emphatic encomium of Lord Ellenborough, 'That he was the weakest man ever allowed to walk abroad without a keeper.' The joint attack of author, advocate, and judge, could not be withstood—Joe Miller was foreclosed to the wandering cavalier, and book-fitted regions for ever left unvisited. The defendant had the victory: for the party was eminently unequal, and the defeated knight had better have previously exclaimed with Voiture the poet, when challanged to the combat, 'The party is not equal—you are tall, and I short—you are brave, and I am a coward—you wish to kill me, I consent to be considered as killed—what do you want more?' There, unfortunately, did Dubois' critical exertions cease. It could not certainly be from want of subject; it might be, on the contrary, that it was but too abundant, and that he might grow bewildered as he contemplated the amount, and cast away his pen in despair. We are bound to be right joyful that a successor has not been wholly wanting to him, for a

similar supposititious and most satisfactory murder has been but now committed on one who out-carred Carr himself;—on one who contrived, by his books, to shove himself into the presence of every crowned head in Europe unable to read, or, reading, to comprehend them. Peace to the manes of the hapless, but amusing Caledonian; and honour to him who bade him rely rather on that faith he pretends to, and on which he drew so largely in his transactions with the public, than upon his good works, for future comfort.

"I deemed that I had spoken of all those who claimed Ireland as their native country; but there was one we must not forget, and that was Mike Nolan; he who, to much perseverance and study, added somewhat of genius and the brogue, published well and largely on that most intricate of all subjects, the Poor Laws, and was consequently in request at the Sessions in cases of settlement. If there were little doubt that his ultimate acquaintance with a branch of our blessed system, which of itself demands a life of labour to master, was of itself sufficient to insure him practice, he did not deem it prudent to omit other means of gaining the good will of those who might benefit him in fortune or in fame. He was the very pink of courtesy to all ranks, from the Bench to the usher;—magistrate and advocate, attorney and juryman, clerk and door-keeper, even the prisoner at the bar, had it liberally conferred upon him. There were smiles for all and every one, and yet to spare; and, whether affected or sincere, they had the merit of seeming candour, which would have easily triumphed over the more servile acquiescence of any Sir Pertinax of the North, and borne away triumphantly the palm of favour from the most accomplished *booer* of them all. Whatever business he took in hand he conducted well—in a straightforward, lawyer-like manner—leaving flourishes to Philips, and periods for the future benefit of French: and so expert was he eventually considered, that, although an Irishman, he became a Welsh Judge; and, covering his broad shoulders with a gown of Florentine, was admitted to the honours of a breakfast in Lincoln's Inn: and fed largely and luxuriously in the generous refectory of the late Lord Chancellor.

It might have been presumed that the genius of the Bar had long since discovered all the paths to the attainment of wealth or reputation; but the events of each succeeding day inform us that human invention has but now found itself unshackled, and that the world is yet as in its infancy in all the better arts of life. It would be little creditable to the professors of the law, that, while all others are "progressing" in the march of mind, they alone should be stationary; and it must give us pleasure when we find antique and unwholesome prejudices cast aside, and some bolder and more daring spirit quit the beaten track, and ascertain a novel path to the attainment of fame or honour. Lord Eldon himself, it is said, once proposed, in despair of advancement, to quit the Bar for the Church. (What an ample field for speculation is there, to those who may indulge it, on what might have been the consequences of such a change!) Sir William Grant was, in early life, near abandoning us for the wilds of Canada: Sergeant Rough, after a life of practice, betook him to the West Indies: Hargrave, that giant of knowledge, could not stem the stream, and died in poverty: and how many others are there, who, after the expenditure of a

fortune in qualifying themselves for the profession—after sacrificing all the better hours of life to toil and study—with health decayed, and hopes for ever crushed, have abandoned the pursuit, and ended a miserable existence in need, obscurity, and pain. But it is the best attribute of human wit that it may divert the frowns of Fortune, and chalk out plans uncontemplated before, if not to riches, at least to notoriety. It was truly gratifying, therefore, to find that the Royal Society of Musicians, forsooth, had unanimously, as publicly, expressed their thanks to a professional gentleman "for offering his gratuitous opinion on any legal question" connected with that eminent body! Here are your fooleries—the Genius of Discord in the sanctum sanctorum of Harmony itself—a bar without notes—anticipated crotchets—Guitarre cases exemplified—a sharp among flats—Fi-fa and Sol-fa—a legal opinion set to music! What next shall we have? Let the most timid aspirant no longer fear renown. There are yet counsel wanting to steam-engines, and what an opportunity is there offered for vapouring! an advocate for the prosecution of the Thames Tunnel might, surely, find a place! Chamber-advisers to iron rail-roads, showing the road to railing; and, surely, some sympathising spirit might even not refuse to patronise the claims of those headless blocks, the Elgin marbles."

"Do you know any thing of the officers of the King's Bench court?"

"Only that more than one half of them are apparently useless, from other occupations, habit, or station; or, if not, must be gifted with talents for the performance of various as conflicting duties denied to ordinary men. Let Mr. Brougham turn his attention that way, even though he himself may lose something by his motion. We have a Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, who disdains not to act as Clerk to the Master of the Court of King's Bench!—another peer of Parliament, who is one of the Custodes Brevium!—a barrister, who is also clerk at Nisi Prius!—a noble Duke, who receives the profits of the Seals on two tribunals!! In another court, two baronets officiate, or are nominated, as subaltern officers to the Judges! a Lord President of the Council, who, but lately, with all our colonial concerns to occupy him, found ample time to fulfil the functions of Clerk of the Crown to the Chancellor! The Hereditary Grand Falconer himself assumes place as his Lordship's Registrar—an hereditary Registrar too!! There is, too, a poetical lord, who, in addition to his contributions to the 'Gentleman's,' finds time for the less important avocations, lay and ecclesiastical, of—but I have not breath to spare, so do consult the Court Calendar, if you have one. One but now Master in Chancery, and at present an officer of the House of Peers, who condescends to supply attorneys with subpœnas! A Governor-General of India, who adds to his Oriental titles the homelier denomination of "Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer!" —a viceroy and a hookah-bearer!! An English Earl and Prussian Count, who, although a Chief-Justice in Eyre, officiates as Prothonotary in a county court!—and last, although not least, a Sergeant-at-Arms, who, justly acknowledged to be the first orator of the age, is the advocate of freedom in the uniform of a Gendarme, and who, in the exercise of opposing duties, may haply be doomed first to advocate the cause of a defendant, and, if he fail in that, he has but to doff his robe, and seize the mace, and take his hapless client into custody! But we will be content to leave him his humbler honours for the good he pro-

poses to effect; and if he adopt the suggestion I have advanced, of relieving the tribunals of that dead-weight on justice—sinecurists, we will retain him in his office that he may complete the reform (in which it is to be hoped he may succeed), and in his executive and ministerial character, drive the mere money-changers from the precincts of the Temple."*

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* We have received the following correction of our correspondent respecting the late Sir Giles Rooke, in our last Number of "The Bar:"—

"The charge brought against him, I own, is not a very serious one, and I may, perhaps, appear somewhat over-sensitive in noticing it, yet I should think myself wanting in respect for the memory of my friend if I suffered so idle a representation to remain uncontradicted. I therefore request you will insert in your journal these few brief remarks. It is asserted in the essay that Sir Giles Rooke was seized in his patriarchal days with a love of novel-reading, and was so little choice in the selection of writers, that he would read with avidity even the emanations of the Minerva Press, and used to sacrifice the hours of repose to the enjoyment of maudlin sentiment and the horrors of over-strained romance. 'Often,' continues this accurate chronicler, 'would the morning sun find Sir Giles pursuing, with no wonted ardour, the progress of some tale of sorrow or of love. It was strange to see one of learning and taste so employed; but, if I remember well, this was a romantic family. He had a brother, who, after having served his King with credit in the army, abandoned his country for the land of the olive and myrtle, and established his head-quarters at Rhodes, &c.' In reply to this, I must observe, that Sir Giles, so far from being a brother of the Colonel Rooke here referred to, was not in the remotest degree allied to him; and that the statement of his passion for novels bears precisely the same conformity to truth as that of his relationship to Colonel Rooke. I can aver, and all who knew him well will confirm the correctness of my assertion, that he had no predilection whatever for this species of reading: as for tales of false and high-flown sentiment, and the vamped-up publications of the Minerva press, his mind was of too strong and manly a texture, and too quick in its perception of absurdity, to endure them for a moment. Not that he was insensible to the merit of the superior works in this class of literature: he duly appreciated whatever productions displayed the powers of original genius; but I must repeat, he was not in the habit of reading novels; nor did he approve of their being read by his family except very rarely, and with much selection. Having little leisure, he confined his reading to works of the highest order; our elder poets were among his chief favourites. Of an evening, when alone with his family, he was in the habit of reading to them, and on these occasions the volumes most frequently resorted to were the plays of Shakspeare. His voice was fine and flexible, and I well remember the impression he used to make on his audience by the spirit and discrimination with which he entered into the varied conceptions of the poet.

"It is most true that he was often up before the dawn; and there was one book, the Bible, which the rising sun not unfrequently found him reading: for it was his custom, when much occupied by professional business, to rise earlier than usual, that he might have time to devote the allotted portion of his morning to this study: it was—

> 'His earliest' meditation, 'and his last
> At evening.'

"Though twenty years have elapsed since his death, it has often given me pleasure to find that Sir Giles Rooke still lives in the memory of his friends and acquaintance, and is invariably spoken of with kindness and esteem. He was, indeed, one of the most agreeable of companions. None enjoyed more highly than he did, the society of the gifted and enlightened; and few contributed more largely to the pleasures of the social hour. He had an unfailing flow of spirits, and a mind fraught with ideas, and rich in the recollections of the past; and so varied and playful was his conversation, that while it interested persons of his own age, it was peculiarly attractive to the young. I shall merely add, that he never attained a 'patriarchal' age; he died in his sixty-third year; in the full vigour of his faculties, retaining, to his latest hour, the cheerfulness and serenity of his spirits."

THE DYING RAVEN.

" Whither goest thou, Bird of night?
Whither art thou wandering?
There is dulness in thy flight,
And earthward droops thy heavy wing.
I hear no longer the rushing sound
Of thy pinions swooping from sky to ground;
Thou cleavest no longer the sullen cloud,
Through its closed breast forcing thy way;
And I hear not thy shriek exulting loud
Over thy helpless prey.
There is about thee many a token,
Which says that thy mighty heart is broken.
Bird of ages, thy grief unfold,
Whither goest thou, Raven old?"—

" I go to seek for myself a grave
In a hole of the rock, in the mountain cave;
I go to throw off my mortal shroud
Far from the ken of the staring crowd;
I go to die, as my fathers have done,
Seeking, needing, aid from none.
Not like Man, who, the tyrant in life,
Is a slave when past is his mortal strife;
And, mighty as was his day of power,
A doubting wretch in his dying hour.
He knows not what his soul may be
In his so feared Eternity;
He knows not that his bones will rest
Beneath the sod that he loves the best;
He is still obliged to crave
From Man the favour of a grave;
And daylight mocks the solemn show
With which to the tomb his reliques go;
While the smother'd laugh of the happy heir
Mingles well
With the hired groan, and the feigned tear,
And the choral swell
Of the anthem's voice around the bier.

" No! not like his, in fear and doubt,
Doth the light of the Raven old burn out.
Not like him doth the Raven fear
The young heir's scorn, the mockery tear.
Not like him doth the Raven feel
Aught in the future of woe or weal.
The Bird of ages would scorn to say
He had sympathies with these sons of a day.
A mightier knowledge is his,—his eye
Looks far in the dun of futurity;
And he sees unshrinking the shadow dull
Of the distant hour when his days are full;
And when it comes, he makes his grave
In the still obscure of the mountain cave;
And falls, as the son of old Night should fall,
Under the folds of her ebon pall!"

G.

SOCIETY IN INDIA, NO. V.

So long as we are rather clamoured than philosophized into the greater part of our opinions, it will be a matter of some peril to utter a word in behalf of many things that nevertheless may be susceptible of excuse. It is enough that they are in the *index expurgatorius* of those who profess the fashionable morality of the times; and no one, unless he is a candidate for the downright abhorrence of half the decent, respectable, and well-dressed persons he meets with in society, would breathe or whisper an apology for them. Candid reasoners, indeed, may admit that there is a wide distinction between excuse, which is merely relative, and defence, which rests upon some unqualified and absolute principle. But where are candid reasoners to be found? Upon the subject of the religious customs of our native subjects in India, there are a hundred unthinking declaimers to one candid reasoner. It might be thought, however, that understandings capable of extended surveys of our nature, and familiar, by means of such inquiries, with that copious chapter of its errors and obliquities which is implied in the word "superstition," would be aware that there are many palliations that charity or philosophy may suggest for religious usages, however alien from our best feelings, and the genius and spirit of Christianity, unquestionably the only perfect wisdom which has yet beamed upon mankind. Indeed, the most heated enthusiasts for diffusing the Christian faith in India disavow the idea of appealing to force; not that there is any great magnanimity in the disclaimer, seeing how ridiculously inadequate to that end must be all the force they could summon. But the very same persons, when they talk of specific rites and ceremonials, although 'part and parcel' of the ancient superstition of India, and entwined with it by a coeval root and a simultaneous growth, in one moment forget the forbearance they profess, and feel no delicacy in calling for restrictive measures to suppress them as nuisances and abominations. Take that singular usage for instance, of which so much more has been said or written than is understood, the Suttee, or the self-immolation of the Hindoo widows upon the funeral pile of their deceased husbands. You will perceive the marked inconsistency between the politic tolerance they think it prudent to entertain towards the Hindoo religion generally, and the zeal with which they recommend the compulsory restriction of its vital and essential parts, or what is still considered to be so in India. Happily, however, it is a zeal which, for the present, must content itself with being merely a verbal one. "Words, words, my Lord," seem to be the coin in which the universal philanthrophy of the day discharges its debts. Were it otherwise than verbal, denunciations like these would be ominous to the quiet of India, and to the stability of our Indian empire; for they evince a total departure from every maxim of reason, justice, and policy, that has hitherto influenced our relations to that country. A few years ago, what would have been thought of a petition signed by one solitary gentleman, and actually presented to Parliament, calling for an immediate penal enactment against this very practice—one of the religious ceremonials of a people removed from the natural sphere of our ecclesiastical legislation, not more by physical distance, than the strong-

est discriminations which Providence has impressed on the various families of mankind; and that usage, an integral portion of an immense pile of opinions or errors, that during a long cycle of ages have become wrought, as it were, into their moral identity. But, as no practical results are likely to follow, the worthy petitioner is at liberty to expatiate over the vast field he has opened for the overflowings of his benevolence, and wander unrestrained amidst the soothing dreams of human amelioration that float before his entranced vision, with the whole chart of Brahminical superstitions, all the

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum"

of Hindostan, unfolded before him. Against these he has the constitutional right of petitioning by lines of latitude and longitude—and this, without the slightest appeal to his pocket, or any tax or burthen but the paper on which he ingrosses his petition. A species of philanthropy, which, happily for the peace of India, is as noiseless and inaudible, as it is economical; for, after being consigned by the solemn requiem "ordered to lie on the table," to that limbo of unamended grievances and forgotten wrongs, "a bourne from which no traveller returns," it will soon expire in the gentlest of euthanasias.

But to speak gravely, pure and exalted as the zeal may be which dictated so new and unheard-of a procedure, obeisance surely is due to time and season, and the great law of expediency. But there is a danger, lest the natives of India, contemplating the matter through optics peculiar to themselves, and shrinking with a sensitive jealousy from the slightest invasion of their religious institutions, should not distinguish between projects laid before the legislature, and their actual legislative adoption. They are too little schooled in our political constitution, and have been nurtured to maxims of government too dissonant from the frame and genius of ours, to separate an act done permissively under the state, from the solemn and authentic act of the state itself. That which is permitted, they will erroneously, but with their habits of thinking naturally, infer to be sanctioned.

Assuredly, the sacrifice of the Hindoo widow is a dreadful rite. But, shocking as it is to the moral taste, its horror is in some degree diminished by its being purely voluntary. It is right also to observe, that it is not imperatively enjoined by the Hindoo law. On the contrary, one of the most authoritative of their sacred texts declares,* that "a wife, whether she ascends the funeral pile of her deceased lord, or survives for his benefit," (that is, to perform a perpetual course of expiatory ceremonies in his behalf,) "is still a faithful wife." It is, in fact, a voluntary martyrdom, considered highly meritorious, and conferring great distinction, but by no means a duty of strict obligation. Nor is it an evil of such very frequent occurrence, as it has been represented. It will be found indeed to occur rarely, if the immense population of Hindostan Proper is taken into the consideration. It was a most unfair computation adopted by the missionaries, when they took the number of immolations in a particular province, and then multiplied them by equal extents through the whole area of India. It is a prerogative also confined to the highest caste; and they who aspire to it undergo an exami-

* Colebrook's Digest of Hindoo Law.

nation into the chastity and fidelity of their lives, which every wife cannot conveniently submit to. Besides this, there are many provinces where it has been never practised; and in others, even in some of the northern ones, it seems to be gradually wearing itself out. In all probability, it will sink into desuetude altogether, unless some of those injudicious interpositions of authority, which the petitioner invokes so ardently, should rekindle the fanaticism in which it originated. When M. Bernier* visited India, during the Mogul government, more widows sacrificed themselves in one year, and in a single province, than have sacrificed themselves within the last twenty years throughout the whole country. The Suttee is prohibited also within certain distances of the Presidencies. Beyond this, it would be unwise to extend our interference. On the other hand, mild remedies are frequently found to succeed with fanaticisms much more detestable than this. What a world of wisdom did the old Senate of Rome, in their memorable decree against the most execrable ceremonies that ever dishonoured the name of religion, bequeath to the knights-errant of too officious a philanthropy! "Si quis tale sacrum solenne et necessarium duceret, nec sine religione et piaculo se id omittere," &c. &c. The whole may be seen in Livy.

Those who have described the Suttee, with the view of decrying the Hindoo religion in general, are not chargeable with having given too faint a colouring to their pictures. But absurd, or even inhuman practices, are not always conclusive arguments against a whole religious system. The Hindoos are in the main a virtuous people. I know not whether their virtues are the offspring of their religion, or of their habits; but their religion, imperfect as it is, when compared with the purer morality, or more efficient sanctions of our own, must not be excluded from the influences that have formed their character. Their sacred books contain the leading maxims of ethical philosophy, imparted in the varied forms of apophthegm, and allegory, and precept. Conjugal duty, temperance, parental and filial affection, hospitality even to enemies, with the whole category of minor offices, are strongly enforced and beautifully inculcated. It would be unfair to deliver the whole system up to indiscriminate condemnation on account of this usage, inhuman as it is. With equal justice, an enemy of the Christian faith, in the spirit of a Porphyry, might array against it the inhumanities that have been committed in its name. To a reasoner of this description, what a topic would be the horrid sacrifice once prevalent over Christendom, and still lingering in some parts of it, that dooms youth and beauty to the gloom of the convent! With what nice touches might he not describe the living death, in comparison with which the flame that consumes the Hindoo widow is mild and merciful! How might he dilate on the sufferings of the victim, when every image of joy, and every vision of hope, recedes for ever from her view, and the feverish enthusiasm which lifted her for awhile above the world, begins to subside, and its beloved scenes of home, of friendship, of love, recur

* Bernier was one of the earliest, and the most authentic traveller in India. His book is deemed of high authority, and was received in the House of Lords on the trial of Mr. Hastings, as good evidence of Hindoo customs.

in vain to her remembrance. It is in this spirit, and with such exaggerations, that the Hindoo rite has been clothed in horrors not its own. For this purpose, the victim is usually presented to us in the flower of youth, (the inhumanity would be less with regard to an old hag of sixty,) led, like the Iphigenia of Euripides, with tottering steps to her death-bridal, with all the lingerings after life natural to the vernal season of it, and bidding an eternal farewell to its pleasures, its duties, its connexions.

> *Ἰὼ, ἰὼ· λαμπαδουχος ἁμερα*
> *Διός τε φέγγος, ἕτερον,*
> *Ἕτερον αἰῶνα,*
> *Καὶ μοῖραν οἰκησομεν.*
> *Καῖρε μοι, φιλον φαος.*

These, however, are pangs to which the Hindoo widows, on such occasions, are impassive. There is scarcely an instance, amongst those recorded by European spectators, in which they seem to have betrayed the compunctious visitings of nature, or the slightest wish to abandon their resolve, although, to the latest moment, the *locus pœnitentiæ* is open to them, and the entreaties of their relatives and friends are often united with the remonstrances of the Brahmins to invite them back to life and its duties. The fact is, the species of existence, it scarcely deserves to be called life, to which she is destined as a surviving widow, has nothing in it to make death, in its most appalling form, an image of terror; for it is a life of penance, seclusion, and solitude, filled up by an unceasing round of ceremonies in honour of her departed husband. It is this fearful perspective, rendering life distasteful, and death a haven of rest in the comparison, joined to the honourable distinction both here and hereafter attached to the martyrdom, that, acting upon an enfeebled and enslaved understanding, becomes an irresistible motive to the fatal determination; nor can it, under such circumstances, be denied to be a powerful motive, unless

> "The weariest and most loathsome worldly life
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
> Can lay on Nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear of death."

Add to this, that, by the delusions of superstition, she is insensible to the fears and agonies of her dissolution. She secures a place in her husband's mansion in Heaven, and the honourable epithet of Sádwi, "good and faithful;" whilst by a vicarious suffering that scarcely exceeds a few moments' duration, she redeems him from a thousand years of purgatory, and is admitted in his society into the seats of the blessed, till they are both absorbed into the boundless infinity of Nature, the illimitable ocean of eternity, and become again portions of the diffused creative power, that sustains and renovates the universe. Amidst such beatific visions, she knows no taste of death; and every outward sense of worldly pain or satisfaction is lost in the intoxicating dream of futurity.

Mrs. S——, the accomplished lady of Mr. S——, the Advocate-General at Calcutta, was once present at this singular ceremony. Being of Portuguese extraction, and entirely educated in India, she was skilled in all the native languages, but particularly conversant with the Hin-

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dostannee. She attended upon this mournful occasion with a benevolent hope of diverting the poor victim from her resolve; and for that purpose requested a conference with her, which was readily granted, not only by her relatives, who seemed equally anxious to dissuade her from it, but by the officiating Brahmins. The preparations had been already completed; the pile, consisting of faggots heaped over each other to the height of four feet, had been sprinkled with the consecrated ghee, and those discordant wind-instruments, compared with which the wail of the bagpipe is celestial music, and the deep beat of the tom-tom, whose sound reminds one of the timbrels of Moloch, had commenced their deafening pæan. Upon its being announced to her that an English lady of rank was desirous of speaking to her, the palanquin in which she was borne was lowered, and she came out of it towards Mrs. S—— with a steady and composed gesture, evincing in her general appearance no terror nor emotion of any kind at the dreadful ordeal she had to undergo. She moved with an assured step, nor did one muscle of her frame betray the slightest faltering, or any other symptom of that internal sinking that renders the limbs faint and tremulous. Even that very peculiar hue, which exhibits violent agitation so much more legibly in the dark native mien, than in the fixed whiteness of the European countenance, was not in the least discernible. Her dark eyes were unbedimmed, and something akin to joy sparkled in them, as if she felt herself no longer belonging to a world where her portion was only subjection and sorrow, and saw the portals of another and a better opening before her. The Brahmins retired for some paces, and left the conference quite uninterrupted. "Have you well reflected," said Mrs. S——, "upon the dreadful resolution you have made; or has the love of life, so natural to your age (she was about twenty-two), been overpowered by the persuasions and entreaties of others?"—"Quite the contrary," she replied; "many have sought to divert me from my vow, which I have well considered. It is the duty of a good wife to consider that her days end with her husband's. A husband is the stem and support of his wife; when the stalk is cut down, is it not decreed that the leaves also must wither?"—"But is there nothing beside," asked Mrs. S——, "that is dear to you on earth—nothing that you are unwilling to leave?"—"The death of her lord," rejoined the Hindoo woman, "leaves nothing to his surviving wife but her duty, which she is bound to execute after his death with the same fidelity which was required of her whilst he lived. By that fidelity I have obtained the privilege of dying in his arms." Having said this in a tone so mild, and at the same time so determined, as to convince Mrs. S—— that the fatal resolution of the poor creature was not to be shaken, she addressed some persons who remained at a short distance, saying, "I am ready;" and after a few salams to the lady, re-entered her palanquin, by the side of which her two brothers ran for several yards, entreating her to live, but she was inexorable. Baffled in her humane attempt, Mrs. S—— felt impatient to retire from the afflicting spectacle. In a few minutes, the dismal chant of half a dozen voices, with which the discord of the instruments joined rather than blended, and the smoke of the pile strongly impregnated with the perfume of burning sandal-wood, told her that the sacrifice had begun.

Just at this moment, the peons of Mr. H——, the Zillah magistrate and collector of the district, arrived with orders to put a stop to the ceremony, or at least to remove it to another spot. They came too late—

"Il étoit trop tard—les chants avoient cessé."*

ENCOMIUM MORIÆ, OR THE PRAISE OF FOLLY.

If from our purse all coin we spurn
But gold, we may from mart return,
  Nor purchase what we're seeking;
And if in parties we must talk
Nothing but sterling wit, we baulk
  All interchange of speaking.

Small talk is like small change; it flows
A thousand different ways, and throws
  Thoughts into circulation,
Of trivial value each, but which
Combined, make social converse rich
  In cheerful animation.

As bows unbent recruit their force,
Our minds by frivolous discourse
  We strengthen and embellish.
"Let us be wise," said Plato once,
When talking nonsense—"yonder dunce
  For folly has no relish."

The solemn bore, who holds that speech
Was given us to prose and preach,
  And not for lighter usance,
Strait should be sent to Coventry;
Or, *omnium consensu*, be
  Indicted as a nuisance.

Though dull the joke, 'tis wise to laugh,
Parch'd be the tongue that cannot quaff
  Save from a golden chalice;
Let jesters seek no other plea,
Than that their merriment be free
  From bitterness and malice.

Silence at once the ribald clown,
And check with an indignant frown
  The scurrilous backbiter;
But speed good-humour as it runs,
Be even tolerant of puns,
  And every mirth-exciter.

The wag who even fails may claim
Indulgence for his cheerful aim;
  We should applaud, not hiss him;
This is a pardon which we grant,
(The Latin gives the rhime I want,)
  "Et petimus vicissim."

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* Les Templiers, A. 5.

PATRONAGE AND ART.

Much of the public attention has been directed lately to the professions of support bestowed upon Art in this country, on the part not of isolated individuals, but of Government, and of institutions which have held themselves out as associated solely for the purpose. Certain pretensions of these latter bodies, and their deviation from the objects for which they were originally formed, have also recently attracted a considerable share of notice. The causes of their dereliction are no mystery. The assumption of all authority and influence by one or two persons only in these institutions, whose claims to taste are far inferior to those of many of their numerous members, affords just ground for animadversion. From a Government that has yet done so little for Art, we have made up our minds that little is to be expected. The grant of a few feet of land for a building, or a condescending assent to the reiterated prayer of an obsequious artist or "bowing" academy, is really a wonderful effort of generosity. It is impossible for any man who can discriminate, not to balance the boasted patronage of the State to the Arts with facts—not to see that while the State is too poor to build a gallery for a few pictures which are public property, a favoured architect may squander fifty thousand pounds with impunity; a financier may waste hundreds of thousands by a perseverance in an error, of which a junior clerk in a counting-house would blush to be guilty; and an accomplished diplomatist (a Strangford, for example,) may pocket his ten or twelve thousand per annum for manufacturing despatches at home, or transacting business abroad, which one of the *employés* in the Foreign Office would do better and more effectively for a few hundreds, and which ambassadors of America actually do for a tenth part of the sum lavished on our envoys. No limit is set to the waste and extravagance of money grants, and the "Honourable House" votes away item after item for any purpose demanded by the minister, while he treats the recommendations of its finance committees with contempt. If money be scarce, and retrenchment necessary, is the ten thousand a-year sinecurist clipped? Are the millions of our military and civil expenditure cut down? Alas! no. A grant to the British Museum, or a few hundreds a year to the Arts, which are calculated to extend the fame of Englishmen when the members of the present Houses of Lords and Commons (names and all, with less than half a dozen exceptions,) are forgotten, is reduced to a fraction, on pretence of economy. Nothing can exceed the puffings, and vauntings, and applauses bestowed on Government by certain "serviles," when, out of a revenue of fifty millions, a hundred or two of pounds are unexpectedly voted for some object pertaining to the Arts. Perhaps the minuteness of the sums, and the rarity of these grants, really justify extravagant plaudits. Some assert that it would be better if the Arts were left to individual patronage, Government only rendering its assistance when required to aid particular public objects. There might be some truth in this, if our rulers, when they granted money for new churches, stipulated that as far as possible they should be made to administer to the encouragement of high Art—if in erecting a public edifice they threw open the work to public competition—if public works were not bestowed by interest, like every thing else, then, indeed, it might be a question, whether private patronage, and that of associated bodies, might

not be best, backed by the opportunities for emulation among artists flung open to them by the State, and liberally rewarded. But matters are managed very differently:—*how* they are managed, let our public works, and the Phidian excellence of our monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral, testify. But of this enough; we must, we suppose, be thankful for a kinder inclination shown lately by Government towards Art, and bow for it, scanty as it is, in all gratitude and humility, living on the faith and hope of more enlarged efforts when the "march of intellect" has operated upon Ministers, and our Lords have been endowed with a little more "wisdom aud understanding."

The business of the present article is more immediately with the "British Institution," and its recent perversion of the avowed object of its establishment. This Institution was formed with the most laudable object, by some of the noblest and wealthiest individuals in the country. It promised well at the commencement. It professed to exist for the encouragement of "High Art," which was, in fact, the only branch of Art the public did not reward. For the encouragement of any other branch the Institution would be superfluous. Besides a subscription on the part of the members, the gallery of the Institution was made a public place for the exhibition and sale of the works of British artists, and very large sums of money have been received at the doors, drawn from the fingers and brains of the artists themselves, and constituting, therefore, an additional pledge that the avowed end of the Institution would be held sacred. The exhibition-room at Somerset-House was then, and always has been, open to artists. The receipts there are usefully devoted to the instruction of students in drawing, under the eye of the Academy; and the residences of the exhibitors at the Academy are always given in the catalogues, for the use of those persons who may wish to purchase works seen there. Another room, therefore, for sale and exhibition, could not have been so urgently wanted. Since then, the Society of British Artists has opened exhibition-rooms in Suffolk-street, very justly thinking that artists have a right to profit by the exhibition of their own works. What then but the pledge of encouraging works of high or historic Art could have induced artists to send their pictures to the gallery of the Institution? The portrait and landscape painter, the artist in each grade of his profession, felt interested in every separate branch, and was pleased to see and to contribute all in his power to the extension of the great object of his life and labour. What, then, is the astonishment of artists and of the public, to find the avowed object of the Institution neglected and forgotten—that object for which funds had been expressly raised—that object for which noblemen, gentlemen, and artists, had lent the labour of their hands and subscribed their money! It is to be lamented that the subscribers to the British Institution have suffered one or two members to govern every measure, and permitted the empty assumption of knowledge by one or two to keep back the exercise of their own superior judgments. What pretensions Lord Farnborough or the Rev. Holwell Carr have over any other individual subscribers to the Institution, it would puzzle the acutest examiner to find out. It does, unfortunately, happen among bodies constituted of the highest ranks in society, as well as among those of a less pretending walk in life, that the most competent are always the most retiring and reluctant to come forward. There are always to be found in both

cases one or two who contrive, on the most unfounded pretensions, and with assumptions only of bold superiority, joined to a lacquered reputation for taste and judgment, to establish themselves among their compeers as oracles, and, vulgarly phrasing it, "to rule the roast." The monarch of taste once enthroned, the breath of a difference with him is treason, or flat perjury, as Dogberry would have it. All must bow to the grand Lama, the sun of the celestial empire. It is particularly unfortunate for England, that fashion is more arbitrary here than in any other country upon earth. One half of our private galleries of pictures have been formed by individuals at a great expense, "because my Lord so and so has one." It is not to be supposed that such a possessor of a gallery knows a good picture from a bad one, a Rubens from a Rembrandt; this is the business of a picture-dealer, who collects, buys, and sells for him. Hence we see in private galleries so many pretended works of great artists, that are mere copies from originals existing abroad. Hence we have portraits of great characters always found on demand, duly painted and smoked to order. Hence the reputation of *cognoscenti* among our fashionable people, bestowed on particular individuals, who are thenceforward the Viscontis of the nation. A reputation once the mode, and the holder is lord of the ascendant for life. Let him belong to any public body—let him give an opinion on Art privately—let him be secured for any given purpose, and his *dictum* is infallible law. Absurdity is softened into rough common sense, and deformity into the agreeable picturesque, before his omnipotent decree. It is lamentable that fashion is not confined to the Court, or Almack's, to "the order," and the dweller in the west end of town, but that it must enter and pollute far loftier precincts.

To return to the British Institution,—we do not deny that purchases have been made by that body, and a *few* premiums given for historic works; but we assert that they have been stinted and reluctant. We do deny that the Institution has achieved any thing at all worthy the object for which it was established and adequately supported. We believe it has been openly and unblushingly avowed by some directors, who affect a deep love and knowledge of Art (whether acquired through Mr. Seguier the picture-cleaner, or not, is another thing), that they hate large works, and never desire to see them within the walls of the Institution! We shall not quarrel with the taste of such persons, because we cannot envy it; they may continue to prefer Jan Steen to Raphael. Affinity of thinking and feeling may settle in an individual the preference for the works of low above high Art; the public has no right to concern itself on the subject. It is the false pretences of those who assume the lead in a public body we censure, constituting almost a disclaimer of the original principles of a public institution. We love every class of Art, and admire small pictures as well as large ones; but while the former find patrons in the public, and the latter do not, we ask the reader whether an Institution founded for the benefit of historic or high Art, thereby professing to aid mainly the national reputation, ought to be so turned aside from the avowed end of its establishment? In portrait, landscape, and familiar life, we are eminent; it is obvious that our reputation for historic Art is a very inferior one, and the perversion of the great end of such an Institution is therefore a positive calamity.

Another most monstrous misapplication of the means which should

be devoted to the ends of the Institution is to be found in the grant of four thousand pounds to erect a room attached to the National Gallery for the reception of old pictures. We suppose from this that there is no native talent to be encouraged! no historical artist to be rewarded! no other mode of disposing of the overflowing money of the Institution! A large proportion of this sum was raised from the exhibition of the works of native artists. Their brains and labour were taxed under pretence of the encouragement of high Art, in order to build a room for a Government that has a revenue of fifty millions, and can afford tens of thousands to be thrown away in architectural blunders on works alike destitute of beauty and solidity. It well becomes noblemen and gentlemen subscribing to this Institution, to consider how far their honour (and no men in the world are more honourable than the majority of them) may be implicated in this abandonment of the purpose for which they give their money, and, what is of more importance, the sanction of their respectable names.

It has been reported, that when Mr. Herries resigned, or was compelled to leave the Cabinet, Lord Goderich followed as a necessary consequence, because, without Mr. Herries to make up the public accounts, which he could not do himself, he, the head of office, could not go on. Something like this, "si parva licet componere magnis," is suspected to be the case in the connoisseurship fame of Lord Farnborough. A writer in the "Times," signing "Alfred,"* insinuates that Mr. Seguier, who has already been mentioned, is the *factotum* of Lord Farnborough, his lordship of course taking the credit of the taste and skill of his deputy. This person, Mr. Seguier, is emperor of all the picture-dealers, purchases for sundry great people, cleans, values, and sells.† Such a man near a public Institution must be every way improper. It is very rare that a love of Art has any thing to do with dealers in pictures. Like other dealers, their object very naturally is to make money. The useless Parmegiano, bought by the British Institution for 3,050*l.* (according to the before-mentioned writer,) was first purchased for Mr. Watson Taylor, at the price of forty guineas! Mr. Seguier formed that gentleman's collection, and valued his pictures. The pictures, "old and modern, selected for the British Gallery, await his fiat, it seems, for exclusion or reception, under the plausible pretext of coming from the directors, who, even if it were so, derive their opinions from himself, which used to be retailed back again as those of Sir Charles Long, or any other sir who happened to be the fashion for the time.‡" This is much of a complexion with the management of some other public institutions; and hence the uniform disappointment of the public at their results.

Mr. Beckford, a subscriber to the Institution, lately purchased a picture of Mr. Danby, and that body presented the artist with two

* Times newspaper, April 25, 1828.

† The Bellows Shakspeare, and sundry other tricks recently exposed in the journals, show what picture-dealing is in this country.

‡ Such is the influence of this person, that his brother, a military demisolde, is actually the keeper of the national pictures. Artists have nothing to do with these undertakings; they, if superannuated, may live on their funds or starve in their garrets. Is there to be nothing in this country of a public character that does not smell of jobbing?

hundred pounds; another artist, whose picture had not so fortunate a purchaser as a member of the Institution, received a gift of fifty pounds. These are all the wonderfully generous donations and efforts for the benefit of artists the Institution has bestowed, out of its thousands, that have lately reached the public ear.* Where are the paintings of native artists, in the highest walks of Art, purchased by the society? West, indeed, being, when alive, president of the academy, parted with a picture or two at a good price to the Institution, but we had and have better pictures than West ever painted, in the highest class of Art, which the Institution has never noticed. It goes on exhibiting pictures from private collections, few of which the owners exclude from the view of artists when in their own galleries. This is a convenience, however, and not so objectionable, for it swells the funds of the Institution. But it still continues its professions in the support of high Art, and raises a contribution from the works of British artists, to be squandered in large sums upon objects in which they have no interest, and which are opposed to the inducements originally held out, by which the loan of their works was first obtained. In short, the higher class of Art, and the intrinsic merit of a painting, seem to constitute no claim to preference and patronage, but pretended connoisseurship and picture-dealing consultations govern all.

We have no patience with such a system in this age. We are aware that the affectation of knowledge in Art, as well as in literature, is one of the besetting sins of the day, and that many who wish to be distinguished above others who move in the same circle with them, assume every thing to gain their ends, and adopt any mode that will sustain the delusion. Our wonder is how those who encompass them, and have far better pretensions, suffer their affairs to be ruled, and their judgments set aside, by such as owe to a false and artificial reputation of their own nursing, all their ability or right to judge in such affairs. There is nothing more galling, more humiliating to artists, than the species of patronage which thus deludes the world at their expense. They should combine and exhibit their works for their own emolument only. In one firm body they might do any thing, and become independent of obsequious contributions or humbling favours from self-

* Where is the collection of works by national artists which the Institution was expected to form? Is it because picture-dealers can best profit by trafficking in paintings of the Dutch schools, from being more easily obtained or fabricated, that we see such works the rage? The pictures of our own artists may be purchased without the mediation of dealers—is this the reason we never hear of a gallery of them? Italian pictures by the old masters are not easily procurable at a profit, or susceptible of forgery: these, therefore, are not the fashion. It is given out that the King prefers the Low Country school (or rather those who form galleries for his Majesty); this school, for that reason, is to be taken by all loyal subjects as the best and most precious in Art! A Waterloo Gallery is to be formed at Windsor, according to the newspapers, for which purchases have been made to the extent of forty or fifty thousand pounds. Was this collection projected by Mr. Seguier, who recommended it to Lord Farnborough, who recommended it to his Majesty? and is it then to be sent forth to the public as formed by his Majesty's own taste, under the direction of Lord Farnborough, and arranged by Mr. Seguier? It would be worth knowing.—Encouragement of native art!—we see nothing of it; Waterloo bonnets and Waterloo masters—Dutch taste and Dutch obesity for ever! We ask again where is the Gallery of British Artists? and did not the British Institution make the formation of one an anticipated object?

constituted patrons. It is injurious to themselves that they are so disunited a body. They might construct one grand gallery for the exhibition of their works, managed by themselves, not by picture-dealers or dilettanti peers. The Royal Academy should alone have any other claim to the gratuitous exhibition of their works, because, in spite of its defects, it is the greatest national school, where the elements of the art are taught, and ought, in consequence, to be supported by artists. Firmly united together, such a method would not fail to pay expenses, and create a fund for the general benefit. The Gallery of British Artists was formed by a part only of our artists, who yet deserve praise for their independence. Little good can be done until all boldly unite as one man, for the purpose of flinging off the shackles that bind them, and rendering Art free as air. Who does not sicken at the polluted dedications of John Dryden, and the appeals of literary men in his day to patronage, when the great kept literature in slavish abeyance? Half a century after, and at a still later era, what could patronage do for literature? Who would now regard the smile or frown of a "wit among lords," as of the slightest account in literary success? In Art, if it is to flourish in this country as it should do, it must sooner or later be the same thing. Then, the pretensions and pretender will find their level. The real encouragers of Art among our people of rank and wealth will be discriminating purchasers, and direct rewarders of merit. Genius in Art will no more languish in sickening dependence on inane caprice, or glean a scanty subsistence by curbing its heaven-directed efforts to the paces of the sorry hack.

If any should urge that the charge made against the Institution is unfounded, we refer them to its proceedings. We are accusing only certain of the directors, who contrive to manage every thing their own way, not the great body of subscribers, who really wish to confer a benefit upon Art, except, indeed, that they are to blame not to force a clearer pursuit of the great end of their existence as a body—namely, the encouragement of high Art. If such directors are wrongfully accused, let them show how. If they have benefited Art in secret, let them show where and when. If they deny the right of interference or remark in and upon their affairs, let them exclude the works of living artists, and the profit received from them. If they assert that they have encouraged high Art, and rewarded historical painters according to their own avowed objects, let them tell us who they are, and what proportion the sums so awarded bear to their funds. In the job-purchase of the Parmegiano, they expended above 3000*l.* In a gift to the National Gallery they have given away 4000*l.* Fifty pounds now and then, and but rarely presented to an artist, is not "a halfpenny-worth of bread to the intolerable quantity of sack." Large historical pictures may be painted, and painted well, but they are not purchased, and rarely rewarded; small paintings, principally after the Dutch Schools, are preferred by certain directors. In fine, we know but one mode in which the Institution can recover its lost ground with the public, and that is, by returning to and abiding by the object of its formation.

Let the noblemen and gentlemen who possess real taste in Art form a committee, and manage their affairs directly themselves. Let this committee earnestly vindicate its own consistency, and direct the public

taste, without the intervention of dealers, or the dictum of self-constituted judges. In considering and rewarding the claims of high Art, and of every new candidate in historical painting, let them judge by the general talent evinced, rather than by the minute performance. All artists have their weak points for the vampires of criticism to riot upon; let the judgment embrace the whole, let it be generous and just. If there be unquestionable excellence in several parts, with defects which in a rising school there cannot fail to be, let them be balanced, and if the first preponderate ever so little, there can be no mistake as to talent in the artist, which must not be sacrificed to fastidious nicety, but encouraged and rewarded. Otherwise, we may have a succession of martyrs to historical Art, but we shall never have a school in that great national line of painting. Raphael's early works exhibit little more than the germs of his future excellence. It should be the object of the Institution to nurse such germs to maturity, because the public does not cherish them, from not being sufficiently advanced in the knowledge of this species of Art, which the directors of the Institution are, or rather were presumed to be. Excuses of want of room to exhibit large pictures are ridiculous, yet such shuffling pleas have been urged in defence of the Institution. Such pictures might be first exhibited, and then purchased for churches or halls, by the Institution, and in some cases, perhaps, be sold on its recommendation to public bodies. By this means the public taste would be improved, and a demand be gradually created for them.

If the British Institution persevere in turning aside from the object of its formation, it will do mischief to Art. It will justly incur the censure of the country for raising funds to misapply them, and for a perversion of object derogatory to the character of its members. We recommend that it look to itself, for the eyes of all are upon it. We trust to see it return to the right track, and confer some little of that benefit upon high Art of which it set out with fair promises; and lastly, that it spurn from the management of its concerns any or all who substitute connoisseur-ship quackery for sound knowledge, and mingle the craft of money-making and jobbing with the serious duties annexed to every thing belonging tosuch an Institution.

WRITTEN ON THE PLAINS OF CANNÆ.

I came upon thee, as a common field,
  Thou field of many deaths, smooth Cannæ! where
  Rome felt mortality without despair,
And the oft vanquish'd made the conqueror yield—
And the strong idol lost her spell and reel'd,
  And Carthage almost grew a mightier Rome,
  And Italy a subject. By their tomb
Now sits that Queen of Empires, thence to build
  Fresh trophies from their bones, and in her eye
  Couches cool confidence of maturing power
Midst tears and frowns, and silence. Realms shall die
  Whene'er Rome mourns, and earth at last must cower
When her young eaglet knows his destiny,
  And the red proving days of youth are o'er.

W.

THE CLARENDON CORRESPONDENCE.*

Generally, as history is inevitably written, the amount of what we learn by it is rather the order than the concatenation of events. Of the ruling motives of the agents—of the immediate and conclusive causes which prompt them to action—of the numerous constituents which make up the integrity of what really brings about an event, we are, and must be content to be, mainly ignorant. The original actors are out of our reach, and were they within it, we could not look into their hearts, and they themselves seldom bare them to our gaze. The consequence is, that history, in spite of the diligence and even the dexterity of the artist, is full of obscurities—of unsatisfactory statements; every where we find causes assigned, which our common sense decides are incompetent or incompatible; and persons are perpetually appearing and disappearing, we know not how or why—exerting an influence at one time, the ground or extent of which we are not enabled to measure, and at another, and where perhaps we most expected to meet with them, apparently inactive, and the inactivity equally unaccounted for,—so that for the most part, and precisely at the most interesting points, we are thrown upon our own resources, our acquaintance with the common course of human motives, and the known results of their general complexities. The historian, for the probabilities he presents, must depend more on his own sagacity than the weight of his authorities; though, such is the essential uniformity of nature, that were he himself free from the bias of interest or prejudice, his narrative, pursued under her steady guidance, would perhaps seldom very widely deviate from the realities.

Yet the difficulty of getting at exact circumstances is next to insurmountable, from the difficulty of getting correctly at the facts themselves. For how know we aught of the causes of events which are occurring in our own times? Mainly by the guesses of observers, who, perhaps, nine times out of ten get upon a wrong scent, and the farther they go the wider they stray; sometimes by the statements of immediate actors, who as often have a direct interest in misleading, and generally an indirect one in not fairly and fully communicating,—or by colleagues, who have their own views to serve, and are usually disposed to claim more than they have a right to,—or by confidants, or dependents, who must magnify their chief, and, in overshooting their mark, fortunately often defeat their unworthy object. Then how are we placed with respect to facts not resting at all upon contemporary evidence? Dependent entirely upon tradition, and tradition will, of course, carry nothing but the grosser materials—the finer subtilities, the nicer points, the shades, the sub-agencies, the collaterals are dropped in the passage;—most men are bad carriers, too careless to bear any thing but the more bulky and adhesive commodities. With these, then, the historian must grapple; on these he must piece and patch; and how far the result is likely to correspond with the original texture of the stuff, is sufficiently obvious: that which is put in to fill up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse.

But the sources of corruption lie not merely in the first materials, but mainly, we had almost said, in the principles and purposes of the historian, whether of nations or of individuals. The public historian has usually his own particular bias—his theory on the origin and even object of government and its institutions; and facts thus inevitably, for a strong bias operates insensibly, get twisted, or suppressed, or magnified, to establish a favourite hypothesis. Every party, and now-a-days more than ever, has its own historian—Southey for the Church of England, and Lingard for that of Rome—see how they force the same facts to their respective views; for, obviously

* The Correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and of his Brother, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; with the Diary of Lord Clarendon from 1687 to 1690, containing minute particulars of the events attending the Revolution: and the Diary of Lord Rochester during his Embassy to Poland in 1676. Edited from the Original Manuscripts, with Notes, by Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A. 2 vols. 4to.

they set out with *views*, and instead of placing themselves under the control of the story, are themselves the controllers of it. The biographer, too, is generally the friend or admirer of his hero, and often avowedly withholds what will not tell in his favour, and justifies the withholding on the foolish maxim of "Nil nisi bonum de mortuis." If the party be essentially historical, the private life—the principles which appear to guide his every day concerns—are kept out of sight, as if these were really not the very best sources of instruction that could be presented to us. We are thus basely deprived of the clues to the true character both of actions and agents. Establish fully and clearly one set of facts, and another may with some safety be deduced: if we knew more of individuals, we should oftener come to juster conclusions on public matters. As it is, by painting characters all good, or all bad, we break up the fences of morals, and the love of truth is sacrificed to blind admiration on the one hand, or treacherous enmity on the other.

The best sources—by which we mean, the most untainted with suspicion—of intelligence relative to matters of public interest, are private papers, where the writer evidently writes not for display, but for record, and this is the case in *some* diaries;—or where he corresponds in two quarters—officially and familiarly—with a minister, and a friend, and where both series are completely preserved. The only slippery ground then lies in the frailty and feebleness of the writer's judgment—for his veracity we have a guarantee. The Diary and Correspondence to which we are about to direct the reader's attention are of this character precisely. They refer, chiefly, to one of the most interesting periods of our history—the reign of James the Second—laying open his system of government, as exemplified in the management of Ireland, and recording the circumstances which preceded and attended the memorable invasion of William. The advantage of this? Take the Revolution: how stands that event in the general judgment? James is eager for the pre-eminence of Catholicism—he encroaches—the ecclesiastics get alarmed, and communicate their alarm—the very courtiers shrink—they join the opposition, and appeal to William for aid, and William accordingly comes professedly to assist with the weight of his influence and his arms in placing our religion and liberties on a basis of security. The King flies—the throne appears vacant—and William steps into it. Now, the experience, which the old-age of the world furnishes, convinces us that none, high or low, incur risk or labour, to any considerable extent, without a view to their own advantage: the fair inference, of course, is, that William came *originally* with the design of seizing the throne. But, probable as this is, we like to know the fact on positive evidence, if we can get it; and this can only be done from the agents themselves, directly or indirectly. Generally, the executors of great undertakings are themselves so full of their object—and such is the infirmity of most men—that they cannot wholly suppress some expression of them; or if, as was the case with William, they are endowed with any unusual degree of continence, one or other of their immediate agents and confidants—and nothing can be executed without them—will be sure to slip out what plainly, or by implication, betrays the purpose; and these slippings and droppings will be caught up by some, and by some will be recorded. This Clarendon has done, and his Diary furnishes irresistible evidence of William's *magnanimous* views.

But we must be somewhat more particular; and some account of the papers, and the authors, is indispensable.

The name of Clarendon is a prepossessing one; none stands higher in the records of English story than the Chancellor's. He was, luckily for him, the herald of his own fame; and his own favourable tale has been accepted with singularly confiding acquiescence. A most powerful body, whose successful and almost sole patron he was at a most critical period, has gratefully and piously enshrined his character: his immaculate rectitude is with them an article of religion—to question it is, even still, scarcely, if at all, short of an act of heresy. Judged, indeed, by the principles of a more liberal policy, he

must appear, to all who coolly examine his career, a bigot and a persecutor in religion, a jobber and profligate in politics, hostile to popular rights, and scarcely incorruptible in his own court. But he was loyal to the back-bone; and that one virtue, in the eyes of numbers, and especially in his own, involved and embraced every other. He never doubted his own superiority, moral or political. He had one criterion for public morals, and another for private. His domestic life was respectable and irreproachable; and the credit he thus deservedly gained for the one, he claimed without a scruple, and it was allowed without suspicion or reserve, for the other. Mr. Agar Ellis has recently given his merits a considerable shake; and, indeed, it is high time that the characters of kings, and ministers, and priests, be judged more rigorously, and by the very principles by which the actions of private individuals in private life are judged. Morality, with respect to which there is so much empty profession, is corrupted in its sources, by the *allowances* which are every where made and justified for the obliquities of public station.

The marriage of the Chancellor's daughter with the King's brother paved the way for the advancement of his sons. His prudent and sober sentiments, and steady industry, were carefully inculcated on them from their earliest years; a public career was obviously open to them, and no time was lost in introducing them into it. Henry and Laurence were but just of age on the Restoration, and they were both forthwith brought into Parliament. Their father's final dismissal scarcely checked the course of either—not at all that of the younger; and even the elder retained his office of Chamberlain to the Queen. Both of them eventually filled some of the most eminent offices of the state. Henry was Privy Seal, and Laurence, Lord Treasurer; and each of them Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The father had all his life been indefatigable in recording events, and Henry and Laurence both insensibly fell into the same practice of noting and commenting on daily occurrences. The relics of their papers, diaries, and correspondence, are now presented to the public in the most complete condition of which they are susceptible. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, about sixty years ago, published that portion of them which belonged to the oldest, from copies not always correctly given; these are now reprinted from the *originals*, and the Bishop's omissions supplied; to which are also added, for the first time, the correspondence, and a diary of the younger brother, (Earl of Rochester,) the whole having been recovered by the vigilance of Mr. Wm. Upcott, of the London Institution, from a "lady who inherited them from persons nearly connected with the noble family of Hyde." Of the authenticity of any part of these papers no doubt whatever can be entertained. The most interesting portion of them is unquestionably that which was published by the Bishop of Salisbury; consisting of Henry's correspondence, during his Irish Lieutenancy, with the Minister Sunderland, and his own brother, (the Treasurer); and the diary, which extends through the years 1688 and 1689. To the greater part of readers, the whole of these original documents will be perfectly new—for the old publication is not readily accessible; and the Irish correspondence is, more than ever, calculated to arrest attention. The evils which afflicted Ireland are, in principle and effect, still the same. It is lamentable to contemplate the condition of that distracted country—sacrificed at all times to selfish and sordid considertions—the *party-spirit* in which it has always been governed—the contentions and conflictions—the minglings of the secular and the sacred—the oppressions and persecutions, and all under the solemn sanctions of religion. The correspondence will furnish fresh proofs of James's headlong career,—his resolutions, if not to rule absolutely, at least to rule by none but Catholics.

Henry, (who succeeded, on his father's death, to the Earldom of Clarendon,) from a very early age had acted as his father's private secretary; and on the Restoration, as we have said, was introduced to Parliament, and on the settlement of the Queen's establishment, was appointed her Chamberlain. Persecuted as his father appeared to have been, partly, at least, on her ac-

count, she seems to have taken the young Chamberlain under her especial protection, though in after-years we find her, even before the Council, contesting his claims to some arrears, or privilege of office; and Clarendon himself, complaining, in a tone of bitterness, of her refusing what his predecessors had enjoyed, and what she herself had allowed to his own successor. Indignant at his father's treatment, he, apparently in the very teeth of his immediate interests—holding office as he did—boldly, or at least with less reserve than his more cautious brother, opposed the measures of the ministry, consisting chiefly of his father's personal enemies. On one occasion, he entered his protest against the address on the King's speech; and on another, urging the dismissal of Buckingham, he publicly declared him to have "murdered the husband (Lord Shrewsbury), and to be living in perpetual adultery with the miserable woman;" and was still more conspicuous in supporting the address for removing Arlington. Throughout his opposition to the ministry, he had, however, on all occasions testified his attachment to the Duke of York, his brother-in-law; and on the effort of the country party to exclude him from the succession, his exertions proved of the highest importance to his patron. James's growing influence with his brother at length introduced Clarendon into the Council; and on his own accession, he forthwith appointed his friend Privy Seal, and in a few months added the important office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Though ready, in the abundance of his loyalty, to forward James's views, political and even religious—he flinched from the undisguised course which he and his more violent counsellors were resolved to pursue; and, in consequence, at the end of a twelvemonth, he was recalled, and in a few months more deprived of the Privy Seal, which was transferred to a more thorough-going partizan. Persevering in his adherence to the Church, he became gradually more and more estranged, till at last, on the landing of William, when his own son went over with the greater part of three regiments, Clarendon himself—his high speculative Tory principles giving way somewhat, as they usually do, when the necessity for action comes—joined the Prince also. William's avowed purpose was to secure the constitutional government of the country by means of a parliament; and Clarendon, with a simplicity almost ludicrous, gave him and his supporters full credit for the utmost moderation, and especially the Prince, for perfect disinterestedness. The poor man was struck with surprise and horror, when, mingling in the throng of William's attendants, he found one talking with ecstasy of the King's flight, and the turbulent Burnet of a vacant throne—no treaty—no parliament—no terms even were to be kept—all looking upon William already as *King*. In the convention he voted for a regency; and finally, refusing to take the oaths of allegiance, and after more than once being thrown into the Tower on a charge of plotting with the enemies of the new Government, and certainly keeping up a correspondence with the exiled James, he withdrew to the country, and lived in perfect retirement till 1709.

The character of the man shows fair enough through the correspondence. He appears to have been an honourable and well-meaning person, according to the measure of his intellect and intelligence, though occasions occur which amusingly contrast his professions and practice—the discrepancies evidently escaped him. Brought up in the profoundest veneration for royalty, he could look with no temper upon rebels, or the connexions of rebels. As the son himself of an eminent loyalist, superiority of virtue was his inheritance; and it manifestly never entered his brain to question the supremacy this native quality conferred on him. Unenlightened on public principles, the same narrowness and severity marked him in his domestic relations, though tempered by the kindness of his nature, and an irrepressible sense of propriety. Of the legitimate foundations of a civilized government, he had scarcely any conception; the rights of kings were of that sacred and supreme cast, that nothing but *duties* seemed left for the subject. The King's friends were entitled to the King's favours; fitness for office was no part of a loyal consideration, and connection was all in all in the distribution of appointments.

On his own appointment to Ireland, he set out with resolutions of executing impartial justice in a spirit almost of romance, and evidently was a stranger to the particular views of the King and his confidants. He understood "the differences of Ireland to be rather between the English and Irish, than between Catholic and Protestant;" this had been the King's sentiment expressed to him before his departure, and was allowed by the new governor to be "a most true notion." His own chief motive for accepting the office was to enable him "to wear out his debts;" for, careful as he was by temperament, and augmented as was his property by a wealthy marriage, the state and establishments, which his rank seemed to demand, had outstripped his resources. The vacancy had been occasioned by Ormond's recall at the especial instigation of Tyrconnel; and why Tyrconnel himself did not immediately succeed to the office, is a matter very much in the dark. His influence over James was unquestionable, and his views with respect to Ireland already determinate. Of an impetuous and headlong character in early life, as Dick Talbot, he had proved himself ready for the most desperate enterprises; and now he was equally disposed to stick at nothing to forward the interests of his patron. He was an Irishman and a Catholic; and as an Irishman of the ancient pale, mingled in feelings and sentiments with the old settlers, and opposed to the Cromwell intruders, determined to set aside the Acts of Settlement, and re-establish the superiority of Catholicism.

Though apparently unacquainted with Tyrconnel's views, Clarendon, on his route, before even he reached Holyhead, heard enough of him and the expressions he had thrown out in his progress, after displacing Ormond, to excite some suspicions that he was likely to exercise no very agreeable control over his own Irish government. At Chester, in a letter to his brother, he observes—

"Here are a multitude of stories of Tyrconnel, and some very ridiculous ones, not only from Ireland, but of his behaviour in these parts as he went over.—One is, when he came to Whitchurch, fourteen miles before he came to Chester, in his way to Ireland, his Lordship went into the church, where is a monument of one of the family of Talbot, which he said was one of his ancestors; he gave orders for the repairing of it, and found great fault that the windows of the church were broken, saying, 'This church was in better order when you took it (speaking to the sexton) from us Catholics; but we shall have it shortly again, and then you shall pay for all.'"

A few days after Clarendon's arrival at Dublin, without encountering Tyrconnel, as he seems to have expected—

"I wonder," says he, "Lord Tyrconnel should take so much pains to have some people believe, he would have put in at Holyhead if he could, when every body here knows the wind was so fair, that he might more easily have done it than have gone to Chester. But Captain Sheldon, who went over with him, hearing him speak so much in public, the morning he left this place, of stopping at Holyhead to see my Lord-Lieutenant, asked him—'My Lord, why do you say this, when we all, who go with you, know that you do not intend it?' His answer was, 'Prithee let me alone, I know what I say.' When several persons here, Irish, asked his Lordship of me and concerning me, &c. his answer was, that he knew nothing of me more than by sight; but that he had no manner of acquaintance with me. This some of themselves here have told me, when they have heard me speak of him in discourse as one I was acquainted with. One cannot help smiling at this."

Clarendon seems little to have suspected the strength of Tyrconnel's influence, when he added, towards the close of his letter, "Some few more of the extravagances he has committed between Chester and London, in his last journey, will do his business."

The Catholics, the Lord-Lieutenant soon found, were all agog. Tyrconnel, in his ranting, swaggering tone, had kindled their expectations, and no bounds were set to the flame. Within two or three days of his arrival, he was waited on by Mr. Nugent, a lawyer, and a brother of Lord Westmeath's, and one recommended to Clarendon's especial protection:—

"After many professions of duty to the King, and of respect to myself, he told me, many of the old proprietors amongst the Roman Catholics had a design of making their applications to the King to lay their case and condition before him, and to show how there were several lands vested in the King by law, whereby he might relieve them in a great measure, without shaking the acts of settlement: that in order to this, they had sent letters into the several counties, and had had several meetings amongst themselves, whereby to make collections for the support of such agents as they should think fit to send to the King. He told me this, he said, that I might not be surprised if I heard of any of those meetings, now he had told me what they were for. I have reason to believe this matter is set on foot by Lord Tyrconnel, and therefore I was cautious, and only gave him the hearing, without saying any thing. I do beg your advice herein, whether you will take notice of this, or whether I should write about it to my Lord President."

Among the first subjects of embarrassment was that of informations for political offences, chiefly "seditious" words, all from interested quarters. One against one Sir Richard Colville, of which Clarendon speaks in the following terms:—

"Lord Mount Alexander gave me some time since an information of one Maxwell against Sir Robert Colvill, which when I had read, though there appeared to me to be no great matter in it, I thought fit to advise with my Lord Chief Justice Keeting upon it; who is of opinion that, considering the words were spoken of the King when Duke, and several years since, and that there was but one witness, it would be best not to make any prosecution against the person. My Lord Mount Alexander tells me, there have been some little differences between Sir Robert Colvill and himself; and therefore he was very cautious in appearing against him: but believing it would come out some other way, and then that it might not be thought well in him to have concealed such an information, he thought best to lodge it in the Chief Governor's hands: and you may believe, I had no great mind to be thought the smotherer of any words which might be interpreted to be against the King; and therefore, when I had my Lord Chief Justice Keeting's opinion, which I have told you, I sent a copy of the information to my Lord Sunderland in a letter of the 24th past, which letter (because I had not then time to have copied) I now send you. This Sir Robert Colvill is a man of at least 3000*l.* per annum in the north of this kingdom, and was for several years of the Privy Council, till the change upon his Majesty's coming to the crown. This last summer he was treating a match for his son with a daughter of Sir Thomas Newcomen, niece of Lord Tyrconnel: had that gone on, he would have been a man of merit; but now that is off, he will be represented as a very dangerous man by that Lord; which was one reason that made my Lord Mount Alexander resolve to give me the information against him. There are now propositions on foot for a match between Sir Robert's son and my Lady Ellen Macarty: the portion is, for the father to be a Viscount, which my Lady Clancarty thinks she has credit enough with her friends in England to procure. I can say nothing of the gentleman, but as I am told by the different parties here; and why I did not consult Mr. Solicitor concerning him, with whom I do and shall advise in most things, Lord Mount Alexander will tell you. When the King has all before him, he is the best judge, whether he will have him prosecuted, or whether he will dignify him with any title: I shall be ready to obey in either case."

And again, speaking of the same circumstances:—

"My Lord, it was once the practice in England, in my memory, to threaten men, who would not do what some desired, to bring them into the Popish plot. I am afraid there is something of the like nature setting up here now. If a man be angry with his neighbour upon any private account, he is threatened to be accused of having said ill things of the King, when Duke of York, four or more years ago. Two or three Tories lately taken, and who have been outlawed three or four years since, have sent to me, that if they may have their pardons, they will make great discoveries of the Duke of Monmouth's plot, as they call it. Such things as these will make all men very uneasy; but, however, I know it is fit to make all enquiry into every thing that has been spoken irreverently of the King, at what time soever, and therefore I have taken such care as it shall be done effectually, without setting up the trade of pardoning, which was, upon other occasions, very inconvenient."

This occurs in a letter to his brother; when addressing the minister on the same topic, he takes quite another tone:—

"At the assizes at Londonderry, one William Baird was indicted for seditious words, and was by the jury found guilty, and by the court fined in 500*l*. and to be imprisoned. This short account I have by letter from one of the witnesses; by which I am very glad to see that some good juries are to be found even in those North parts of this kingdom: but I do not doubt they will always be to be had, if the same care be taken as has been this time."

Dr. Manby's (Dean of Derry) story has some curious points about it. It shows the state of the country, and the good Lieutenant's political subservience.

Clarendon found the Archbishopric of Cashell vacant, and lost no time in recommending a successor and several translations; his motive for which he thus nakedly states to Sunderland:—

"Though there be but one see vacant, yet for the enlargement of his Majesty's First Fruits, and to make them as considerable as I can upon this occasion, I have humbly proposed these removes,—if his Majesty shall think fit to approve them."

Of Dr. Otway, whom he had recommended for Cashell, he observes,—and this to the Archbishop of Canterbury,—

"If he be removed to Cashell, I am sure the first thing he will do will be to repair the cathedral, which I hear has need of it, and which he has done in one or two places already."

Yet in the teeth of these respectable motives, particularly the first-fruits, when speaking of the Bishop of Elphin's death to his brother, he says—

"Here is another Bishoprick void, the Bishop of Elphin is lately dead: he was said to be so before I left London, but he died six days since; Baron Worth's brother, Dean of St. Patrick's, would fain go thither, it is worth 1200*l*. per annum. It is pretended that he is married, or fairly promised, at least, to a widow, daughter to Lord Roscommon, and niece of Colonel Werden, and he desires this promotion only, because the See lies convenient for his Lady's concerns; a pretty reason for the making of a bishop. The deanery he already has is worth 600*l*. per annum, besides another good living; enough in all conscience for him, for he is a very ordinary man."

These bishoprics, however, James *kept* vacant, the reason for which Clarendon seems to have been very slow in detecting. Sunderland stiffly replies, "His Majesty commands me to let you know that he intends to keep the Archbishopric of Cashell in his own hands, and that the revenue of the same should be brought into the Exchequer, as also of the Bishopric of Elphin; and his Majesty would have you give the necessary orders therein accordingly." By degrees his eyes open, and he discovers that the revenues of the sees were destined to support the Catholic clergy, and especially the bishops. Addressing the Archbishop of Canterbury, he plainly implies his apprehensions:—"If the King would be pleased to fill up the vacant bishopries here, it would give as great satisfaction as any thing he could do; but I doubt that matter must not be touched." At last came the King's letter, and cleared up the mystery, commanding the payment of certain sums to the Bishops, "which," observes Clarendon, in a letter to his brother, "within an hour I communicated to the Roman Catholic Primate, who was very well pleased; and the next day I ordered Mr. Price to pay the money to him:" —and again, specifically, he received the King's letter for the payment of 2190*l*. annually to the Catholic primate.

Scarcely had Clarendon been a month in Ireland when he received a letter from the King's own hand respecting the clergy preaching controversial sermons.

But now commenced Clarendon's vexations—rumours were floating in Dublin of changes of all sorts—the Chancellor was to be removed—Catholic Judges to be made—Catholics to be introduced into the council; every body seemed and were better acquainted with the designs of the Government at home than himself, nor was any communication made to him till the changes were officially announced; and when he ventured to hint a feeling of discomfort at the apparent slight, he was assured it was all from consideration for

him—not to trouble him—he was too young an officer to know any thing of the real necessities of the country. "Good God!" exclaims the poor mortified Governor, "that all the little trials must be informed of there (at the Court in London), and directions sent me for putting them off, without leaving it in the least to my discretion." This referred particularly to the case of Norman, prosecuted by Dean Manby for libellous words against the King when Duke of York.

The new Judges were commanded to be admitted, and the oath of supremacy to be dispensed with in their favour. Clarendon tells his brother that he has obeyed the order, but has written to the Minister (Sunderland) to request the King's letter might be entered at the Signet Office, Whitehall:—

"I would not be thought scrupulous," says he, "and therefore I have done the business already, but I desire it may now be supplied: I am advised it is fit it should be so, and I suppose there will be no great difficulty made in granting what I desire. Though I do not expect any alteration (in my time) of public affairs, yet I would not be willing to be questioned for having obeyed the King; which possibly may be the case, if all letters and instruments are not exactly according to the form. You will please to take what notice you think fit hereof. This is the first time the Oath of Supremacy has ever been dispensed with in a judicial place, and it is in breach of a law; which I may say to you, though to nobody else, at this time, as the world now goes."

The King and his minister were as cunning as Clarendon:—

"His Majesty directs," is Sunderland's reply, "me to acquaint you, that he does not think it fit the letter dispensing with the new judges taking the oath of supremacy should be entered at the Signet Office, it being a matter of state, and in the nature of an instruction to you, which his Majesty thinks very improper to be entered anywhere but in the Secretary of State's Office."

Notwithstanding the little encouragement he met with at home, he observes to his brother—

"I will follow the practice I have hitherto used, to represent both things and persons as I have done, which has been according to the truth, and without any manner of partiality or private affection. If I am not believed, I cannot help it. I am sure, I will be in the right; and, whatever happens, it shall not be in the power of any one to say, 'Why did you not represent this?' And so God's will be done."

What exemplary piety!—but the loyalty at least equals the piety, and *precedes* it:—

"Some men," says he, writing to Sunderland, "would have nothing told but by themselves: whereas I wish the King knew every thing that is true; and then I am sure he knows best what to direct, which will be always obeyed by me; nor shall I be one jot concerned, if another man's opinion or information be taken as well as mine, provided it be examined which is truth, or who is in the right; for all men may mistake, and I am sure we ought all to intend the same thing—the serving the King and settling this poor country."

To his brother the same sentiment is expressed in terms a little more worthy of a man of sense:—

"All I contend for, (and I am confident it is honest so to do,) is, that the King may know the truth on all sides; and then his pleasure must determine all the world."

Reports of Tyrconnel's predominance and prospects now thickened daily. The courts and the council, and the sheriffs, and the corporations, some of them at least, seem to have been arranged and *peopled* according to his liking;—the old officers of the army, too, had very many of them been superseded, without regard to their just claims—some had purchased their commissions, and were rudely dismissed without indemnity;—but still more was to be done—thirty new commissions were stated, by such as were in the secret, to be prepared, and the army itself, in the ranks, was to be expurgated; for which purpose Tyrconnel was to be appointed commander of the forces—to execute the expurgation in person. The reports were soon confirmed by the presence of Tyrconnel.

The conversations of Tyrconnel are characteristic and curious, and present some very favourable specimens of Clarendon's powers of description.

One of the objects of Tyrconnel's visit was to see the appointing of Catholic Justices of the Peace carried into instant execution.

"My Lord Tyrconnel presently fell discoursing with him about the justices of the peace. 'My Lord,' says the Chancellor, 'my Lord-lieutenant has showed me the King's letter, and I am taking the best method I can for the speedy obeying it. I have spoken to the three Roman Catholic judges, and to others of quality of that religion, to furnish me with the names of honest men in the several counties, fit for the employment; and the thing shall be done as it ought to be; and if your Lordship will give me any names, you will oblige me.'—'By G—,' says Lord Tyrconnel, 'I see you will be a great while about it.'—'My Lord,' says the Chancellor, 'the King knows I was never slack in his service, and he shall not now find me guilty of that fault.'"

The Guards were now drawn out, and five hundred were marked by Tyrconnel to be dismissed, on the ground of their being old, or under size,—"of whom," says Clarendon, "three hundred and fifty are in all appearance very able and lusty men, but it is said they are too little. Fourscore men are come to-day to town to be admitted in the rooms of some of the others; and I am sure they are full as little, and look very shabbily—I wish there may be no stealers among them." The real ground of the dismissed was, they were not Catholics—and finally more than one half, amounting to at least four thousand, of the army, were thus changed.

Next came the question of Corporations; and again the good, patient Lord Lieutenant submitted to be schooled.

With all his bluster and palpable designs, Tyrconnel shrank from direct avowals. When he was about to set out to other parts of the country to review the army at their several stations, Clarendon ventured to expostulate, and recommend moderate measures:—

"By G—, my Lord, I never asked a soldier in my life, what religion he was of; and the orders I have given to the officers, who are now going to their quarters, are to put out all men who are disaffected, or not fit for the service; and to take in others who are the most sightly, and the fittest men, without making religion a distinction."

Yet Roscommon had received express orders from Tyrconnel to admit none but Catholics into his regiment. This was communicated to Clarendon, and he again ventured to beg Tyrconnel would at least keep the *intention* a secret. Roscommon was present—

"'G—'s wounds!' broke out Tyrconnel, 'to ask a soldier, if he comes well mounted, and be a likely fellow, what religion he is of, is a ridiculous thing.' Roscommon still averred it; and said, 'his Major was of opinion with him, that the orders ought to be declared at the head of the regiment, that none of the officers might bring any other men ignorantly to be admitted; and added, that his Major had seconded what he told them, and declared that he heard the Lieutenant-general give those orders.' Then my Lord Tyrconnel smiling said, 'G— d— me, Cary, I could not give such orders; for I knew you had taken some Roman Catholics into your troop: prithee let us talk a little, what passed, how could I bid thee do so?' Then my Lord Roscommon replied, 'My Lord, I will say any thing you will have me; but, by G—, I will not deny the truth: if I were now to die, I must declare that you commanded me, upon my allegiance, to admit none but Roman Catholics into the regiment; and your Lordship knows you have given the same orders to several officers of the other regiment.' 'By G——,' says my Lord Tyrconnel, 'that is strange:' and so, after fending and proving, we parted."

Still Clarendon continued to give assurances to Sunderland of his extreme desire to forward the King's views in any shape—often descending to submissions—especially in his letters to the King—and declarations, wholly unworthy a man of firmness and honour. To Sunderland he observes of Tyrconnel:—

"Whether he has done well now to declare that one sort of his Majesty's subjects (English Protestants) are not to be admitted into his service, the King himself

is best able to judge. I shall only beg leave to repeat again to your Lordship what I have formerly said, that the King may have every thing done here which he has a mind to; and it is much more easy to do things quietly than in a storm," &c.

In his progress through the country, Tyrconnel, too loose of soul to repress his feelings, everywhere threw out hints of what he would do on his return to London—the new Chancellor, Sir Charles Porter, had given offence, and must be removed, and the Lord Lieutenant himself must follow. After committing endless extravagances, in the autumn he quitted Ireland; and from that period till the end of the year, when he received his dismissal, poor Clarendon was perpetually harassed with complaints on the part of the English, and insolence on that of the triumphant Catholics, and reports from home of dissatisfactions and changes. Content, though exerting every nerve to give it, had never been expressed either by the King or Sunderland; and at last came a letter from his brother with, as Clarendon expresses it, the *terrible news* of the King's displeasure.

"The wrath of a King," he replies to his brother, "is unsupportable, and I am sure must crush me to nothing, who am next to nothing already, and must be altogether so without his support. But, good God! what can I say, if the King thinks the particulars with which I am charged, faults of that magnitude, that they are never to be forgiven?"

This displeasure arose wholly from Tyrconnel's intemperate representations,—that Clarendon had confirmed the choice of several corporations, objected to by Tyrconnel, after Tyrconnel's departure,—that he had allowed some of the troopers, when discharged, to take their (own) arms with them,—that, though he consented to certain changes, every body saw by his looks he did not approve,—that though his Majesty had directed Catholics to be received into the Dublin corporation, he had given no account of these commands, and other corporations were backward in consequence, &c. The truth of these charges Clarendon solemnly denied, and produced evidence to substantiate the denial; but all in vain, Tyrconnel was at hand, and had possession of the King's ear; and besides, Clarendon, though ready enough to promote the King's views generally, refused personally, as well as Rochester, his brother, to turn Catholic. All merits were cancelled by this mighty offence;—Giffard, Bishop of Madura, and President of Magdalen, had laboured in vain—Rochester had resisted both Giffard and the King.

At length all was ripe, and Clarendon was superseded by the exulting Tyrconnel. From first to last, the correspondence of this period is of the highest interest. James, and Sunderland, and Tyrconnel, are represented to the life. The conversations of the latter are highly dramatic, and bear indelible marks of truth about them.

We must cast a glance over Clarendon's Diary.

The years 1688 and 9, are complete, and constitute the most interesting as well as the largest portion of it. The main circumstances are Clarendon's own litigation with the Queen Dowager—the birth of the young Prince, (the Pretender)—the committal and trial of the Bishops, and the invasion of William. The capital topic is the Revolution. On the 15th of November he learnt, to his amazement and discomfiture, that his son had gone over to the Prince of Orange with the three regiments under his command—"O God!" he exclaims, "that my son should be a rebel! The Lord in his mercy look upon me, and enable me to support myself under this most grievous calamity!" On the 28th, writs were at length issued for the assembling of the Parliaments, and within a day or two he expressed his resolution to go to Sarum, apparently to secure this rebel son's election—and so, he says, to the Prince, who was still in that neighbourhood. At Hindon he met his offending son, and was introduced to the Prince in the room where he dined.

At Hungerford, the 'Lords and Gentlemen,' with the Prince, were desired by him to meet and prepare an answer to the paper which the King's commissioners had given him. Clarendon joined them, and a warm debate followed; many, (according to Clarendon's opinion, because they had reason

to fear they should not themselves get into the House of Commons,) urging the superseding of the writs for summoning a Parliament, which was finally resolved.

"During this debate Lord Abingdon, sitting by me, told me, 'You see now, my Lord, I had reason for what I told at Sarum, that no good was intended. Here are people with the Prince will bring all into confusion if they can.' The answer being thus finished, the meeting broke up. My Lord Churchill, Sir Henry Capell, Mr. Jepson, and myself, went to Littlecott to acquaint the Prince with what was done: Mr. Jepson read the draught of the answer to him. The Prince presently said, he did not like the clause for superseding the writs for the Parliament. Sir Henry Capell endeavoured to support it by the best arguments he could use: I said, I was in my judgment for the meeting of the Parliament; and I had heard nothing in the debate to convince me of the contrary. Mr. Jepson was against the superseding clause: Lord Churchill said very little. The Prince then said, he would have that clause put out. Sir Henry Capell desired he would first speak with some of the other gentlemen, and hear their reasons: upon which the Prince replied to this effect—'By your favour, Sir Harry: we may drive away the King; but, perhaps, we may not know how easily to come by a Parliament.' And so the clause for superseding the writs was ordered to be struck out."

William saw he was more likely to get the crown by a vote of Parliament, and that was manifestly the smoothest course.

Clarendon still kept up his own delusions.

Jan. 12. "I went to visit Monsieur Dykevelt, which I had attempted twice before since his arrival here, but found him not till now. He talked very freely to me of the public affairs, and told me he was sure the Prince came over full of intentions to show great kindness to me, and he was sure I might have any employment I had a mind to, as soon as the Prince was a little settled. This I thought was a strange language, and confirmed me in the opinion I had of what was aimed at."

On the 6th of Feb. a vote passed for declaring the Prince and Princess King and Queen—

"I chanced to sit by the Earl of Thanet; and, as we were going out, I asked him how he came to leave us in this last vote; for he had gone all along with us in every vote: he is a man of great worth. He told me he was of our mind, and thought we had done ill in admitting the monarchy to be elective; for so this vote had made it: but he thought there was an absolute necessity of having a Government; and he did not see it likely to be any other way than this. The Earl of Huntingdon and Mulgrave had all along voted against the King. The Bishop of Ely went to supper with me: we had not eaten all day. I think this was the most dismal day I ever saw in my life. God help us: we are certainly a miserable, undone people.*

"Feb. 11. The new frame of Government went on smoothly, and was almost perfected; so that I resolved to go no more to the House of Lords, as things now stood."

For the papers of the younger brother, the Earl of Rochester, probably the abler man, and certainly the more politic, occupying a more conspicuous space in the political sphere, we have left ourselves no room. It must suf-

* "It will be curious to see the opinion of Lord Clarendon's friends on his conduct at this critical juncture, as recorded by one of them at the time: 'Divers Bishops and noblemen are not at all satisfied with this so sudden an assumption of the crown, without any previous sending and offering some conditions to the absent King; or, on his not returning, or not assenting to those conditions, to have proclaimed him Regent; but the major part of both houses prevailed to make them King and Queene immediately, and a Crowne was tempting. This was opposed and spoken against with such vehemence by Lord Clarendon (her own uncle), that it put him by all preferment, which must doubtlesse have been as great as could have been given him. My Lord of Rochester, his brother, overshot himselfe by the same carriage and stiffnesse, which their friends thought they might well have spared, when they saw how it was like to be overruled, and that it had been sufficient to have declared their dissent with less passion, acquiescing in due time." *Evelyn's Diary*, vol. ii. p. 7.

fice to inform the reader they consist chiefly of the Diary, a broken one, kept during his embassy to Sobieski, in which he was accompanied by Dr. South. The narrative contains no points of interest whatever, and the style of it is dull and spiritless. He seems to have had some trouble in keeping his chaplain in good humour—he refused to accompany Hyde to Sobeiski's camp, and was again displeased at being left without a cook. The good doctor sulks most amusingly. There was no getting him to read prayers, in conformity with the *new style* of the Continent.—In the Correspondence, we have letters from James, then Duke of York, the Prince of Orange, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Ormond, Sir William Temple; and among the papers are, one containing the particulars of the wreck of the Gloucester, (on board of which was James, and his dogs, and as some have added in the catalogue, his priests,)—others relative to the defection of Dartmouth with the fleet; and others, which prove the suppression by Sunderland of Monmouth's last letter to the King.

The whole series is ably edited by Mr. Singer, who has very usefully headed the letters with a synopsis of their contents, and annotated throughout with good discretion.

DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS ELLEN GEE, OF KEW,

who died in consequence of being stung in the eye.

PEERLESS, yet hapless maid of Q!
Accomplish'd LN G!
Never again shall I and U
Together sip our T.

For ah! the Fates! I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers a B,
Which ven'mous stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

LN exclaim'd, "Vile spiteful B!
If ever I catch U
On jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,
I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you, like a lamb or U,
Across th' Atlantic C,
From our delightful village Q,
To distant OYE.

"A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,
As rapid as the X or Y,
The OIO, or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B!
Who stung, nor yet knew Y;
Since not for wealthy Durham's C
Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair LN G
In funeral RA,
A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,
Whilst I mourn her DK.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
  List to the reason Y!
For should AB CU at T,
  He'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave L deep in Q,
  She's cold as cold can B;
Whilst robins sing upon A U,
  Her dirge and LEG.

FIELD'S MEMOIRS OF PARR.*

We have already noticed the First Volume of the present work, which made its appearance a few months ago. Mr. Field has now concluded his task, and his book is destined, in all probability, to be the only tolerable record of Parr which the public will ever receive; and as such we must take it, with its merits and defects. Labouring under disadvantages from the prejudices of some who were among Parr's friends, inducing them to withhold upon many occasions the information he solicited, or to give it in other quarters, it is only to be wondered at how Mr. Field contrived to obtain the materials he has laid before us. A heavy work of seven or eight volumes on one hand, containing all Dr. Parr has written, and not at all calculated for circulation,—and an ill-judged attempt to rival Boswell on the other by exaggerated panegyric, and the publication of every little anecdote, however trivial and calculated to make the departed scholar ridiculous,—have afforded much opportunity for critical censure and malicious misrepresentation. A repartee, that the speaker would never utter if he dreamed it would be recorded in print, bearing marks of unwarrantable severity, might be delivered in society jocosely, and without intention to offend. What mortal man, even the best, could bear that all the trivialities of his unguarded social moments should be reported? Is the domestic circle never to be a scene of relaxation? must the playful jests and littlenesses men exhibit in seclusion be dragged out of it into the world? The composers of such works may be well-intentioned, but they display a lack of judgment in their selection of materials, which is astonishing; a want of penetration and foresight for which it is difficult to account. Their labours are not only made the medium of well-founded attacks upon themselves, but afford an opportunity for the stupidity or malice of every blockhead† to "show up," as the slang term is, their hero.

We noticed, on the publication of the First Volume of Mr. Field's Memoirs, his account of Parr's early years. The present Volume commences with the interval between 1800 and 1807, and details the sentiments and conduct of Parr during that period; the intimacy of Parr and Fox; and the death and funeral of the statesman. In public life Parr made no figure; intrepid in upholding his principles with his pen, and in avowing them openly, he was not the man to act. His habits as a scholar spoiled him for active measures, or perhaps his very nature was averse from them. The sphere of his influence was confined; and it will soon be only as to his sentiments and his scholarship that an interest will be felt; for those who knew his generous spirit in social life, and his personal friends, must soon follow him. He had the advantage of being before the age in his views, and is

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* Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. with Biographical Notices of many of his Friends, Pupils, and Contemporaries. By the Rev. William Field. Vol. II.

† Such an article was imposed on the Editor of "The Times" Newspaper, for example, a week or two since.

therefore appreciated only by the wisest and best men of the day. His learning is indisputable, and among scholars his memory will have due respect; but he was not of the order of great spirits that shock an empire when they leave the world. He has left no works to sustain his reputation, and exaggerated praise is consequently unjustifiable, and inflicts a positive injury upon his memory. We are glad to see Mr. Field has avoided this extreme. His work contains as much as is needful to be known, with somewhat more (as we observed in a former article) respecting insignificant persons in the circle of his acquaintance than is necessary. In the present volume, the individuals enumerated among his friends are better known, and, consequently, his mention of them is far more interesting. After noticing the publication of the Characters of Fox by Parr, Mr. Field lays before us the sentiments of the Doctor upon the administration of justice; and here his benevolence and kindness are conspicuously exhibited. That compound of ignorance and barbarity, the statute-book, early attracted his attention, and drew down his censures. He visited the prisons; held interviews with the condemned; and, like many sensible people, refrained from prosecuting offenders, because of the severity of the laws. For years he visited the dungeons of Warwick gaol, to advise and console the condemned. Of one convict, who was deaf to his exhortations and died with fortitude, he remarked, that "his intrepidity was without the calmness of resignation, and without the sanctity of repentance; and yet there were some loose and floating notions of virtue." He once prevented a condemned criminal from committing suicide before the time of execution, and was one of the first to hail the formation of a society for the improvement of prison discipline. Parr was a decided opponent of that wicked practice, which none but men versed in and hardened by the chicanery of law can justify, the non-allowance of counsel to prisoners. "Every accused person, whether guilty or not, ought, in the means of defending himself, to be put on a level with his accusers; especially where the laws are so remorseless, and the penalty so dreadful." In this feeling he would not prosecute an Irish youth who had robbed him, but sent him home; on which occasion he wrote the following letter to the great and good Mr. Roscoe at Liverpool.

"Dear and most esteemed Mr. Roscoe—The bearer is an Irish lad, who has no friend in the world, or the world's law. He is about twenty years old. He was brought into my neighbourhood by his parents, who have deserted him. He was unknown; he was unassisted; he was unemployed. In danger of starving, he, on Thursday night, opened the door of my carriage, which was at an inn in Leamington. He found in it a pair of gaiters, a large coachman's great-coat, and a small great-coat. He took away the small great-coat. The robbery was discovered late at night; and the proprietor of the inn the next morning began to inquire. He traced the offender to a neighbouring village. He seized and secured him; and the poor wretch immediately confessed his crime; and conducted his pursuer, who was the constable, to the house of a country tailor, with whom he had left the coat to be mended. Last night the constable came to me for orders. I heard the story with anguish. My servant shall not prosecute. The constable is compelled to bring the poor creature before a justice; and I am endeavouring, by previous communication with his worship, to stop further proceedings, that the poor fellow may not be sent to jail. Ample is the punishment already inflicted by menaces, reproaches, and confinement in a dark room. His terrors, I am told, are unexampled. If I can manage with the justice, I shall pay his passage to Liverpool, when all must depend on your humane protection. Pray have him sent forward to Ireland; and, like the Samaritan, I will pay you what is laid out when I go your way again, or before. I must take this letter with me to Warwick. My spirits are disturbed by this affair; and my house is beset by those who are come to me about it.——My dear friend, I add a line or two just to say that I have rescued the poor creature from the gripe of the law. I commend him to the mercy of God, and to you as the instrument of that mercy. Accept my best wishes to all who are near and dear to you. I am, most unfeignedly, respectfully, and affectionately, your friend—

"S. Parr."

Mr. Field next makes us acquainted with the circumstances attendant on the death of Mrs. Parr, and his beloved daughter soon after, with his letter to Mr. Roscoe on the occasion. The narrative continues to the year 1815, detailing various interesting matters which we have not space to enumerate. The Doctor's sentiments respecting the Holy Alliance and its objects, so fortunately frustrated by the death of Lord Londonderry, are contained in the two following letters to friends.

"Dear Sir,—When the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia said concisely and emphatically 'the Confederation of the Rhine must be dissolved,' my assent was instantaneous and unfeigned. But after the atrocious system of usurpation, rapine, and oppression, which has lately been formed—after the violation of every principle which secures the independence of nations—after an interchange of secret articles, which unite the parties in a bond of alliance against England, and every other country in Europe, daring to assert their social rights, or to resist internal despotism—I say, without disguise and without qualification, the conspiracy of Vienna must be resisted. Should the just indignation of Norway, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Saxony, and the minor states of Germany, be roused, and two or three of the conspirators be destroyed, I shall not for one moment feel one pang. Disappointed hope, violated justice, menaced freedom, and insulted humanity, compel me to lift my voice against the whole confederated band of royal traitors, plunderers, and tyrants. I respect and pity Louis XVIII. I distrust and I dread Napoleon. I despise and I abhor C——. But I love old England, and think her governors the most dangerous enemies of her ancient and sacred constitution. I remain, dear Sir, your well wisher, and respectful servant,

"S. Parr."

"Dear Mr. Roscoe,—My peace of mind has been for some months quite destroyed. There lay before me a choice of evils; and, after the partition-conspiracy at Vienna, followed up by proclamations worthy of Sylla, I decided for Napoleon. My friend, in these troublous times we look about for consolation; and I have found a small portion of it in the possible suspension of carnage, in the diminution of taxes, and the delay of national bankruptcy. Yet, the strong question upon which kings and the people are now at issue, and the determination of oppressors to crush all social rights, and all social improvements, by military violence, their vigorous sympathies in their common cause, and their combined strength, perpetually recur to my mind. There will be an end, dear Sir, of national independence. What violations of promises!—what bloodshed are we to look for in France! The monsters are now giddy with victory; but they will soon form a system for securing themselves by perpetuated and extended cruelty. I dreaded Napoleon; but I dread and I detest his enemies far more. There is no chance of cure for the inveterate and legitimate crimes of the old governments. As to the Bourbons, I despise, and am compelled to detest them. There is no sincerity among them; and you and I, who are old-fashioned moralists, look upon sincerity as the foundation of all virtue. But I will write no more. We must talk together, and before we meet, there will be a rank and abundant harvest of evils. You and I are pure from the blood of our fellow-creatures; and we can turn from the savage clamours of the world, to commune with our own hearts. God bless you!

"S. Parr."

The Doctor's second marriage in his 70th year, and his happy old age, his correspondence and his amusements to the last of life, his cheerfulness and spirits, are next noticed. Writing to Mr. Brougham in his seventy-seventh year, he observed, "'Animo quàm nulla senectus,' say I, triumphantly, in the words of an ancient poet."—The following is amusing. A young clerical prig had been some time teasing Parr with questions on theology.

"Some years ago, Dr. Parr was passing a few days with an old pupil, an eminent barrister, at his house in Staffordshire, when it happened that another visiting inmate was the celebrated H. C. Esq. a brother barrister. One day, a large company were invited to dinner, consisting, amongst others, of several neighbouring clergymen; of whom one was fresh from college, just initiated into holy orders, and strangely ignorant, or strangely forgetful of the little proprieties which regulate social intercourse, at least in the higher circles. This young ecclesiastic, whether

conceitedly, for the purpose of display, or unseasonably, if with a view of gaining information, proposed to Dr. Parr question after question, on subjects of theology, much to the offence of the great divine, who exceedingly disliked the introduction of such topics in mixed companies, at festival entertainments. Not, however, deterred by the evident displeasure, with which his questions were received, or rather repulsed, he still persisted; and, among other inquiries, pressed with peculiar earnestness for an answer to the following :—'Whether Mahomet had ever seen the Christian Scriptures?' 'Sir,' answered Dr. Parr, coldly and tauntingly, 'I have not the pleasure of Mahomet's acquaintance.'—'But,' resumed the querist, 'Dr. Parr, do you think that Mahomet had seen only a false gospel, and the epistle falsely ascribed to Barnabas?'—'Sir, I have not the honour of knowing Mr. Barnabas either,' replied Dr. Parr, with increased sternness of accent and manner. But, nothing daunted even by this rebuff, the young inquisitive returned once more to the charge: —'Excuse me, Dr. Parr; but let me ask you, do you think that Mahomet had ever seen a true gospel or not?'—'Sir,' answered Dr. Parr, greatly irritated, 'if you *will* draw my teeth, why, then, to save my dinner, I must say that I think Mahomet had never seen a *true* gospel.'—'And pray,' said Mr. C., who had been looking on, watching; perhaps, with a little spiteful pleasure the old lion, vexed and chafed by the teazing buzz of the insect, calling out from the corner of the table where he sat—'And pray, Dr. Parr, did *you* ever see a *true* gospel?'

"Unprepared for this new and sudden attack, Dr. Parr seemed for a moment confounded; and the attention of the whole company was anxiously directed towards him. But soon recovering himself, and rising from his seat, with an imposing air of dignity, and with a commanding voice of authority, he spoke thus:—'H. C., if *you* had ever seen a *true* gospel, you could not have understood the learned language in which it is written; and if you had seen that true gospel, and could have understood that learned language, *you* could not have comprehended the sublime character it delineates, or the pure morals it inculcates; and if you could have read that true gospel, and comprehended that sublime character, and those pure morals; yet, to shelter your own bad propensities and habits, *you* would have struggled hard to prove the character a fiction, and the morals a falsehood!'"

There was nothing more praiseworthy in Parr than his attention to his parishioners, and to his duties as a parish priest, into which Mr. Field goes largely, together with his mode of reading and explaining the liturgy, and his opinions of certain religious sectarians; through these we have no room to follow him. Dr. Parr died on Sunday, March 6, 1825, in his seventy-ninth year, of a cold caught in performing the burial service over a parishioner. He was tranquil and cheerful to the last. His directions for his funeral were made twelve months before.

"In them," says Mr. Field, "he minutely describes the hour and the place of interment, the order of the procession, the manner of preparing the church, for the occasion, and the mode of conducting the service: he enumerates the clerical friends to be invited, and mentions the persons to be engaged as the bearers of the body: he describes the very ornaments of the coffin, and names the persons to be employed in making it. But the most extraordinary of these directions are the following; which, however strange they may appear, no doubt originated in the warmth of his affection for his children, and in the sincerity of that respect, with which he ever cherished the memory of his deceased wife.

'I lay particular stress upon the following directions: My hands must be bound by the crape hatband which I wore at the burial of my daughter Catherine: upon my breast must be placed a piece of flannel which Catherine wore at her dying moments at Teignmouth. There must be a lock of Madelina's hair enclosed in silk, and wrapped in paper, bearing her name: there must be a lock of Catherine's hair in silk, and paper, with her name: there must be a lock of my late wife's hair, preserved in the same way: there must be a lock of Sarah Wynne's hair, preserved in the same way. All these locks of hair must be laid on my bosom, as carefully as possible, covered and fastened with a piece of black silk to keep them together.'"

The following inscription, written by himself, has been placed on a mural monument in Hatton Church.

"On the north side of this Chancel lieth the Body
of Mrs. JANE PARR,

who died at Teignmouth, Devon, April 9th, in the year 1810,
Aged 63 :
And next are deposited the remains of her Husband,
the REV. SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.
who for 39 years was resident and officiating Minister of this Parish,
and who died on the 6th of March in the year 1825,
Aged 78.
Christian Reader !
What doth the Lord require of you but to do justice,
to love mercy, to be in charity with your neighbours,
to reverence your holy Redeemer, and to walk humbly
with your God ?"

Mr. Field closes his work with a review of Parr's conduct and endowments ; his Latin epitaphs, and his general and domestic character. On the whole, this volume is very far superior in interest to the first, and we repeat what we have already said in substance before, that as there is not likely to be any other memoir of this learned divine than those which have already appeared, we conceive Mr. Field's to be by far the best and most useful for all classes of readers, as well as the most reasonable in bulk ; and that with his paucity of materials, it does credit to the compiler's industry, and his friendship for the deceased.

FLOWERS.

Philosophers and divines have made many fruitless efforts to remove that general perversity in mankind, which leads it to despise simple pleasures, and eagerly search out those that possess no value but in their rarity, or the estimation of a senseless fashion. Ages will, I fear, elapse before the world can be amended in this respect, and individuals be taught to calculate the worth of a thing by its intrinsic, or its relative merits, without borrowing their opinions from others. Many will not enjoy what would afford them great pleasure, because such enjoyment is not sanctioned by usage. This is particularly the case as respects cheap and simple pleasures. Simplicity is but little followed, and yet it always obtains admiration. I went the other day to a fashionable ball, where unwieldy dowagers and rich nabobesses promenaded the rooms, adorned with costly pearls, and glittering in jewels, the spoils of every climate under the sun. Even the younger and more beautiful part of the company were attired in the extreme of the *ton*, and in an exuberance of ornament. There was one lovely girl amongst them who attracted every eye, and far eclipsed those who had exhausted the decorative art of half the milliners and tirewomen of St. James's. Every heart did her homage, and she moved in the brilliant assemblage like some " fairy" vision of the " element." She had no jewels about her person, which was but of the middle stature. A single flower alone decorated her fine head of light brown hair. Her dress was white with little of flounce or furbelow, but her gait was elegant and graceful. There were other ladies present, as young and beautiful as she was, but they did not seem to attract half so much admiration, for they were too finely dressed :—they had too many of the " adulteries of art" about them ; she reigned queen " of the ascendant." This, I am convinced, arose solely from the simplicity of her attire, where there was so much artificial decoration. There is something of propriety in our natural feelings that informs us what is true taste, and gives us an intuitive

knowledge of the really elegant. Let this illustrate the value of simplicity in every thing, in the fine arts, in pleasure, and in our domestic enjoyments. Of the latter, it is astonishing how many that are highly tasteful are within the reach of all, but for that reason deemed too cheap to be practicable, notwithstanding their value.

When summer's delightful season arrives, rarely in this country too warm to be enjoyed throughout the day in the open air, there is nothing more grateful than a profusion of choice flowers around and within our dwellings. The humblest apartments ornamented with these beautiful productions of nature have, in my view, a more delightful effect than the proudest saloons with gilded ceilings and hangings of Genoa velvet. The richness of the latter, indeed, would be heightened, and their elegance increased, by the judicious introduction of flowers and foliage into them. The odour of flowers, the cool appearance of the dark green leaves of some species, and the beautiful tints and varied forms of others, are singularly grateful to the sight, and refreshing at the same time. Vases of Etruscan mould, containing plants of the commonest kind, offer those lines of beauty which the eye delights in following; and variform leaves hanging festooned over them, and shading them if they be of a light colour, with a soft grateful hue, add much to their pleasing effect. These decorations are simple and cheap. They offer to every class their redundant variety of beauty, at the price of a little labour to him who is disposed to rear them for himself, and at a very trifling expense in a large city to those who choose to purchase them. It is true the apartments of some few persons are always adorned with them, and their aid is called in somewhat incongruously to set off the midnight ball-room, but they are not half as common in dwelling-houses as they should be. They offer their rarer varieties to the wealthy, and those not blessed by fortune have a profusion of a cheaper kind at command, they being among those blessings bestowed upon us by our common mother which are within the reach of all. Lord Bacon, whose magnificence of mind exempts him from every objection as a model for the rest of mankind, (in all but the unfortunate error to which perhaps his sordid pursuit in life led him, to the degradation of his nobler intellect,) was enthusiastically attached to flowers, and kept a succession of them about him in his study and at his table. Now the union of books and flowers is more particularly agreeable. Nothing, in my view, is half so delightful as a library set off with these beautiful productions of the earth during summer, or, indeed, any other season of the year. A library or study, opening on green turf, and having the view of a distant rugged country, with a peep at the ocean between hills, a small fertile space forming the nearest ground, and an easy chair and books, is just as much of local enjoyment as a thinking man can desire,—I reck not if under a thatched or a slated roof, to me it is the same thing. A favourite author on my table, in the midst of my bouquets, and I speedily forget how the rest of the world wags. I fancy I am enjoying nature and art together, a consummation of luxury that never palls upon the appetite—a dessert of uncloying sweets.

Madame Roland seems to have felt very strongly the union of mental pleasure with that afforded to the senses by flowers. She somewhere says, "La vûe d'une fleur carresse mon imagination et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable; elle réveille avec volupté le sentiment de

mon existence. Sous le tranquil abri du toît paternel, j'étois heureuse dès enfance avec des fleurs et des livres; dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie la plus revoltante, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises, et mes maux, avec des livres et des fleurs." These pleasures, however, are, like the unjewelled girl at the ball, too simple to be universally felt.

There is something delightful in the use which the eastern poets, particularly the Persian, make of flowers in their poetry. Their allusions are not casual, and in the way of metaphor and simile only; they seem really to hold them in high admiration. I am not aware that the flowers of Persia, except the rose, are more beautiful or more various than those of other countries. Perhaps England, including her gardens, green-houses, and fields, having introduced a vast variety from every climate, may exhibit a list unrivalled, as a whole, in odour and beauty. Yet flowers are not with us held in such high estimation as among the Orientals, if we are to judge from their poets. For whatever belongs to nature, and is prized nationally, is sure to be prominently introduced into that department of literature which belongs to imagination. Bowers of roses and flowers are perpetually alluded to in the writings of eastern poets. The Turks, and indeed the Orientals in general, have few images of voluptuousness without the richest flowers contributing towards them. The noblest palaces, where gilding, damask, and fine carpeting abound, would be essentially wanting in luxury without flowers. It cannot be from their odour alone that they are thus identified with pleasure; it is from their union of exquisite hues, fragrance, and beautiful forms, that they raise a sentiment of voluptuousness in the mind; for whatever unites these qualities can scarcely do otherwise.

Whoever virtuously despises the opinion that simple and cheap pleasures, not only good, but in the very best taste, are of no value because they want a meretricious rarity, will fill their apartments with a succession of our better garden flowers. It has been said that flowers placed in bed-rooms are not wholesome. This cannot be meant of such as are in a state of vegetation. Plucked and put into water, they quickly decay, and, doubtless, give out a putrescent air; when alive and growing, there need not be any danger apprehended from them, provided fresh air is frequently introduced. For spacious rooms, the better kinds, during warm weather, are those which have a large leaf and bossy flower. Large leaves have a very agreeable effect on the senses; their rich green is grateful to the sight: of this kind, the Hydrangæa is remarkably well adapted for apartments, but it requires plenty of water. Those who have a green-house connected with their dwellings, have the convenience, by management, of changing their plants as the flowers decay; those who have not, and yet have space to afford them light and occasionally air, may rear most of those kinds under their own roof, which may be applied for ornament in summer. Vases of plaster, modelled from the antique, may be stained any colour most agreeable to the fancy, and, fitted with tin cases to contain the earthen pots of flowers, to prevent the damp from acting on them, will look exceedingly well.

There is a great advantage, in families, in keeping the most pleasing and correct images of every kind of object before the eyes of youth.

It causes, almost insensibly, an affinity between the objects so familiarized to them and the symmetry of thought (if I may so express myself), independently of forming a correct taste. The region of fancy will be filled with more correct images; and a distorted or ill-proportioned object will be more immediately perceived by those who have been always accustomed to have the beautiful before them. In this sense, natural flowers are far better than embroidery, and the tapestry roses of our starched ancestors.

The infinite variety of roses, including the Guelder Rose; the Rhododendron, and other plants of similar growth, are fitted for the saloon, but they please best in the library. They should be intermingled with the book-cases, and stands filled with them should be placed wherever practicable. They are a wonderful relief to the student. There is always about them a something that infuses a sensation of placid joy, cheering and refreshing. Perhaps they were first introduced at festivals, in consequence of their possessing this quality. A flower-garden is the scene of pleasurable feelings of innocence and elegance. The introduction of flowers into our rooms infuses the same sensations, but intermingles them more with our domestic comforts; so that we feel, as it were, in closer contact with them. The succession might be kept up for the greater part of the year; and even in winter, evergreens will supply their places, and, in some respects, contrast well with the season. Many fail in preserving the beauty of plants in their apartments, because they do not give them sufficient light. Some species do well with much less light than others. Light is as necessary to them as air. They should not be too often shifted from one place to another. Those who will take the trouble, may quicken the growth of some plants, so as to have spring flowers in winter. Thus Autumn and Spring might be connected; and flowers blooming in the Winter of our gloomy climate possess double attraction.

The presence of flowers is a source of beauty to the mind; for the meanest of them is lovely. To any of the Floral world, the terms, disproportion and ugliness, are inapplicable. Unbounded in variety, they are all charming to the sight, their race is essentially beautiful. It is imbued with the elements of perfect gracefulness. One flower may appear preferable to another in colour, size, and shape, but in the humblest there is the stamp of elegance. They are all pleasing, all attractive. Those who are distinguished by a fondness for them and their cultivation, are persons of elegant minds. To the fair sex, in particular, they offer a charming study, and the decoration of their rooms with every fresh succession sets off their own attractions; while the attending them harmonizes well with our ideas of female occupation. A lovely girl in a flower-garden is a far preferable object to the eye, to one in a ball-room. In the midst of the luxuries of a rich vegetation, the female figure is set off better; and the colours of the parterre make out what the painters call a fore and back-ground, that administers admirably to the exhibition of the "fairest flower" of all. How desirable is it that fashion should be kept on the route of true taste, and made to go hand in hand with the simple and natural!

In the flower-garden alcove, books are doubly grateful. As in the library ornamented with flowers they seem to be more enjoyed, so their union there is irresistibly attracting. To enjoy reading under such cir-

cumstances, most, works of imagination are preferable to abstract subjects. Poetry and romance—"De Vere" and "Pelham"—lighter history—the lively letters of the French school, like those of Sevigné and others—or natural history—these are best adapted to peruse amidst sweets and flowers: in short, any species of writing that does not keep the mind too intently fixed to allow the senses to wander occasionally over the scene around, and catch the beauty of the rich vegetation. To me the enjoyment derived from the union of books and flowers is of the very highest value among pleasurable sensations.

For my own part, I manage very well without the advantage of a green-house. The evergreens serve me in winter. Then the Lilacs come in, followed by the Guelder Rose and Woodbine, the latter trained in a pot upon circular trellis-work. After this there can be no difficulty in choosing, as the open air offers every variety. I arrange all my library and parlour-plants in a room in my dwelling-house facing the south, having a full portion of light, and a fire-place. I promote the growth of my flowers for the early part of the year by steam-warmth, and having large tubs and boxes of earth, I am at no loss, in my humble conservatory, for flowers of many kinds when our climate offers none. The trouble attending them is all my own, and is one of those employments which never appear laborious. Those who have better conveniences may proceed on a larger scale; but I contrive to keep up a due succession, which to a floral epicure is every thing. To be a day in the year without seeing a flower is a novelty to me, and I am persuaded much more might be done with my humble means than I have effected, had I sufficient leisure to attend to the retarding or forcing them. I cover every space in my sitting-rooms with these beautiful fairy things of creation, and take so much delight in the sight of them, that I cannot help recommending those of limited incomes, like myself, to follow my example and be their own nurserymen. The rich might easily obtain them without; but what they procure by gold, the individual of small means must obtain by industry. I know there are persons to whom the flowers of Paradise would be objects of indifference: but who can imitate, or envy such? They are grovellers, whose coarseness of taste is only fitted for the grossest food of life. The pleasures "des Fleurs et des Livres" are, as Henry IV. observed of his child, "the property of all the world."

FROM THE ROMAIC.

When we were last, my gentle Maid,
In love's embraces twining,
'Twas Night, who saw, and then betray'd!
"Who saw?" Yon Moon was shining,
A gossip Star shot down, and he
First told our secret to the Sea.

The Sea, who never secret kept,
The peevish, blustering railer!
Told it the Oar, as on he swept;
The Oar informed the Sailor.
The Sailor whisper'd it to his fair,
And she—she told it everywhere!

G.

TRAVELLING ODDITIES, NO. I.

There is nothing that more particularly distinguishes an Englishman from the various Continental people he deigns to visit, than the peculiar manners he adopts in regard to himself, his countrymen, and foreigners, when on his travels. I say peculiar, because in England he adheres to some standard rule of conduct in relation to others, as to himself; he feels himself bound by the received laws of society at home, which he might not presume to infringe without being subjected to remonstrance, reproach, or punishment: but, no sooner does he tread a stranger soil, than the admiration of England as a nation, yet so largely accorded by foreigners, and which induces respect to an individual belonging to it—their generous and patient indulgence of British *bizarrerie*—or their willingness to be amused at our expense—are received by our compatriots as tokens of the submission of the natives in general, and the superiority of the traveller in particular. A boy in Eton School plodding at his exercise, and a boy boating it up to the hospitable hall of old Townley; Mr. Edward Law, and Edward Lord Ellenborough; Mr. Sugden poetically descanting on the green waters and green fields of Weymouth, and Mr. Sugden pleading before Lord Lyndhurst—in short, Mr. Herries the obedient Treasury Clerk, and Mr. Herries the fastidious and thin-skinned Chancellor of the Exchequer, is or was not so distinct as an Englishman at home and an Englishman abroad; abroad he is *at home*, and at home often displays any thing but the consciousness of being *chez lui*.

That this freedom from the observances to which he has been forced to submit in his native land, and to which it might have been presumed habit and education had rendered him partial, is not derived from the difference of national manners, to which, despairing of conformity in regard to foreigners, he determines to evince his disrespect, must be admitted, when we reflect that true politeness and good breeding own higher and more fixed principles than those which direct local fashions or ephemeral modes; and that we exhibit no less (if not a greater) distinction of character and conduct in our proper Colonies, than we do in France, Switzerland, and Italy. In Great Britain we feel and proudly own that we are a free people, governed by equal laws to which the highest as the lowest must submit;—beyond its shores we are —Not to be offensive, I would ask what are we not? A Quarterly reviewer with a friendless, unpatronized, and humble anti-Tory author under his unsparing hand;—Mr. Murray, when a self-flattering village-rhymer whispers in his ear "one thousand" for his first and maiden verse;—Mr. Serjeant Arabin, when he directs the liberation of some unconvicted sinner;—Irving himself, when he thunders forth anathema upon anathema against Metropolitan vice;—Justice Park and his *sealed* impurities, are not more self-possessed in the imperiousness of their bearing, in the awful consciousness of their moral grandeur, than in too many instances is an Englishman inflicted upon our Colonies, or sent to annoy or amuse our Continental neighbours. I refer not to that class of society which birth and education conjointly have rendered as little capable of anticipating offence or insult to themselves as of offering it to others, but of the mass;—of those who go forth, armed to the very teeth against presumed hostility, from every quarter;

and who, seeing nothing but swindling in France, robbery in Switzerland, assassination in Italy, and Metternich in Germany, prepare themselves with a determined and death-despising look in their encounter with the mere ordinary civilities of foreigners; call for dinner with the air of a Bobadil; make the *fille de chambre* walk before them to their room, that they may have premeditated murder at least in their front; or who, when the light-hearted and song-loving postboy turns, with a grin of exultation, as he puts his horses to their speed, fumble rapidly for their pistols; and at the unforeseen offer of a stranger's *tabatière* start back with horror and dismay at having been taken unprepared for such alarming tactics.

Is the picture exaggerated? We have had a late traveller in the quiet and peaceful land of Switzerland, who gravely assures us that at Lausanne, the well-ordered and well-governed capital of the lovely Canton de Vaud, where less of crime (certainly of sanguinary crime) is known than in any other district of equal extent and population in the world, he dared not enter a *café* without having his hand upon his dagger.—"The Halps is before us, and the Halps is behind us: and God be good to us!" was the melancholy observation a bulky, but faint-hearted English female made me, as, on a morning of September, we crowded round a blazing fire in the snow-covered and elevated village of Saint Laurent, at the hospitable hotel of old Besson (the warmest-hearted Frenchman who ever breathed; and who has now breathed his last to my sorrow—for he was ever kind, most disinterestedly kind, to the traveller and wayfarer.) "We gets, Sir, as Crookback says, into the bowels of the land: and here we is, exposed to French, and Swish, and wolves, and wind." She continued, "Oh, if ever I gets back to Lunnun—if I goes a travelling again ——" I will not conclude with the Fitz Hannibal asseveration of the affrighted dame: but, at length, my assurances did something—the *goutte* of brandy with which she flavoured her coffee, did more, far more—in appeasing the troubles of her spirit.

"I have it ready," observed a friend of mine to me once, as our voiture slowly toiled up the wood-covered hills leading to Poggibonzi in Tuscany, as the rich and cheering glow of evening filled an Italian sky—"I have it ready." "What?" I exclaimed. "It is cocked; and, as you know the country better than I do, tell me when to fire." "Fire! at what?" "At the postilion, to be sure; he shall go first, that I swear: the confounded villain!" "In Heaven's name, what has he done?" "He has been making signals with his whip, for the last half-hour, to his accomplices; he *has us*, that is clear: but I am resolved to die game." The postilion, wearied with a hard day's toil (for the Emperor of Austria's being on the road had prevented our procuring a relay of horses) had, as he slowly paced by the carriage, been cracking his whip at the fire-flies which had begun to appear, and his sport was construed thus into indications of murder and assassination. He was thinking of his wearied beasts and their expected provender, and his own homely supper, and his glass of purple Ronciglione, and a kiss from his *brunetta;* and about as much of ourselves as we of Lord Londonderry, or the Lord knows who.

It was at the commencement of the peace of 1814, that a young Englishman (the clerk in a counting-house abroad) resolved to cross

the Continent to Great Britain; and, having procured (haply at quarter-price) the faded coat and epaulettes of one of our General officers, armed with a huge cocked hat, a pair of pistols, and the *quantum sufficit* of his employer's doubloons to complete his mercantile mission, resolved, in a fit of ardour inspired by his investiture in military harness, to post it alone through Switzerland and France. He was tall, lanky, thin, pale, and effeminate; but had taken up the idea that he was the prototype of the "Great Captain," in so far as Nature was concerned in his form and features; the said "Great Captain" being the humble copy of this singularly favoured *original*. Sash and sword, and spurs, and stock, and long boots, not forgetting the Prussian plume, were all enlisted as aids to the traveller's free passage through the unmilitary nations of the Continent. It was in vain that his pointed beaver broke the front glass of the vehicle at intervals; that his Prussian plume was broken, or reduced to half-pay; that the spurs made most inhuman havoc about the ankle bones; that the stock nearly choked him beneath a burning sun; that the epaulettes most awkwardly imitated the attempts of a well-fed crow to leave this world; and that the insinuations of the sword produced frequent and fearful greetings of him and his armour with mother earth;—on he went, self-satisfied and exulting — *Mi-Lord-ed* and *Mon-General-ed*, quizzed, laughed at, sneered at, and mocked at,—swearing and puffing, and paying as he went,—the self-imagined representative of Britain's glory, the future conqueror of Bonaparte,—until he resigned his pride and dignity in the delivery of protested bills, invoices, and the orders of his principals to their bale-concocting correspondents in London.

These are, with the exception of the female, your determined but distrustful travellers; but there is another class—the dandy *voyageurs* of Britain, who, teeming with the proud consciousness of their excellence in comparison with the rest of human kind, swoln with self-sufficiency, float like empty bubbles on the water's surface, and who seem as if they would break and be dissolved by contact with a vulgar touch. They contrive to swim by means of their air-blown vanity until they come into concussion with some material object, and are at once reduced to their proper level, and for ever annihilated. Their country is London; their domicile Regent-street; thence they would never travel, had they their wills,—not but that they would like to see Paris, and move at Longschamps, or admire its beauties in an equipage *à D'Aumont*; but the horrors attendant upon such an enterprise are too formidable gratuitously to be encountered. It is only when a dip at the Fishmongers has been rather too often tried, or Stultz's *billets-doux* have been repeated with increasing ardour on the part of the Tailor-lover until he delegates the maintenance of his *baronial* purse to some dandy-detesting attorney, that they feel it expedient to brave the dangers of sea and land, and, unscrewing their brass spurs, folding up their mustachios in a *portefeuille*, they hasten them from life, and love, and London, and set them down at Meurice's, the creatures of another element: not less new to all things around them, than all things there are new to them. There let me leave my dandy for a moment, to return, ere I am too distant from the shores of England, to his spurs of brass. It was Colonel O'S——, as honest an Irishman and as brave a soldier as ever trod the earth, who, returning from the Continent after having seen hard and unremitted service in Portugal, Spain, France,

and Canada,—thence transferred to Waterloo, and afterwards attached for years to the army of occupation in France,—on his return to London, and revisiting Bond-street, was astonished and somewhat annoyed by the clattering of the loose long spurs with which the pupils of Mercers, Haberdashers, Tailors, and other gentlemen of similar rank and fashion, mimicking a military style, paraded that classical pavement. He was annoyed—for he was an unaffected man and a gallant soldier: and when such an one throws off his harness and puts on Mufti, he proclaims not his past services by his heels, but is only to be recognised by his erect bearing, his weather-beaten countenance, the reserve of manner which indicates one out of his proper sphere—and where a white cravat is too expensive (and too often that is the case), by his black stock, which, if he could, he would willingly put aside. What a strange fancy was that of the Duke of Wellington, never to wear one, until *la cravatte blanche* was as well known to the French as the *petit caporal* himself. "Now just plase to inform me," said the Colonel to a friend, "whether it be to kape a proper balance that, not content with the brass they have in their heads, they have just clapped a pound or two of it at their heels? Och! and by the Powers; but I will give them enough of it—Just step in here to Staavens's with me, and I will make ready in the fixing of a bayonet." In a short time the Colonel reappeared with two monstrous brass candlesticks, elegantly attached by cord to his feet; and, taking his friend by the arm, leisurely perambulated the *pavé*, rivalling in sound, as he went, the very silver kettledrums of the Blues, and attracting notice from all on foot, on horseback, or in coach. In vain the spur-bearing dandies scowled, and muttered their deep displeasure; they, like the citizen robbed by a footpad in Bunbury's print, thought the candlesticks looked very like pistols, and they gradually slunk away, leaving the Colonel and candlesticks in full possession of the field.—But to return to my dandy: it was not long since I met one at the *table-d'hote* of Mr. Money, the hospitable but expensive owner of Les Trois Couronnes, at Vevay, in Switzerland. A large party had assembled, composed of almost every European nation; and we had just commenced our dinner, when we were intruded upon by an Exquisite—a creature something between the human species and a man-milliner—a seven months' child of fashion—one who had been left an orphan by manliness and taste, and no longer remembered his lost parents. Never can I forget the stare of Baron Pougens, (a Swiss by birth, but a Russian noble) as this specimen of elegance, with mincing step and gait, moved onward, something like a new member tripping it to the table to take his oaths. How he had got so far from Grainge's, I really cannot say; but he had the policy of assurance in his favour: and in his own idea, at the least, was what I heard a poor devil of a candle-snuffer once denominate George Frederic Cooke, the tragedian,—"a rare specimen of exalted humanity;" and the actor was certainly in a rare spirit of exaltation at the moment. His delicate frame was enveloped by a dandy harness, so admirably ordered and adjusted, that he moved in fear of involving his Stultz in the danger of a plait; his kid-clad fingers scarcely supported the weight of his yellow-lined Leghorn; all that was man about him, was in his spurs and mustachios; and, even with them, he seemed there a moth exposed to an Alpine blast,—some mamma's darling, injudiciously and cruelly aban-

doned to the risk of cold, in a land where Savory and Moore were yet unheard of, "Beppo in London" wholly unknown, Hoby unesteemed, Gunter misprized, and where George Brummell had never, never trod. After having bestowed a wild inexpressive stare at the cannibals assembled, male and female,—depositing his Vyse, running his digits through his perfumed hair, raising his shirt-collar so as to form an angle of forty-five with his purple *Gros de Naples* cravat, and applying his gold-turned snuff-box to his nose, Money (who has lived long in England, and speaks its language well) ventured to address him, by demanding if he should place a cover for him. "Sar!—your—appellation—if—you please?" the drawling and affected response of the fop. "Money, Sir." "And the sign of the place—the thing—the *auberge?*" "The Three Crowns, Sir." "Money of the country, I presume!—Good—stop—put that down—Mem:" and he took his tablets from his pocket. "Money—Three Crowns—Capital that—will do for Dibdin,—if not, give it to Theodore Hook. And the name of your—your town, my man?" "Vevay, Sir!" "And that liquid concern I see from the wind*ar*?" "The Lake, Sir—the Lake of Geneva." "Good gracious! *all* Geneva?" "Otherwise termed the Leman, Sir." "Lemon! ha! a sort of gin-punch, I presume—acidulated blue ruin—Vastly vulgar, by Petersham—only fit for the Cider-cellar, Three Crowns—And that—that—white thing there on the other side of the punch-bowl, Money?" "That is Gin-goulph, Sir." "Gin-gulp! appropriate certainly, but de-ci-ded-ly—low." "Will you please, Sir, to dine? dinner is on the table." "Din*nar*! Crockford, be good to us!—Why—why—it is scarcely more than noon, Crowns.—What would Lady Diana say?—But true! I rose at eight—so, I think, I will patronize you, my good fell*ar*—Long journey that from *Lowsan*—queer name for a place so high;—Vastly bad country this of yours, Crowns.—What are all those stunted poles, like *cerceau* sticks, placed in the ground? What do you cultivate, Crowns?" "The vine, Sir." "Wine! wine! dear me! never knew wine grew before. In England it is a manufactory. One moment—pardon—Mem:—Wine grows in—in—" "The Canton de Vaud, Sir." "In the Canton de Vo,—Tell that to Carbonel and Charles Wright when I go back. Is it Port, pray?" "No, Sir, a thin white wine." "Thin—white—wine—runs up sticks in said Vo." "Will you permit me to help you, Sir?" demanded Money rather impatiently. "What have you, may I ask?" "*Bouilli*, Sir." "Bull what? have you no other beef?—Mem: people living near punch-bowl eat bull beef." "There is a very nice *culotte*, Sir, if you prefer it." "*Cu*—what, Three Crowns? *Culotte!*—why, in France, that is—is—inexpressibles—Mem: eat inexpressibles roasted—Breaches of taste, by Reay—the savages!—that will do for the Bedford—mention it to Joy—the brutes!—Neither bull nor breeches, thank you inexpressibly, Money." "A *Blanquette de Veau*, then, if you like, Sir." "Blanket de Vo! a cover to lay, indeed, Crowns. Mem: inhabitants of Gin stew blankets of the country, and then eat them—the Alsatians!" "Poultry, Sir, if you desire it." "Ah! some hopes there, Money—What is that you hold?" "A *Poularde*, Sir." "Obliged, Crowns—no Pull-hard, thank you; devilish tough, I doubt—Mem: Fowl called Pull-hard at Gin—Try again, my man." "A *Dindon* and *dans son jus*, Sir." "Ding dong and a dancing Jew!—sort of stewed Rothschild, I suppose—

Well! if I don't mean exactly to starve, I fear I must even venture on the Jews.—Not bad, by Long—Mem: Dancing Jews in sauce capital—mention that to young G——, of the Tenth." The business of mastication arrested for a moment the sapient remarks of the *Impayable*; until our notice was again attracted by his leaping from his chair, and executing divers capers around the room, which, if they did honour to his agility, harmonized but ill with the precisian starchness of his habiliments, the order whereof was grievously *derangé* by his antics.—"Water! Water! Crowns.—I have emptied the vinegar cruet by mistake—Oh Lud! can scarcely breathe—Water! Crowns, water! in mercy." "It was the Vin du Pays, I assure you, Sir,—nothing else upon my word." "Water! water! oh—here—here I have it." "No, Sir; I beg—that is *Eau de Cerises—Kirschen-wasser*—Cherry water."—"Any—any water will do,"—and, ere Money could arrest his hand, the water-sembling but fiery fluid, the ardent spirit of the cherry, had been swallowed at a draught. He gaped and gasped for breath—he groaned and writhed in torment—and, borne out in the arms of Crowns and his men, the spirit-stirring Dandy was removed to bed, whence he arose to return, without delay, to London by the shortest possible road, even with the fear of another *fieri facias* before his eyes, to descant on vinous acidities, Gin Lakes, and the liver-consuming Spa of Vb.

But there is a hardier, bolder, more presuming race of juvenile *fats*, who are the more offensive as they are the more intrusive. It was but a few days after my rencontre with the last exquisite I have named, that, dining at the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Lausanne, the door flew open with a crash, which made us all start from our seats; and we turned, half affrightedly, to observe who had thus rudely disturbed the repose of refection; but we re-adopted our places in prudent silence, as a youth, fierce of aspect, of military port, brass forehead and brass heels, a profusion of rough dark hair, "streaming like a meteor," and which would have terrified the graceful locks of Lord Ellenborough from their propriety, stamped into the room, and without noticing the females present, and merely casting a look of scorn and of contempt at our really well-furnished table, advanced in ordinary time to the glass, each step shaking the crystal on the table like the marble tread of the granite spectre in Don Juan. Having regarded himself with a fierce but somewhat complacent look, he broke out into the following soliloquy:—"Vile place, by Jupiter!—Lots of English though—Papers dull as a London Sunday—Duke of Cambridge ill, they say—poor Duke!—Sir William Knighton gone to the Continent—extremely odd that—Visit to the Viceroy all humbug—Gone to fight the Duke of Brunswick—precious trump that same Brunswick—troublesome chap!—Hate this country most decidedly—have paid my bill, and *D I O* my motto—Brutal set these Swiss—William Tell all fudge—no such man ever existed.—Don't you think so, Ma'am?" he observed, in half turning to address a lady, who, during the operation of self-admiration, had caught his eye, as her figure stood reflected in the glass. "I have the honour to be a native of the country, Sir," was the reply. "Indeed!" with a mingled look of compassion and contempt, drawled out the puppy—"extremely sorry for you, upon my honour." We were excessively annoyed by the real or affected ruffianism of this mongrel; but a gentleman present, who had been for some time eyeing him with curiosity, presumed to observe, "that he

greatly feared we had intruded into his apartment."—"Sar!" with a withering stare through his *lorgnette*, was the only notice this suggestion received from its object. The gentleman, unintimidated, however, proceeded in stating that he believed he had seen the intruder before.—"Much the advantage of me, 'pon honour," said the beau with a bitter sneer. "I will be plain with you, Sir," continued the other; "it was but lately that I was dining at *Dole* in Franche Comté, when three persons placed themselves at our *table-d'hote*, one of them a female, (an itinerant actress, I presume,) the others, in conformity to general usage, I shall denominate *men*. The conversation of the new comers soon obliged all the other females to retreat from the room. The diligence was announced as departing at the same moment, or I should have presumed to have given a lesson to one of the offending parties, which it may not yet be too late to afford." Having gradually sidled to the door during this oration, as the gentleman terminated his address, the discomfited exquisite hesitated not to dart from the room with admirable speed; and once quit of his offensive presence, somewhat of curiosity remained in us as to who or what he might be. "*Un chevalier Anglais*," said the waiting-maid as she left the room; but she soon returned with something she said the chevalier had left behind him in his hasty farewell. It resembled a large *porte-feuille*, but, slipping from her fingers, while she grasped one end, the other by regularly descending evolutions marvelously extended itself. It was a book of patterns! long cloths and broad, merinos and kerseymeres; evincing that the chevalier united business to pleasure in his travels; and, notwithstanding his rank, did not disdain to be useful in procuring a more extended consumption on the Continent of the manufactures of his native country.

ON PLAYING PUNCH.

"Rien ne devroit plus humilier les hommes, qui ont merité de grandes louages, que les soins qu'ils prennent encore de se faire valoir par de petites choses."

ROCHEFOUCAULD.

It is an invaluable principle in our British jurisprudence which directs that an offender shall be tried by his peers; and the dependent corollary of a *medietas linguæ* is not less beneficial in its influence on a fair trial. That they cannot be applied morally, as well as legally, and extended to the extra-judicial decisions of society, is greatly to be lamented. Very few of the reputations which are afloat in the world, have received their stamp from the verdict of their peers; but are compounded of the suffrages of the most insignificant and unqualified assessors. Fools and knaves decide at last on all the wit, virtue, and acquirement, offered to the public; and the sentiments of the really qualified few, to whom merit would willingly defer, are lost in the general outcry; or tell only at that remote period, when the grave has closed against every access of praise or blame. So close, however, is the connexion between all that is noblest and all that is weakest in human nature,—so nearly allied is the honest love of fame with the most contemptible vanity, that the wisest and the best are contented to accept of this spurious currency of applause. With all their fortitude, they cannot wholly resist the pleasure which "the puff of a dunce" may afford, nor always bear up against the depression consequent on unme-

rited neglect. Such is man; and however stoically such maxim-mongers as the author cited at the head of the paper, may take the matter, the weakness is not only excusable; but in the present state of society, in which pretensions of all sorts are jostling so roughly, and the struggle for existence is so severe, may in a great measure be justified by the necessities of the case. It would be the extreme of folly, indeed, to be so self-sufficient as to leave the world uncanvassed, because the public are not all philosophers. It is to little purpose that merit is directed to appeal to posterity: "while the grass grows — the proverb 's something musty." Besides, to arrive at this same posterity, a man must be distinguished by his contemporaries; and merit must not only be of a high order, but must closely influence the passions, and act very directly on the happiness of the species, which can trust to itself for notoriety, or attract the immediate attention, without some little chicanery. But, were this otherwise, we in England are too knowing to set our affections altogether upon posterity, or to bound our ambition to that dry and unfruitful laurel, the slow growth of which may be patiently expected. In praise, as in every other commodity, we find no value but "so much money as 'twill bring." We look not to excellence as an end desirable in itself; but as a means merely to the still more important object of personal enjoyment—directly, as an instrument for accumulating wealth, or indirectly as a lever for moving the public, and obtaining from its deference what is justly regarded as money's worth. In reputation, therefore, as in more ordinary trading, we are anxious to turn our capital quickly; we are eager to realize and to enjoy; and we prefer a grain of that incense which may be snuffed up by living nostrils, to any assignable quantity which is to smoke only before our statues, though it be destined to burn till the end of time. In this point of view, the public are every thing, and the "judicious few" nothing. It is the public who buy, the public who talk, and the public who make the fashion: and however worthless their suffrage may be as a measure of real excellence, or a pledge of enduring honours, yet in the banker's book it makes the most important difference. But if the public are such inadequate judges of merit, and their voice be so desirable, even genius itself must rest contented to put those engines to work which will captivate, and to display the necessary quantum of *savoir faire*, without which, *savoir* is but a candle under a bushel. To do this may indeed be sufficiently vexatious, because genius is naturally modest, and, moreover, is rarely equal to compete with flashy impudence; but it is no otherwise mortifying than as far as it shows that intellect is in no credit upon Change, and that virtue and money have no natural connexion. He who wills the end, must will the means; and it is not very surprising that the greatest men of the age should be as much given to tumbling and ropedancing for the public, as the merest quacks.

This is the real secret of those extravagancies and inconsistencies with which the *literati* of France, before the Revolution, have been so acrimoniously reproached. In that country literature had little or no money value. Voltaire made nothing by the sale of his manuscripts; and Rousseau was glad to eke out a miserable subsistence by copying music for dilettante ladies of quality. But literature was a ready passport for the *roturier* into the highest and the best society; and if it did not confer all which the possession of wealth bestows, it enabled the scholar to partake in the luxuries and refinements of the greatest for-

tunes. The aristocracy of France was, however, at that time any thing but a literary body; and was so far from an adequate judge of the merit it affected to patronise, that to spell even correctly, "like an academician," was very generally deemed a disgrace to a man of rank. The notice, therefore, bestowed by the great on literary excellence was perfectly capricious; and if it was sometimes obtained by a merited success, it was almost always preserved either by eccentricity or by intrigue. This it was that clothed Rousseau in an Armenian dress; and this laid Voltaire at the feet of Frederic the Great, and of Catherine; for, with all the undisputed merits of these royal personages, the philosopher and poet must have considered them in his heart as very inadequate judges of his productions; nor would he have taken such pains to cultivate them, if he had not duly appreciated their value with the public, as most serviceable puffs. "Rousseau's Confessions," and the pages of Grimm, are replete with the petty intrigues and jealousies of the philosophers, which shock by a contrast with the dignity and importance of their writings: but a little reflection shows that such must necessarily have been the weakness of men, who held their place in society on the uncertain tenure of aristocratic fancy, and who required to be perpetually in evidence (no matter whether for good or for evil) in order to avoid sinking into neglect. D'Alembert himself has remarked on this unnatural alliance between the illiterate great and the poor scholars, that it was almost uniformly closed by some scandalous rupture, occasioned by unmeasured conduct and a breach of politeness on one side or the other, and often on both; a circumstance that never could have been frequent in an intercourse founded on reciprocal convenience and esteem. For a long time, nothing could pass muster in the fashionable society of Paris but the mathematics; and the lady of quality had her pet geometer, as she had her pet monkey. But as the eyes which rain influence seldom dimmed their lustre in poring over elaborate calculations, the poor geometer had no chance of a sustained appreciation of that unknown quantity, his real merit; and was obliged, if he would keep his place, to borrow some of the attractions of his mischievous fellow dependent. This was his only chance of distinction; nor can the literati be very seriously blamed, if, in the pursuit of fortune, they sometimes condescended to play the mountebank before the Richelieus, the Geoffrins, or even the La Poplinieres, at some expense of their personal dignity.

In England, if merit is more independent of the great, and genius finds a better patron in the public than in the aristocracy, that public is not less difficult to get at and to retain; and the difference serves only to change the character of the artifices necessary to success, and to throw the ambitious on a more varied course of quackery. England is an advertising nation. We advertise for matrimonial connexions; for seats in Parliament; for serious young men who fear the Lord and can drive a plough. We advertise, with a cynical disregard for decency, our wants and our weaknesses, our dinners and our love-intrigues; but from advertisement to quackery is but a step. When all the world are thus pressing forward, and canvassing the public by all sorts of indirect means, merit must e'en go and do likewise, or retire into utter obscurity, and yield its station to Macassar oil and patent blacking. Gentle and simple, genius and mediocrity, must equally play Punch for their auditory; and Shakspeare himself, if he came back to the world, would stand a good

chance of seeing his best plays damned, if he did not pay the newspapers in advertisements, and make a copious distribution of orders to his dependents and friends on the first night of representation. While all sorts of illegitimate means are daily employed to decry genius, and to thwart rising excellence; while political enemies and literary rivals attack it in the reviews, sneer at it in journals, and run it down in the *coteries*, it would be sheer imbecility to examine too scrupulously the value of that scanty portion of praise which the world is generous enough to bestow upon trust, or to neglect the means of conciliating folly, merely because it happens to be foolish. Whitfield was justly indignant that the Devil should have all the good things to himself; and it is not more reasonable that the *canaille* of literature should have a monopoly of the public credulity. Why should the Vadiuses and the Tripotins have exclusive possession of blue-stocking *coteries*? or the second and third-rate writers alone thrive by the successful cultivation of the "tickle me Toby" system? In all ranks of society it is the adventitious something which, "taken at the tide, leads on to fortune." The cleverest actress thrives more rapidly if she is a beauty; and there is no end to her prosperity if she is a little naughty. The best and most ingenious artist is neglected if he be not an R. A. His fame increases when he gets on the hanging committee; and he becomes the rage, if he plays small games, writes extempore charades, or rejuvenilizes royalty. The liveliest author is raised in consideration by a prosecution for libel, a duel, or a bitter attack in the Edinburgh or Quarterly. Johnson's bow-wow did more for him than all his learning. Parr's wig was at least as distinctive as his Greek; and Porson might have commented Euripides to all eternity, without being heard of beyond the Universities, but for his scorn of "thin potations," and his social qualities. In former times, literature in itself was a distinction; and to print a book was to become known to the world at once, either as a wit or a dunce. But the world of letters is now a mob; and a man must, somehow or other, raise himself on the shoulders of his competitors, in order that his very existence may be known. It is impossible for an author to be picked out of the two hundred and fifty book advertisements of a supplementary "Times," unless he has a handle to his name, or wears a particoloured jacket, or is trumpeted by a *coterie*, or gets himself blown into notice by some side-wind or other. As for mere merit, some of the best books that appear drop still-born from the press. It is not, then, a mark of feminine vanity in our great authors, that they every now and then cut a caper in the show-box, when the public happens to forget to remember them; or that they join with their bookseller in striking out some adscititious means of pushing their reputation. The good opinion of right-thinking lords, and prudish, saintly blue-stockings, will do more towards selling an edition, than all the *verve* of Tibullus and Anacreon, piled, like Pelion upon Ossa, or the graver merits of Callimachus and Pindar. What, therefore, a fastidious person may deem an impure sacrifice to Whigs, Tory saints, or blue-stockings, may be only a prudent condescension to the bibliopolist. It is not a writer's fault, if the ladies must be allured to his works. Political writers find that, by concessions upon some points, harder hits may be made at others; and it is astonishing what advantage an elevated place in society gives, in striking a good downright blow. Captain Rock has passed almost without rebuke into

the world, under favour of the good company he kept; though it is pretty certain that he would have been unpityingly picked and pistoled in the reviews, and perhaps by attorneys-general, if he had associated only with common radicals.* Giving sops to Cerberus may not be very dignified, but it may be very necessary; and the offender may well plead the *numerus defendit*.

All persons, it must be admitted, who are much before the public, are prone to acquire more or less of a sickly love of admiration, and of a jealousy like that of female beauties; and they do sometimes stoop to practise little arts and finesses from the mere itch of praise. Authors, in common with actors and artists, are liable to this infirmity, and canvass for approbation under the influence of an appetite that may seem excessive to those who have never been tickled with the "digito monstrari et dicier hic est." But it would be taking a very inadequate view of human nature to set down all the tricks they play before high heaven, to this one besetting sin. In by far the largest part of their extravagancies, they do but take the world as they find it; knowing the weakness of the public, and playing upon it in the plain way of trade, just as Obadiah sands his sugar, or Moses spreads a white lie in the purlieus of the Stock Exchange.

It is not, however, the literary man, or the artist, alone, who thus stoops to conquer. The greatest political characters find their account in playing Punch. The art of government itself, as practised amongst European nations, is little more than this game. In England, more especially, no statesman arrives at the management of the helm who is not a tolerable actor. What renders this the more difficult is, that in England there are two audiences to please, whose tastes are considerably different. The tax-eating oligarchy require one cast of character, and the people another; and much depends upon suiting the representation to the necessities of the times. Hence we see a man on one day declaring it "worse than madness" to play Punch as minister, which character on another he assumes with the most perfect *gaîté de cœur;* and, as the Venetian lawyer said, it is *sempre bene*, because in both cases he played Punch according to the interests of the moment. This is the true consistency of statesmen, and to this meaning all their professions of principles and attachments are bounded. Whoever applies their language in another sense, or trusts their declarations in a wider latitude, will find himself woefully mistaken, and will have great reason to repent his ignorant credulity. In all the intercourse which takes place between the Government and the people, Punch is the general intermediate; and the triumph of the wooden hero over the Devil is but typical of the state puppet's victory over principle and reason, which are indeed, to such, worse than the Devil. A King's speech, being professedly the production of his Minister, may, without treason, be called a scene from the puppet-show. The Chancellor of the Exchequer plays Punch when he exhibits his budget; and every body allows, that to trust to a sinking-fund is to "make a Judy of yourself,"

* To speak more seriously, the aristocracy imputed to this gentleman depends, perhaps, in a greater degree upon taste than reflection, and arises rather from a fastidious intolerance of vulgarity, and a propensity to the more refined luxuries of high life, than from any calculating, or even philosophical principle. He is not the first person in whom two characters combine, one resulting from temperament, and another from thought. Man is a compound of separate and independent moral elements, and consistency is among his most impudent and unfounded pretensions.

i. e. to be well beaten about the brains by Mr. Punch. Election speeches, and election promises, and election civilities, all resolve themselves into playing Punch. Grimaldi himself never cut a somerset half so amusing as the mock-modesty scene in the House of Commons, respecting bribery and corruption and the Duke of Newcastle, unless indeed it was the said Duke penning his precious Epistle to Lord Kenyon, a fine exhibition of Punchery. A great master in Punchery is a certain Secretary, who must be nameless; whose elaborate candour will not admit of his talent for acting being called in question. His famous pull-up, on the affair of the Dissenters' emancipation, was a masterpiece of art, and should obtain a conspicuous place in Goethe's "Moralisch-politisches Pupenspiels." Of the same facetious and Mr.-Merriman character are the wailings of Ultra-Tory John Eldon's One-cheer-more. "Look whe'r he has not turned his colour and has tears in his eyes." Nor are his eternal denunciations of his own honesty less amusing, however out of keeping and incredible. No one can say that such things are legitimate and dignified instruments of a great reputation; but they are necessary "to the better carrying on of the plot," as Bayes phrases it; and they are adopted accordingly, without the slightest suspicion that such conduct could be thought derogatory to personal dignity. Napoleon, the greatest man of his age, was also the greatest performer of Punch. His famous *Champ de Mai* was a *morceau* of charlatanerie, only blameable, because it was exhibited "a day after the fair," and because the imperial showman took nothing by his "motion." An equally foolish, because equally useless display of the wooden hero, was the far-famed explosion against the "untoward event." Whatever might be expected from thus playing Punch to the Ultra-Tory aristocracy, it was an unpardonable blunder to exhibit so directly in the teeth of the people. This, it must be admitted, was amongst the *lazzi*, which exceed the ordinary licence of the lignum-vitæ stage. It was a scandalous committal of the sovereign before the face of all Europe; and could not be justified, though it were as profitable to the minister, as it was notoriously the reverse. In fact, it was a perfectly useless sacrifice to party malice, and the gratification of mean souls, and reflected no credit on any of the performers. Amongst the most conspicuous Punches, there can be no hesitation in placing my lords the Judges, who have the singular merit of going farther out of their way to sport an hooked nose and a hump, than any other public functionaries. Physic and metaphysic, divinity and political economy, every thing in its turn, is drawn into their charges to juries and their exhortations to criminals, and is applied *à tort et à travers* to the service of the puppet-show. It is impossible to conceive a richer treat than the gravity with which Punch, with his black-cap on, lectures a murderer on the mercy of the law, in giving him two days notice to "make his sowl," as the Irish call it; whereas he, the said murderer, sent his victim *instanter* to die and be —— into the bargain, as he might, instead of charitably appointing "a long day" for a *tête à tête* in the Red Barn: just as if the Almighty power were to be informed, or bound down by the terrors and regrets of a condemned criminal, and obliged to allow him to pass muster under the denomination of repentance. Not less amusing are the judicial puppet's pathetic denunciations of the sin of regrating, of stealing dead bodies, or of telling disagreeable truths to bad ministers.—Another clever scene of political

comedy was the Finance Committee. Methinks I see the Duke of Wellington playing Punch without a mask, and curveting about the stage, and tossing about his staff, in the midst of their deliberations; and when they come to a vote, hitting poor dear Sir H. Parnell a clout of the head, to the tune of Nancy Dawson; while the whole "dukery" applaud him to the skies, calling him the seventh son of a seventh son, or an heaven-born doctor. To dwell, however, on only the more prominent performances in this line would occupy volumes: and, to use an Hebrew formulary,—are they not written in the books of the history of England, even in the history of George the Third, and of his son, down to this day? When I think of these things, I cannot but grieve for the death of the great Piccini.* Were he still amongst us, what services might he not perform for the public as a professor of the art in the new orthodox, exclusive, church and state, law-established, thirty-nine article University, about to be founded in the City of London. How admirably would his lectures dovetail with those of the Regius Professor of Divinity and the Wellingtonian lecturer on High Tory politics! With all Mr. Croker's piety, all the ability of Messrs. Herries and Goulburn, the wisdom of Lord Bexley, and the acumen of Alderman Atkins, how deficient would their *elementa blanda* for sucking statesmen and *debutant* diplomatists appear, beside the *prælectiones academicæ* of the great master of wooden-headed wisdom! How necessary a supplement to the art of pulpit oratory, and of senatorial declamation, is lost for ever to an admiring world! Verily, I believe that this casualty will go far to defeat the otherwise well-founded speculations of the loyal subscribers, and leave their foundation little better than a *caput mortuum*, or a dead letter. M.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR, *Paris, Sept.* 21, 1828.

No works of the light, entertaining kind have been published by the Paris booksellers for some time past—a circumstance which must have occasioned some disappointment in the higher circles, which have now quitted the capital for their country residences. The "Memoires of the Duke de Rovigo" have furnished a fertile source of evening recreation in the chateaux. Volumes VII. and VIII. of that work, which have just appeared, contain some new and interesting information relative to the occupation of Paris by the Allies in 1814. The author shows that Napoleon lost the throne because he quarrelled with Talleyrand, without having courage to order him to be shot. The Bourbon family, to whom we are indebted for the glorious freedom we at present enjoy, were called to the throne in 1814 only because Napoleon had not a clever negotiator, capable of managing his interests with the Emperor Alexander.

Who could then have foreseen that the day would come when all our attention was to be ingrossed by discussions about a set of contemptible monks? I should not now allude to the Jesuits, but that an old Jansenist, named Tabaraud, has just published a volume on these celebrated intriguers. M. Tabaraud has good taste enough to avoid the pompous, inflated style now so much in vogue. He simply relates the intrigues of the Jesuits under

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* Not the celebrated composer, but the prince of puppet-showmen, and the greatest theatrical performer of Punch in these islands; not to speak despaicingly of his political contemporaries.—*See Cruikshank's Punch and Judy.*

Louis XIV. and their fall in 1763; but the most interesting part of his work is the history of the protection which Bonaparte extended to the Jesuits, as soon as he conceived the design of acting the despot and enslaving the French people.

The Parisians have a decided taste for dramatic performances. In the London theatres, the noisy frequenters of the galleries enjoy the privilege of disturbing the peaceable portion of the audience; but in Paris, we have theatres on the Boulevard exclusively appropriated to the lower class of the people. Whenever an attractive melodrame appears at the Théatre de la Gaieté, or at the Porte St. Martin, it is fashionable to engage a box, and to shudder at the horrors of *Cordillac* or *Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Joueur*. By the sale of national domains, one half at least of the French peasantry have become possessed of some little portion of land; and along with this, they have acquired probity, and a degree of mental cultivation. The theatres of the Boulevard are frequented by the artizans of Paris, a class which is recruited from the peasantry of all France; and our minor theatres have improved in proportion to the improvement of their visitors. The melodrames which were performed *con furore* at the Porte St. Martin in 1808, would now be condemned for their silly plots and vulgar buffoonery. The great misfortune of the Paris theatres is their being protected by the noblemen who surround the King's person; and his Majesty, in consequence, annually gives a considerable sum to the performers of the Theatre Français. These actors, who are for the most part advanced in life, prevent the appearance of young aspirants of any promise. Talma during his life-time, and latterly Mademoiselle Mars, have so successfully opposed all rival talent, that for the last six months the receipts of the Theatre Français have amounted to about two hundred francs per night. But this is a matter of no consequence to the performers, some of whom receive from the bounty of the King about 20,000 francs per annum. This state of things has been severely reprehended by the journals; and the performers, convinced that they could not longer dispense without some extraordinary attraction, brought out M. Ancelot's tragedy of "Olga."

The anecdote told by L'Eveque and Gorani relative to the Empress Catherine II. is generally known. The fruit of the Empress Elizabeth's secret marriage with Prince Razumosky, was a young Princess; who, on the death of her mother, was carried to Italy. She lived in privacy at Rome, and for several years succeeded in eluding the search of the assassins who were sent by Catherine to destroy her. At length, Catherine determined to send Count Orloff to Rome. The Count professed an attachment for the young Princess. He solicited her hand, and married her according to the rites of the Greek Church: but it was merely a mock marriage, celebrated by the servants of Orloff, disguised as priests. The Count proposed that his young wife should travel through Italy, and they accordingly proceeded to Florence, and from thence to Leghorn. This was all the traitor wanted. He proposed an excursion out at sea. Fatal forebodings at first caused the Princess to decline it. At length, however, she yielded to the Count's urgent entreaties. A Russian frigate was lying in Leghorn roads. The Princess was received on board with every demonstration of honour. Guns were fired, and she was raised to the deck of the vessel in a splendid chair. However, on descending to her cabin, she was immediately loaded with chains. She threw herself at the feet of Orloff, who did not deign even to answer her. The vessel sailed for Russia. The unfortunate daughter of Elizabeth was thrown into a dungeon at Cronstadt, where she shortly after died of the colic, a disorder which, as Pitt once said, is very prevalent among the members of the reigning family of Russia.

This tragical story has been the theme of conversation in the saloons of Paris; but its truth is positively denied by the numerous agents of the Russian court, who frequent the most fashionable saloons of the French capital. The anecdote is the subject of Ancelot's tragedy; but our dramatic censorship has laid down as a principle, that no sovereign who has not been dead at least two centuries, shall be represented on the stage, except

with the most flattering traits of character. The rule is still more rigid with respect to French sovereigns. It would be impossible to exhibit Clovis or Pharamond on the French stage, unless they were elevated into saints.

To obviate these difficulties, the action of M. Ancelot's tragedy is supposed to take place in the year 1532. The cruel Empress is denominated Helena; and she is represented as the widow of Vassili, or Bazili. That monarch is supposed to have had by his first wife a daughter, named Olga, who on the death of her father became the lawful heir to the throne of Moscow. Helena usurps the crown. Beloski, a faithful Boyard, skreens Olga from the cruelty of her stepmother. He conveys her to Florence, where she is brought up in ignorance of her high rank. Olga has attained her sixteenth year when Helena discovers her retreat. She sends her lover Obolensky to Florence, with instructions to employ some artifice for enticing the young Princess back to Russia. The favourite accepts the mission, and executes it successfully. But in the long journey from Florence to Russia, he becomes seriously enamoured of Olga. The first act of this tragedy is laid in Tartary, at the distance of a day's journey from the Russian frontier. Obolensky cannot resolve on entering Russia to consign to captivity, and perhaps to death, a woman who manifests the tenderest attachment for him. The second act transports the spectator to Russia. The Empress Helena repairs to Obolensky's castle in disguise to see Olga. This is an exceedingly interesting scene. Helena artfully questions the young Princess, and obtains from her some unwelcome intelligence of the sentiments entertained in Russia relative to the political conduct and numerous amours of the Empress. Olga inquires whether Helena is the mother of Obolensky. This question rouses the fury of the Empress, and she informs Olga that her doom is fixed. A party rises in her defence. Helena summons a council, to which she admits a Greek refugee, who seeks to supplant the favourite in the heart of the Czarina. The council decrees that Olga, being the cause of civil war, shall be sacrificed for the security of the throne. Obolensky uselessly endeavours to move Helena, in a scene in which he feigns for the Czarina the passion which he cherishes only for Olga. Helena yields, and promises that Olga shall not die. Obolensky's joy betrays him, and the death of the Princess is then irrevocably fixed.

Meanwhile Olga escapes and flies to the camp of the conspirators. A combat ensues, and the Boyards are subdued. The Princess falls into the hands of Butzaris. He conducts her to the palace of Obolensky, where she soon discovers that she is betrayed and in captivity. Suddenly the doors open, and the Czarina herself appears. She comes for the purpose of tormenting her unfortunate victim by showing her the letters in which Obolensky announced the success of his treacherous mission. Olga falls senseless to the ground, and Helena retires. By bribing the gaolers, Obolensky succeeds in obtaining an interview with the Princess. Olga shows him the fatal letter. At that moment the Czarina enters, and finds Obolensky at the feet of Olga. She pronounces her final commands. Olga is carried off, and Obolensky seized. A piercing shriek announces the death of the victim, and immediately the body of Olga is brought in. Obolensky is then dragged to the scaffold; and before the remains of the unfortunate Princess are removed from her sight, Helena receives the homage of a new lover, and the curtain drops.

In the course of the performance many passages elicited loud approbation, on account of their liberal tendency. The last scene between Olga and Obolensky is magnificent. Every one seemed to regret that the part of Olga could not have been represented by Miss Smithson, compared with whom, all our French tragic actresses sink into inferiority. M. Ancelot's tragedy will ingross the attention of the Parisians for a month. It would be worth translating into English, if the Lord Chamberlain would allow Helena to bear the name of Catherine, and Obolensky that of Orloff.

I must not forget to mention the great success which has attended the *Scenes Feodals*, published last month by M. Prosper Merimée, the author of Clara Gazul's Plays.

IRISH PROCEEDINGS.*

Clare Election concluded—Catholic Leaders and Associations.

SUCH was the disturbing and heart-appalling adjuration of Father Murphy of Corofin, whose enthusiastic sense of duty never deserted him, and who, when the feast was unfinished, entered like the figure of Death which the Egyptians employed at their banquets. He walked round the room with a measured pace, like the envoy of another world, chasing the revellers before him, and repeating the same dismal warning—"The wolf, the wolf is upon the walk!" Nothing was comparable to the aspect of Father Murphy upon these occasions, except the physiognomy of Mr. Lawless. This gentleman, who had been usefully exerting himself during the whole day, somewhat reasonably expected that he should be permitted to enjoy the just rewards of patriotism for a few hours without any nocturnal molestation. It was about the time that he had just commenced his second tumbler, and when the exhilarating influence of his eloquent chalices was beginning to display itself, that the dismal cry was wont to come upon him. The look of piteous despair with which he surveyed this unrelenting foe to conviviality, was almost as ghastly as that of his merciless disturber; and as, like another Tantalus, he saw the draughts of pleasantness hurried away, a schoolmaster, who sat by him, and who "was abroad" during the election, used to exclaim—

——"A labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina."——

It was in vain to remonstrate against Father Murphy, who insisted that the whole company should go forth to meet "the wolf upon the walk." Upon going down stairs, the lower apartments were found thronged with freeholders and priests. To the latter had been assigned the office of providing food for such of the peasants as lived at too great distance from the town to return immediately home; and each clergyman was empowered to give an order to the victuallers and tavern-keepers to furnish the bearer with a certain quantity of meat and beer. The use of whisky was forbidden. There were two remarkable features observable in the discharge of this office. The peasant, who had not tasted food perhaps for twenty-four hours, remained in perfect patience and tranquillity until his turn arrived to speak "to his reverence;" and the Catholic clergy continued with unwearied assiduity, and the most amiable solicitude, though themselves quite exhausted with fatigue, in the performance of this necessary labour. There they stayed until a late hour in the morning, and until every claimant had been contented. It is not wonderful that such men, animated by such zeal, and operating upon so grateful and so energetic a peasantry, should have effected what they succeeded in accomplishing. The poll at length closed; and, after an excellent argument delivered by the assessor, Mr. Richard Keatinge, he instructed the Sheriff to return Mr. O'Connel as duly elected. The Court-house was again crowded, as upon the first day, and Mr. Fitzgerald appeared at the head of the defeated aristocracy. They looked profoundly melancholy. Mr. Fitzgerald himself did not affect to disguise the deep pain which he felt; but preserved that gracefulness and perfect good temper which had characterized him during the contest, and which, at its close, disarmed hostility of all its rancour. Mr. O'Connel made a speech distinguished by just feeling and good taste, and begged that Mr. Fitzgerald would forgive him, if he had upon the first day given him any sort of offence. Mr. Fitzgerald came forward and unaffectedly assured him, that whatever was said should be forgotten. He was again hailed with universal acclamation, and delivered a speech, which could not surpass, in good judgment and persuasiveness, that with which he had opened the contest, but was not inferior to it. He left an impression, which hereafter will, in all probability, render his return for the county of Clare a matter of certainty; and, upon the other hand, I feel convinced that he has himself carried away from the scene of that contention,

* Continued from page 303.

in which he sustained a defeat, but lost no honour, a conviction that not only the interests of Ireland, but the safety of the empire, require that the claims of seven millions of his fellow-citizens should be conceded. Mr. Fitzgerald, during the progress of the election, could not refrain from repeatedly intimating his astonishment at what he saw, and from indulging in melancholy forebodings of the events, of which these incidents are perhaps but the heralds. To do him justice, he appeared at moments utterly to forget himself, and to be absorbed in the melancholy presages which pressed themselves upon him. "Where is all this to end?" was a question frequently put in his presence, and from which he seemed to shrink.

At the close of the poll, Mr. Sheil delivered a speech, in which the views of the writer of this article were expressed; and as no faithful account of what he said upon that occasion appeared in the London papers, an extract from his observations will be justified not by any merit in the composition as a piece of oratory, but by the sentiments of the speaker, which appear to me to be just, and were suggested by the scenes in which he had taken a part. The importance of the subject may give a claim to attention, which in other instances the speaker may not be entitled to command. He spoke in the following terms:—

"I own that I am anxious to avail myself of this opportunity to make a reparation to Mr. Fitzgerald. Before I had the honour of hearing that gentleman, and of witnessing the mild and conciliatory demeanour by which he is distinguished, I had in another place expressed myself with regard to his political conduct, in language to which I believe that Mr. Fitzgerald referred upon the first day of the election, and which was perhaps too deeply tinctured with that virulence, which is almost inseparable from the passions by which this country is so unhappily divided. It is but an act of justice to Mr. Fitzgerald to say, that, however we may be under the necessity of opposing him as a Member of an Administration hostile to our body, it is impossible to entertain towards him a sentiment of individual animosity; and I confess, that, after having observed the admirable temper with which he encountered his antagonists, I cannot but regret that, before I had the means of forming a just estimate of his personal character, I should have indulged in remarks, in which too much acidity may have been infused. The situation in which Mr. Fitzgerald was placed, was peculiarly trying to his feelings. He had been long in possession of this County. Though we considered him as an inefficient friend, we were not entitled to account him an opponent. Under these circumstances it may have appeared harsh, and perhaps unkind, that we should have selected him as the first object for the manifestation of our power; another would have found it difficult not to give way to the language of resentment and of reproach, but so far from doing so, his defence of himself was as strongly marked by forbearance as it was by ability. I thought it, however, not altogether impossible that before the fate of this election was decided, Mr. Fitzgerald might have been merely practising an expedient of wily conciliation, and that when he appeared so meek and self-controlled in the midst of a contest which would have provoked the passions of any ordinary man, he was only stifling his resentment, in the hope that he might succeed in appeasing the violence of the opposition with which he had to contend. But Mr. Fitzgerald, in the demeanour which he has preserved to-day, after the election has concluded with his defeat, has given proof that his gentleness of deportment was not affected and artificial; and, now that he has no object to gain, we cannot but give him as ample credit for his sincerity, as we must give him for that persuasive gracefulness by which his manners are distinguished. Justly has he said that he has not lost a friend in this country; and he might have added that, so far from having incurred any diminution of regard among those who were attached to him, he has appeased to a great extent the vehemence of that political enmity in which the associate of Mr. Peel was not very unnaturally held. But, Sir, while I have thus made the acknowledgment which was due to Mr. Fitzgerald, let me not disguise my own feelings of legitimate, but not I hope offensive exultation at the result

of this great contest, that has attracted the attention of the English people beyond all example. I am not mean enough to indulge in any contumelious vaunting over one who has sustained his defeat with so honourable a magnanimity. The victory which has been achieved, has been obtained not so much over Mr. Fitzgerald, as over the faction with which I excuse him to a great extent for having been allied. A great display of power has been made by the Catholic Association, and that manifestation of its influence over the national mind, I regard as not only a very remarkable, but a very momentous incident. Let us consider what has taken place, in order that we may see this singular political phenomenon in its just light. It is right that we attentively survey the extraordinary facts before us, in order that we may derive from them the moral admonitions which they are calculated to supply. What then has happened? Mr. Fitzgerald was promoted to a place in the Duke of Wellington's councils, and the representation of this great County became vacant. The Catholic Association determined to oppose him, and at first view the undertaking seemed to be desperate. Not a single Protestant gentleman could be procured to enter the lists, and in the want of any other candidate, Mr. O'Connell stood forward on behalf of the people. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald came into the field encompassed with the most signal advantages. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and had been long and deservedly popular in Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald himself, inheriting a portion of the popular favour with a favourite name, had for twenty years been placed in such immediate contiguity with power, that he was enabled to circulate a large portion of the influence of Government through this fortunate district. There is scarcely a single family of any significance among you, which does not labour under Mr. Fitzgerald's obligations. At this moment it is only necessary to look at him, with the array of aristocracy beside him, in order to perceive upon what a high position for victory he was placed. He stands encompassed by the whole gentry of the County of Clare, who, as they stood by him in the hour of battle, come here to cover his retreat. Almost every gentleman of rank and fortune appears as his auxiliary; and the gentry, by their aspect at this instant, as well as by their devotedness during the election, furnish evidence that in his person their own cause was to be asserted. To this combination of favourable circumstances,—to the promising friend, to the accomplished gentleman, to the eloquent advocate, at the head of all the patrician opulence of the County, what did we oppose? We opposed the power of the Catholic Association, and with that tremendous engine we have beaten the Cabinet Minister, and the phalanx of aristocracy by which he is surrounded, to the ground. Why do I mention these things? Is it for the purpose (God forbid that it should) of wounding the feelings or exasperating the passions of any man? No! but in order to exhibit the almost marvellous incidents which have taken place, in the light in which they ought to be regarded, and to present them in all their appalling magnitude. Protestants who hear me, Gentlemen of the County Clare, you whom I address with boldness, perhaps, but certainly not with any purpose to give you offence, let me entreat your attention. A Baronet of rank and fortune, Sir Edward O'Brien, has asked whether this was a condition of things to be endured; he has expatiated upon the extraordinary influence which has been exercised in order to effect these signal results; and, after dwelling upon many other grounds of complaint, he has with great force inveighed against the severance which we have created between the landlord and tenant.—Let it not be imagined that I mean to deny that we have had recourse to the expedients attributed to us; on the contrary, I avow it. We have put a great engine into action, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed under our control. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect. But, Sir, do you, or any man here, imagine that we could have acquired this dreadful ability to sunder the strongest ties by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? Do you think that Mr. Daniel O'Con-

nel has himself, and by the single powers of his own mind, unaided by any external co-operation, brought the country to this great crisis of agitation? Mr. O'Connel, with all his talents for excitation, would have been utterly powerless and incapable, unless he had been allied with a great conspirator against the public peace; and I will tell you who that confederate is—it is the Law of the land itself that has been Mr. O'Connel's main associate, and that ought to be denounced as the mighty agitator of Ireland. The rod of oppression is the wand of this potent enchanter of the passions, and the book of his spells is the Penal Code. Break the wand of this political Prospero, and take from him the volume of his magic, and he will evoke the spirits which are now under his control no longer. But why should I have recourse to illustration which may be accounted fantastical, in order to elucidate what is in itself so plain and obvious? Protestant gentlemen, who do me the honour to listen to me, look, I pray you, a little dispassionately at the real causes of the events which have taken place amongst you. I beg of you to put aside your angry feelings for an instant, and believe me that I am far from thinking that you have no good ground for resentment. It must be most painful to the proprietors of this County to be stripped in an instant of all their influence; to be left destitute of all sort of sway over their dependents, and to see a few demagogues and priests usurping their natural authority. This feeling of resentment must be aggravated by the consciousness that they have not deserved such a return from their tenants; and as I know Sir Edward O'Brien to be a truly benevolent landlord, I can well conceive that the apparent ingratitude with which he was treated, has added to the pain which every landlord must experience; and I own that I was not surprised to see tears bursting at his eyes, while his face was inflamed with the emotions to which it was not in human nature that he should not give way. But let Sir Edward O'Brien, and his fellow-proprietors, who are gathered about him, recollect, that the facility and promptitude with which the peasantry have thrown off their allegiance, are owing not so much to any want of just moral feeling on the part of the people, as to the operation of causes for which the people are not to blame. In no other country, except in this, would such a revolution have been effected. Wherefore?—Because in no other country are the people divided by the law from their superiors, and cast into the hands of a set of men, who are supplied with the means of national excitement by the system of Government under which we live. Surely, no man can believe that such an anomalous body as the Catholic Association could exist, excepting in a community which had been alienated from the State by the State itself. The discontent and the resentment of seven millions of the population have generated that domestic government, which sways through the force of public opinion, and uses the national passions as the instruments for the execution of its will. From that body there has now been issuing, for many years, a continuous supply of exciting matter, which has overflowed the nation's mind. The lava has covered and inundated the whole country, and is still flowing, and will continue to flow from its volcanic source. But, if I may so say, the Association is but the crater in which the fiery matter finds a vent, while its fountain is in the depth of the law itself. It would be utterly impossible, if all men were placed upon an equality of citizenship, and there were no exasperating distinctions amongst us, to create any artificial causes of discontent. Let men declaim for a century, with far higher powers than any Catholic agitator is endowed with, and if they have no real ground of public grievance to rest upon, their harangues will be empty sound and idle air. But when what they tell the people is true—when they are sustained by substantial facts, then effects are produced, of which what has taken place at this election is only an example. The whole body of the people being previously inflamed and rendered susceptible, the moment any incident, such as this election, occurs, all the popular passions start simultaneously up, and bear down every obstacle before them. Do not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry should thus at once throw off their allegiance to you, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be

wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are now actuated, would make them not only vote against their landlords, but would make them rush into the field, scale the batteries of a fortress, and mount the breach; and, Gentlemen, give me now leave to ask you, whether, after a due reflection upon the motives by which your vassals (for so they are accounted) are governed, you will be disposed to exercise any measure of severity in their regard. I hear it said, that before many days go by, there will be many tears shed in the hovels of your slaves, and that you will take a terrible vengeance of their treason. I trust in God that you will not, when your own passions have subsided, and your blood has had to cool, persevere in such a cruel, and let me add, such an unjustifiable determination. Consider, Gentlemen, whether a great allowance should not be made for the offence which they have committed. If they are, as you say they are, under the influence of fanaticism, I would say to you, that such an influence affords many circumstances of extenuation, and that you should forgive them, 'for they know not what they do.' They have followed their priests to the hustings, and they would follow them to the scaffold. But you will ask, wherefore should they prefer their priests to their landlords, and have purer reverence for the altars of their religion, than for the counter in which you calculate your rents? Ah, Gentlemen, consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. Let us put the priest into one scale, and the landlord into the other, and let us see which should preponderate. I will take an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr. Murphy of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A gentleman who has a great fortune, who lives in a splendid mansion, and who, from the windows of a palace, looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rent twice a-year, and they have their land at a moderate rate. So much for the landlord. I come now to Father Murphy of Corofin. Where does he reside? In an humble abode, situated at the foot of a mountain, and in the midst of dreariness and waste. He dwells in the midst of his parishioners, and is their benefactor, their friend, their father. It is not only in the actual ministry of the sacraments of religion that he stands as an object of affectionate reverence among them. I saw him, indeed, at his altar, surrounded by thousands, and felt myself the influence of his contagious and enthusiastic devotion. He addressed the people in the midst of a rude edifice, and in a language which I did not understand; but I could perceive what a command he has over the minds of his devoted followers. But it is not merely as the celebrator of the rites of Divine Worship that he is dear to his flock; he is their companion, the mitigator of their calamities, the soother of their afflictions, the trustee of their hearts, the repository of their secrets, the guardian of their interests, and the sentinel of their death-beds. A peasant is dying—in the midst of the winter's night, a knock is heard at the door of the priest, and he is told that his parishioner requires his spiritual assistance—the wind is howling, the snow descends upon the hills, and the rain and storm beat against his face; yet he goes forth, hurries to the hovel of the expiring wretch, and taking his station beside the mass of pestilence of which the bed of straw is composed, bends to receive the last whisper which unloads the heart of its guilt, though the lips of the sinner should be tainted with disease, and he should exhale mortality in his breath. Gentlemen, this is not the language of artificial declamation—this is not the mere extravagance of rhetorical phrase. This, every word of this, is the truth—the notorious, palpable, and unquestionable truth. You know it, every one of you know it to be true; and now let me ask you can you wonder for a moment that the people should be attached to their clergy, and should follow their ordinances as if they were the injunctions of God? Gentlemen, forgive me, if I venture to supplicate, on behalf of your poor tenants, for mercy to them. Pardon them, in the name of that God who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the tres-

passes of others. Do not, in the name of that Heaven before whom every one of us, whether landlord, priest, or tenant, must at last appear—do not prosecute these poor people: don't throw their children out upon the public road—don't send them forth to starve, to shiver and to die. For God's sake, Mr. Fitzgerald, and for your own sake, and as you are a gentleman and a man of honour, interpose your influence with your friends, and redeem your pledge. I address myself personally to you. On the first day of the election you declared that you would deprecate all persecution by the landlords, and that you were the last to wish that harsh and vindictive measures should be employed. I believe you—and now I call upon you to redeem that pledge of mercy, to fulfil that noble engagement, to perform that great moral promise. You will cover yourself with honour by so doing, in the same way that you will share in the ignominy that will attend upon any expedients of rigour. Before you leave this country to assume your high functions, employ yourself diligently in this work of benevolence, and enjoin your friends with that eloquence of which you are the master, to refrain from cruelty, and not to oppress their tenants. Tell them, Sir, that instead of busying themselves in the worthless occupation of revenge, it is much fitter that they should take the political condition of their country into their deep consideration. Tell them that they should address themselves to the Legislature, and implore a remedy for these frightful evils. Tell them to call upon the men, in whose hands the destiny of this great empire is placed, to adopt a system of conciliation and of peace, and to apply to Ireland the great canon of political morality, which has been so powerfully expressed by the poet—'pacis imponere morem.' Our manners, our habits, our laws must be changed. The evil is to be plucked out at the root. The cancer must be cut out of the breast of the country. Let it not be imagined that any measure of disfranchisement, that any additional penalty, will afford a remedy. Things have been permitted to advance to a height from which they cannot be driven back. Protestants, awake to a sense of your condition. Look round you. What have you seen during this election? Enough to make you feel that this is not mere local excitation, but that seven millions of Irish people are completely arrayed and organized. That which you behold in Clare, you would behold, under similar circumstances, in every county in the kingdom. Did you mark our discipline, our subordination, our good order, and that prophetic tranquillity, which is far more terrible than any ordinary storm! You have seen sixty thousand men under our command, and not a hand was raised, and not a forbidden word was uttered in that amazing multitude. You have beheld an example of our power in the almost miraculous sobriety of the people. Their lips have not touched that infuriating beverage to which they are so much attached, and their habitual propensity vanished at our command. What think you of all this? Is it meet and wise to leave us armed with such a dominion? Trust us not with it; strip us of this appalling despotism; annihilate us by concession; extinguish us with peace; disarray us by equality; instead of angry slaves, make us contented citizens; if you do not, tremble for the result."

Catholic Leaders and Associations.

I SHALL follow the preceding article with some account of the various bodies which have successively managed the concerns of the Catholics, and of the individuals who have taken the most active part in their affairs.

Catholic Associations have been of very long existence. The Confederates of 1642 were the precursors of the Association of 1828. The Catholics entered into a league for the assertion of their civil rights. They opened their proceedings in the City of Kilkenny, where the house is shown in which their assemblies were held. They established two different bodies to represent the Catholic people, namely, a general assembly, and a supreme council. The first included all the lords, prelates, and gentry of the Catholic body; and the latter consisted of a few select members, chosen by the general assembly

out of the different provinces, who acted as a kind of executive, and were recognized as their supreme magistrates. These were "the Confederates." Carte, in his Life of Ormonde, calls them "an Association." He adds, that the first result of their union was an address to the King, in which they demanded justice, and besought him "timely to assign a place where they might with safety express their grievances." On receiving this address, the King issued a commission under the great seal, empowering the commissioners to treat with "the Confederates," to receive in writing what they had to say or propound, and to transmit it to his Majesty. This commission was dated the 11th of January, 1642. Ormonde says, in one of his letters, that "the Lords Justices used every endeavour to prevent the success of the commission, and to impede the pacification of the country." The supreme council of "the Confederates" was sitting at Ross, and a despatch was transmitted by the Lords Justices to them, in which the phrase "odious rebellion" was applied to their proceedings. At this insult they took fire—they had arms in their hands, and returned an answer, in which they stated "that it would be a meanness beyond expression in them who fought in the condition of loyal subjects, to come in the repute of rebels to set down their grievances. We take God to witness," added they, "that there are no limits set to the scorn and infamy that are cast upon us, and we will be in the esteem of loyal subjects, or die to a man!" A terrible civil war ensued. On the 28th of July, 1646, Lord Digby published a proclamation of peace with the Confederates. The Pope's Nuncio, Renuccini, induced the former to reject the terms. The war raged on. At length, in 1648, Ormonde concluded a treaty with them; but soon after Cromwell landed in Ireland, and crushed the Catholics to the earth.

Thus an early precedent of a Catholic Association is to be found at the distance of upwards of a hundred and eighty-six years. I pass over the events of the Revolution. The penal code was enacted. From the Revolution to the reign of George the Second, the Catholics were so depressed and abject, that they did not dare to petition, and their very silence was frequently the subject of imputation, as affording evidence of a discontented and dissatisfied spirit. Upon the accession of George the Second, in 1727, Lord Delvin, and the principal of the Roman Catholic gentry, presented a servile address, to be laid by the Lords Justices before the Throne. They were in a condition so utterly despicable and degraded, that not even an answer was returned. But Primate Boulter, who was a shrewd and sagacious master of all the arts of colonial tyranny, in a letter to Lord Carteret, intimates his apprehension at this first act since the Revolution, of the Catholics as a community; and immediately after they were deprived of the elective franchise by the 1st Geo. II. ch. 9, sec. 7. The next year came a Bill which was devised by Primate Boulter, to prevent Roman Catholics from acting as solicitors. Here we find, perhaps, the origin of the Catholic rent. Several Catholics in Cork and in Dublin raised a subscription to defray the expense of opposing the Bill, and an apostate priest gave information of this conspiracy (for so it was called) to bring in the Pope and the Pretender. The transaction was referred to a Committee of the House of Commons, who actually reported that five pounds had been collected, and resolved "That it appeared to them, that under pretence of opposing heads of bills, sums of money had been collected, and a fund established by the Popish inhabitants of this kingdom, highly detrimental to the Protestant interest." These were the first efforts of the Roman Catholics to obtain relief, or, rather, to prevent the imposition of additional burthens. They did not, however, act through the medium of a committee or association. It was in the year 1757, upon the appointment of the Duke of Bedford to the viceroyalty of Ireland, that a committee was for the first time formed, of which the great model, perhaps, was to be discovered in "the Confederates" of 1642; and ever since that period, the affairs of the body have been more or less conducted through the medium of assemblies of a similar character. The Committee of 1757 may be justly accounted the parent of the great convention which has since

brought its enormous seven millions into action. The members of the Committee formed in that year were delegated and actually chosen by the people. They were a parliament invested with all the authority of representation. Their first assembly was held in a tavern called "The Globe," in Essex-street, Dublin. After some sittings, Mr. Wyse of Waterford, the ancestor of the gentleman who has lately made so conspicuous a figure in Catholic politics, proposed a plan of more extended delegation, which was at once adopted. In 1759, this body was brought into recognition by the state; for, upon the alarm of the invasion of Conflans, the Roman Catholic Committee prepared a loyal address, which was presented to John Ponsonby, the then Speaker, by Messrs. Crump and Mac Dermot, two delegates, to be transmitted by him to the Lord Lieutenant. A gracious answer to this address was returned, and published in the Gazette. The Speaker summoned the two delegates to the House of Commons, and the address was then read. Mr. Mac Dermot, in the name of his body, thanked the Speaker for his condescension.

This was the first instance in which the political existence of the Irish Catholics was acknowledged, through the medium of their Committee. This recognition, however, was not followed by any immediate relaxation of the penal code. Twelve years elapsed before any legislative measure was introduced which indicated a more favourable disposition towards the Catholic community, if, indeed, the 11th and 12th of George the Third can be considered as having conferred any boon upon that degraded people. The statute was entitled "An Act for the reclaiming of unprofitable bogs;" and it enabled Papists to take fifty acres of unprofitable bog for sixty-one years, with half an acre of arable land adjoining, provided that it should not be within one mile of a town. The provisions of this Act of Parliament indicate to what a low condition the great mass of the population had been reduced, and illustrate the justice of Swift's remark, that the Papists had become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. However, the first step was taken in the progress of concession; and every day the might of numbers, even destitute of all territorial possession, pressed more and more upon the Government. The Catholic Committee pursued its course, and in 1777 extorted the first important relaxation; for they acquired the right of taking leases for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and their landed property was made descendible and deviseable, in the same manner as Protestant estates. In 1782, the difficulties of the Government augmented, and the Catholic Committee pressed the consideration of their claims upon the ministry. By the 21st and 22d of George the Third, Papists were enabled to purchase and dispose of landed property, and were placed, in that respect, upon an equality with Protestants. Thus they were rashly left beyond the state, but were furnished with that point from which the engine of their power has been since wielded against it.

From 1782 until 1793, no farther concessions were made; but the Catholics increased in power, until, in 1792, their Committee assumed a formidable aspect. Theobald Wolfe Tone, in his Memoirs, gives the following account of what may be called the Association of that period:—"The General Committee of the Catholics, which, since the year 1792, has made a distinguished figure in the politics of Ireland, was a body composed of their bishops, their country gentlemen, and of a certain number of merchants and traders, all resident in Dublin, but named by the Catholics in the different towns corporate to represent them. The original object of this institution was to obtain the repeal of a partial and oppressive tax called Quarterage, which was levied on the Catholics only; and the Government, which found the Committee at first a convenient instrument on some occasions, connived at their existence. So degraded was the Catholic mind at the period of the formation of their Committee, and long after, that they were happy to be allowed to go up to the Castle with an abominable slavish address to each successive Viceroy; of which, moreover, until the accession of the Duke of Portland in 1782, so little notice was taken, that his Grace was the first who condescended to give them an answer, (N. B. this is a mistake); and, in-

deed, for above twenty years, the sole business of the general Committee was to prepare and deliver in those records of their depression. The effort which an honest indignation had called forth at the time of the Volunteer Convention of 1783, seemed to have exhausted their strength, and they sunk back into their primitive nullity. Under this appearance of apathy, however, a new spirit was gradually arising in the body, owing principally to the exertions and the example of one man, John Keogh, to whose services his country, and more especially the Catholics, are singularly indebted. In fact, the downfal of feudal tyranny was acted in little on the theatre of the General Committee. The influence of their clergy and of their barons was gradually undermined; and the third estate, the commercial interest, rising in wealth and power, was preparing by degrees to throw off the yoke, in the imposing, or at least continuing of which, the leaders of the body, I mean the prelates and the aristocracy, to their disgrace be it spoken, were ready to concur. Already had those leaders, acting in obedience to the orders of the Government, which held them in fetters, suffered one or two signal defeats in the Committee, owing principally to the talents and address of John Keogh: the parties began to be defined, and a sturdy democracy of new men, with bolder views and stronger talents, soon superseded the timid counsels and slavish measures of the ancient aristocracy."

Until John Keogh appeared amongst them, and asserted that superiority in public assemblies which genius and enterprise will always obtain over the sluggish pride of inert and apathetic rank, the proceedings of the Committee had been, as Tone here intimates, under the control of the Catholic aristocracy. They were the sons of men who had lived in the period of utter Catholic degradation; and many of them remembered the time when the privileges of a gentleman were denied to a Catholic nobleman, and a Popish peer was not allowed to wear a sword! They had contrived to retain their properties by expedients which were calculated to debase their political spirit; and it is not very wonderful that even when the period had arrived when they might hold themselves erect, they did not immediately divest themselves of that stoop, which the long habit of bearing burthens had of necessity given. Accordingly, they opposed the measures of a bold and adventurous character, which the plebeian members of the Committee had suggested; and at last adopted the preposterous expedient of seceding from the body. Wolfe Tone, who was secretary to the Committee, and whose evidence is of great value, gives the following account of this incident:—"The Catholics," he says, "were rapidly advancing in political spirit and information. Every month, every day, as the Revolution in France went prosperously forward, added to their courage and their force, and the hour seemed at last arrived when, after a dreary oppression of above one hundred years, they were once more to appear in the political theatre of their country. They saw the brilliant prospect of success, which events in France opened to their view, and they determined to avail themselves with promptitude of that opportunity which never returns to those who omit it. For this, the active members of the General Committee resolved to set on foot an immediate application to Parliament, praying for a repeal of the penal laws. The first difficulty they had to surmount arose in their own body; their peers, their gentry, as they affected to call themselves, and their prelates, either reduced or intimidated by Government, gave the measure all possible opposition; and at length, after a long contest, in which both parties strained every nerve, and produced the whole of their strength, the question was decided on a division in the Committee, by a majority of at least six to one, in favour of the intended application. The triumph of the young democracy was complete; but, though the aristocracy was defeated, they were not yet entirely broken down. By the instigation of Government, they had the meanness to secede from the General Committee, to disown their acts, and even to publish in the papers, that they did not wish to embarrass the Government, by advancing their claims of emancipation. It is difficult to conceive such a degree of political degradation. But what will

not the tyranny of an execrable system produce in time? Sixty-eight gentlemen, individually of high spirit, were found, who publicly, and in a body, deserted their party, and their own just claims, and even sanctioned this pitiful desertion by the authority of their signatures. Such an effect had the operation of the penal laws on the Catholics of Ireland, as proud a race as any in all Europe!"

The secession of the aristocracy did not materially enfeeble the people. New exertions were made by the democracy. A plan of more general and faithful representation was devised by Mr. M'Keon, which converted the Committee into a complete Catholic parliament. Members were elected for every county in Ireland, and regularly came to Dublin to attend the meetings of this extraordinary convention. At the head of this assembly was the individual of whom Wolfe Tone makes such honourable mention, John Keogh. He was, in the years 1792 and 1793, the unrivalled leader of the Catholic body. He belonged to the middle class of life, and kept a silk-mercer's shop in Parliament-street, where he had accumulated considerable wealth. His education had corresponded with his original rank, and he was without the graces and refinements of literature; but he had a vigorous and energetic mind, a great command of pure diction, a striking and simple earnestness of manner, great powers of elucidation, singular dexterity, and an ardent, intrepid, and untameable energy of character. His figure was rather upon a small scale; but he had great force of countenance, an eye of peculiar brilliancy, and an expression in which vehement feelings and the deliberative faculties were combined. He was without a competitor in the arts of debate; occasionally more eloquent speeches were delivered in the Catholic convention, but John Keogh was sure to carry the measure which he had proposed, however encountered with apparently superior powers of declamation. Wolfe Tone has greatly praised him in several passages of his work; but there are occasional remarks in the diary which was kept by that singular person, when secretary to the Catholic Committee, in which statements unfavourable to John Keogh are expressed. This diary was never intended for publication, and is written in a very easy and familiar style. He calls John Keogh by the name of "Gog," and represents him as exceedingly subtle, dexterous, and cunning, and anxious to such an extent to do every thing himself, as to oppose good measures when they were suggested by others. He might have had this fault, but as Wolfe Tone wrote down the ephemeral impressions which were made upon him by occasional incidents in his journal, it is more reasonable to look at the general result of the observations on this able man, which are to be found in his autobiography, than to the remarks which were committed every day to his tablets. As secretary to the Catholics, he was himself liable to be sometimes thwarted by Mr. Keogh; and it is likely that, under the influence of some small annoyances, he has set down in his journal some strictures upon his friend. Afterwards, however, when Wolfe Tone was in France, he reverts, in the diary subsequently kept by him, to John Keogh, and, when far away, voluntarily writes a high encomium upon the leader of the Irish Catholics. It is to be collected from his work, that John Keogh had a deep hostility to England, and that he was disposed to favour the enterprise of Wolfe Tone. However, he did not, in Ireland, escape the usual charges of corruption. In the year 1793, he negotiated with the Minister the terms upon which the partial emancipation, which was then granted to the Catholics, was to be conceded. Whenever a leader of the people is brought into contact with authority, he will incur injurious surmises, should the result not correspond with popular expectation. It was said, that had John Keogh insisted upon complete emancipation, every thing would, in that moment of emergency, have been obtained. It was insinuated, and for a long time believed, that he received a large sum of money as a remuneration for his complaisance; but there is no sort of proof that he sold his country, and his opulence should, by generous men, who are slow to believe in the degradation of human nature, be rather referred to his honourable industry in his trade, than to

any barter of the liberties of Ireland. It is difficult to determine whether, if the Catholics had been peremptory in their requisition for equality, they could have forced the Minister to yield. I am inclined to think that they would have encountered obstacles in the mind of the late King, which could not have been overcome; and it must be acknowledged, that for what was obtained (and that was much), his country is principally indebted to Mr. Keogh, and to the Committee of which he was the head.

In 1793 the elective franchise was obtained. The seed was then cast, of which we have seen the fruits in the elections of Waterford, and Louth, and Clare. Great joy prevailed through the Catholic body, who felt that they had now gained, for the first time, a footing in the state, and were armed with the power, if not of bursting open, of at least knocking loudly at the gates of the constitution. For some time the question lay at rest. The rebellion then broke out—the Union succeeded—and the Catholic cause was forgotten. It was not even debated in the British House of Commons until the year 1805, when the measure was lost by an immense majority.

John Keogh being advanced in life, had retired, in a great degree, from public proceedings, and confined himself to his residence at Mount Jerom, in the vicinity of Dublin. He had been previously defeated in a public assembly by a young barrister, who had begun to make a figure at the bar, to which he was called in the year 1798, and who, the moment he took a part in politics, made a commanding impression. This barrister was Daniel O'Connel, who, in overthrowing the previous leader of the body upon a question connected with the propriety of persevering to petition the legislature, gave proof of the extraordinary abilities which have been since so successfully developed. Mr. Keogh was mortified, but his infirmities, without reference to any pain which he might have suffered, were a sufficient inducement to retire from the stage where he had long performed the principal character with such just applause. Mr. O'Connel was, however, too deeply engaged in his professional pursuits to dedicate as much of his attention and of his time, as he has since bestowed, to political concerns; and, indeed, the writer of this article remembers the time, when his power of public speaking, and of influencing popular assemblies, was by no means so great as it has since become. The fortune with which he came to the bar (for his father and uncle were then alive) was not considerable, and it was of more importance to him to accumulate legal knowledge and pecuniary resources than to obtain a very shining political name. So much has been already written with respect to this eminent individual, and the public are so well acquainted with the character of his mind and talents, that it is not necessary to expatiate upon them. Another person appeared after the secession of John Keogh, of very great abilities, with whose name the English public have been less familiar. Mr. Denis Scully, the eldest son of a gentleman of large property in the County of Tipperary, and who had been called to the bar, obtained by his admirable writings an influence almost equal to that of Mr. O'Connel in the Catholic Committee, which was revived in all its vigour, and became the object of Mr. Saurin's prosecutions in 1811. Mr. Scully had, upon his entrance into public life, written some pamphlets in support of Government, and it was believed that his marriage to a lady, who was related to Lady Hardwicke, had given a determination to his opinions. When Lord Hardwicke was in Ireland, Mr. Scully was a good deal sought for at the Castle. His first writings, however, were merely juvenile effusions, and he afterwards felt that the only means of obtaining justice for Ireland, was by awakening a deep sense of their injuries among the great mass of the people. Accordingly the character of his compositions was materially changed; and from his study in Merrion Square there issued a succession of powerful and inflammatory writings. A newspaper, of which Mr. Æneas MacDonnel was named the editor, was established by Mr. O'Connel and Mr. Scully; and both those gentlemen, but especially the latter, contributed their money and their talents to its support. The wrongs of the country were presented in the most striking view; and while the Government looked with alarm on

these eloquent and virulent expositions of the condition of the people, the people were excited to a point of discontent, to which they had never before been raised. Mr. Scully gained great influence over the public mind by these services. His work upon the penal code, which is an admirable digest of the laws, and of their results, set a crown upon his reputation. No book so able, so convincing, and uniting so much philosophy with so much eloquence, had yet appeared. It brought the whole extent of Catholic suffering at once under view, and condensed and concentrated the evils of the country. This work created an unprecedented impression, and gave to its author an ascendency in the councils of the Catholic committee. He was greatly inferior to Mr. O'Connel as a speaker, but was considered fully as able in preliminary deliberation. The measures of the body were generally believed to be of his suggestion, and it was said that he had gained a paramount influence over Mr. O'Connel himself. "The witchery resolutions," as they are generally designated, for they related to the influence of an enchantress of fifty over the King, were supposed to be his composition, and it was alleged that he omitted no efforts, in conjunction with the late Lord Donoughmore, to cause them to be carried. The resolutions passed at the "Black Abbey" at Kilkenny, were also framed by Mr. Scully, who narrowly escaped incarceration for his elucubrations. Mr. John Magee, the proprietor of the Evening Post, and Mr. Fitzpatrick, were imprisoned for his sins; but I have always understood that Mr. Scully made them a compensation for their sufferings on his account. He became an object of great detestation with the Protestant party, and of corresponding partiality with his own. But in the height of his political influence the death of his father, and a domestic lawsuit, which ingrossed all his mind, induced him to retire in a great measure from public life; and afterwards the decay of health prevented him from taking any part in the proceedings of his body. The Catholics have sustained a great loss in him. His large property, his indefatigable industry, his profound sense of the injustice which his country had suffered, and the eloquent simplicity with which he gave it expression, rendered him adequate to the part which had devolved upon him. His chief fault lay in the intemperate character of the measures which he recommended. His manner and aspect were in singular contrast and opposition to his political tendencies. In utterance he was remarkably slow and deliberate, and wanted energy and fire. His cadences were singularly monotonous, every sentence ending with a sort of see-saw of the voice, which was by no means natural or agreeable. His gesture was plain and unaffected, and it was easier to discover his emotions by the trembling of his fingers than by his countenance. For his hand would, under the influence of strong feeling or passion, shake and quiver like an aspen leaf, while his countenance looked like marble. It was impossible to detect his sensations in his features. A deep smile played over his mouth, whether he was indulging in mirthful, in pleasurable, or sarcastic observation. He had some resemblance to Bonaparte in figure, when the latter grew round and corpulent, but was more unwieldy. I have often thought, too, that in his massive and meditative features, I could trace an imperial likeness.

It was about sixteen or seventeen years ago that this gentleman made so distinguished a figure in the Catholic Committee. There were many others who, at that time, took an active share in Catholic politics, and who are since either dead, or have retreated from publicity. The late Lord French was among the most remarkable. He was a very tall, brawny, pallid, and ghastly-looking man, with a peculiarly revolutionary aspect, and realized the ideal notions which one forms of the men who are most likely to become formidable and conspicuous in the midst of a political convulsion. He had a long and oval visage, of which the eyebrows were thick and shaggy, and whose aquiline nose stood out in peculiar prominence, while a fierce smile sat upon cheeks as white as parchment, and his eyes glared with the spirit that sat within them. His manners were characterized by a sort of drawling urbanity, which is observable among the ancient Catholic gentry of Connaught; and

he was studiously and sometimes painfully polite. He was not a scholar, and must have received an imperfect education. But his mind was originally a powerful one, and his deep voice, which rolled out in a peculiarly melancholy modification of the Irish brogue, had a dismal and appalling sound. He spoke with fluency a diction which belonged exclusively to him. It was pregnant with vigorous but strange expression, which was illustrated by gesture as bold, but as wild. He was an ostentatious duellist, and had frequent recourse to gladiatorial intimations. Pride was his leading trait of character, and he fell a victim to it. He had connected himself with a bank in Dublin, and having become bankrupt, rather than brook the examination of the commissioners at the Exchange, he put himself, in a paroxysm of insanity, to death. I thought him, with all his defects, a lover of his country.

It would be difficult to imagine two persons more strongly opposite in character and in manner than Lord French, and the Premier Catholic nobleman the Earl of Fingal. He has since left to his able and intelligent son the office which he so long and so usefully filled, as head of the Catholic body; but, about the period of which I am speaking, he was the chief, in point of rank, of the Irish Catholics, and presided at their meetings. Lord Fingal is one of the most amiable and kind men, whom it has been my good fortune to have been ever acquainted with. Without the least shadow of arrogance, and although incapable of hurting the feelings of any man, he still preserves his patrician dignity unimpaired, and commands the respect, as well as the partiality, of every one who approaches him. Although not equal to his son in intellectual power, he has excellent sense and admirable discretion. He has made few or no mistakes in public life, and very often, by his coolness and discretion, has prevented the adoption of rash and injudicious measures. His manners are disarming; and I have understood upon good authority, that when in London, where he used almost annually to go, as head of the Catholic body, he has mitigated, by the charm of his converse, the hostility of some of his most rancorous political opponents. As a speaker, he is without much ability; but there is a gentleness and a grace about him which supply the place of eloquence, and render his audience so favourable to him, that he has often succeeded in persuading, where others of greater faculty might have employed the resources of oratory in vain.

An individual, who is now dead, about this time made a great sensation, not only in the Catholic Association, but through the empire. This was the once famous Doctor Drumgoole, whom Lord Kenyon seems determined not to allow to remain in peace. He was the grand anti-vetoist, and was, I believe, a most sincere and unaffected sentinel of religion. He kept watch over the Catholic hierarchy, and took the whole body of the clergy under his vigilant protection. It was, however, a speech which he delivered at the Shakspeare Gallery in Exchequer-street, at a Catholic meeting, that tended chiefly to give him notoriety. He assailed the tenets of the established religion with a good deal of that sort of candour, which Protestants at that period regarded as the height of presumption, but which is now surpassed every day by the harangues of the orators of the Catholic Association. The Doctor's speech may be considered as a kind of epoch in Catholic politics; for he was the first who ventured to employ against the opponents of emancipation the weapons which are habitually used against the professors of the Roman Catholic religion. Men who swear that the creed of the great majority of Christians is idolatrous and superstitious, should not be very sensitive when their controversial virulence is turned upon them. The moment Doctor Drumgoole's philippic on the Reformation appeared, a great outcry took place, and Roman Catholics were not wanting to modify and explain away the Doctor's scholastic vituperation. He himself, however, was fixed and subborn as the rock on which he believed that his doctrines were built. No kind of apology could be extorted from him. He was, indeed, a man of a peculiarly stubborn and inflexible cast of mind. It must, however, be admitted, that for every position which he advanced, he was able to adduce very strong and cogent reasoning. He was a physician by profession, but in practice and in predilection he was a theologian of the most uncompromising sort. He had a

small fortune, which rendered him independent of patients, and he addicted himself, strenuously and exclusively, to the study of the scholastic arts. He was beyond doubt a very well-informed and a clever man. He had a great command of speech, and yet was not a pleasing speaker. He was slow, monotonous, and invariable. His countenance was full of medical and theological solemnity, and he was wont to carry a huge stick with a golden head, on which he used to press both his hands in speaking; and indeed, from the manner in which he swayed his body, and knocked his stick at the end of every period to the ground, which he accompanied with a species of strange and guttural "hem!" he seemed to me a kind of rhetorical pavior, who was busily engaged in making the great road of liberty, and paving the way to emancipation. The Doctor was in private life a very good and gentle-natured man. You could not stir the placidity of his temper, unless you touched upon the Veto; and upon that point he was scarcely master of himself. I remember well, years after all discussion upon the subject had subsided, when I was in Paris, on a visit at the house of a friend of the Doctor's and my own, he suddenly walked in, just after his arrival from Rome. I had not seen him for a considerable time, but I had scarcely asked him how he was, when he reverted to the Veto;—a debate (it was in the year 1819) was immediately opened on the subject. Some Irish gentlemen dropped casually in; they all took their share in the argument. The eloquence of the different disputants became inflamed: the windows towards the street had been left unhappily open; a crowd of Frenchmen collected outside, and the other inhabitants of the house gathered at the doors to hear the discussion. It was only after the Doctor, who was still under the influence of Vetophobia, had taken his leave, that I perceived the absurdity of the incident. A volume of Gil Blas was on the table where we happened to have been assembled, and by accident I lighted on the passage in which he describes the Irish disputants at Salamanca—"Je rencontrois quelque fois des figures Hibernoises. Il falloit nous voir disputer," &c. We are a strange people, and deserve our designation at the foreign universities, where it was proverbially said of the Irish that they were "ratione furentes."

There were others besides the persons whom I have described, who at this juncture took a part in the Catholic politics, and who are deserving of mention; but as they have recently made a figure even more conspicuous than at the Catholic Committee, I reserve them for subsequent delineation. The only other person whom I remember as worthy of much note, and who has retired from Catholic assemblies, was Peter Bodkin Hussey. Peter was a very droll, sarcastic, and amusing debater. He dealt almost exclusively in irony, and employed a good deal of grotesque imagery in his action, which, if it did not instruct, served at least the purposes of entertainment. He had a very rubicund and caustic countenance, that was surmounted with a profusion of red hair; and from his manner and aspect, he was not unhappily designated as "red precipitate." I don't know from what motive he has retired from political life; but, though he is still young, he has not recently appeared at any Roman Catholic assembly.

These were the individuals who, besides the performers who still continue on the boards, chiefly figured at the Catholic Committee, which, in the year 1811, was made the object of a prosecution by Mr. Saurin. Mr. Kirwan and Doctor Sheridan were indicted upon the Irish Convention Act, for having been elected to sit in the Catholic parliament. The Government strained every nerve to procure a conviction. Mr. Saurin commenced his speech in the following words:—"My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I cannot but congratulate you and the public that the day of justice has at length arrived;" and the then Solicitor-General, the present Chief-Justice Bushe, in speaking of theCommittee, constituted as it was, concluded his oration thus: —"Compare such a constitution with the established authorities of the land, all controlled, confined to their respective spheres, balancing and gravitating to each other—all symmetry, all order, all harmony. Behold, on the other hand, this prodigy in the political hemisphere, with eccentric course and portentous

glare, bound by no attraction, disdaining any orbit, disturbing the system, and affrighting the world." Upon the first trial the Catholic Committee were acquitted; but upon the second the Attorney-General mended his hand, and the jury having been packed, the comet was put out.

The Catholic Committee, as a representative body elected by the people, and consisting of a certain number of members delegated from each town and county, ceased to exist. A great blow had been struck at the cause, and a considerable time elapsed before Ireland recovered from it. The Russian war ensued, and Bonaparte fell. The hopes of the Catholics fell with the peace. A long interval elapsed, in which nothing very important or deserving of record took place. A political lethargy spread itself over the great body of the people, and the assemblies of the Catholics became more unfrequent, and their language more despondent and hopeless than it had ever before been. The unfortunate differences which had taken place between the aristocracy and the great body of the people respecting the Veto, had left many traces of discord behind, and divided them from each other; they no longer exhibited any very formidable object to their antagonists. Thus matters stood till the year 1821, when the King intimated his intention to visit Ireland. The nation awoke at this intelligence; and it was believed by the Catholics, and surmised by the Protestants, that their sovereign could scarcely mean to visit this portion of his dominions from any idle curiosity, or from an anxiety to play the principal part in a melodramatic procession through the Irish metropolis. It was reasonably concluded that he must have intended to come as the herald of national tranquillity, and as the great pacificator of his people. Before his arrival, the two parties formed a temporary amnesty; and Mr. O'Connel, who had gained the first eminence in his profession, and had become the undisputed leader of the Catholic body, used his best endeavours to effect a reconciliation between the Orangemen of the Corporation and the Irish Catholics. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield arrived in Dublin before his master, and intimated the Royal anxieties that all differences and animosities should be laid aside. Accordingly, it was agreed that a public dinner should be held at Morrison's tavern, where the leaders of both factions should pledge each other in libations of everlasting amity. This national festivity took place; and from the vehement protestations on both sides, it was believed by many that a lasting reconciliation had been effected. Master Ellis and Mr. O'Connel almost embraced each other. The King arrived; the Catholics determined not to intrude their grievances upon him. Accordingly our gracious Sovereign passed rather an agreeable time in Dublin. He was hailed with tumultuous hurras wherever he passed; and in return for the enthusiastic reception which he had found, he directed Lord Sidmouth to write a letter, recommending it to the people to be united. His Majesty shortly afterwards set sail, with tears in his eyes, from Kingstown. For a little while the Catholics continued under the miserable deception under which they had laboured during the Royal sojourn, but when they found that no intention existed to introduce a change of system into Ireland,—that the King's visit seemed an artifice, and Lord Sidmouth's epistle meant nothing,—and that while men were changed, measures continued substantially unaltered, they began to perceive that some course more effectual than a loyal solicitude not to disturb the repose of Majesty, should be adopted.

The present Catholic Association rose out of the disappointment of the people. Its foundations were laid by Mr. O'Connel, in conjunction with Mr. Sheil. They both happened to meet at the house of a common friend in the mountains of Wicklow, and after exchanging their opinions on the deplorable state to which the Catholic mind had been reduced, and the utter want of system and organization in the body, it was agreed by those gentlemen that they should both sign an address to the Irish Catholics, and inclose it to the principal members of the body. This proceeding was considered presumptuous by many of the individuals to whom their manifesto was directed; and under other circumstances, perhaps, it might be regarded as an instance

of extreme self-reliance; but it was absolutely necessary that some endeavour should be made to rouse the national mind from the torpor into which it had fallen. A very thin meeting, which did not consist of more than about twenty individuals, was held at a tavern set up by a man of the name of Dempsey, in Sackville-street; and it was there determined that something should be done. The foundations of the Association were then laid, and it must be owned that its first meetings afforded few indications of the importance and the magnitude to which it was destined to be raised. The attendance was so thin, and the public appeared so insensible to the proceedings which took place in those small convocations, that it is almost surprising that the enterprise was not relinquished in despair. The Association in its origin was treated with contempt, not only by its open adversaries, but Catholics themselves spoke of it with derision, and spurned at the walls of mud, which their brethren had rapidly thrown up, and which were afterwards to become "altæ mænia Romæ." At length, however, the men who had formerly been active in Catholic affairs were got together, and the great body of the people were awakened from their insensibility. The powerful appeals of Daniel O'Connel, who now began to develope even greater abilities than he had before exhibited, and whose ambition was excited by the progress which he had made in his profession, stirred the mind of Ireland. The aristocracy, who had been previously alienated, had forgotten many affronts which had been put upon them, and began to reunite themselves with the people. Lord Killeen, the son of the Earl of Fingal, came forward as the representative of his father and of the Catholic nobility. He was free from the habits of submission which the Catholic aristocracy had contracted at the period of their extreme depression, and was animated by an ardent consciousness of the rights which were withheld from him. This young nobleman threw himself into a zealous co-operation with Mr. O'Connel, and by his abilities aided the impression which his rank and station were calculated to produce. His example was followed by other noblemen; and Lord Gormanstown, a Catholic peer of great fortune and of very ancient descent, although hitherto unused to public life, appeared at the Catholic Association. This good man had laboured for many years under the impression that the Catholics were frustrating their own objects by the violence with which they were pursued, and had in consequence absented himself from their assemblies; but at length the delusion passed away. His example was followed by the Earl of Kenmare, who, though he did not actually attend the Association (for he abhors popular exhibition), sent in the authority of his name, and his pecuniary contribution. Thus the aristocracy was consolidated with the Catholic democracy, and Mr. O'Connel began to wield them both with the power of which new manifestations were every day given. In a little time a general movement was produced through the country; the national attention was fixed upon the deliberations of the body which had thus started up from the ruins of the old Catholic Committee; its meetings became crowded to excess. The newspapers teemed with vehement harangues; and the public mind, heated and excited by these impassioned and constantly repeated appeals, began to exhibit an entirely different character.

The junction of the aristocracy and of the democracy was a most important achievement. But this confederacy was greatly strengthened by the alliance of another and still more powerful body, the Catholic priesthood of Ireland. The sympathy which the clergy have manifested in the efforts of the Association, and the political part which they have lately played, are to be referred, in a great measure, to the influence of a very greatly gifted man. Doctor Doyle, the Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, is certainly among the most remarkable men who have appeared in this strange state of things, and has most essentially contributed to the moral and political feeling which has grown up amongst the people. He was educated at an university in Portugal, where it was not very likely that he would contract any very ardent attachment to freedom, but his original love of his country overcame

the theology of Coimbra, and he returned to Ireland with a mind deeply imbued with learning, fraught with eloquence, and burning with patriotism. He was for some time a professor in the ecclesiastical college at Carlow, and before he was made a bishop was unknown as a politician. But the crosier had been scarcely placed in his hands, when he raised it in the cause of his country. He wrote, and his writings were so strikingly eloquent in diction and powerful in reasoning, that they at once invited the attention of the public. He fearlessly broached doctrines which not only startled the Government, but gave alarm to some of the hoary professors at Maynooth. In the following passage in his letter to Mr. Robertson, after speaking of the likelihood of a rebellion and a French invasion, he says—"The Minister of England cannot look to the exertions of the Catholic priesthood: they have been ill-treated, and they may yield for a moment to the influence of nature, though it be opposed to grace. This clergy, with a few exceptions, are from the ranks of the people; they inherit their feelings: they are not, as formerly, brought up under despotic governments; and they have imbibed the doctrines of Locke and Paley, more deeply than those of Bellarmin, or even of Bossuet, on the divine right of kings. They know much more of the principles of the constitution, than they do of passive obedience. If a rebellion were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, no sentence of excommunication would ever be fulminated by a Catholic prelate." This announcement of what is now obviously the truth, created a sort of consternation. Lord Wellesley, it is said, in order to neutralize the effects of this fierce episcopal warning, appealed to Maynooth; and from Maynooth there issued a document in which it is well understood that the students, and even the President, Dr. Crotty, did not agree, but to which names of five of the theological professors were attached. The persons who were mainly instrumental in getting up a declaration in favour of passive obedience (which is, however, more mitigated than the famous proclamation of servility which issued from the University of Oxford,) were two old French Doctors of Sorbonne, who had found bread in the Irish College, Monsieur de la Hogue and Monsieur François D'Anglade. These individuals belonged, when in their own country, to the "ancien regime;" and, with a good deal of learning, imported into Ireland a very strong relish for submission. The following was their protest against Dr. Doyle:—

"*Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick, Maynooth.*—In consequence of recent public allusions to the domestic education of the Catholic Clergy, we, the undersigned Professors of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, deem it a duty which we owe to Religion, and to the country, solemnly and publicly to state, that in our respective situations, we have uniformly inculcated allegiance to our gracious Sovereign, respect for the constituted authorities, and obedience to the Laws.

"In discharging this solemn duty, we have been guided by the unchangeable principles of the Catholic Religion, plainly and forcibly contained in the following precepts of St. Peter and St. Paul:—

"'Be ye subject therefore to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the King, as excelling, or to governors sent by him, for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of the good: for so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. as free and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God. Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the King —— For this is thanks worthy, if for conscience towards God a man endures sorrows, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if committing sin, and being suffering for it you endure? But if doing well you suffer patiently, this is thanks worthy before God." 1st Ep. of St. Peter, c. 2.

"'Let every soul be subject to higher powers: for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation. For Princes are not a terror to the good work, but to the evil. Wilt thou then, not be afraid of the Power? Do

that which is good, and thou shalt have praise for the same.——Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake."—Ep. to the Rom. c. 13.

"Our commentaries on these texts cannot be better conveyed than in the language of Tertullian. 'Christians are aware who has conferred their power on the Emperors: they know it is God, after whom they are first in rank, and second to no other. From the same source, which imparts life, they also derive their power. We Christians invoke on all the Emperors the blessings of long life, a prosperous reign, domestic security, a brave army, a devoted senate, and a moral people.'—Apology, chap. 30.

"Into the sincerity of these professions we challenge the most rigid inquiry; and we appeal with confidence to the peaceable and loyal conduct of the Clergy educated in this Establishment, and to their exertions to preserve the public order, as evidence of the soundness of the principles inculcated in this College. These principles are the same which have been ever taught by the Catholic Church: and if any change has been wrought in the minds of the Clergy of Ireland, it is, that religious obligation is here strengthened by motives of gratitude, and confirmed by sworn allegiance, from which no power on earth can absolve."

Such was the Sorbonne manifesto, which, notwithstanding the awful names of La Hogue and D'Anglade, was laughed at by the Irish priesthood. The reputation of Doctor Doyle was more widely extended by this effort of antiquated divinity to suppress him; and the Government found additional proofs in the result of his publication of the unfortunate truths which it contained. I. K. L. the name by which Dr. Doyle is generally known, and which is composed of the initials of his titular designation, threw into the Catholic Association all the influence of his sacred authority; and, having openly joined that body, increased the reverence with which the people had previously considered its proceedings, and imparted to it something of a religious character. The example which was given by Doctor Doyle was followed by other dignitaries of the church, of whom the most remarkable are Doctor Murray, the Archbishop of Dublin; and Doctor Kelly, the Bishop of Waterford. Doctor Murray is the successor of the late Doctor Troy. That excellent ecclesiastic had, for many years, presided over the see of Dublin, rather with the prudence and caution which had been acquired in times of political oppression, than with the energy and determination which became the augmenting power of the Catholic body. He had acquired his habits at an epoch, if not of servility, of oppression, and had been accustomed to accomplish, by dexterous acquiescence, what would now be insisted upon as a right. During the Irish rebellion he is said to have shown great skill; and, by his influence at the Castle, prevented the Roman Catholic chapels from being closed up. He was accounted a good divine, but had neither the faculty of composition nor of speech. He had received his education at Rome, and was a member of the order of St. Dominic. He had the look, too, of a holy *bon-vivant*, for he was squat and corpulent, had a considerable abdominal plenitude, and a ruddy countenance, with a strong determination of blood to the nose. Yet his aspect belied him, for he was conspicuous for the simplicity and abstemiousness of his life; and although Lord Norbury, observing Mr. Æneas M'Donnel descending the steps of his house, exclaimed, "There is pious Æneas coming from the sack of Troy," and by the celebrity of the pun extended to the Doctor a renown for hospitality, the latter had scarcely the means of supporting himself in a manner consistent with his clerical station. He died in exceeding poverty, for one guinea only was found in his possession. This arose partly from the narrowness of his income, and partly from his generous disposition. He had about eight hundred pounds a-year, and expended it on the poor.

This good man was succeeded by the present Archbishop of Dublin, Doctor Murray. He was educated in the university of Salamanca, but his mind is untarnished by the smoke of the scholastic lamp, and he has a spirit of liberty within him which shows how compatible the ardent citizen is with the

enthusiastic priest. His manners are not at all Spanish, although he passed many years in Spain under the tuition of Doctor Curtis, the Catholic Primate, who was professor of Theology in Salamanca, and is one of its peculiar "Bachelors." Doctor Curtis is almost more Spanish than the Spanish themselves, for he has a restlessness of gesture, and a flexibility of the physiognomical muscles, which surpass the vivacity of Andalusia, and with one finger laid upon his nose, with his eyes starting from his head, and with the other hand quivering like that of a Chinese juggler, he presents the most singular spectacle of episcopal vividness at the age of ninety-one, which I have ever seen. His pupil and brother Archbishop of Dublin is meek, composed, and placid, and has an expression of patience, of sweetness, and benignity, united with strong intellectual intimations, which would fix the attention of any ordinary observer who chanced to see him in the public way. He has great dignity and simplicity of deportment, and has a bearing befitting his rank without the least touch of arrogance. His voice is singularly soft and harmonious; and even in reproof itself he does not put his Christian gentleness aside. His preaching is of the first order. It is difficult to hear his sermons upon charity without tears, and there is, independently of the charms of diction and the graces of elocution, of which he is a master, an internal evidence of his own profound conviction of what he utters, that makes its way to the heart. When he stands in the pulpit, it is no exaggeration to say, that he diffuses a kind of piety about him; he seems to belong to the holy edifice, and it may be said of him with perfect truth—

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorn'd the venerable place."

It is obvious that such a man, attended by all the influence which his office, his abilities, and his apostolic life confer upon him, must have added great weight to the proceedings of the Association, when, with a zeal in patriotism corresponding with his ardour in religion, he caused himself to be enrolled amongst its members. "The contemplation of the wrongs of my country (he exclaimed, at a public meeting held in the beautiful and magnificent Catholic Cathedral in Marlborough-street)—the contemplation of the wrongs of my country makes my soul burn within me!" As he spoke thus, he pressed to his heart the hand which the people were accustomed to see exalted from the altar in raising the host to Heaven. His fine countenance was inflamed with emotion; and his whole frame trembled under the dominion of the vehement feeling by which he was excited.—These are the men whom our Government, in its wisdom, have placed in alienation from the state, and whose character has been sketched in the passage which I have quoted from the works of Dr. Doyle. The other eminent ecclesiastic who contributed greatly to augment the power of the Association, was Dr. Kelly, the terror of the Beresfords, and the author of Mr. Villiers Stuart. This able man, the Becket of Ireland, was imported to us from America.

(To be continued.)

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES, NO. I.

Mr. Abernethy.

Mr. Abernethy is, without exception, the most celebrated follower of Galen in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. He is unique, peculiar, inimitable: every body talks of him—most people abuse him, yet is he sought after with trembling and with fear, and not without eagerness; and his room is crowded every morning, as his card expresses it, "from May to October, Sundays and Thursdays excepted." How is this inconsistency to be accounted for? We think we can tell. Dining once at his hospitable table, (for hospitable it is, and that, too, without ostentation,) he was descanting, with his accustomed eloquence, upon the ad-

vantages of a public education for boys, when he concluded by saying, "And what think you of Eton? I think I shall send my son there to learn manners."—"It would have been as well, my dear," responded his wife, "had you gone there too." Now, much as we dislike to differ from any lady, more especially from a lady so highly gifted as Mrs. Abernethy, yet we must, on this occasion, refuse our assent to her opinion. Had John Abernethy been a polished man, we do not think that he would ever have been a popular one; indeed, it could not be. He would have been *then* one only of a cringing pulse-feeling race, with no other regard for the noble science of which he is so distinguished a professor, than its subserviency to his own personal interests. Abernethy and politeness are truly the antipodes of each other; but, for those external, meretricious, and artificial accomplishments, which, after all, are useful in their way, he possesses qualities of so brilliant and sterling a character as to constitute him a diamond, rough enough, Heaven knows,—but still a diamond of the very first "water."

Let us just trace Mr. Abernethy's professional career, and we shall soon see why he is so eccentric, and why he is so sought after. When, as a young practitioner, he first began that career, his eager and active mind, instead of wasting its strength in riot and debauchery, was feeding upon the beauties and wonders of the science, to which he intended to devote all its powers. At that time physiology, and its handmaiden, surgery, were emerging from the barbarous empiricism which had till then characterised them. The two Hunters were then teaching and elucidating the mysteries of Nature with a bold, unshrinking, and untiring hand. Rejecting with scorn the fusty dogmata of their bigoted predecessors, they held out to their disciples that the study of Nature, or, to use Mr. Abernethy's own expression, "of that curious concatenation which exists in all the works of Nature," was the true and only safe guide to that knowledge which is calculated to dispense relief to the sick, and comfort to the suffering. One of the most forward and favoured of these disciples was young Abernethy; and we may easily judge of the influence which the talent and industry of John Hunter had upon the young physiologist, by the fruits which have sprung from his example, as well as by the great respect which Mr. Abernethy always expresses for his memory. "I was acquainted with John Hunter," he says, "at a period of his life when he must have greatly interested any one, who duly appreciated the result of his talents and labours, or who had any sympathy for the highly susceptible mind of genius, rendered still more so by excess of exertion, and the perturbed feeling incident to bodily disease. He seemed to me conscious of his own desert, of the insufficiency and uncertainty of his acquirements, and of his own inability to communicate what he knew and thought. He felt irritated with the opposition he had met with in establishing his opinions, and still more by finding, when he had surmounted this difficulty, that those opinions were, by the malice of mankind, ascribed to others. All which, I think, may be inferred from a single sentence, which he one day addressed to me: 'I know, I know,' said he, 'I am but a pigmy in knowledge, yet I feel as a giant when compared with these men.' It interested me to find among his manuscripts a long extract from a French author, who was said to have taught the same opinions relative to absorption before him. Mr. Hunter had made his

own commentary upon several of the passages; and, as it seemed to him, that, by nothing short of a new construction of words and sentences, could any resemblance of opinion be made to appear, he was induced to add,—This reminds me of a dispute which took place between a zealous convert to the Newtonian philosophy, and a Hutchinsonian, in which the latter having, by garbling and transporting certain passages from the Scriptures, seemingly made good a very absurd proposition, the former retorted, 'Yea, but it is also written, 'Judas went out and hanged himself;' moreover, it is added, 'Go thou and do likewise.' Those who were acquainted with Mr. Hunter knew full well that he had a great deal of drollery in his composition."

In such a school as this, and with such a model for imitation—with a mind, moreover, so well calculated to search out the hidden wonders of science, and, having found them, to convert them into a source of extensive utility—John Abernethy became very speedily eminent, though young, in his profession. He was the first man who was bold enough to discard that patchwork system with which surgery had hitherto been disgraced. His enlarged views of Nature's operations, both in health and in disease, enabled him to discover the uncertainty of all those empirical plans which marked the practice of his brethren, old and young, eminent or obscure; and without regarding their convenience, or even their reputation, the young physiologist, having but one duty to perform, and that an honest one, gave his opinion openly, boldly, and justly. Independence, the most uncompromising independence, characterized, and still characterizes the practice of Mr. Abernethy; and no hope of retaining a rich patient—no by-play or intriguing of a brother practitioner, could ever induce him to depart from that line of conduct which he considers the duty of an honest man to follow. "The education and course of life of medical men," he says, in one of his lectures, "tend to make them sober-minded, moral, and benevolent; and their professional avocations equally require that they should possess such characters and dispositions. On no other terms can they be admitted with confidence into the bosoms of those families which may require their medical aid. Whoever, therefore, inculcates opinions tending to subvert morality, benevolence, and the social interests of mankind, deserves the severest reprobation from every member of our profession, because his conduct must bring it into distrust with the public."

Independence, when well directed and consistent, must find favour with a liberal-minded public; and Mr. Abernethy's upright conduct soon rendered him a distinguished object of public patronage. His splendid talents had now full scope for exercise; and those, too, brought him into notice, and made him an object of requisition among his professional brethren, which we take to be the best proof possible that those talents were not meretricious. Of his independence and strict veneration of what is right, we have many examples. Among others, the following is characteristic:—A certain noble personage, now enjoying a situation of great responsibility in the Sister Kingdom, had been waiting for a long time in the Surgeon's ante-room, when, seeing those who had arrived before him, successively called in, he became somewhat impatient, and sent his card in. No notice was taken of the hint; he sent another card—another—another—and another; still no answer.

At length he gained admission in his turn; and, full of nobility and choler, he asked, rather aristocratically, why he had been kept waiting so long? —"Wh—ew!" responded the Professor; "because you didn't come sooner, to be sure. And now, if your Lordship will sit down, I will hear what you have to say."

After all, now that age and much bodily suffering have soured his disposition, Mr. Abernethy is a strange compound of eccentricity, ill-humour, benevolence, and talent. His churlishness—we must say, much exaggerated—is familiar to all, and various causes have been assigned for its existence. Those who know Mr. Abernethy best, attribute it in some measure to affectation, and to an impatient ill-humour, induced by study and illness. He is certainly not enthusiastically attached to the wearing and tearing drudgeries of the profession. He would rather be consulted at home; and, until very recently, he would rather be employed amidst his pupils at the hospital, than amongst his patients out of it. Most of our popular surgeons have risen to eminence, not altogether by their talent, but by extreme attention, and by skill in operating—two qualifications most assiduously shunned by Mr. Abernethy. As to the first, he is too indolent, and too capricious to attend to it, excepting in cases of real and extreme urgency; and as to the second, he regards it almost with contempt. An operation, he says, is the reproach of surgery, and a surgeon should endeavour to avoid such an extremity by curing his patient without having recourse to it. It is upon this principle that Mr. Abernethy has acted during the whole course of his long professional career; and it is astonishing how much good he has effected by so acting, to the great annoyance of the pupils, by the way, who used to complain bitterly of the paucity of operations at "Bartholomew's." In fact, Mr. Abernethy is a man of profound, unrivalled *practical* science. His intimate knowledge of anatomy, and more especially of practical physiology and chemistry; his comprehensive and well-informed mind; his acute perception, and his habits of deep and constant reflection, enable him to effect that good which, notwithstanding his churlishness, so many have experienced; and those who have seen him, as we have, going round the wards of the hospital, and attending to the complaints and sufferings of the poor patients with all the interest of true benevolence, would lament that he should so studiously withhold such attention from the wealthier and more respectable classes of society. Yet, notwithstanding the occasional rudeness of his manner (for, after all, it is only occasional), there is no person in the profession whose opinion we prize so much. In a case of real danger and importance, he will evince all the attention and anxiety that are necessary; but it must be indeed a "trial of temper," to a person whose mind is so constantly and so deeply occupied, to be eternally tormented by the never-ending details and tiresome twaddle of a selfish and bewildered hypochondriac.

We have said, that Mr. Abernethy is only occasionally restive, and we speak from the conviction of our own experience. We hesitate not to declare that, to us, Mr. Abernethy has always appeared full of whim and drollery, replete with agreeable information, always willing to lend an attentive ear to necessary questions, and to impart that professional knowledge of which he possesses such an extensive store. But one thing he cannot abide, that is, any interruption to his discourse. This

it is, in fact, which so often irritates him, so often causes him to snarl. "People come here," he has often said to us, "to consult me, and they will torture me with their long and foolish fiddle-de-dee stories; so we quarrel, and then they blackguard me all about this large town; but I can't help that." Let those who wish for Abernethy's advice, and it is well worth having, observe this rule, and they and he will part excellent friends. Let them tell their case in as plain and as few words as possible, and then listen to their adviser's remarks without interruption; this is the only secret of managing this professional bugbear, and it is a secret worth knowing.

That Abernethy is odd all the world knows, but his oddity is far more amusing than repulsive, far more playful than bearish. Yates's picture of him last year was not bad; neither was it good—it wanted the raciness of the original. Let the reader imagine a smug, elderly, sleek, and venerable-looking man, approaching seventy years of age, rather (as novel-writers say,) below than above the middle height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and upright in his carriage withal; with his hair most primly powdered, and nicely curled round his brow and temples: let them imagine such a person habited in sober black, with his feet thrust carelessly into a pair of unlaced half-boots, and his hands into the pockets of his "peculiars;" and they have the "glorious John" of the profession before their eyes. The following colloquy, which occurred not many days since, between him and a friend of ours, is so characteristic of the professor, that we cannot resist its insertion.

Having entered the room, our friend "opened the proceedings," "I wish you to ascertain what is the matter with my eye, Sir. It is very painful, and I am afraid there is some great mischief going on." "Which I can't see," said Abernethy, placing the patient before the window, and looking closely at the eye. "But—" interposed our friend. "Which I can't see," again said, or rather sung the professor. "Perhaps not, Sir, but—" "Now don't bother!" ejaculated the other; "but sit down, and I 'll tell you all about it." Our friend sat down accordingly, while Abernethy, standing with his back against the table, thus began: "I take it for granted that, in consulting me, you wish to know what I should do for myself, were I in a predicament similar to yourself. Now, I have no reason to suppose that you are in any particular predicament; and the terrible mischief which you apprehend, depends, I take it, altogether upon the stomach. Mind,—at present, I have no reason to believe that there is any thing else the matter with you." (Here my friend was about to disclose sundry dreadful maladies with which he believed himself afflicted, but he was interrupted with "Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, diddle-dum dee!" uttered in the same smooth tone as the previous part of the address—and he was silent) "Now, your stomach being out of order, it is my duty to explain to you how to put it to rights again; and, in my whimsical way, I shall give you an illustration of my position; for I like to tell people something that they will remember. The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and egad! every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the injury in the kitchen,—remedy the evil there,—(*now don't bother,*) and all will be right. This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, by Gad you play the very devil with it, and with the whole machine besides. Ve-

getable matter ferments, and becomes gaseous; while animal substances are changed into a putrid, abominable, and acrid stimulus. (*Don't bother again!*) You are going to ask, 'What has all this to do with my eye?' I will tell you. Anatomy teaches us, that the skin is a continuation of the membrane which lines the stomach; and your own observation will inform you, that the delicate linings of the mouth, throat, nose, and eyes, are nothing more. Now some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others inflammation of the eyes—all arising from irritation of the stomach. People laugh at me for talking so much about the stomach. I sometimes tell this story to forty different people of a morning, and some won't listen to me, so we quarrel, and they go and abuse me all over the town. I can't help it—they came to me for my advice, and I give it them, if they will take it. I can't do any more. Well, Sir, as to the question of diet. I must refer you to my book, (Here the professor smiled, and continued smiling as he proceeded.) There are only about a dozen pages—and you will find, beginning at page 73, all that it is necessary for you to know. I am christened 'Doctor My-Book,' and satirized under that name all over England; but who would sit and listen to a long lecture of twelve pages, or remember one half of it, when it was done? So I have reduced my directions into writing, and there they are for any body to follow, if they please.

"Having settled the question of diet, we now come to medicine. It is, or ought to be, the province of a medical man to soothe and assist Nature, not to force her. Now, the only medicine I should advise you to take, is a dose of a slight aperient medicine every morning the first thing. I won't stipulate for the dose, as that must be regulated by circumstances, but you must take some; for without it, by Gad! your stomach will never be right. People go to Harrowgate, and Buxton, and Bath, and the devil knows where, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration at their surpassing efficacy. Now these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are taken readily, regularly, and in such quantities, as to produce the desired effect. You must persevere in this plan, Sir, until you experience relief, which you certainly will do. I am often asked—'Well, but, Mr. Abernethy, why don't you practise what you preach?' I answer, by reminding the inquirer of the parson and the sign-post: both point the way, but neither follow its course."—And thus ended a colloquy, wherein is mingled much good sense, useful advice, and whimsicality.

As a lecturer, Mr. Abernethy stands unrivalled. His countenance is that of a man of great genius; and a nose of Grecian form adds very considerably to the acute expression of his features; while his light grey eyes, always animated, seem as if they could pierce through the very depths and intricacies of science. His forehead is finely formed, and has afforded Spurzheim (to whose system of craniology Mr. Abernethy to a degree subscribes) many a luxurious feast; while the scowl of deep thought, which has cast a shade of reflection over his brow, is frequently dissipated by the smile of humour or derision. He begins his lecture in an unconstrained familiar tone of voice, gradually getting more animated and eloquent, as he advances toward the pith and marrow of his subject; and, after lopping off all the absurd and

useless *minutiæ* of the science, and after refuting all inconsistent theories, he arrives at the conclusion, leaving his auditors deeply impressed with his instruction. He is an excellent chemist; and never fails to point out the agency of this science in the operations and functions of the frame. Of John Hunter he never fails to express his admiration and delight; and repeatedly declares that he has done more for the improvement of modern surgery than any other individual whatever.

We cannot better conclude this, we fear, imperfect sketch, than by quoting the following eloquent passages from his last physiological lecture before the College of Surgeons, in 1817.

"I pity the man who can survey all the wonders of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, who can journey through so delightful a district, and afterwards exclaim, 'All is barren!' Still more do I pity those, though the sentiment is mixed with strong disapprobation of their conduct, who, after having seen much to admire, shall, when they meet with a circumstance which they do not understand, presumptuously dare to arraign the wisdom and benevolence of Nature. In the progress of science, many things, which at one time appeared absurd and productive of evil, have afterwards, upon an accession of knowledge, been found to be most wise and beneficent. I deem no apology requisite, gentlemen, for endeavouring to impress on your minds certain axioms relating to philosophy in general, when they are directly deducible from the subjects of our peculiar studies. I have constantly and carefully avoided every argument foreign to the subject; so that, if occasionally I may have appeared to sermonize, I have quoted both the chapter and verse of my text from the book of Nature. I address you, gentlemen, as students of that great book, and earnestly exhort you to study it with such sentiments as I have endeavoured to inculcate. The conviction that every thing tends to some immediate or essential good, is the greatest incentive to this study. It was this conviction that excited Hunter to such continual inquiry, or involved him occasionally in the depths and perplexities of intense thought; for he was never satisfied without being able to assign an adequate reason for whatever he observed in the structure and economy of animals. This conviction makes the study of Nature highly interesting; and may, indeed, be said to render labour delightful, or to mitigate the pains attendant on its toil. To those who entertain such sentiments as I have endeavoured to inculcate, every thing seems animated, beneficent, and useful; they have the happy talent of discovering even

'Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'"

Such is Abernethy; and when death shall have buried in oblivion all the blots and shadows of his character—when another generation shall have sprung up, and known him only by the triumphant memorials, which he will bequeath to them in his works: then will they couple the names of Hunter and Abernethy together, and regard them as two of the most distinguished benefactors of their race.

GRANVILLE'S ST. PETERSBURGH.*

The magnitude and power of Russia, her rapid and progressive increment, the colossal scale of her establishments, the grandeur of her views, and the predominant influence she recently exercised in deciding the fate of Europe, have rendered her the object of the most intense interest to the rest of mankind. To statesmen and politicians she is a source of speculation and solicitude; whilst to all men of intellect she presents inexhaustible subjects of inquiry and meditation. Within the last twenty-five years, Russia has been visited by the traveller of pleasure and fashion, the artist, the scholar, the philosopher, the man of science, the military and naval officer, and the practical statesman, all of whom have published their accounts of the country. It is obvious, however, from the discrepancy of opinions formed from these works, that the information they have imparted has been either too scanty or incorrect for any uniform and general conclusions. Russia progresses so rapidly, all that she contains is so imposing and so different from what we are accustomed to contemplate, and such prejudices are excited on her account, that to obtain accurate knowledge, requires not only a quick succession of observations, but that the same objects should be described at the same time by men of different interests and sentiments. If we read Clarke, Storch, Lyall, Evans, Jones, and Doctor Granville, we shall scarcely believe that we are reading of the same country; whilst several foreign authors differ from the whole of them as much as they differ from each other.

The volumes before us are not free from instances of the *idola specus;* and it is clear that Dr. Granville, like his precursor, Captain G. M. Jones, has been put into very good humour in Russia by the condescensions of the Imperial Family, the amenity of public functionaries towards Englishmen, and the hospitality of the higher classes to strangers in general, and to our countrymen in particular. Notwithstanding this source of several views with which we cannot agree, Dr. Granville has collected a mass of information invaluable in itself, and of great relative importance, as it enables us to draw by induction safe inferences from preceding authors, whose testimony on certain points was too discordant to be reconciled, or amalgamated for useful purposes.

In noticing these volumes, it is not our design to advert to the popular descriptions, the narrations of incidents, nor to the innumerable anecdotes of illustrious or eminent characters, with which the work abounds. These, with many illustrations of Russian history, and of recent events, we shall leave to the more superficially curious, and to persons whose minds require the stimulus of *piquant* novelty, or the sustenance of matter, which, however important, must be made amusing to become digestible.

Dr. Granville's work (though he is of a different opinion) convinces us that the whole system of the Russian polity is deleterious in its essence and in its application. It often retards or defeats its own object, and seldom reaches it but by a most circuitous and inconvenient route. It presupposes the non-existence of the evils it would suppress, and the

* St. Petersburgh: a Journal of Travels to and from that Capital. By A. B. Granville, M. D. F. R. S. &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

existence of the good it designs to create. Its principles have long been exploded in theory, and, happily for mankind, we have now a great practical proof of their mischievous unsoundness. To apply the principles and the machinery of the Russian Government to their proposed purpose, requires omniscience, omnipresence, and a benevolence, with a disinterestedness infinite and without alloy. In North America, the momentum of their polity is a minimum of government, or of interference with individual actions. Every thing beyond a restraint upon private crime, and public aggression by foreign States, is considered an evil to be minimized. The Russians have not adopted the Marquis D'Argenson's great maxim, "Pas trop gouverner;" nor have they appreciated the sagacity of the Genoese merchants, whose request to the King proffering his patronage, was simply, "Laissez nous faire." How have the two opposite systems worked? Russia, with a happy succession of rulers, with a lavish patronage of foreign talent, with extensive conquests, and all other means and appliances to boot, has progressed, with her artificial government, much less in proportion since the reign of Peter in 1730, than America, since her emancipation from England in 1783. In this period the United States have tripled their population; in the same period, Russia has scarcely doubled her's. In Russia, there is greater splendour at Moscow, St. Petersburgh, Smolensko, and a few large towns, and amidst a certain class, whilst every thing else bespeaks privation and squalid sufferings. In America, plenty, and the comforts and decencies of life, are possessed by all, except the vicious. The aggregate of wealth may be the same. In America almost every man is a productive citizen; in Russia three per cent. of the population are unproductive consumers—soldiers, noblesse, and *employés*.

In Russia, the great object is to guide artificially every man's mental and manual exertions, from the channels to which they would otherwise be directed by the sagacity or energy arising out of our self-love and desire of improving our condition. In one case Nature would guide us right; in the other, Art generally does the reverse. Thus, in Russia, a colony is to be formed; thousands of Poles are driven to the spot, at the wrong season—they perish of cold and hunger; a system of military colonization is adopted and fails; a theory of trade is embraced; Odessa is factitiously and suddenly created into a great city—presently another theory is in vogue, and the city goes to decay, involving the ruin of thousands; one year does little more than correct the blunders of the preceding, and society is rather revolving than progressive.

The Government is zealous in promoting education; but all collision of intellect, except on scientific subjects, is prevented, and Dr. Granville found his baggage strictly searched for foreign books. The Empress-Mother is above all eulogy; cheerful, active, and indefatigable in every good work—a splendid and regal Lady Bountiful. She personally regulates and superintends twenty-four charitable institutions; some for forcing education upon the noblesse and gentry, others for nursing natural children, others for spinning cotton, &c. These most expensive institutions retard their proposed object of civilization. They are supported by abstracting from the industry of the productive labourers, for the encouragement of the non-productive. The true principle of public charity is to provide only for those

accidents that baffle ordinary calculation, such as a poor man's having deaf and dumb children, a premature death or decay of strength, &c. We may judge of the aversion which the Russians have to knowledge, when we find that the Empress receives into her institutions seven hundred and twenty of the children of the nobility; and Captain Jones tells us that when a nobleman will not educate his children, the Empress takes an opportunity at court of conveying a hint, which is sure to be obeyed.

The Emperor Nicholas and his royal brother have an inexhaustible patience and industry in the performance of their public functions; but it is obvious, upon principle, that their devotion to the public good can be attended with few beneficial results to the people. Dr. Granville tells us, that "the Emperor inspects every thing (military), inquires into the minutest details, examines the regimental uniforms of the privates:—one of the additional burthens he has imposed on himself is that of looking over the reports and returns of every arrest and imprisonment that takes place in his empire, as well as of the state of the prisons, according to a formula he has himself prescribed." This evinces an unfortunate ignorance of the science of government. The Emperor is liable to be deceived in every step; the idea of any one man attending to all the arrests in a population of fifty-three millions, and to all the gaols in a country many thousand miles in extent, is preposterous. In 1826, the number of prisoners in Russia were 127,000. Some of the gaols in Russia are in a state shocking to humanity; and the description of the prisoners in the South of Russia by Capt. Jones, reflects disgrace upon the Russian Government, and upon its functionaries.

In Russia, "in 1826, upwards of 2,850,000 causes had come before the different tribunals of the empire." Where laws are cheap, prompt, and equitable, litigation is not an evil; it is a curse only when, as in England, laws involve uncertainty, a loss of time, a sacrifice of funds, oftentimes beyond the value of the justice sought, and consequently engender angry passions. Russian judges are appointed by the Emperor, and are removable at his pleasure. Every town is governed by a mayor and council, elected by the citizens for three years. This magistracy levies taxes, establishes the local police, and provides quarters and fuel for the troops. But this council, as well as the Court of Mediation, must report all proceedings to the Imperial (military) Governor of the province, who has legal rights incompatible with public liberty, and the means of assuming others, with little chance of any check. A foreigner might conceive very exalted notions of the English polity from reading Blackstone or De Lolme; but if he were brought unconsciously to England, he would see so little parity between the practice and theory of the system, that he might suppose himself in China rather than in this country. Dr. Granville mentions some legal provisions for the security of the subject in Russia; but it is obvious that they must be inoperative in a country so barbarous and corrupt, that the severity of criminal sentences can be commuted for money. "Every proprietor of land has certainly the right to punish a refractory criminal, or vicious serf, by having him flogged on the back; but he is also responsible to the crown. Excess of punishment can only take place when the proprietor's deputy, like the overseer of a plantation in the West Indies, is a passionate and ill-minded person," &c. What a

style of argument is this! It is merely saying the truism, that evil can proceed only from the evilly-inclined, and therefore a system which admits of the indulgence of such an inclination is not bad. The existence of the ill-minded is the sole necessity for laws, and not a justification of individual impunity and discretion. In this case, the proprietor is the judge of what is refractory and criminal; and how can a poor, ignorant serf complain against a powerful master, to an Emperor some thousand miles distant? But the Russians maintain that two immense advantages arise from this state of the population. The facility of raising troops, and of levying taxes. The Russian style of reasoning upon all such subjects shows that statistics and political economy are but little understood. The police is most pragmatical. Servants are under its "immediate inspection;" it interdicts plays in excessively cold weather, as if "the beggarly account of empty benches" would not regulate the matter much better. It lights immense fires in the streets, lest the servants of those at the theatre should perish by the cold. The fire-engines are under the police, and the Emperor having by a ukase established a fire-insurance company, Dr. Granville observes, "this establishment being without competition for the present, must necessarily succeed, and ultimately prove very lucrative to the subscribers." We should argue the reverse. It is competition alone that can produce the sagacity, prudence, and activity, which ensure success. The theatres are a monopoly, and cost the state 200,000 rubles annually.

The Russians have little native talent, nor have they the imitative capacity which Dr. Clarke attributes to them; for, thirty years ago, one-seventh of the population was foreign, and the proportion is now only reduced to one-ninth.

The patronage of medical and chirurgical science is liberal, and the hospitals are magnificent; and yet we find that the proportion of deaths, compared to that of England, is as two to one. Notwithstanding Dr. Granville's favourable opinion of the climate, the deaths are incessant; and the hospitals, though numerous, and of a size almost immeasurable, are crowded to excess. "Independently of the in-patients, this hospital (Hôpital des Pauvres) admits out-patients, the total number of which, last year, is said to have amounted to 30,000:"—this, out of a population of 320,000, is immense. But, perhaps, this unprecedented ratio may arise from the demoralizing effects of the Government, which throws the poorer orders upon charity in every case of illness.

In St. Petersburgh, charitable institutions include all classes, from the premier duke to the pauper. The Empress-Mother is the patroness of one institution which boards "about four hundred young ladies of *noble* families," who are immured for nine years, during which they are denied any access to their parents but under "the strictest surveillance." Dr. Granville calls these "judicious regulations," and says "By these means social habits, befitting their sex and station, are imparted."—"Corporeal punishment does not enter into the system of discipline adopted in the college." In what *college* of young ladies does *corporeal* punishment enter into "the system of discipline?" To what age are we reverting? The Empress-Mother is also the patroness and gouvernante of the Institute of St. Catharine, containing three hundred and ten young ladies, all of "noble blood." Of these young ladies of "noble blood," one-fifth are supported by charity. The knout, or cor-

poreal punishment, is not applied to these ladies of noble blood. But these schools are supported partly by a tax upon cards, and the young ladies are admitted by ballot.

The facts relating to the Russian capital are astounding, and baffle all calculation. The Foundling Hospital admits about four thousand children per annum!

We will leave these benevolent but maleficent creations of imperfect knowledge, and direct our attention to the society of Russia.

The travellers who visit Russia, and publish their travels, are of a class who see only "a certain order;" and the Russians, of all people, have the faculty of making their visitors speak "couleur de rose." The Russians are hospitable in the extreme; but hospitality is indigenous to a state of society in which, without it, the poor must perish, and the rich be destitute of variety, amusement, and the means of gratifying pride by the display of their magnificence. Their houses are built and furnished in a style, and their entertainments are of a profuse and lavish description, which can exist only in a stage of society where the channels of expenditure are few, and where an arbitrary government segregates an idle class, endows it with privileges, and loads it with wealth wrung from the people. The Russians are not as addicted to intoxication as the English; but "the perfume and sapid qualities of their best sort of tea are such as I have never tasted before; and the effect of both upon the nerves is very distressing. The Russians are quite finical about tea-making and tea-drinking, and understand both arts fully as well, if not better than the English. Their tea-urn, or Samowat, is quite a piece of machinery, and admirably adapted for its purpose. The tea reaches the market direct from China over land." The Russian mirrors, like every thing Russian, are the largest in the world. One of them measures "one hundred and ninety-four inches by one hundred."

The Russians are profuse in their patronage of painting. "There is scarcely a house of any consequence in St. Petersburgh, in which one does not find some valuable pictures as part of its decorative furniture." Dr. Granville, in describing the Grand and Petit Hermitage, says that the first and second rooms are filled with paintings of the Flemish school; then succeed three rooms of the Italian masters, and a fourth, containing the *chef-d'œuvres* of that school. Numerous other rooms of immense magnitude are filled with the finest specimens of the great masters; and there is a Rembrandt gallery of high estimation. We can only say, that "a zeal without knowledge is not good." The Russians have the pride, without the taste and judgment of patronage. The pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds is totally unappreciated in Russia. Our readers must recollect the irritation of the vain and libidinous Catherine, who, having given Sir Joshua an *order* for an emblematical painting of Russia, instead of an allegorical portrait of herself, which she expected, received, to her indignation, the well-known "Infant Hercules." Sir Joshua's portraits of the late King, the Duke of York, &c. painted by the special order of Catherine, to ornament her Lodge of Tschesme, have been allowed to rot upon the walls, a sacrifice to Russian fogs and frosts. Sir Thomas Lawrence's chaste portrait of the Emperor Alexander, in plain clothes, is viewed with great impatience by the Russians, in comparison to a portrait by a French artist, in

which the Emperor is decorated in his military trappings, that shine in dazzling lustre, in noble contempt of the chiaro-scuro.

It is amusing to see how the Government degrades, in its attempts to elevate and dignify, the military character! If a manufactory of mirrors be established, a general officer must be its overseer, and the driver of the "unwashed artificers." If the Government patronizes a charity, or an establishment for dying broad-cloth, grinding cutlery, building ships, or spinning tapes and bobbins, a general officer must be the grand comptroller. If an English artist be engaged to paint the general officers of the whole army at "so much per head," they are ordered to attend his study in a certain dress, and at a prescribed hour, like schoolboys or lacqueys.' In Napoleon's campaigns, the numerous and disastrous errors in time in Russian movements were attributed to the general and staff officers being destitute of watches; but we suppose, from their regularity in attending Mr. Dawe's study, they have been supplied.

Dr. Granville has thrown much light upon most subjects, and upon some he has left nothing farther to be known. But it is still difficult to estimate Russia. Is she a huge colossus, overstepping the pigmy world, or like the image of Nebuchadnezzar, of discordant materials, ready to fall to pieces at the first rude shock? When the veteran highly disciplined armies, and scientific generals of Austria were baffled by the Turks, the Russians under Suwarrow, in 1789, annihilated the victorious Ottomans with ease; and yet Suwarrow, in his Italian campaign against M'Donald, showed himself totally ignorant of strategy, and incapable of understanding military operations on a large scale. In the war against Turkey from 1805 to 1811, Russia reaped neither honour nor advantage; and yet, within that period, she was the hope of Europe, and fought the battles of Austerlitz and Friedland. In 1812, she resisted, single-handed, combined Europe, and the mightiest conqueror and the largest and most powerful force that the world ever beheld, and foiled, if not defeated them, in the sanguinary battle of Borodino. We need not dwell upon the savage grandeur of her subsequent sacrifices. And yet at this moment we behold this mighty power foiled, and rendered almost impotent by the rude and undisciplined hordes of Turkey—by a description of force which Napoleon drove like chaff before the wind. "All is not right; there's something rotten in the state of—Russia." Great discontent prevails, and justly prevails, amongst the slave-ridden and the slave-riding aristocracy; and the disaffection throughout the southern parts of the empire is well founded, extensive, and rapidly progressive. The rivalry between Moscow and St. Petersburgh is alone a nucleus of future mischief. It is impossible for one Government to rule a country of such vast extent, with a population full of antipathies and rancorous prejudices, and possessed of the most opposite habits, wants, and interests. A few years will produce mighty changes in this empire; and Russia must always be at the mercy of England, and more especially of America.

Though our opinions differ from those of Dr. Granville, we are sensible of the value of his judgment, especially upon subjects which he has investigated with no ordinary powers of mind, and upon which he has collected the sentiments of so many eminent persons. We appreciate his work, not only as a luminous and elaborate, but as the most recent account of Russia, and which, in such a perpetually fluctuating

empire, is not a small advantage. His selection of facts is judicious, and he has brought an immense fund of information into a focus useful and entertaining to every class of readers. An amenity of disposition, and an appreciation of his talents and extensive acquirements in Russia, may have led to his too favourable views of some circumstances and objects; but his science and application have enabled him to take advantage of more than ordinary opportunities of knowledge, and his work is most valuable to the English public.

THE DEATH-BOAT OF HELIGOLAND.

Can restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head?—
Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the dead.
There are brains, though they moulder, that dream in the tomb,
And that madd'ning forehear the last trumpet of doom,
Till their corses start sheeted to revel on earth,
Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth:
By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,
Or at mid-sea appal the chill'd mariner's glance.
Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile
Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle.
The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,
And the red moon look'd down with an aspect of ire;
But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and grey,
And the mews that had slept clang'd and shrieked far away—
And the buoys and the beacons extinguish'd their light,
As the boat of the stony-eyed dead came in sight,
High bounding from billow to billow; each form
Had its shroud like a plaid flying loose to the storm;
With an oar in each pulseless and icy-cold hand,
Fast they ploughed, by the lee-shore of Heligoland,
Such breakers as boat of the living ne'er cross'd;
Now surf-sunk for minutes again they uptoss'd,
And with livid lips shouted reply o'er the flood
To the challenging watchman that curdled his blood—
"We are dead—we are bound from our graves in the west,
First to Hecla, and then to ——" Unmeet was the rest
For man's ear. The old abbey bell thunder'd its clang,
And their eyes gleam'd with phosphorous light as it rang:
Ere they vanish'd, they stopped, and gazed silently grim,
Till the eye could define them, garb, feature and limb.

Now who were those roamers?—of gallows or wheel
Bore they marks, or the mangling anatomist's steel?
No, by magistrates's chains 'mid their grave clothes you saw,
They were felons too proud to have perish'd by law;
But a ribbon that hung where a rope should have been,
'Twas the badge of their faction, its hue was not green,
Show'd them men who had trampled and tortured and driven
To rebellion the fairest Isle breath'd on by Heaven,—
Men whose heirs would yet finish the tyrannous task,
If the Truth and the Time had not dragg'd off their mask.
They parted—but not till the sight might discern
A scutcheon distinct at their pinnace's stern,
Where letters emblazon'd in blood-colour'd flame,
Named their faction—I blot not my page with its name.

C.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.—NO. XV.

The Roman Theatres.

"Vacuam, Romanis vatibus, ædem."—*Hor. Ep.* lib. ii.

Christmas opened the Roman theatres, and restored the people once more to one of their favourite amusements. The position of the ecclesiastical portion of the Roman Government on these occasions is amusing: the State likes the licence well enough; it brings money to an impoverished capital, keeps strangers, and prevents people from thinking of worse things—such as the high price of bread, Carbonarism, revolution, &c.; but the Church, *par état*, is obliged to protest and disavow. A sort of tacit compromise is therefore entered on, grounded on the "levius fit patientiâ" maxim of the poet, the head and front maxim of all modern Roman diplomacy. The Impressario of each company is allowed to come to Rome, and, in some instances, to negotiate with the Cardinal Secretary in person; and while the pulpits thunder, as a matter of course, against the abomination of abominations, the scandal, clipped of but a small portion of its horrors, is shrugged and connived at by the Vicegerent ("proh nefas!") *della sua Santità* himself.*

This anomalous opposition of names to things, and of externals to internals, is, however, just as well understood at Rome as in most other countries. The decencies are nowhere more conventional. Every one agrees to take the stage for a stage, and has the good sense and taste not to give himself more trouble than he ought, about what is passing behind the scenes.

There are five theatres at Rome, to a population very nearly as considerable as that of Dublin. Each of these establishments is the property of one of the noble families in the city, who prefer doing by themselves what is usually done in England by committee. The Valle belongs to the Marchese Capranica, one of the four Roman Marquesses who have a right of canopy; the Argentina to the Duke Cesarini Sforza, the descendant of the celebrated ex-dynasty of that name; the Tor'di Nona, so called from an ancient tower near, to that universal man, the Duke of Bracciano (Torlonia). The Pallacorda is a joint concern; and the Aliberti has so often changed masters, that it is difficult to say in whose hands it ultimately remains. The Valle and the

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* Opinion on this subject, as on others, has experienced many changes in Italy. It was in the year 1600, when the popular comedy began to degenerate, principally through the introduction of masques, into absolute licence, that St. Charles Borromeo obtained, for the first time, from the government of Milan, the privilege of censorship, over every theatrical production. This privilege has since remained vested in the hands of the clergy, and extended from Milan to every other province in Italy. The first comedies and tragedies were, however, in many instances, performed before the Popes themselves. Nor is this to be considered a matter of astonishment or reprehension. Such productions, usually in imitation of the comedies of Plautus and Terence, were regarded as a portion only of the general literature of antiquity, of which the Popes deemed themselves the especial patrons and protectors. The "Clizia," and "Mandragola," of Macchiavelli, were represented with the utmost magnificence before Leo X. and his court, the "Conquista di Grenata," before Alexander VI. &c. Many of the first ecclesiastical officers were themselves composers and contributors; we have the "Fernandus Servatus" of Verardo, Secretary to four successive popes, the "Calandra" of the Cardinal Bibiena, licentious even for the period of life at which it was written; and many others of minor importance. The first theatre known at Rome was erected by the Cardinal Riario, nephew of Sixtus IV.; and the most learned academics did not think it beneath their gravity and respectability to appear occasionally on such boards. The Intronati and Rozzi of Sienna, the Pomponiani of Rome, were in particular addicted to the cultivation of these amusements. The improvement of theatrical representation was one of the objects of their institution. The best performers of the two former were especially invited by Leo X. to Rome, who thus secured for his capital the first company probably in Christendom at the time. The first theatre just alluded to was erected some years anterior to this invitation.

Argentina are the two principal. The Valle opens immediately after Christmas; the Argentina succeeds in the summer, or after-season; the Tor'di Nona, considerably smaller, performs nearly at the same time with the Argentina. The performances in the two first extend to the entire dramatic circle—tragedy, comedy, pastoral, &c.; and as base and substratum of the whole, music. The Tor'di Nona follows, "haud passibus æquis." The Aliberti is almost a ruin; and from its extravagant size, reserved for the only use to which it is now applicable—the celebration of the Carnival Festini once or twice a year. The Palla-corda, as its name designates, is a kind of Astley's. The Romans have their old propensity for this sort of amusement; the "funabula" enjoy all their ancient celebrity; and no theatre at Rome has a more numerous or devout race of votaries than the Palla-corda.

The day after Christmas-Day the Valla opened, with the usual gala, and the new opera and ballet for the season. Every thing here must be new; new company, new orchestra, every thing but the faded drapery of the boxes, the painting of the theatre, and the tattered canvass of the scenery. This novelty, however, soon wears out; not more than two musical performances are usually given in the season, and these, such as they are—and they are often of the worst description—are, night after night, as in other parts of Italy, repeated *ad nauseam*. It is a matter not merely of curiosity, but of party, to obtain a good first hearing. The jury which decides on the first night usually seals the fate of the season. The crowd therefore on such occasions is more than usually tumultuous; every one is anxious to put in his claim to the only franchise which a modern Roman may be said to enjoy. They come, as of old, to sit in solemn Areopagus on the merits of the respective candidates, and seem ludicrously impressed with the high character of their critical functions. The choice divides all Rome: the struggle is carried on with the utmost strenuousness and decorum, and the triumph celebrated with an exultation not unworthy of the election of one of our members of Parliament. I remember seeing a *tenzone* of this kind between Pacini and Donizetti. Pacini was the conqueror, not without some imputation of secret and even unprofessional machination. He was charged with having bribed the Prima Donna, &c. The moment the piece terminated he was hurried from the theatre, and carried upon the shoulders of his partizans through the principal part of Rome, with flambeaus, music, &c. stopping from time to time under the windows of his fair protectresses (the Princess Borghese was at their head), and returning them thanks for their encouragement and patronage. The defeated party had their *revanche*; the Prima Donna was tried for corruption, on their appeal, before the Governor, convicted, and fined fifty crowns. In all this there was nothing considered either strange or odd; the people blamed or applauded, but no one stared or sneered.

In this spirit, and with the anticipation of a luxurious critical treat, I was hurried off by one of my theatrical friends, at about half-past six, to the Teatro Valle. We had to pass through a multiplicity of narrow and obscure lanes, in a very populous district of the town (the region of the Pantheon), before we could reach its difficult and encumbered entrance. It has since been repaired, but it was then without any external pretensions whatever. The front, in a town which is all architecture, was unworthy of a village barn. The interior had the great demerit of being perfectly consistent with the exterior. It was large and democratic—truly the theatre of the people; the best portion the pit; the boxes mere *cachots*, ill fronted and ill ventilated; the corridors, if possible, worse; so narrow, that you ran against the greasy wall and streaming oil, and were offended by the bare and rickety boards which trembled under you at every step. As to gallery, properly so called, there was none; but neither was there populace or rabble to fill it. Populace and people are here one, and conduct themselves with an attention and propriety which would shame our aristocracy. There was but one passage out, and that but ill calculated for a cry of "Fire!" Now all this had been endured for nearly a century in the country, and in sight of the monuments of the Cæsars.

It was not until the absolute risk attending upon the performances had directed the attention of the people and the Government to the nuisance, that it was deemed advisable to correct it. The present structure, raised after various efforts and accidents, by Valladier, is neat and convenient enough; but the description of the former is still applicable, in more than one instance, to the other theatres of Rome.

The first aspect of a Continental Theatre is discouraging enough; and in this particular the Italian exceeds the French. We err in another extreme. Our too much light has nearly the effect of no light at all; or perhaps it is worse: it brings before us two spectacles, as many stages as there are boxes, and thus sacrifices to accessories, what, as end and principle, should stand alone. The theatre on the Continent has been much truer to the preservation of the illusion. It concentrates the light, and in a great degree the attention, upon the only object on which it ought to fall. The drawing-room vanities now and then may suffer a little by this improvement, though gallantry, and society, generally speaking, know very well how to repair their loss. This well managed, as at Milan, is admirable, but in the minor theatres it opens a door to every neglect. What is not intended to be seen, or is seldom seen, is soon abandoned. In the Roman theatres, besides, there is no superior police to interfere or correct; the Government, it is easy to perceive, is no shareholder; every thing is dimness and carelessness; the feeble efforts of the princely families to drape and tinsel a tier or two of boxes, make no atonement for the nakedness of the rest: and, as to the people's participation in the business, the people are entitled only to be amused; they pay their money, see the play, and are not so unreasonable as to think of comfort.

I was handed the play-bill on entering. Instead of a sober catalogue of names and characters as with us, I found it to be a puff, beyond the most extravagant magnificence of Elliston himself in that most useful style of writing. Every one was lauded from the public up to the actor himself. "Les pauvres diables sont sans nulle vergogne;" and what is worse, this self-eulogy is exacted by the public with the same punctiliousness as a mere stage bow.*

The opera of the night was Rossini's admirable "Tancredi." He was yet in the dawn of his fame, and had not been forced to that spendthrift and careless expenditure of his talent, which, at a later period, has made him even a plagiarist from himself. The Roman piques himself on his "emunctæ naris" style of criticism, and superciliously concentrates his enthusiasm; whilst the Florentine magniloquizes in guttural Tuscan, and the Neapolitan gesticulates away his overburthened spirit, with a fervour and rapidity which defies the feeble imitation of mere word. I shall not forget the reception of the Catalani: it was a good illustration of this temper. Her engagement at Rome was limited to three nights. The first, whether from fatigue or professional indifference to the anticipations of the public, was commonplace and slovenly. The Romans contemptuously pronounced on her merits, and on the succeeding night stayed away. The result was what might have been anticipated: she sung divinely; nothing was talked of on the morning but the admirable music which every one had missed. The third night the theatre was crowded to excess; expectation was on tiptoe: the stratagem

* The following is an extract from one of those productions now before me: "*Teatro Valle-Aviso—Per la sera di Sabato* 10 *Gennaio. A benefizio del caratterista Giovanni Boboli.* Chi non sa che tutto è Maneggio nel Mondo? L'uomo in società l'a reso così necessario, che per vivere onestamente bisogna far uso di esso. Maneggiamoci dunque (dice il *Caratterista della compagnia Blanes Giovanni Boboli*) per fare nella Sera suddetta *una buona serata di Benefizio*, onde poter maneggiare anch' esso *Gli effetti della Romana Prodigalità.* Ma come farà egli per riuscirvi? Ecco come farà. Non farà torto al buon gusto di chi seralmente lo compatisce: ed esporra una *commedia mai più comparsa su queste scene* scritta dal Gran Maestro dell' Arte cioè dall' Avocato *Carlo Goldoni*, che porta appunto per titolo *La Donna di Maneggio*," &c.

had fully succeeded: her singing was, if possible, worse than on her debut; she smiled at their disappointment, left the Romans to brood over their fastidiousness, and the next morning started for Naples. A feeling somewhat akin to this seemed to watch over the first representation of "Tancredi." There were no hisses, but little rapture, and less applause. The discipline, indeed, which the Government keeps up over the passions of the audience is a still more adequate cause for such a state of dignified tranquillity, than any deficiency of feeling in the audience itself. The Southerns habitually entertain, through every rank, a very just sense of the luxuries of good order; and this perception is rendered still more lively by the intervention of a judicious number of cocked hats, bayonets, mustachios, &c. An O. P. war would be impossible in Italy: it would be much easier to break up the Conclave. Theatrical opinion is limited to laughs and tears; taking snuff, which may be done with a great variety of accent and idiom; using an opera-glass when the ballet is "sub judice;" and depositing, much in the manner of a secret ballot, their conscientious verdict with a whisper in the ear of their next neighbour.

I sauntered for some time about the boxes. The custom here, as in other parts of Italy, is calculated on a very scientific view of society. The duty is made as compendious and easy as one of our new sciences in Pinnock's Catechisms. No visits in the morning but one; in the evening *obeissances*, attentions, visits, and visitations, *par preference et par etiquette*, to the whole ring of your acquaintance. Thus more intercourse, and, I am willing to believe, as much friendship, and far less ennui, is generated, (as to other particulars, each Italian is adequately provided,) as can be hoped for under our own laborious system of card-acquaintanceship. Each box is the lady's castle or boudoir: she there holds her little court, patronizes, advances, and deposes. The "Chi avvicina adesso?" is now and then significantly whispered in the opposite boxes, and answered as scandal or jealousy may dictate. Then come the loose wanderers through the circle: the *patiti*, still in a state of severe probation; the *aspiranti*, looking up with devout ardour to the place of the *patiti*, as they to the more fortunate one of *amanti;* and, finally, the "discarded," moping away in melancholy silence in search of some new Dulcinea to fill the vacuum in their heart, and to furnish them with new exercise for that faculty, which in an especial manner seems the living principle of the whole structure of Italian society. To the initiated and philosophic, an Italian theatre is therefore, in the fullest sense, a sort of moral Panopticon: the lady blends by its arrangements all the *agrèmens* of public and private life: you see her passing, almost in the same instant, from a sort of *petite comité* society in the twilight of her box to the spectacle and splendour of a *salon;* and the gentleman, while he has a panoramic view of the circle, and looks at the ever-moving world around him through the loophole of his retreat, may enjoy, with this facility of public observation, all the *laisser aller* of boudoir communication "sans peur, et sans reproche." A lounge through such a gallery is a most instructive lecture in moral philosophy: strangers, too, have great advantages as long as they continue such; but when once in the drama themselves, the spirit of discrimination vanishes, as a matter of course. Milan is the perfection of the system: there the boxes form two distinct apartments; one looks towards the stage, the other is immediately in the rear: the first is reserved for the more obvious purposes of the opera; affairs of still greater moment, faro, conversazione, and *petits soupers*, are the business of the second: now and then, at the sound of a favourite arietta, two or three of the more professed amateurs, who have a character for connoisseurship to maintain, will drop in from such enjoyments, dispense authoritatively their nods and bravos, for the instruction of their weaker neighbours, and, after an encore or two, (though in this particular an Italian audience is, no comparison, more merciful than an English one,) slip back once more to the more attractive occupations of their interior.

The parterre is a richly coloured contrast to all this: it is, truly, a hurly-burly confusion of the most anomalous elements. Aristocracy jostles Radi-

calism without derogation or scruple: all classes and persons are tumbled together like a game at Lotto. In the front seats you will meet the unwinking and vigilant dragons of criticism, repeating the prompter as the prompter repeats the actors; shaking the powder from their heads, at every passage which is fortunate enough to find grace before them, and screaming and shuddering with sensibility at every trip of the singer or the orchestra. Then come, immediately behind them, their admirers and imitators: the man who yawns, and cries bravo in his sleep, and is a *soi-disant* beau after French code and impudence; the man who gives the important pinch of snuff at the close of each arietta; the man who cries hush, and never listens; the man who stands on tiptoe behind tall carabineers, and peeps through the loopholes of their arms; in fine, what may without an impropriety be termed emphatically, the spectators and the audience. These are succeeded by, or intermingled with, the mere *umbræ*, or hangers-on; such, for instance, as the Englishman arrived that morning, with his valet-de-place behind him, flapping the meaning of every scene into his fastidious ear, grave in the midst of general laughter, and smiling in the midst of gravity: the ramblers by profession, the goers out and comers in, without any more decided vocation than the extinguishing of so much unendurable time: the sleepers, evening after evening, immediately under the boxes (for an Italian serious opera, even to the Italians themselves, is no contemptible soporific): these, with now and then a thin sprinkling of clerical three-cornered hats, (for the Abbate is neither excluded by conscience or custom, no more than his predecessors, from these amiable levities,) constitute the great proportion of that play-loving population, who go to the filling up of half the theatres of Italy.

At the opening of the theatre, the Governor of Rome gives a "gala." A gala sounds magnificently to English ears; I am sorry to say it is very little more than sound. Servants, in their state liveries, at the conclusion of the opera, come in with wax lights crossed in one hand and ices in the other, to the second tier of boxes (the aristocratic), and retire. The ices are eaten, the lights extinguished, and the Governor saluted and thanked. This ceremonial occupies two minutes, and is meant to typify the treating of the entire Roman people. Some Englishmen looked up from the pit, and exclaimed loudly against the injustice and monopoly which seemed to be going on in this upper world. The Governor was stately and solemn, and did this portion of his duties of Edile with due dignity. Such is the last relic of the munificence of the Scauri and Luculli; the latest trace, perhaps, extant, of the "Panem et Circenses" of the ancient Romans.

The opera was succeeded by a ballet, Barbarossa, the great lion of the evening. It was got up with the most insolent indifference to any thing like illusion. Nothing could be more abominable than the decorative portion of the entertainment; this too in a capital from which all excellence in this department had originally emanated.* Before the performance had yet commenced, we had faces peeping out, of all nations, through the greasy

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* The decorative portion of theatrical representation was, at an early period, an object of the highest interest and attention. The first artists did not think it below the dignity of their art to apply their time and talents to such purposes. San Gallo was employed in the decorations of the Clizia. Perugino, Francia Bigio, and Ghirlandaio, in those of the Mandragola. Jovius states, that these latter were so admirable, that Leo X. had them removed to Rome at his own expense. Rome, however, surpassed Florence. The other parts of Italy, Milan, Venice, Bologna, were scarcely inferior. The representation of the Calandra at Urbino was said to have been unrivalled. Many of these "macchine," as they were called, were however quite temporary: the performance usually took place in the immense palaces of the nobility; and when over, the decorations were removed. The theatre of the Cardinal Riario was amongst the first permanently open to the public. It appears to have excited some surprise at Rome. "In media Circi cavea, toto consessu umbraculis tecto," says Giovanni Sulpizio in the dedication of his Vitruvius. The ancient theatres, with few exceptions, were open.

apertures of the ragged drop-scene. Then came the performance itself; it was a grand equestrian war-and-love sort of business, where turbans and mustachios, Rugantino voices, and seven-league boots and strides, made up the entire interest. The horses looked like post-horses just caught and sent in from Baccano, and, being *naïfs* and ill educated, did a great deal which stage horses ought not to do. The dancing was miserable: all rush and leaping. Rome piques herself on this species of absurdity. She calls it the "Grotesco;" and it consists in proving how far and how quickly all grace may be blotted away from the form, and the softer sex surpass, in coarseness and agility, even ours. The greatness of the angle, exhibited in these efforts, determines the merit of the performance. It is farce, below the barn farce of England, faggoted together with fustian tragedy of the deepest Germanic dye, and topped with the sublimest burlesque in the scenes of Tom Thumb. This dancing, however, bad as it was, turned out in the end (though I did not exactly see how) a great peace-maker. Turks and Christians, managers and link-boys, shook hands, and came hustling in on the stage together like the *famiglia* of an Italian nobleman, to exhibit their carnival contrasts with their usual self-satisfaction to the public. I retired at a late hour, but a new *imbroglio* had started up, destined, I suppose, to be determined by a new congress: a grand *pas de quatre* was officially announced, and preliminary *entrechats* had already preluded, by way of protocol to the definitive arrangements of the treaty.

It is thus that the sort of half-protection extended by the Court, acts much like that timid practice in medicine, which, afraid to kill or cure, permits the patient, at his own convenience, to die. In the other towns in Italy, the Government is usually a contracting party, and caterer-in-chief for the amusement of the public. At Rome, the real spectacle and the real drama, are of a different complexion. It is one vast convent, where the gay and the serious are alike conventual. The high mass of the morning, the vespers and benediction of the evening, the procession, the funeral, the tonzione, of every day and hour, are the amusements and stimulants. For these the coffers of the Camera, and the purse of the noble, are always open. Their superior frequency and magnificence is the point of honour of the city, and the people themselves very visibly prefer them. There is a sort of reflective and reverie indolence about their nature, half the effect of climate, and half of habit and government, the very reverse of the sprightliness or *brio* of the North, and the rushing and thoughtless revelries of the South of Italy, which, in a very remarkable manner, predisposes the national mind to such sort of indulgences. At the same time, few nations seem better qualified for the full perception of the richer and more recondite sources of comic humour. Their pasquinades abound with that "merum sal et lepos," that hinted, rather than expressed, a strain of delicate and keen satire, which is one of the most invaluable ingredients of true comedy. Yet comedy languishes, and tragedy seems nearly extinct: the whole of their admiration is surrendered to indifferent opera and worse melodrame. This, however, is a reproach which may be extended to all Italy. Alfieri, "in odium auctoris," in the first instance, and in the next, from a false apprehension of the influence of his writings on a people who scarcely understand him, was prohibited by the successive French Governments. He has nearly continued so: his political plays, which form so large a portion of his theatre, are comparatively unknown. The insipid and starched drama which preceded him, has fortunately sunk to oblivion. The Merope of Maffei, the boasted *chef-d'œuvre* of that school, is rarely seen, even upon the provincial boards; and the laborious imitations of the Trissinos and Rucellais are long since consigned to the dust of the closet. Metastasio is sometimes performed, and even without the music; but his sugary style is insufferably cloying to all but Italian ears, to whom poetry consists much more in music than in thought. There is nothing, however, to substitute in his place. The modern dramatists have, no doubt, assumed a bolder and deeper tone: you do not see, particularly in their later productions, the swoln pedantry of Plutarch sown on the

puny delicacies of French sentimentalism. The firm touch of Alfieri is visible in their portraits: there is a sturdiness and simplicity of expression, a concentration of phrase, a weight of mind, which you look for in vain in the diluted tirades of their predecessors. Then they have extended the circle: the "celebrare domestica facta" has been received into their critical code; not, indeed, that it was altogether rejected by the ancient dramatists, but the adoption was rather connived at than approved. The rich mines of Italian history, profusely teeming as they do with every element of tragic emotion, have been stirred up; and though the surface only has been yet explored, the inquiry has been rewarded with the most encouraging harvest. Monti, Pindemonte, Foscolo, Pellico, Manzoni, and even Ventignano and Maruzi, abound with vigorous and characteristic scenes, strong glimpses (but glimpses only) of the national mind, and now and then with bursts of real nature, not unworthy of the profound and searching drama of the North. Yet, with all this, they are too much mannerists, too much of a school, too much fabricators of phrase and sentiment, to wield, with any thing like acknowledged mastery, the mighty tides of the affections. Their whole theatre is founded on a vicious principle: they began at the wrong end; and this cardinal error of their ancestors, inseparable indeed from the times, and the nature of the first influences, by which they were affected, has by no means disappeared from the pages of their successors. I never saw a single tear shed, either in sorrow or in anger, at an Italian representation, unless, indeed, accompanied with music, and then it was not difficult to decide to whom the merit of such excitation was due.*

Comedy has succeeded better, and on precisely the grounds which I have just instanced. At an early period their Comic Muse threw off all allegiance to the ancients, and sought in more congenial sources at home, the secret of that power, by which she has ever since very nearly monopolized the Italian stage. Whilst Macchiavelli and his school maintained on one side, and with no inconsiderable brilliancy, the glories of ancient art, in their adaptations of Plautus and Terence to modern manners, there were rising in most of the provinces of Italy, as well as at Florence, their chief seat and centre, a series of natural representations, under various denominations, beginning, as with us, in the "Ludi" or mysteries, and finally settling in the "Commedie dell' Arte," which still survives in the masques, and Pulcinella, of the moderns. These *commedie*, as may be imagined, soon obtained the supremacy; they were in the habits, and temper, and language of the people: the same struggle, and with the same results, as that which had already taken place between the Latin and the *lingua volgare*, again succeeded: in a short time they were the only comedies known upon the stage.† Goldoni found them

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* The revival of letters, amongst its first results, produced a strong passion for the translation and recitation of the ancient drama. These recitations were at first confined to the academies and palaces of the noble and the learned. The general diffusion of the Latin language amongst the upper classes, extending even to the ladies, obviated a very principal objection. The representations in the theatres of Rome and Ferrara, open to the lowest citizen, presupposes, in a still more remarkable manner, its almost universal use. The transition from such performances, to close and chilly imitations in the *lingua volgare*, as it was still contemptuously termed, was not difficult. The Sofonisba of Trissino, the Rosmunda of Rucellai, the Orbecche, the Torismondo, successively appeared. But even this innovation was timid and gradual: the Orfeo of Poliziano, in its first editions at least, and as it probably was performed at Ferrara, is interwoven with Latin verses, as a sort of atonement for such violation of learned prejudices. Long after they had ceased, the spirit which produced them still reigned undiminished. Alfieri modified these vices, it is true; but it is reserved for another reformer, and a more tolerant generation, to correct them altogether.

† Comedy preceded, as seems always to have been the case, every other species of dramatic composition in Italy. Like tragedy, that description at least which was addressed to the rich and cultivated, was, for a long period, *alla Greca*, and *alla Romana*. Terence and Plautus were applauded by the noble dames and the gal-

in the plenitude of this long-confirmed rule, and attempted, sometimes by stratagem, and sometimes by open force, to wrest from them the sceptre. But Goldoni had more of the ambition, than of the talents of a reformer. The success was partial, and attributable as much to the sacrifices he was obliged to make to the reigning taste, as to any compelling superiority in the mind or principle of the man himself. He forms much more the link between two schools, than the commencement of a new one: his innovations are trembling and feeble: there is nothing better in his entire encyclopædia (as his thirty volumes of comedies may justly be termed) than the Venetian comedies, which differ in nothing from the ordinary "Commedie dell' Arte," but the circumstance of their being written, instead of trusted to the impromptu genius of the performers. Yet this very similarity materially contributed to his subsequent popularity. The transition was rendered easy; opposition was comparatively neutralized; and neither the ancient predilections of the people, nor the warning sarcasm of Gozzi—the Alfieri, in some degree, of the comic stage—prevented the almost total adoption of the new *regime* a little after his death.

The school of Goldoni may now be considered as the only recognized Comedy in Italy. He has drawn after him, with very various reputations, a cloud of minor writers. De Rossi has given some graceful and washy scenes with little or no intrigue, no comedy, and no interest. Giraud has rushed into whimsicality, licentiousness, and farce. Nota is gentlemanlike and melancholy, and attempts to dignify the sock with a more drawing-room and stately tread—a task nearly impossible, at least under existing manners in Italy, where there is no drawing-room, no gentlemanism or ladyism, to copy from. But with all these shadings, the outline and colouring of the painting, however the *chiaro scuro* may differ, is, substantially and eternally, the same. It does not, like the Spanish, lay any pretension to involution of plot, or to the ingenious Penelope-unravelling of three or four sets of intrigues, which, like the warp and the woof in shot silk, come shining out upon you with some new and unexpected colour at every change of the scene; neither is it the keen and polished gladiatorial encounter of the French theatre, translating into sarcasm, and repartee, and epigram, all the conventional absurdities and brilliancies of a highly artificial state of human character and society. The Italian comedy, though apparently from the same original root, differs materially from other branches of the same family; and is a mere transcript, with the good and bad *verbatim*, sometimes from the extravagant, sometimes from the mere commonplace, of human character. Things are taken as they are found, and transferred in mass from the street to the stage. There is no point, or pith, or effort, or art, or surprise, or even colour (unless in the Masque comedies) in any of their dialogues: the whole "vis vivida" comes out by sheer character: the touch upon touch is in action: the humour is in the alt-relief of contrast; the

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lant Cavalieri of most of her provincial courts; whilst the aristocracies of the North were still compelled to listen to the ballad efforts of the rudest barbarism. The first attempt at imitation was in the same language. The Catinia of Sicco Polentone, written in 1405, was still in Latin verse. Then followed the Cassaria, the Suppositi, the Calandra, *in versi sdruccioli*, and *in versi piani*, the Simillimi of Trissino, the comedies of Bentivoglio, &c. This first and artificial era of Italian comedy soon, however, gave way to something more vigorous and national. The Ludi or mysteries on one hand, and the Novelle, with which Italian literature then abounded, on the other, gave the impulse and materials. Cini and Calmo in verse, and Ruzzante in prose, were the first to adopt the dialects of Italy, and to conduct this reformation. Then came with the Spanish domination in Italy, the Spanish innovations and extravagancies of the sixteenth century, the "Arte Nueva of Lopez de Vega," the "Commedia di Cappa e Spada," the "Commedie di dieci parti o giornate—di tre ingegni," the "Atti sacramentali, allegorici, istoriali," &c. From this rubbish, good sense, and the "Commedie dell' Arte," cleared the theatre; but the revolution was not completed till very near the age of Goldoni.

whole success depends upon the original good or bad selection of the subject. The Italians are by no means a fastidious people, particularly where the accessories only of composition are in question; but with every allowance for their *bonhommie* in criticism, it is certainly no small matter of marvel how they can endure to sit out three such homilies as the Pamelas of Goldoni, and other similar Jeremiads, which Heraclitus himself would find difficult to dignify with the name of comedy. In their very gravity there is a latent laugh, a "subrisus" of humour, which would teach them, it might be thought, a little less patience, and more ill-nature. But it was in the Fiorentini at Naples, and in the midst of one of the most crowded audiences, during a successful season of that gay city, that I reluctantly was compelled to alter this opinion.

The majority, however, of the Italians are not even of so delicate a taste. On all their provincial theatres, and on some of their metropolitan, the most intolerable trash has been substituted for the pages of Goldoni and Alfieri. In comedy, even Giraud is now a treat: you have in lieu such a mere mountebank as Panza d'oro; and in tragedy (I must profane the term), such detestable cantos as the *Comedies Larmoyantes,* and miserable prose translations from the worst German sentimentalists, of Federici. But the *deliciæ* of the Roman people, and which, in the country at least, supersedes every thing else, are those brigand melodrames, from God knows whom, permitted, with a most singular inconsistency, by a Government whose arm is constantly stretched out to suppress this very brigandage, and copied with a most exciting fidelity from the "causes celèbres" which are passing under their eyes almost every day. Conceive such a lesson to our young moralists as the Tuthills and graces on an English and Irish stage! Yet I remember seeing, in a town near Rome, the seat of a bishop and a delegate, a very encouraging representation of the kind. No one perceived the impropriety or injury of such an influence. The Governor was present, and the people applauded. Yet the whole of that morning had been consumed by Monsignore in striking out with his rubrique, or red chalk, some objectionable words from a new opera. I saw him at a late hour, and he complained bitterly of those ariettas, "where the word comes again and again upon you," said he, "da capo, da capo, at every turn."

The only place where you have any chance of seeing the true drama of Italy in any perfection is at Florence, and now and then upon some of those private theatres, with which, to the honour of her nobility, the cultivated provinces of Italy still abound. It was thus I witnessed the Myrrha, the Oreste, the Filippo, the Saul, the Agamemnone, and many others of the best plays of Alfieri; and almost the entire acting theatre of Goldoni, Nota, and Giraud. The universal passion which pervades the nation, through all its classes, for this species of amusement is literally inconceivable; and, let me also add, the talent and spirit, particularly in comedy, everywhere visible, even amongst the lowest. I have witnessed, in a small town of not more than ten thousand inhabitants in the Patrimonio, besides the two public, two private theatres in the houses of the nobility, performing comedy, tragedy, and opera in rotation, with an *ensemble* and knowledge of the drama which is not often to be met with on the public boards. On another occasion, in a small village in the same part of the Roman states, I had the fortune to assist at the representation of many of the best of Goldoni's plays, got up in the most successful manner by a company of the bakers, butchers, carpenters, &c. of the place, under the immediate inspection and management of the apothecary. Much the greater number had never been farther than their own gates; and none, I believe, had ever entered a regular theatre. In the capitals this spirit is, of course, more conspicuous: the private theatricals of Milan, Florence, and Naples are celebrated. Alfieri, in his Memoirs, speaks with some applause even of those of Rome. The same passion which once added so much grace and dignity to the magnificence and the luxury of their ancestors, still survives in the elegant pleasures of their accomplished descendants: the splendour with which the Œdipus King was performed at the

house of one of the most intellectual noblemen at Bologna, would have done honour to the halls of Leo or Lorenzo, or the gardens of the Riarii or Rucellai. The tragedy had been translated with eminent success by the Marchese himself, and, with its superb decorations, music, and accompaniments, was produced at his own exclusive expense. It cost upwards of 2500 crowns, and in the first scene (one of the most imposing dramatic effects ever witnessed in Italy) there were no less than four hundred persons at one time upon the stage. The influence of such pursuits can easily be imagined: there is no drinking, no fox-hunting, no clubs—in one word, there is no *ennui*, in Italy.

The quality, however, of dramatic talent in Italy is by no means commensurate with the quantity. You see a very creditable portion of it everywhere, but none, or scarcely none, of the very first order. This is much more to be attributed to unpropitious circumstance than defect in the national organization. In comedy the elements are scattered in profusion around you: in tragedy, the country which has produced Catalani and Pasta has given sufficient pledge of the highest capabilities, under favourable combinations, for every species of dramatic production. Yet I know not how it is, these powers are, for the present at least, very nearly dormant. The only two tragic performers of any merit I remember meeting with, were Lombardi and the Internari. Lombardi is what the French would call "très bien constitué." He has an excellent dramatic organization, size, feature, figure, all to shape him out as the representative of concentrated and commanding passion. His voice is deep and gathered; yet, when he chooses, full of relief and rich in modulation, and bold and sweeping in compass. His gesture is large and declamatory, except in the keener bursts of passion; it then gets, as is the case with most of his countrymen, jagged and torrent-like; but though in a very different idiom from ours, is as full of freshness and truth as a new-struck medal. Lombardi is the idol of the stage and its admirers, and has not been without his due proportion of "belles passions" amongst the princely circles of Italy. The Internari is remarkably his inferior in the externals of her art: though tall and tragic, she is coarse and ungraceful: sex seems almost obliterated from her appearance and manner: she is often but a bad sort of man. Accident has farther enhanced these defects—a portion of her features are mutilated; the disfigurement is glaring; to surmount it requires dramatic excellencies of the very first order; but these are excellencies which the Internari occasionally displays. I saw her in the Duca di Ventignano's "Medea," a play and character to which she seemed in a most especial manner to be adapted. The whole play is sacrificed to Medea. Jason, as unmanageable a personage as the pious Æneas himself (a sort of Jason in his way), is scarcely a foil: it is Medea, and Medea throughout. The style is Alfieresque—stern, magniloquous; short and bitter sentences; no plot, no character; but up and down lightnings of fierce passion, appalling scenes, overmastering and oppressive catastrophes, which amply atone for the inanity and insipidity which generally precede them. In these the Internari was sometimes wonderful. Her *physique* was wholly forgotten in the grandeur and power of her moral nature. I have seen Mademoiselle Duchesnois, in some of the last scenes of Ducis' Hamlet, work a similar miracle. But it was in the last scene (admirably managed by the author) that the Internari rose beyond the usual level of her powers. She not only justified the text, but discovered elements of which she scarcely seemed conscious. Medea had retired; an awful pause had succeeded; in a few moments the chamber-doors where her murdered children lay exposed were burst open; Medea descended through them with the bloody steel in her hand; a single glance, a few hurried sentences which flashed from her, almost without purpose or will, revealed, gloom within gloom, the interminable horror and desolation with which she was surrounded. The tragedy was completed—the curtain fell; both writer and actress had achieved the very highest exploit in the art.

These, however, are rare and angel visits, and have little influence in ani-

mating or relieving the general mediocrity.* In such a dearth of higher talent, the Roman turns to less expensive or less laborious amusements. In one of these substitutes, which I had nearly forgot mentioning, he shines unrivalled—I mean the Puppets or Fantocini. They are what Harlequin is to Venice, and her beloved Pulcinella to Naples. The figures, as far as the mechanism goes, are inimitable; but the excellence of the performance consists in the composition. It is an exquisite miniature of the Commedie dell' Arte, a continued *improvisazione*. The *Elenco* or skeleton of the piece is given; the details are spun out from the genius of the manager, often from the dialogue observations of the audience, always on the mere spur and inspiration of the occasion. This filling-up of the canvass is often admirable. They are generally serio-comic or Bernesque; just the sort of creations which might drop from the random pencil of Pulci in one of his maddest moods. The spirit seems to have transmigrated from Florence, and to have been nurtured by Pasquin into maturity here. The passing scoff and sneer of the day is caught and embodied with a saturnine and arch simplicity, but with an effect so evanescent, so composed of indescribable and untranslatable nothings, but at the same time so keenly and instantaneously intelligible, that no government can touch it, and yet every subject can perfectly well understand. I saw on one of these occasions the "Tragic History of Nero;" his cruelties, ugliness, miserable life, and unhappy death. The story, as the programme averred, was "molto flebile," but in the performance turned out to be laughable in the extreme. The whole Teatro Fiano was in a roar; prince and peasant were in juxta-position; the same *facetiæ* were addressed to both, and both, to the scandal of all true aristocracy, seemed perfectly to taste and to understand.

On the whole, then, Rome has almost no theatre: a sort of tragedy—a miserable opera—perhaps a comedy—abundance of farce; and, as makeweight and substitute for all, her Processions in the morning, and in the evening her Fantocini.

THE DYING KLEPHT TO HIS COMPANION.

Oh! launch thee on the river, oh! launch thee from these shores;
Thy breast may be thy rudder, thy hands may serve for oars;
Thy active frame be thy own ship, which with Our Lady's grace,
If happily thou navigate, may reach our native place.
If happily thou shouldst arrive at our own home again,
Where we held counsel and roasted whole the kids which we had slain;
If our companions ask thee then some tidings of their friend,
Say not that I have perished, tell not my dismal end;
But only say, that distant far, in the stranger's sorrowing land,
I have unto an unknown bride's united my right hand;
Say worms my brothers are, a stone the mother of my bride,
And the black earth the only wife, that keeps me from their side.

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* This arises, say the apologists, from the crowds of competitors (*Gozzi* Tom. i. *Rag.*), inadequacy of reward, deficiency of study and instruction, &c. The fact is, however, incontestable, and felt no where so much as at Rome. Pasquin, in his usual tranchant manner, gave one of the best critiques of these companies:—

"Prima Donna .... da letto.
Tenore .... da gabinetto.
Buffo........................ da cataletto.
Impressario .... da cavaletto.
E tutto questo .... per un papetto!"

PHILOSOPHY OF CLUBS, NO. V.

THAT excellent provincial club, of which a few faint sketches have appeared already, numbered indeed amongst its members, individuals of high literary endowments, some even of profound philosophy, but it never professed itself to be "a literary club:" and I believe it to be mainly owing to this circumstance that it flourished so long and so delightfully. Good wine, and the copious but not intemperate flow of it; occasional dinners, which were excellent; and at all times unrivalled suppers, were the fundamental maxims on which it held its charter. "The bottle," in the words of Sheridan's song, "was the sun of the table:" its beams reflected good humour, unaffected wit, and cheerful converse. How unlike those clubs, that arrogate the title of "literary," and where if the bottle can be said to be "the sun of the table," it is only because it stands fixed and immovable in its centre! Talking of these literary clubs, O what curses, not loud but deep, has not old Simpkin of the Crown and Anchor in his day, and Willis and Kay in later times, groaned at the knot of authors, who were occupying one of his best dining-rooms up stairs, and leaving the port, and claret, and madeira, to a death-like repose in the cellar, though the waiter had repeatedly popped his head into the apartment with an admonitory "Did you ring, gentlemen?" to awaken them to a becoming sense of the social duties of man! Did your evil genius never entrap you into one of these intellectual banquets? Why, you would find more mirth, more of that easy light-winged converse which is the charm of a pleasant dinner-party, were you sitting in a conclave of Cardinals. For shame, gentlemen, do leave off this heavy prosing, which has nearly worn away that which is for ever irredeemable, a good wholesome afternoon, and try the experiment of a quicker revolution of the wine. Depend on it, your talk will be equally wise, but a hundred times brisker, and your wits will amble along, as if they had the heels of Atalanta. See, there are now five bottles, that for these last twenty minutes have stood motionless, like hackney-coaches waiting on their stand, before that gentleman with a purple face, from whom, as Jack Taylor said to a water-drinking person of similar complexion, "better things might *primâ facie* be expected." Do remind him, that you have been listening with the patience of a martyr, to his interminable discussions on the interior of Africa,—would that Africa had no interior!—tell him that the subject has made you as thirsty as the sands of the desert he has been crossing, and that it is out of all rule, that he should stop the course of the decanter, till he has settled that of the Niger. A whole rabble of bottles also is collected about the member near the top of the table, who seems to have taken up some subject, whatever it may be, from the Creation, and he will no doubt keep the wine standing near him till he has got to the Deluge. Is it possible that the interesting young man in sables, who for the last hour has been sipping nothing but mere water, can be a poet—an adorer of Nature in her romantic solitudes and her lonely retirements—habituated to meditate on the beauty of the physical and the harmony of the moral universe? Can it be true, sir, that you are guilty of an impious heresy unheard of amongst poets, of forswearing a generous and ennobling draught? Why, you are kicking down the

scaffolding, which enables you to "build the lofty rhyme." What, think you, can be achieved by the inspiration of toast and water? Mistaken bard! All the mingled charms of earth, ocean, river, vale, and mountain will be obliterated into mere waste-paper to your enfeebled fancy. Pass not by, I beseech you, that brilliant bottle of Bordeaux. Taste it freely, and you will "ask no angel's wing, no seraph's fire." View it with the transforming eye of a poet, and it will reflect all the hues of creation on your vision. Look at its beads, —how like the stars, "the poetry of heaven," lighting up one after another its glorious concave! Fill your glass, and it will discourse music as melodious as the murmur of the brook, and the noontide hum of insects.—Heavens! was ever evening so miserably wasted? That little elderly gentleman at the bottom of the table, who by virtue of his office as secretary, has to audit the reckoning, (a reckoning alas! without the host, for neither his interest nor that of his little ones has been much consulted) has actually taken out his watch, rung for the bill, and is now examining it through his spectacles. In truth, the business of auditing the account must suit him admirably, for he has been "auditor tantum" the whole of the day. It is quite amusing to see this actuary of half-a-dozen unemptied bottles, with an equivalent squadron of corks ranged before him as hostages for the fidelity of the waiters, calling into play the austerest muscles of his face, and the acutest powers of his understanding, to detect some latent overcharge, that would, ten to one, escape a less practised accountant. The dinner, it must be confessed, was beneath the standard even of tavern mediocrity; but who will sympathize with such wretched symposiacs in their complaints against a repast, which afforded the poor landlord the only indemnity he could get for the total inaction of the cellar-man during the whole evening? There was, it is true, the usual number of covers that constitute a good dinner, but it was like a spiritless sonnet with its legitimate number of lines. A distinguishing palate would easily have recognized a *refaccimento* of by-gone dishes; so many memoranda of the defunct delicacies of the week—fac-similes of Soup à la Carmelite, the essence of which had fled to Mount Carmel, resurrections of Veau à la Dauphine, the "magni nominis umbræ," from which every particle of original flavour had quietly walked off during the resuscitation. But it was fitting entertainment for persons, who, in these times of universal improvement, are intent on the progress of every thing human, but the progress of the bottle.

The Hole-in-the-Wall was a miscellaneous club in the truest sense of the word. There were, as it has been remarked, literary individuals in it, but there were several others, who, though they were neither stocks nor stones, and were well qualified to take their part in a sensible conversation, pretended to no higher philosophy than the shepherd's in "As you like it,"—"that the property of rain is to wet, and of fire to burn, and that good pasture makes fat sheep." And what could be done without those easy, unpretending companions, the pivots that, though almost out of sight, keep the machinery together,—the quiet, unobtrusive expletives, that like the particles of a Greek sentence, give it roundness and harmony,—who talk from the promptings of that modest unambitious good sense, which leads a man at a gentle contented jog-trot along the road which Providence has ap-

pointed him to travel, much more pleasantly and safely than if he had all the glare and glitter of erudition to light him on his way. That is a well-constituted club, in which there is no supremacy of talk, in which no one can be Dr. Johnson or Dr. Parr; but in which, as it were by an harmonious mechanism, the peculiar humours, and tastes, and whims of all, strike at their proper seasons. Such was the Hole-in-the-Wall.

Amongst the worthies of this club, there was a truly original character, the late Mr. F—— ; a thorough-bred dogmatist, but with a memory so constitutionally treacherous, and a temper so irritable, that he was perpetually hazarding some fact or opinion that united the whole club in a chorus of dissent and opposition against him; and he defended his assertions with a vehemence which was almost phrensy. He raved, on these occasions, like an Almanzor or Mustapha in a tragedy of Nat. Lee, and it was high amusement to see him prostrating his antagonists one by one, as if he was wielding the flail of Talus. "Mr. ——, how can you be such a blockhead?"—"What nonsense, Mr. ——, you are talking!" These exclamations were seconded by an auxiliary oath or two; and the words "ignorant dogs," "damnable ignorance," died half articulated on his lips. But every one knew and felt the many excellent qualities of his nature, and nobody thought of making an acrimonious reply to his harmless cynicisms. But when hard pushed, as he frequently was after asserting any remarkable extravagance, and he began to find that his ground was no longer tenable, he had recourse to a singular stratagem, which he managed with considerable adroitness,—that of shifting his side in the debate, slipping the absurdity from his own shoulders, and saddling it upon his opponent. One evening, he had got upon a point of Grecian history, and through some confusion of memory had ascribed the victory at Marathon to Epaminondas; and when some one ventured to set him right, F—— resented it with great warmth, telling him that he was a blockhead to contradict him on a point that no schoolboy could be ignorant of. Sayers entered the club-room, just as the controversy was becoming vituperative. A reference was mutually made to him; and on being told the question which was so warmly debated, he decided, as a matter of course, against F—— and Epaminondas. "There," exclaimed F—— triumphantly, "I told you so. What could Epaminondas have had to do with the battle of Marathon?" In vain did the poor disputant, who had maintained the correct proposition, protest against the absurdity laid to his charge; F—— still persisted, till the other was quite disconcerted at the trick that had been put upon him. A loud laugh, excited by the intrepid assurance with which the blunder was transferred to the very person who had stepped forward to correct it, put an end to the dispute. F—— was once in Parr's company at a party specially assembled at Norwich to meet the Doctor. Parr was in his glory, for every one listened to his declamations with the most respectful deference. At length, F——, who thought that he also was entitled to some share in the conversation, began by advancing a most egregious absurdity. Parr looked black as night, and giving one or two tremendous whiffs, the usual portents of a coming storm, began to chastise poor F—— in his usual antithetic style. "Sir," said he, "you have advanced, with the intrepidity of a dunce, that which is too foolish to be called a paradox, and may therefore defy refutation; for how can that be refuted, which no man in his senses would venture

to affirm? The errors of the wise, or the heresies of the learned, may deserve refutation; but who would waste his breath in confuting the dreams of ignorance, and dispelling the illusions of Bedlam?" Here Parr looked round the company with a look not unusual with him on these occasions, and which implied, "Have I not done for him?" In the mean while, F——, who had listened with great impatience to this vehement tirade, and who was evidently meditating one of his retreats, inquired with great apparent coolness—"Well, Doctor, after this attack, will you allow me to ask, what was my proposition?—what was it that I said?" "Why, Sir," said Parr, "you said"—and then recapitulated the absurdity he had just been exposing. "Good God! Doctor," exclaimed F——, "is this the part of a candid disputant? I maintained quite the contrary—it was *you* who contended for that absurdity. I could never have advanced any thing so outrageously extravagant." This was too much for Parr. He broke his pipe into a thousand pieces—stamped and foamed with rage; nay, both the accusing and the recording angel would have had ample employment, had heaven's chancery been open at the time; for the Doctor rushed out of the room with half-a-dozen asseverations, which, though half suppressed, were yet sufficiently audible.

F—— went late in life to the bar, and applied himself with much assiduity to the profession. But there was an inextricable twist in his understanding, and the slightest gleam of right beckoned him into some conclusion diametrically opposite to it. When Lord Thanet and Mr. Fergusson were convicted in the King's Bench of an assault upon Revett the Bow-street officer, in the Court at Maidstone, and of an attempt to rescue Arthur O'Connor, who, having been acquitted of a charge of High Treason, had been ordered to be detained in custody to await the issue of another that was still pending over him,—F—— entered with considerable enthusiasm into the case in behalf of the defendants, the question of the punishment having excited considerable attention at the bar. The Judges having taken time to consider the sentence, several able tracts appeared on the subject; amongst these, a most elaborate argument from F——, who had been considered the most zealous controvertist against the legality of the conviction. But nothing could exceed the surprise of Lord Thanet and Fergusson, and indeed of all who were not aware of the singular construction of F——'s understanding, when a pamphlet with his name affixed to it, made its appearance, proving that both by common law and by statute,* there was no other punishment for striking in any of the King's courts, but that of cutting off the right hands of the offenders; and urging farther, in behalf of his friends Lord Thanet and Mr. Fergusson, that the Judges had no power to remit or transmute the penalty, nor the King to pardon it. Much mirth was naturally excited in Westminster Hall by so whimsical a zeal for the abscission of his friends' right hands, evinced by a professed partizan of their cause. Sheridan remarked to Lord Thanet and Mr. Fergusson, "That it was well Mr. F——'s zeal had carried him no farther; for he might have contended for the cutting off their heads."

* By an old statute of Edward the Second, supposed to be declaratory of the common-law, striking in the King's courts is declared to be punishable with cutting off the right hand of the offender.

Ozias Linley, Sheridan's brother-in-law, was then a minor-canon of the cathedral, and rarely absented himself from the club. He was a master-piece of eccentricity, and subject to perpetual fits of abstraction. In simplicity of character, as well as in absence of mind, he was another Parson Adams;—he was scarcely outdone by George Harvest * of Cambridge, who used to afford Jortin so much amusement. He was a tolerable scholar, and a most indefatigable student, devoting frequently nine hours of the day to unintermitted reading. But he was so indiscriminate a *Helluo librorum*, that, by way of joke, his friends frequently recommended him to the perusal of some well-known Greek author, offering him the loan of the book, his own library being somewhat scanty, and then contrived to put into his hands some abstruse and crabbed writer of a style and character diametrically different; for he never dreamed of looking at the title-page, or even the running titles of the books he devoured. Having once expressed an inclination to read the Memorabilia of Xenophon, a waggish friend promised to supply him with that beautiful composition, the language of which, as every schoolboy knows, is simplicity itself, though, at the same time, abounding in all the refinements of the Attic dialect. But instead of Xenophon, the wag brought him Euclid's treatise on music in the original Greek,—a work, which, being involved in its construction, and treating one of the obscurest subjects in mathematical science, was nearly unintelligible to him. After a fortnight's intense labour, Ozias threw the book aside, and told the person who had placed it in his hands in answer to an inquiry how he liked the Memorabilia, that he expected to have read more about Socrates, but the dog was so long in getting to him, that his patience was quite exhausted, and he had given up the book in despair. In the common affairs of life, these habits of abstraction sometimes produced much amusement. As he was one morning setting out on horseback for his curacy a few miles' distance from Norwich, his horse threw off one of his shoes. A lady who observed the accident, thought it might impede Mr. Linley's journey, and seeing that he himself was jogging on as if quite unconscious of it, politely reminded him, that one of his horse's shoes had just come off. "Thank you, Madam," replied Linley; "will you then have the goodness to put it on for me?" The parish church at which he officiated, having only a small congregation, had service only performed in it on alternate Sundays;—a circumstance that sometimes ludicrously embarrassed him. For it happened, occasionally, that he attended on the wrong day, and on the recurrence of the right day, did not attend at all, though the congregation were for several hours

* The Rev. George Harvest of Trinity College, Cambridge. Having been private tutor to the Duke of Richmond, he was invited to dine with the old Duchess, and to accompany her party to the play. He used to travel with a night-cap in his pocket, and having occasion for a handkerchief at the theatre, made use of his cap for that purpose. In one of his reveries, however, it fell from the side-box, where he was sitting, into the pit, where a wag, who picked it up, hoisted it upon the end of a stick, that it might be claimed by its rightful proprietor. Judge of the consternation of a large party of ladies of rank and fashion, when George Harvest rose in the midst of them, and claimed the night-cap (which was somewhat greasy from use) by the initals G. H., which were legibly marked on it. The cap was restored to him amidst shouts of laughter, that ran through the pit to the great discomfiture of the Duchess and the rest of the party.

expecting him. This confusion arose from his having recourse to his memorandum of his horse's hire, and, finding that he had actually hired it and rode to his curacy on the preceding Sunday, he was quite satisfied that he had performed divine service on the same day, and that his attendance was not required on the following one. As to his visiting engagements, the same unreflecting habits of mind were for ever involving him in most absurd mistakes. He had received a card to dine with the late excellent Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sutton, who was then Bishop of Norwich. Careless into what hole or corner he threw his invitations, he soon lost sight of the card, and forgot it altogether. A year revolved, when on wiping the dust from some papers he had stuck on the glass over his chimney, the Bishop's invitation for a certain day of the month (he did not think of the year one instant) stared him full in the face, and taking it for granted, that it was a recent one, he dressed himself on the appointed day and proceeded to the palace. But his diocesan was in London, a circumstance of which, though a matter of some notoriety to the clergy of the diocese, he was quite unconscious; and he returned dinnerless home. These and other anecdotes characteristic of the singleness of his nature, and the entire abstraction of his mind, furnished the club with unfailing amusement—nor did these habitudes, which were constitutional and inwrought into his nature, render him a less valuable member of the rare collection of human eccentricities, that were to be found in that club in much higher perfection than in any similar association, with which it has been my lot to become acquainted.

But this little gallery of portraits would be sadly imperfect, if an oddity who afforded infinite amusement at that good-humoured board, were to be passed by uncommemorated. This person was an extensive cloth-merchant, and to that occupation united the kindred one of tailor. By strict economy and attention to business, he had saved a considerable sum, and had risen into municipal consequence, being one of the aldermen of the corporation. Altogether, there could not be found a more curious specimen of provincial singularity. He was at once food for good-humoured mirth and philosophical speculation. Dr. Sayers, who had the art of drawing him out, made as much of him as Sir Astley Cooper would have done of an anatomical preparation, and handed him about just as that able lecturer would have handed a physiological lusus, equally rare and eccentric; and this he did with so much address, and with a gentleness of manner, that so completely negatived every symptom of satire, that the creature himself was amused and delighted with the farcical exhibition of his own absurdities. Nature too, in the outward composition of this singular being, seemed to have been slyly amusing herself at his expense. She had given him a good face and good features; but they were overshadowed by a most miraculous organ of a nose, so deformed and misshapen as to destroy the whole effect of a countenance in other respects not amiss. It was like a brick-kiln in the midst of a tolerably picturesque landscape, blotting out all by one overwhelming deformity. His stature was below the ordinary standard, but, as soon as he attained civic distinction, he added a cubit to it, by a strut, which, if not dignified, was at least meant to be so.

In middle age, when his business allowed him a few leisure-hours for

reading, he betook himself to the study of modern history; and that he might have the whole chain of events unbroken in his mind, he would not look at the journals of the day, thinking, by close application, to overtake the existing conjuncture in the regular course of his studies. He had thus become, to a certain degree, conversant with that portion of European transactions that preceded the French revolution; but when that event took place, he was considerably in arrears, having got no farther than the Seven Years' War. His conversation turned upon nothing but what he had been reading; and the warm interest he expressed in the by-gone controversies and politics of so many years back, contrasted strikingly with the strong anxiety every body else was feeling amidst the eventful scenes that were actually passing before them. Thus, when the attention of the whole town hung in fearful suspense on the progress of Dumourier or Clairfait, our worthy tailor was still lingering in the camp of the great Frederic, or following in breathless perturbation the fortunes of the high-minded Maria Theresa of Austria; and so late even as the disastrous day of Ulm, when every one viewed with awe the cloud that blackened the horizon of human liberty, and every tongue was execrating the treachery of Mack, his sympathies were wholly absorbed in the disgraceful treaty of Closterseven, and his execrations vented upon its authors without stint or mercy. The awkward *contretems* into which he was perpetually slipping, by blending the topics and passions of half a century ago with what was actually going on under his nose, became so ridiculous, that a friend advised him to pay somewhat more attention to the present state of Europe. He received the advice with great good-humour, and immediately repaired to the city-library, where he remembered to have seen a volume entitled "The Present State of Europe." It was, in fact, an old book, published forty years before; but he was quite satisfied by its title that it was the very thing he wanted, to give him a correct knowledge of what was actually going on, and applied to it with great ardour. His conversation by this means became still more ridiculous; and somebody at the club having observed that the French had taken Ypres, and were pushing on to Bergen-op-zoom, it happened that he had been reading, the same morning, of the invasion of the Low Countries by Louis the Fourteenth. The coincidence of the names confirmed his hallucination, and he recapitulated the whole of that celebrated campaign, to the infinite annoyance of all, taking it all the while for granted that he was setting them right as to the exact state of things in the Netherlands at the time he was speaking.

They used to tell some odd anecdotes of the overflowings of his historical lore, whilst he was in the act of measuring a customer for a suit of clothes. On one of these occasions, a plain matter-of-fact citizen being under his hands, the tailor could not refrain from inflicting upon him some of the Duke of Marlborough's exploits, a subject of which he was greatly enamoured. "The Imperialists," said he, "hung in their rear.— Pray how would you like your breeches?"—"Full," replied the other; "but don't let them hang in the rear."—"Prince Eugene came up," pursued the historical tailor, "in close column.—And how will you have your buttons?"—"It is the same to me," said the customer—"in close column, if that is the wear."—"Ah!" continued the indefatigable man of tape and buckram, "you can't guess how much

blood and ammunition it cost the Duke to gain Malplacquet;" a word to which he gave a peculiarly broad Norfolk pronunciation. "More fool he then," replied the other, who thought that he was talking of a Norwich Aspasia, of most acquiescing dispositions—"More fool he, in making such a fuss about gaining Moll Plackett—why there is not a soldier in his regiment that would have given more than a shilling and a glass of rum for her at any time."

But this civic oddity was chiefly entertaining, as being a remarkable illustration of the old quarrel between theory and practice. For in his historical studies, he unwittingly imbibed the popular passions of the periods he was reading about; so that, retrospectively, he was a staunch Whig, and a warm patriot, in the utmost intensity of those designations; whilst, in fact, he was the most thorough-going of what was then called the Church and King party, and boiled over with the frothy fervour of the troublesome and noisy loyalty of the day. He was, in short, a personification of Burke's admirable remark upon the historical patriotism;* which, after discharging its virtuous bile on King John, or Henry the Eighth, sits down with appetite to the coarsest job of modern corruption. For instance, he entered fully into the popular heats that prevailed during the American war, and seemed inspired with the plebeian passions of Wilkes and Beckford, denouncing general warrants, and the prosecutions of Woodfall and Almon, whilst, with a ludicrous inconsistency, as a Norwich Alderman, he was committing to prison every drunken vagabond who d——d the King—the very King, of whose infatuation with regard to America he was wont to indulge in expressions of abuse much more rancorous. So strange a combination of retrospective sedition and practical loyalty, raised at the club, as I have been told, unbounded mirth at the expense of the worthy alderman. But the animal had an acute, instinctive sense of his own interest; for he obtained a lucrative clothing contract by his loyalty, and died a knight, having carried up a foolish address in 1794. Sayers, in allusion to the man's historical whiggism, and regard to his own interests, said that B—— was like a boatman, who, though he looked backwards, was sure to row onward. It is time, however, to return to our London Clubs.

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

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* The rest of the passage embodies much fine sense and deep philosophy. "We are very uncorrupt, and tolerably enlightened judges of past ages, where no passions deceive, and the whole train of circumstances, from the trifling cause to the tragical event, is set before us. Few are the partizans of departed tyranny, and to be a Whig on the business of a hundred years ago, is very consistent with every advantage of present servility."—Thoughts on the Present Discontents, 1772.

GYPSIES.

Whether from India's burning plains,
Or wild Bohemia's domains,
  Your steps were first directed;—
Or whether ye be Egypt's sons,
Whose stream, like Nile's, for ever runs
  With sources undetected;—

Arabs of Europe. Gypsy race!
Your Eastern manners, garb, and face
  Appear a strange chimera;
None, none but you can now be styled
Romantic, picturesque, and wild,
  In this prosaic era.

Ye sole freebooters of the wood
Since Adam Bell and Robin Hood:—
  Kept every where asunder
From other tribes;—King, Church, and State
Spurning, and only dedicate
  To freedom, sloth, and plunder,

Your forest-camp—the forms one sees
Banditti-like amid the trees,
  The ragged donkies grazing,
The Sibyl's eye prophetic, bright
With flashes of the fitful light,
  Beneath the caldron blazing,—

O'er my young mind strange terrors threw:
Thy history gave me, Moore Carew!
  A more exalted notion
Of Gypsy life, nor can I yet
Gaze on your tents, and quite forget
  My former deep emotion.—

For "auld lang syne" I'll not maltreat
Yon pseudo-Tinker, though the Cheat,
  As sly as thievish Reynard,
Instead of mending kettles, prowls
To make foul havock of my fowls,
  And decimate my hen-yard.—

Come thou, too, black-eyed lass, and try
That potent skill in palmistry,
  Which sixpences can wheedle;
Mine is a friendly cottage—here
No snarling mastiff need you fear,
  No Constable or Beadle.

'Tis yours, I know, to draw at will
Upon Futurity a bill,
  And Plutus to importune;—
Discount the bill—take half yourself,
Give me the balance of the pelf,
  And both may laugh at fortune.

D'ISRAELI'S COMMENTARIES.*

History, by the tone with which most people speak of it, must, in their minds, exist as a sort of abstraction—a matter, in the creation of which nothing mortal was concerned, and with which neither accumulation of materials, nor inquiry, nor research, had any thing to do—a something, in fact, descended from the skies ready cut and dried; or, if really constructed in the world below the moon, the work of absolute philosophy, unbiassed by human perversions—of infallible sages, before whose eyes the views of men are all unrolled, and from whose searching glance no counsels of theirs are hid;—but the vaguer feeling, doubtless, is the more prevalent one, that history is a something scarcely inferior in importance to revelation itself, and not at all so in authority—in reality, a second gospel, differing only from what is exclusively so entitled, because it is supposed to relate to political matters, and the affairs of this life solely, whereas the first refers wholly to religious ones, and is wholly confined to the next world. The intelligence it conveys is as little to be controverted, and the instruction equally valuable. We need only observe the solemnity and urgency with which parents, and pastors, and masters, and all that are in authority over us, inculcate the study of history upon the rising generation, to be convinced it is contemplated, at the very least, as the *sine qua non* of existence; and, accordingly, every body, we see, goes to it, doggedly, as to a duty, which is neither relieved by the prospect of pleasure, nor coupled with any useful, or even any distinct object.

History must be read—read—with what view, or for what advantage, nobody points out, and few define to themselves. It must be supposed to work its own effects irresistibly; and so it surely must, if it work any. The only conceivable utility in studying the records of times gone by, is to add to the sum of our experience; and the use of that experience is to guide and cheer us through the complexities of existing circumstances. All wisdom proceeds on the bold supposition that nature is uniform—that the same passions exist in every sound frame, and are excitable by the same occurrences; and hence alone it is that there is room for conjecture, inference, calculation—prophecy. But bare names, naked facts, cold generalities, unconnected circumstances—how are they capable of working this or any kind of utility? To be made serviceable to us, we must see the links of human operations—we must understand the motives—we must draw off the veil that hangs over the workings of the individual, before we can estimate the worth of his actions, or judge of their wisdom, or determine how well or ill he fixed upon his ends, measured his means and employed them, and executed his final aims. Knowing something of these matters, facts grow up into the importance of personal experience, and co-operate with our own actual knowledge—add to our materials—our wisdom, and lift us above ourselves—qualify us to guide our fellows, and lead their judgments, and point their actions.

No reading in the world, we verily believe—speaking with reference to what are regarded as legitimate histories—is so little instructive—is so little, besides, from any quality, inviting—so impossible to pursue with any steadiness—so little calculated to rouse the intellect, or even to keep the physical senses awake. And how comes this about? Plainly from the dry, cursory, unparticularizing, contracted, and contracting style with which they are all delivered. Some may say, from want of materials. No, there is no such want with respect to really important periods. Of modern times especially —the last two hundred and fifty years—materials abound. Authentic sources of information are thrown open daily. The truth is, too much is compressed within a given compass. The writer's main object is to furnish a flowing narrative—to pursue generalities only—to shun digressions, for fear the reader should lose the thread of the story, or the story itself become too

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* Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England. By I. D'Israeli. 2 vols. 8vo.

long for his patience. Particulars, anecdotes, repartees are avoided, sometimes as below the dignity of history; or, stranger still, as superfluous, and unessential to the ultimate result. The effect is that of a peristrephic panorama; the scenes shift, the subjects change, and vanish so rapidly, that each expels the remembrance of the preceding. Before an interest can be stirred in our bosoms, before we can understand the case or the character, and speculate upon probabilities, or estimate the bearing and effect of the action, the shadow is gone, to make room for another, which will impress as little, and vanish as soon. A tale becomes thus but a catastrophe, and a character dwindles to a name.

The consequence of which is, that no one reads history with any feeling of pleasure, nor, what is worse, with any practical effect; for the fact is, it is by construction and plan adapted for neither one nor the other. The greater part of persons read the history of their own country, for instance,—that of course, which happens to be in the best repute, especially with their particular friends. Their immediate object, if they have a definite one, is to pick up, at the least possible expense of time and labour, the series and successions of events; and with them they take the writer's inferences, suggestions, and principles—all stand on the same level, and challenge the same authority—are all admitted, and no questions asked. They rarely dream of drawing themselves independent conclusions—they make no difficulties, they raise no doubts; and, indeed, they have neither materials, nor even occasions, for the writer, in whom they trust, forestalls them, and has, at least, sense enough to link his conclusions with some closeness to the premises he chooses to produce.

Any man who really means to extract the honey of history, knows he must fly to the sources of history—to personal memoirs—to contemporary authorities—to original correspondence, official and private. In memoirs and diaries, written, as they generally must be, by persons actively engaged in the scenes they describe, we have something like unity—something that ties all together: the ends correspond a little with the beginnings, and the writer has the air of one who knows something of what he is talking about. He breathes the atmosphere of the times, and speaks the tone of them.

Memoirs must be partial;—no doubt; but that quality really constitutes a part of their best value and interest. You are employed in detecting a bias, and by those very detections, you discover truths;—at the worst, you speculate on the current subject—you canvass the matter—you exercise your understanding, and can scarcely fail of intercepting the useful—of laying up materials, which will, at one time or other, come opportunely in, and contribute to broader and more valuable conclusions. But then these memoirs are limited in their periods. Well, how much better is it to understand even a short period well, than ages ill! Besides, our memoirs, when thoroughly looked up, are, in reality, very numerous; so thick-coming as to leave very few gaps in the general story. But then the studying things in this way is making history the labour of a life. It is, we persist, whether it take up a life or not, the only useful course. For our own parts, we had as lieve read Goldsmith, for instance, as Hume, always excepting his discussions and philosophy. General histories are, at the best, only outlines; and, in our view, the shortest is the best. It is the fillings up, by personal communication, which constitute the solid, substantial, applicable instruction.

Impelled by convictions not very unlike our own, Mr. D'Israeli has commenced a series of Commentaries on the reign of Charles the First, avowedly for the purpose of illustrating the general by the particular, the public by the private, and thus making the *secret*, a kind of supplement to the ostensible history. His talents and acquirements are well known; he has spent a long life in researches among forgotten books, and has produced we know not how many volumes—tending all of them to illustrate the records of history, literary and political. He is well acquainted, no man better, with the existing sources of information, and is endowed with a vigour of perseverance, that no trifles repulse. He is, besides, perfectly at leisure, and always

considers the reader as much disengaged as himself. He never flinches, if he once makes a point,—has an exceedingly good nose,—and would at any time prefer beating the roughest wilderness to scouring the finest champaign in his Majesty's dominions. He has, moreover, strong and just conceptions, as his preface shows, of what is demanded for the adequate execution of the task he undertakes.

On the other hand, the style of his composition, it must be allowed, is not in the best taste possible. It is far too elaborate, and yet irregular—there is a general want of freedom about it—he is perpetually on the hunt for eccentric and epigrammatic phrases, and can scarcely ever be persuaded, if the natural occurs to him, to make any use of it. His metaphors weary to death. This, however, though a matter to be regretted, because the fastidious revolt at it, is of inferior importance—a much more serious objection lies against him in the obsoleteness of his political tenets—in the incapableness he manifests to appreciate the actions of any but the staunchest loyalists. This is unlucky, because it generates a distrust in the author precisely where reliance would have been most welcome—especially, seeing he has chosen a period in which there figured upon the public stage men of sentiments diametrically opposite, and yet of the most exalted character, the profoundest wisdom, and unequalled energy. All the while, he is, at every turn, arrogating the merit of the most perfect liberality and fairness, and, nevertheless, scattering his vituperations right and left upon all opponents without measure or mercy.

To convince his readers that he can see, and, by implication, can shun, and, moreover, actually has shunned the mistakes of others, he tells us, Rapin, for instance, when puzzled by the conflictions of his materials, reconciled them by what he himself called a '*scheme.*' Convinced that Charles was despotic in politics, and that though he might be a good Protestant, yet his wife was a Catholic, and had unbounded influence over him, and resolved, by the aid of some of the ministers, to re-establish the old religion, he concluded the great principles of the Government were the maintenance of uncontrolled sovereign power, and the restoration of Catholicism. This he called his 'scheme;' and he applies it on all occasions, and by it adjusts all perplexities. So thoroughly satisfied, too, is he with the soundness of this scheme of his, and so frank in his declarations, that he confesses, though he had large collections from Frankland, Nelson, and Clarendon, he made no use of them, because they let no fact nor paper pass without applying *their* scheme, which was not, he says, always agreeable to *his*. "This mode of writing history by a scheme," observes the author in a chuckling tone, "is perhaps not peculiar to Rapin;" and we add, if this is to be matter of censure, it must recoil, we fear, with full force upon himself.

But, really, to frame a "scheme" of some sort or other, and to some extent, is the natural and almost inevitable result of a survey, unless where the evidence is in direct opposition, and equally balanced, which is scarcely ever the case. A man cannot examine and sift a body of materials relative to the same persons and actions, without the conviction pressing upon his senses, that such and such were the leading aims and objects of the agents; and they accordingly constitute his 'scheme'—his scale and criterion. But this conviction—this scheme—resulting from the examination of large materials, depends for its correctness and value upon the skill of the examiner—his sagacity, his judgment, the comprehensiveness of his grasp; one man may give more or less weight to particulars than another—he may overlook important points, and over-estimate minor ones; and the 'scheme,' accordingly, of one historian may very well, and indeed quite unavoidably, differ from another's. But a 'scheme' there will be sure to be. Mr. D'Israeli has *his*, and one which, however originally settled in his mind, has obviously biassed his after-judgments; and, no doubt, it is and must be extremely difficult for the firmest not to be dragged in, and hurried down the current of a 'scheme.'

The present volumes embrace the history of the first four years only of Charles's reign—to the dismissal of the third Parliament—and are introduced

by some few incidents of his boyhood. The writer has not aimed at a continuous narrative; but, supposing the reader to be familiar with the main events, he takes them singly, and supplying the materials, which constitute what he terms the *secret* history, he corrects the aspect under which they are usually represented; for instance, the Spanish and French matches—the expeditions to Cadiz and Rochelle—Buckingham's impeachment—the Spanish and French wars—the Petition of Right. Interspersed with these are several interesting and collateral subjects—as Polemical divinity—Political marriages—Royal favourites—the Genius of Papacy—Connexion of the Crown with Catholics—the characters and connexion of the Ministers, Williams, Laud, and Buckingham—the rise of Republicans—the Queen's household—all of which are very favourable results of the author's discursive talents and indefatigable research.

In addition to the abundant materials accessible to every body, Mr. D'Israeli has himself discovered a memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, which has thrown considerable light upon the Spanish match. Gerbier appears to have been confidentially employed both by James and Charles; and was especially selected by Buckingham—he had been a pupil of Rubens—to direct his taste in architecture and pictures, and was, indeed, the inventor of those magnificent masks and suppers of his patron's, "which reached to such a perfection of art," says the author, "as to extort the wonder of foreigners." Of Buckingham's conduct in Spain, also, a MS. has been found, enumerating his minutest improprieties and more flagrant outrages, written by one Wadsworth, who was employed to teach the Infanta the English language. A very curious memoir, drawn up by one of the Capuchins who attended on the Queen, till the day of her flight from the palace, was put into the author's hands, by the obliging conduct of his publisher; and the "Mercure François" has proved to be a source of much accurate and valuable information. Of the Mercure François, he observes, he has discovered a fact, apparently unknown to the French bibliographers, that Cardinal Richelieu was a frequent correspondent of this journal, and even the King himself often contributed to its columns. Many articles, he adds, in the King's own hand, and corrected by him, are still in existence; and the Cardinal's style and hand are easily recognized.

D'Israeli's manner, though not too diffuse for his purpose, is too irregular and digressive for quotation; to do him, therefore, all the justice we can, we shall give the substance of two or three points, which his researches appear to have warranted his exhibiting under a new aspect.

THE SPANISH MATCH.—Generally, Charles is represented as taking his flight to Spain on the wings of love and romance, prompted, or seconded, by Buckingham, solely for the purpose of ingratiating himself with Charles, by feeding his ardent fancies. So far as father and son were concerned, the act was one of pure indiscretion—the folly of youth and the imbecility of age. All political views were disclaimed, and Hume even affirms that James expressly forbade the very mention of other subjects before the completion of the marriage-treaty. Mr. D'Israeli takes another view of the matter:—he represents James as unjustly falling under the censure of his subjects for indifference about the fate of his son-in-law, the Palsgrave, whose restitution had been in reality the unceasing object of his thoughts, as a father and a sovereign, or, as Lord Bristol well phrased it, "in nature and in honour." It had been attempted in every variety of shapes, and through all the open and indirect roads of patient and delusive negotiation (the reader will recognise Mr. D'Israeli). Gerbier had been despatched to sound the German princes, whom he found at sixes and sevens—the Calvinist and the Lutheran would unite in nothing. Neither the French (then apparently disposed to head a Protestant league against Spain,) nor the Hollanders, nor even Sweden and Denmark, would stir for the Palatinate. A few of the poorer German princes were willing to be subsidized, but James had no money. The Protestant princes were unwilling to risk their equivocal condition—were

themselves divided, and some of them actually in alliance with the Emperor. The Elector of Cleves spoke of Gerbier and his equal employers as incendiaries, who wished to engage them in unnecessary wars with their neighbours; and some refused, specifically, on the ground that "God did not, in those days, send prophets more to Protestants than to others."

When the negotiations commenced with Spain for the marriage of the Infanta, the restoration of the Palatinate was still coupled with them, and appeared to clog them; at all events, the parties at home were wearied by delays, when at last the "heroic thought," as Hackett expresses it, "started out of Charles's brain" to visit himself the Court of Madrid,—though, according to Gerbier, the Duke himself confidentially told him that he was the man "who struck out the bold invention." D'Israeli questions whether it was not a flower of the Spanish fancy of Gondomar; and Bristol certainly charges Buckingham with concerting the matter with Gondomar. Originate how it might, however, it was promptly embraced, as calculated to accelerate the two objects of the Court—the restoration of the Palatinate, and the marriage.

The parties arrived at Madrid, "never merrier in their lives," and the Spanish Court were in ecstasies at the news. Buckingham was introduced to the young King, and "never (says Bristol) did I see the Spanish gravity so laid aside before, nor any man more overtaken with joy than the King was, for he secretly understood of the Prince being here." The minister, Olivares, threw himself on his knees, and in uncontrollable rapture exclaimed, the Infanta ought to be thrown into his arms—she should be his mistress if she could not be his wife—and, turning to Buckingham, now our masters may drive the world. All sorts of honours were conferred upon the Prince, and rejoicings and carousals indulged in to delirium. The general understanding was, the Prince was come to profess the Catholic religion. The Spanish customs refused Charles an interview with the princess, but he was allowed a glance on the Prado, and a fuller view at the theatre, where he stood with his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta for half an hour together, in a "thoughtful, speculative manner." He watched her progress from church to church, and tracked her carriage through the streets; and once, when she went to the Casa di Campo to gather maydew, he rose before the sun, and, accompanied by Endymion Porter, explored the house and garden—no lady—the rover pursued his way to the orchard, and found his passage obstructed by a wall and a double-bolted door. Winged like another Cupid, he speedily scaled the wall, espied the lady, and leaping down, flew towards the alarmed and screaming Infanta, and only consented to retire on the earnest intreaties of her aged attendant, who declared her life was at stake by the Prince's imprudence.

In the mean while, the English in Charles's suite, who seem to have been pretty numerous, were committing, as well as Buckingham himself, a thousand indecorums; admitting the lowest women into the King's palace, and addressing the Prince with all sorts of "ridiculous names." They treated the superstitions of the country with open contempt, broke the heads of the Irish priests, and only escaped the terrors of the Inquisition by the interposition of Gondomar. "Most of our company," says one of them, "did nothing else but play at cards; for, to say the truth, there was nothing to be done else. They longed for home; and the "only thing they wished to take from Spain was the good air, to join to their own land, and make England the happiest spot on the earth."

Politics, however, were not forgotten, though matters moved slowly; and Buckingham's style of negotiation gave no less offence than his morals. He was urged by a double spur—intelligence from England announced formidable intrigues against him; and Williams, the Lord Keeper, confidentially warned his patron of some "ungrateful devils," of whom, by the way, he appears himself to have been the Beelzebub. In vain Buckingham raved at the dilatoriness of the Spanish Cabinet; his importunities were resented—

the King peremptorily refused to treat with *him*; and Olivares, insinuating that the Duke had given hopes of the Prince's conversion, had the lie unceremoniously flung in his face.

It was now September, and the Prince had already lost his "wager of a horse of forty pieces" with Sir Richard Wynne, that he would land in England in June. The tone and attentions of the Court were suddenly changed. At the early part of the visit, when Tilly's army was reported to be routed, Olivarez, in consternation, had thrown himself on his knees to Charles, and talked of offering a blank for him to fill up with his own conditions for the restoration of the Palatinate; but now came authentic intelligence of Brunswick's utter defeat, and Olivarez slackened his attendance—his *palabras di complimiento* became scarce. The Prince was watching, he said, the Infanta as a cat does a mouse; and when pressed to hasten the departure of the English, replied ambiguously, "he would throw them all out of Spain as soon as he could." He now ventured, also, to propose that the son of the Palsgrave should marry the Emperor's daughter, and be brought up in the Court of Vienna, which implied a *conversion;* and again, when Charles demanded whether, if the Emperor proved refractory as to the Palatinate, the King of Spain would assist to bring him to reasonable terms, Olivarez replied it was a state maxim, that the King of Spain could employ no forces against the House of Austria. "Look to it then, Sir," said Charles; "for if you hold yourself to that, there is an end of all;—without this you may not rely upon either marriage or friendship." All this shows, at least, no neglect of the Palatinate; and, indeed, neither James nor Charles seem to have deserved the reproaches so generally cast upon both of them.

Trusting to the professions of the Court, nothing seemed wanting but the ratification of the new Pope. "Now, certainly," said Olivarez, in a burst of good-humour to the Duke, "it must be a match, and the devil could not break it." The Duke agreed; adding, the match had need be very firm and strong, for it had been seven years a soldering. Sometimes the wily minister, again, proposed the marriage-treaty should be concluded without the difficult appendix of the Palatinate, for then "it could not fail, for the Infanta might beg it on her knees;" and once, Olivarez, venturing on the forbidden topic of religion, said, "If Charles would declare himself a son of the Church, Spain would yield every thing." Charles cut him short, with—"My Lord, you have broken your word with me, but I will not break my faith with God." Charles, it was reported, meant to decamp secretly from Spain—"No," said he, "if love brought me here, it is not fear that shall drive me back."

The King urged the Prince to delay his return till the spring, when the Infanta would accompany him; and the Infanta in tears complained, if the Prince loved her, he would stay for her: and when Charles assured her his heart would never be out of anxiety till her feet had pressed on British ground, she replied with a blush, that should she be in danger on the ocean, or indisposed by the rolling waves, she should be cheered by remembering to whom she was going." Notwithstanding this sweet romance, Charles was now more warmed with politics than passion, and insisted on his dismissal. Buckingham set off without taking a ceremonious leave; but Charles's departure was attended with all possible courtesy and magnificence. On their landing in England, Charles and Buckingham hastened to the King, and met him at Royston, where they were closeted, and held a conference four hours, late in the night. The attendants at the door sometimes heard a still voice, and then a loud one; sometimes it was laughter, and sometimes chafing; but such was the variety of tones, that they could not conjecture the tendency or the close of the conference. The grand secret was supposed to have broken out at supper, when James openly expressed his content, that "since the restitution of the Palatinate was no farther advanced by the Spaniards, matters should rest as they were.—He liked not," he said, "to marry his son with a portion of his daughter's tears."

THE LOAN OF ENGLISH SHIPS.—Another aspect, also, is given to this affair. Matters are too much complicated, perhaps, to show the state of

them very clearly in a few words; but at the breaking out of the Spanish war, the French headed the Protestant powers, not however for Protestant purposes, nor against Catholic ones, but against the general domination of Spain. At the very same time, his own subjects, the Huguenots, were in open revolt, and actually besieged by him at Rochelle; and Soubise, one of their chiefs, rode triumphant on the sea. The French King being himself without an adequate navy, his allies, the Dutch and English, were to assist with a certain number of ships. The Dutch, notwithstanding their natural alliance with the Huguenots, looking to their political interests, and finding the Huguenots supported by the Spaniards, on the same grounds, lent their ships without reserve. Charles, however,—the English Government having before interposed in favour of the Rochellers,—stipulated that his vessels should not be employed against them, but against the Genoese: they might, it may seem, have been employed against Soubise. Now, according to the usual representation, the ships had no sooner arrived at Dieppe, than the sailors began to suspect they were going to be employed against Rochelle, and Pennington, the commander, concurring with them, they refused to proceed, and actually returned to the Downs. By the Duke's expostulations, however, and reiterated orders, they again set sail; but finally, in spite of the urgencies of the French officers, they all deserted the ships, except one gunner, and he, it was remarked, was killed in the act of firing a cannon against Rochelle.

Now, Mr. D'Israeli, chiefly on the authority of Gerbier, puts the thing thus: Just as the ships had sailed, Charles learnt that the treaty between the French king and the Huguenots, which he had supposed to be on the point of conclusion, was still unexpectedly protracted. Suspecting, it should seem, that, notwithstanding the stipulation, the French would employ them against Rochelle, he directed Gerbier to despatch a letter instantly to Pennington, commanding him to return forthwith. Pennington accordingly did return; but in the mean while came fresh intelligence from Larkin, the king's agent at Paris, announcing the satisfactory conclusion of the treaty, and the fleet was accordingly ordered to repair again to Dieppe. Scarcely, however, had Larkin despatched his intelligence to Charles, when he discovered a new change in the French counsels, and, being alarmed at the probable consequences of his precipitation, he started himself for England, and embarking in stormy weather, was unluckily wrecked, and thus arrived too late to prevent the sailing of Pennington's fleet—which was finally, and in spite of all precautions, employed against Rochelle.

This, the substance of which is gathered from Gerbier, D'Israeli calls the *secret* history of the event, and is, in his opinion, confirmed by Buckingham's defence to the articles of impeachment. One of them was the charge of lending ships to the French king, for the purpose of opposing the French Protestants. In his reply, he declared he did that which belonged to an Admiral of England, and a true Englishman; but to clear up the matter completely, the revelation of a *state secret* was indispensable. Leave was obtained from the King to reveal this mighty secret, but the dissolution of Parliament interrupted the revelation.

Ways and Means.—After the abrupt dismissal of the second Parliament, Charles was thrown upon his own resources, and exercised his prerogative without farther scruple. D'Israeli has collected abundance of materials relative to the expedients he chose to resort to, and the perils he was willing to incur, rather than yield up an atom to those who seemed to him to have no other object than to encroach upon his unquestionable rights. He sold his gilt plate, broke up the public tables at court, and put his attendants on board wages—the produce and savings of which were employed to victual the fleet. But the chief reliance was on Privy-seal loans. The recusants were thrown into prison without ceremony. The resistance of the country gentlemen was general, and expressly on principle. George Catesby, of Northamptonshire, being brought before the council as a loan-recusant, alleged, as the ground of his refusal, that he considered this loan might become a precedent, and

every precedent, he was told by my Lord President, was a flower of the prerogative. The Lord President told him he lied. Catesby shook his head, and observed he did not come to contend with his Lordship, but to suffer; and when Lord Suffolk, his kinsman, interposed in his favour, Catesby declined accepting any such kindness, and declared 'he would remain master of his own purse.' The prisons were crowded with these loan-recusants, consisting chiefly of knights and country gentlemen. Though persisting in their refusal, they petitioned in the summer for more liberty and air: the policy of the court granted the petition; but those of the south were directed to go to the north, and those of the north to the south. The number amounted to eighty: they were treated without any personal harshness, and were maintained at the King's expense, according to their rank and fortune. Colonel —— cost the King 1500*l.* for his weekly allowances!

The King was baffled on all sides. In the city, instead of committing recusants to prison, some were sent off to the military depots, but either the soldiers refused to receive these good citizens, or they found ready means of returning. Distresses were levied on some to pay the imposition granted by the Common Council at Guildhall, (which the populace called *Yield-all*;) but generally there was nothing found but 'old ends,' such as nobody cared for; or if property was seized, no purchasers could be found—it was a point of honour not to buy. A wealthy merchant, formerly a cheesemonger, was summoned before the Privy Council, and required to lend two hundred pounds, or to go himself to the army and supply it with cheese; the old man, in the resolute spirit of the times, preferred the alternative, and baulked the financiers by actually shipping himself and his cheese. At Hicks's Hall, Buckingham and Lord Dorset sat to receive loans, and parties were summoned before them. Dorset demanded of one what trade he was, and being told a tailor—'Put down your name for such a sum—one snip will make amends for all.' The man proved to be Ball, the prophet; but though he quoted scripture manfully, and shook the bench with laughter, refusing to 'put down,' he was consigned to a messenger. Men of a certain rank were threatened to be sent to serve in the Palatinate—among others, Sir Peter Haylen, who telling his own story afterwards in the Commons, Coke pithily observed, 'No restraint, be it ever so little, but is imprisonment, and foreign employment is a kind of honourable banishment. I myself was designed to go to Ireland; I was willing to go, and hoped, if I had gone, to have found some Mompessons there. There is difference when the party is the King's servant, and when not.'

Monopolies were another expedient. The soap monopoly is truly ludicrous. The contractors were stigmatized by the public rumours with being papists—the charge dyed the crime of soap-boiling scarlet. The monopoly, and the pretences for it, would have sunk into insignificance without it. It was granted professedly out of the royal care to promote the home manufacture, and must of course be maintained by the courtiers. One of them, the Lord Marshal, opposing it, the Treasurer silenced his opposition—'If you will, my Lord, be against the things that are done for the King's profit, so that he cannot have money, your pension must go unpaid.' The soap was described in the patent as possessing every virtue soap could do, as cheaper than the old, and moreover bringing into the exchequer a thousand pounds. With such superiorities, the demand was irresistible. The regular traders, of course, opposed the patent, and took the usual methods for depreciating their rivals' commodity—a civil war was raging between the old and the new soapers. It was alleged that the new soap blistered the washerwomen's hands, scalded the laundresses' fingers, burnt the linen, wasted in the keeping, and was full of lime and tallow. In their defence the patentees declared that barrels of the new soap had been maliciously adulterated, that rhubarb and sack had been thrown in, and, finally, that the King and the Lords were well satisfied with its goodness. Complaints, however, were not so easily suppressed. The new company of 'gentlemen soap boilers' were driven to fresh expedients, and Mrs. Saunderson, the Queen's laundress, was

solicited to bear her powerful testimony in its favour; but Mrs. Saunderson told her Majesty plainly she dare not wash her Majesty's linen with any other but Castile soap; and to the shame of numerous ladies of the court, who actually certified with their own hands—we mean of course their own handwriting—to its excellence, while they thus professedly patronized the new, they were discovered to use none but the old.

The dispute grew into importance; the King and the Court must support their patent,—they had been paid for it. The Lord Mayor was sent for, and rebuked by the King and the Lords for his partial proceedings in favour of the old soap, to the disparagement of the new; and a poor old woman, who had not been able to control her tongue, was brought before them from Southwark, for abusing the new soap—"she was well chidden and dismissed." The Lord Mayor had really hard measure, for the good man had done all he could —he and the court of Aldermen had actually joined the Lieutenant of the Tower and several Knights, and held at Guildhall two grand washing-days, where any one might come and wash before the assembled chiefs, and prove, by actual experiment, the superior qualities of the soap. But the women made common cause, and clamoured so fiercely and vociferously, that his Lordship, and the court of Aldermen, and the Lieutenant of the Tower, and the Knights, seem all to have been panic-struck, and apparently took to their heels, without looking behind them. For this pusillanimous retreat his Lordship, in particular, received a 'shrewd reprimand.' My Lord Privy-seal, (who by the way was the Lord Mayor's brother-in-law,) was 'to give it him at the board, and did it very sharply.' The result was finally, the gentlemen soap-boilers were obliged to abandon their patent, and the old company to repurchase, and have the duties doubled.

LIFE.

There are who think this scene of life
A frightful gladiatorial strife,
  A struggle for existence,
Where class contends with class, and each
Must plunder all within his reach,
  To earn his own subsistence.

Shock'd at the internecine air
Of this Arena, they forswear
  Its passions and its quarrels;
They will not sacrifice, to live,
All that to life its charms can give,
  Nor sell for bread their morals.—

Enthusiasts! check your reveries,
Ye cannot always pluck at ease
  From Pleasure's Cornucopia;
Ye cannot alter Nature's plan,
Change to a perfect being Man,
  Nor England to Utopia.

Plunge in the busy current—stem
The tide of errors ye condemn,
  And fill life's active uses;
Begin reform yourselves, and live
To prove that Honesty may thrive,
  Unaided by abuses.

TRAVELLING ODDITIES, NO. II.

The enterprising traveller is one who much resembles what we have read of the bloods and Mohawks of earlier times; but who, with the pious fear of Sir Richard Birnie and Mr. Halls before his eyes, pants to quit his native soil for the express purpose of "astonishing the natives" elsewhere. They are the "roysterers," as Shallow has it, of the earth. At Eton, in their own elegant phraseology, they have not feared to come to the scratch with the Windsor bargemen; have led gown against town at Oxford; have long as gloriously figured in the lobbies of the theatre in the vindication of the fair fame of certain calumniated female visitors of those receptacles of peculiar virtue and chastity, as to the annoyance of all who boast not the honour of such an association; they receive a familiar wink from the exhibitors of the prize ring ere they set-to; speak indulgently of Thurtell's crimes; own Pierce Egan as their "magnus Apollo;" and, with sundry potent and nervous oaths, express their scorn and detestation of any thing French or foreign. At a *table-d'hôte* they are easily recognized by their elbows being planted firmly on the board; grasping a knife in one hand and a fork in the other, with the most delicate dish at table secured by the *coudées franches* with which it is flanked, and swearing at the waiter a sort of grace before they exclusively apportion for their own gratification the plate they have monopolized. Yet of all travellers these are the easiest discomfited where they do not encounter the too mild or meek, the too gentle and well bred: to the unprotected female, or the infirm man, they are the most obnoxious and tyrannical of associates; but when they meet with such as are ill disposed to own their influence, who firmly and decidedly resist their rudeness or reprove their brutality, who, aware of the ample means existing amongst Continental nations for the instant as effectual repression of insult, threaten to recur to it—it is well to observe the alacrity of sinking which the would-be heroes possess: their blustering is changed to sulkiness; their brutality to fear; and with nothing to redeem their native vulgarity and awkwardness, they attract the contempt, if they cannot the pity, of those who but lately trembled before them. I remember travelling with two gentlemen of this class from London to Calais some years since. In person they were remarkably fine young men, extremely audacious in their language and manner, with much of low fashion in their dress and address, and of still lower fashion, I suspected, in their purses and their pockets. They had their places on the roof of the coach to Dover, but a smart shower induced the coachman to allow one of them to enter inside, where his conduct to the females it contained was as offensive as it was with difficulty repressed. We were unsolicitedly informed, however, by the intruder that he and his companion were gentlemen, who were upon a shooting excursion into the north of France. He talked largely of peers and commoners; favoured us, unasked, with extremely rich anecdotes of the last levee; smiled at his recollections of his friends Lady ——, Lord ——, and the Duke of ——; swore that he never met with a more pleasing person in conversation than Louis XVIII.; and asserted that Prince Esterhazy and the Countess Sant' Antonio were possessed of the most exquisite taste. At Dover they quitted us for the night (haply, Wright's was not sufficiently *à-la-mode*

for them); but in the packet, the next day, we beheld our quondam friends amongst the liveried and *fille-de-chambre* occupants *en avant.* "De Gustibus" we knew there could be no dispute: the King used to dine at Combe's; Lord Coleraine preferred Somers' Town as a place of residence; the Duke of Devonshire has often condescended to visit the Lodge of Antiquity; the Ex-King of Sweden (poor fellow!) travels without a diligence, and without a portmanteau; Braham has entertained mighty men under his roof; and therefore our surprise was the less at the humility of the gentlemen. Perhaps there is nothing more worthy of observation than the rapid and acute discernment of Frenchmen into the character and real pretensions of foreigners as of natives—our perceptions are blunt as the last Quarterly in comparison; one glance at the countenance of the passport-profferers is quite sufficient for their purpose. "Passez, passez, c'est bien, Monsieur."—"Arrêtez vous un moment, mon ami, avec le gend'arme là."—"Faites place pour Mademoiselle!"—"Monsieur Villiam Grin de Sheep side, vouz pouvez aller."—"Pardon, Monsieur, votre passeport est en ordre, sans doute; j'ai l'honneur de bien connaitre Monsieur,"—are the expressions which hastily succeed each other. The scrutiny of these official Lavaters is never at fault; they know a leg instantly; a *contrabandiste* is recognized without looking her in the face; a denizen of Whitechapel is dismissed with cold civility; a would-be fashionable *ecrasé* by an indifference of tone; and a gentleman cannot but feel grateful for their ready and polite attentions. Their tact was not deceived by the sporting gentlemen; they were detained; and when I next met them at the Douane (*commissionaires* were not then so privileged as they have been since), they muttered energetic curses at the privation of their Joe Mantons, which had, it seems, been seized by the authorities; still they blustered, and swaggered, and threatened, and swore, while our trunks were examined, until the gruff "Allons! allons, Messieurs!" drew from them, rather unwillingly, the key of the portmanteau, in which they enjoyed a tenantcy in common. A hearty laugh from the *Gend'armerie* attracted our attention. Their worldly wealth was given to public view—*one* ragged and care-worn shirt; and a pair of horse-pistols, with a *quantum sufficit* of powder and of ball. In every particular this is fact. The return-packet bore them back to their native shore, with the reasons of the Authorities in writing; and, no doubt, special recommendations in regard to their brief visitors.

In Switzerland, such are regarded as a peculiar and privileged race; and, where their pranks offer not serious danger to themselves and others, are treated with the same indulgence the native Cretin receives at their hands. If fatuity approaching to idiotcy be a justifiable claim for respect (and it is so in the Valais), I esteem this class of my countrymen certainly as well entitled to it. In the moral and orderly Cantons of Geneva and of Vaud which border the Leman, where theatrical exhibitions are most rare, *maisons de jeu* unknown, pugilism detested, where Crockford's and the Fancy would soon be ushered forth rejected guests by the courtesy of the Police, the talent for "a spree" must be alone confided in, if the enterprising traveller wishes for fame or for display. They tell strange stories of us, and of our eccentricities. It was but the other day that the whole of the Police was under arms at Lausanne to prevent a foolish fellow attempting to de-

cide an engagement he had entered into of leaping from the roof of a house to that on the opposite side in the Rue St. Pierre, which was about as feasible as Lord Eldon's singing a cantata; Sir Joseph Yorke's speaking unsailor-like English; the Duke submitting to what is often termed humbug, or Don Miguel liking an Englishman. The enterprise was was with difficulty prevented by force, after entreaty, persuasion, and remonstrance had been tried in vain.

The people of Geneva, since the establishment of steam-boats on their beautiful lake, are particularly partial to the making its tour, and admiring the magnificent scenery by which it is on all sides surrounded. They are the only Swiss (if Swiss they can be termed correctly) who possess a feeling for the grand and sublime in nature, and who profess a taste for the picturesque; accordingly, each Saturday morning the decks of the "William Tell," or the "Winkelried," are crowded with citizens of that limited republic, determined on the pursuit of pleasure; and as they are a refined and talented people, possessing good-nature and wit, they seldom experience the disappointment of Seged in their plans; and tale, and anecdote, and song—the wish to please and to be pleased—are all combined to give effect to the innocent and happy design. The day was fine, the refreshments good, excellent music was heard upon the waters as they issued forth one morning on an excursion, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell," until it was discovered that there was an Englishman on board; a philosopher of the North; one trusting rather to accident than to concert for enjoyment; one relying more upon himself than others for pleasure; a gregarious, but not a social being; one, in fact, who, they had reason to know, would prefer carving out amusement for himself, and in his own way, to accepting it as prepared by others. To prevent this foreign lump leavening the whole mass, and spoiling their well-concocted arrangements, it was agreed that all the attentions they could display should be lavished on the stranger. Politeness and courtesy, the compliments of men, and the smiles of women, meat and cakes, and wine, were all freely bestowed upon the Briton; Burgundy, Bourdeaux, and Champagne were fully discussed; and "as he drank huge draughts of Rhenish down," the Anglican gloom wore off, his passions were aroused; and, as his senses became somewhat disordered, his vanity imputed to a sense of national or individual merit, the distinctions accorded at the best from kindly feelings to a foreigner, or, at the worst, from policy. He sang, he ranted, and he swore; abused the Swiss as a vile and mercenary race; depreciated their forests, their mountains, and their floods; denounced them as spiritless and talentless; the slaves of foreign influence, and but nominally free; yet his temperate hosts (for such they had been to him) heard him in displeasure but in silence. There were many, very many to one, and that one was a stranger and unknown. He then vaunted the glories of England, and the prouder attributes of Englishmen; he was the Columbus of an ancient and renowned people, just landed amongst savages, and on shores hitherto unknown and unexplored; he looked upon himself as Godlike, in comparison with the ignorant and debased hordes he visited—"yet this availed not." He vaunted and he threatened—"yet this availed not." He dared them to the fight; his single arm against the hundreds—"yet this availed not." Some turned in

sorrow and in contempt; but all prudently kept aloof from "the mighty master;" until irritated by their indifference, infuriated by their reserve, or mistaking both for fear, he seized a cudgel, and commenced an attack to right and left on all which came within his reach, moral or material—men and mirrors—glasses, bottles, and windows;—he would have stopped the very steam-engine itself, had not such of the passengers and crew as he had not put *hors de combat*, resolved upon a general and simultaneous rush upon their single opponent. He was subdued, pinioned, and guarded; and they pursued their way in comparative peace, only occasionally disturbed by the energetic and unflattering expressions of fruitless rage, and now powerless hostility; but the pleasure they had promised themselves had been effectually destroyed, and their plans of enjoyment essentially defeated. They returned to Geneva, vexed, bruised, wearied, and disappointed; and consigned their disturber into the custody of the police, to await that punishment which in Geneva any public offence to manners is ever certain of attracting. He was condemned in an enormous fine, (which he as instantly discharged,) with an order to quit the territories of the Genevan republic within twenty-four hours. From the latter part of his sentence he appealed in soliciting his judges to limit the term allowed him for banishment to one-fifth of that specified, coolly observing, "that in less than that he could traverse *the entirety* of their state, and yet have more than sufficient leisure to arrange his affairs and bid farewell." He was taken at his word, and politely conducted by the *gens d'armerie* to Dejean's hotel at Secheron, the boundaries of the canton; and, during his brief progress, wonderfully enriched the vocabulary of his conductors by certain emphatic expressions, which, as a precious present, they only display to those who are capable of appreciating their value; they are reserved for the use or abuse of Englishmen, when they refuse to consign their passports on the bridge, or otherwise contest the power of the Executive at Geneva. Such specimens of our country's manners are happily rare; but where they do occur, they fail not to influence largely the degree of welcome which would otherwise be accorded to those who merit it, and derogate greatly from that social comfort the unoffending would otherwise be permitted to enjoy.

In Switzerland, (republic though it be,) a great distinction of ranks prevails, and society is graduated into a variety of classes which are essential obstacles to effecting the wish a foreigner may possess of becoming acquainted with the character of the people in general. The ancient nobility of the land (although deprived of honours and of title, and even of wealth, by the revolutions of former or more modern times,) stand the first; landed proprietors, bankers, merchants, the civil authorities, wholesale shopkeepers, hucksters, the master artizan, the labourer, the mendicant, are distinct castes. Amalgamation is seldom permitted, and party spirit runs high. The infection of exclusion has extended itself in as forceful a degree to their British visitors, but under different regulations; and it is amusing to observe, as it is ridiculous in itself, the severe definitions by which their pretensions are decided, amongst themselves, with the heart-burnings and jealousies, "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," which are poured forth on every side by those who in their own country have no acknowledged rank, but who impose upon foreigners by factitious pretensions, and upon each other by claims

unjustified and unwarranted by the customs of their own country. The first grand qualification is money, *point d'argent point d'Anglais* is the first golden rule. You may have birth, rank, education, talent, and virtue; but without money they are holden cheap indeed! You may expatriate from the classic hamlet of Mile-end; have never figured higher than in a Hackney, Clapham, or Hampstead assembly-room; be "butchers, or bakers, or candlestick makers," and yet have money, and you are the "great Diana of Ephesus." That point first settled—then come minor but not unimportant considerations; then, and not till then,

> "A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
> A judge is just; a chancellor, juster still:
> A gown-man learned;—a bishop, what you will;
> Wise as a minister: but, if a king,
> More wise, more learned, more just, more every thing."

The lady of a civic or any other knight takes deserved precedence of the lady of an untitled banker; Mrs. Banker looks with an eye of coldness on a merchant's spouse; the merchant's "bale of goods" stares the female adjunct of a wholesale dealer out of countenance; the mistress of the vendor in gross is horrified at the touch of a *debit en detail*: and I remember a party standing up to dance, being long detained while the superiority of an attorney's dame to the lady of a stockbroker should be proved *secundum artem*. Latitat made it, however, a *bear* account, the *fieri facias* overcame *omnium*. The interpleader rendered *stock a lame duck*; and Sir Robert Chester himself would have been at fault in the perspicuity and discrimination in which the respective ranks (Heaven help us!) of all parties were finally adjudged. Your matrons with grown-up daughters are particularly formidable sticklers for etiquette. Lord Byron never had a greater distaste for them than I have, and their manoeuvring renders the representation of Miss Edgworth mean in comparison.

"Visitors! cards! new arrivals," I heard such a lady say, as she returned into her drawing-room from her walk lately. "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smith, of Smith Cottage, Hammersmith! really never heard of them before. Cannot be too careful, my loves," addressing her daughters, "since our friend Mrs. —— ran away, leaving her debts unpaid. Would not be surprised if they were no better than retired tradespeople. Positively shall decline visiting them."

"Better not be too hasty, dear Mamma," said the elder of the two young ladies. "I have sent Susan already to the inn where they lodge; and their maid says, Mr. Smith already talks of purchasing a *char à banc*; that they dine at *five*, never sooner; and that they generally have fish and game at their dinner; and Lady —— said, they were both too dear for *her*, you know, dear Mamma."

"*Char à banc!*—fish and game!—five o'clock!—certainly that speaks respectability; but, tell me, love, have they any family? daughters, you know! that is the essential point! we must *cut them out* decidedly, if they have."

"Only themselves, dear Mamma: and, Susan says, Mr. Smith takes snuff out of a gold box."

"Really! Then I think we must return their calls, my loves; but, what is he, or has he been, did Susan say?"

"The maid told her, Mamma, that he was a merchant," said the younger girl."

"Merchant! Humph—rather equivocal *that*. All know what merchant means abroad; I hope all will turn out right there."

"But then, Mamma," said the senior Miss, who evidently was fond of company, while her sister sported sentimentality, "Mr. Smith has a beautifully beautiful engine-turned watch——"

"And only cyphers on the seals!" sharply interrupted her Sentiment; "and uses red-cotton pocket-handkerchiefs; and goes to bed at nine every night."

"Vulgar, undoubtedly," observed Mamma, with evident signs of distaste. "I think, dears, we had better adhere to our first resolution."

"But then, Mamma, my sister has not told you that they came post from Paris; and even Lady Charlotte D* * * (who is just now making so much noise in London) always goes by Emery's voiture; then, their maid says they were once visited by the Duke of ——, blood-royal! mamma; and then that Mr. S—— is a great friend of —— the actor."

"The Duke is not so much to the purpose, love; but the tragedian is quite another thing; really think we had better patronize them, loves; so, if you will get your bonnets, we will see how the land lies. But, dearest Mary," she observed to the Smith-favouring daughter, "do not let out, as you did the other day, at Major Entweesle's, that your papa is a solicitor; not that I wish you to tell an untruth—God forbid! but there is no necessity for the thing. We are esteemed a *famille distinguée*; remember, I am third cousin removed to a Baronet: and, were you not requested to open the ball, the other night, in the absence of Miss Jerkin, the daughter of Sir Jeffrey Jerkin?"

"I do not like the red-cotton *mouchoir*, nevertheless, I must say," grumbled Sentiment.

"Mere *bizarrerie*, my dear! No answering for taste. Did not Sir Thomas —— (when he was alive), drive into town, as he passed here, in a black woollen night-cap? Does not Lady —— ride a donkey? Does not Major —— wear thick shoes and worsted stockings? Do not the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton address themselves to the humblest class of people with as much politeness as if they spoke to one of us? No! no! there is nothing in that, I assure you; but we will be prudent, loves."

"Oh! I forgot to tell you, dear Mamma," said the Smith-favouring damsel, "that Susan says they have a thousand a-year!"

"You strange creature! why did you not tell me that at first? That settles the business. Mr. Smith may be what he may. Tell Susan to run to the butcher's, the grocer's, the confectioner's, and the library; and take care to let the tradesmen know that the Smiths are people of high fashion and good family. It will soon spread. It is but kindly and friendly towards them; it is doing as we would be done by, loves; and, thank God! I have no low envy or jealousy in my disposition."

"No, dearest Mamma, *that* all the world knows!" sighed Anti-Smith.

"But, did she do what I told her yesterday? To go about and re-

port that those F.'s were *nobody*, and hint they should not be trusted. We must keep *them* down. Refusing to accept my invitation to tea, indeed! Not even returning my visit; and *daring* to be proud with a small income. Oh! I will be revenged."

"Dearest Mamma! be calm! You are quite flushed," exclaimed Society and Sentiment, in the same breath.

"Rank! what do I care for rank? Family! what have we to do with family? Talent! what concern have we with *that?* People who dine at two; keep no equipage;—dress plainly;—pay by the week: and then to give themselves such airs;—it is really shocking, insufferable. Oh if I could, if I could but——"

Rushing from the room, followed by the young ladies, I was left to muse upon society as instituted abroad; and, examining my pocket-book, felt happy, as I counted my circular bills, that Herries and Farquhar had kindly provided for my *gentility*, and that I was more respectable by near two hundred pounds than I had previously calculated upon. From somewhat of reserve in my habits and manners, I had found that, unacountably to myself, I had been shunned of late by my fair countrywomen particularly; and as no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, I resolved to inquire of mine what could be the reason, that I might repair my fault (should such exist), and regain the favour previously evinced towards me. "It has been observed, Sir," he replied, "that you have recently substituted shoes and gaiters for boots; exchanged your Leghorn hat for a casquet; refused to be present at the last pic-nic; and absolutely shirked the ball. Pardon me, Sir! but, as *my* honour is much concerned, I was on the point of giving you notice."—"Indeed!" The hint was not lost upon me; I hired a cabriolet for a couple of days, went to church in spurs and mustachios, actually invited some of my fair friends to an excursion on the lake, and instead of being regarded as a *viper*, was beneficially denominated a *desirable.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Sir,—If you do not think the following *infra dig.* perhaps you will give it a corner. D. O.

Elegy to the Memory of Miss Emily Kay, (Cousin to Miss Ellen Gee of Kew,) who lately died at Ewell, and was buried in Essex.

D. T. Fabula narratur.

SAD nymphs of UL, U have much to cry for,
Sweet MLE K U never more shall C!
O SX maids! come hither, and VU,
With tearful I this MT LEG.

Without XS she did XL alway—
Ah me! it truly vexes 1 2 C
How soon so DR a creature may DK,
And only leave behind XUVE!

Whate'er 1 0 to do she did discharge,
So that an NME it might NDR:—
Then Y an SA write? then why N?
Or with my briny tears her BR BDU?

When her Piano-40 she did press,
  Such heavenly sounds did MN8, that she,
Knowing her Q, soon 1 U 2 confess
  Her XLNC in an XTC.

Her hair was soft as silk, not YRE,
  It gave no Q nor yet 2 P to view:
She was not handsome; shall I tell U Y?
  U R 2 know her I was all SQ.

L 8 she was, and prattling like A J.
  O, little MLE! did you 4 C
The grave should soon MUU, cold as clay,
  And U should cease to B an N. TT!

While taking T at Q with LN G,
  The MT grate she rose to put a :
Her clothes caught fire—no I again shall C
  Poor MLE, who now is dead as Solon.

O, LN G! in vain you set at 0
  GR and reproach for suffering her 2 B
Thus sacrificed:—to JL U should be brought,
  And burnt U 0 2 B in FEG.

Sweet MLE K into SX they bore,
  Taking good care her monument to Y10,
And as her tomb was much 2 low B 4,
  They lately brought fresh bricks the walls to I 10.

FOLLY.

"Fools are the daily work
Of Nature, her vocation. If she form
A man, she loses by it, 'tis too expensive;
'Twould make ten fools."—*Dryden's Œdipus.*

"Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool."—*Shakspeare.*

Why is it that all the world are so bitter against fools? They are the great staple of the creation, and they are the work of God, "as well as better men." Of the mass of mankind, the larger part are fools all over; and the rest differ only in having their folly variegated by an occasional vein of wisdom, hardly more than sufficient for preventing themselves from burning their fingers; and this, too, is often of that bastard sort which is more appropriately designated by the name of cunning. Even the wisest of mankind pay their due tribute to Nemesis, and exhibit occasional touches of folly, which set the duller souls staring by its exaggerated absurdity. Happy, indeed, is it for them that this is the case; for, without some such protecting infirmity, they would be put out of all relation to their fellow-creatures. The faultless monsters would be as much displaced in society, as a frog in a bottle of carbonic acid, or Liston in a Quakers' meeting.

Folly is the rule of Nature, and wisdom but the exception; and to complain of it is to "complain you are a man." The outcry against folly is a mere rebellion against Heaven. It shows an utter want of self-knowledge, or a contemptible affectation. In one word, it is no better than sheer cant, and ought, like all other cant, to be put down by general acclamation. Providence makes nothing in vain; and the bare fact of this multiplicity of fools should lead, by the shortest route

to a conviction that they are a very useful, and therefore a very respectable class of personages. Those, however, who are deeply versed in the philosophy of human life, will make no difficulty in acknowledging (*sub rosâ*, be it understood) that the whole scheme of Nature is based on the folly of mankind; and that two grains more of common-sense in the composition of the animal would have ruined the entire concern, and have rendered the physical organization of the species unfitted for the world it was destined to inhabit. The whole state and condition of civilized society, at least, is built upon the single relation of folly to dupery; and unless one were mad enough to desire, with Jean Jacques, a return to simple savagery, one must look with complacency upon this *sine qua non* of the social system. The exclusive end of all government is but a sort of game law to keep fools (under the pretext of protecting them from the inroads of unlicensed knaves) in a preserve for the *battus* of the regular sportsmen. A community of sheer rogues would destroy itself, like two millstones moving without the intervention of a material to be ground. A nation of fools would be devoured by their neighbours; but a society compounded of the two, with a proper intermixture of those who are, in their own persons, an happy mixture of both, is admirably qualified for the maintainance of "social order, and the relations of civilized life." Folly is therefore the ultimate cause of all that is brilliant and elevated in social polity. Without fools, we should have neither kings, nor bishops, nor judges, nor generals, nor police magistrates, nor constables; or, at least, if such things existed, they would be constituted so differently from those which at present bear the name, that they would no longer be worthy of it. They would be stripped of all the sublime and beautiful in which they now rejoice; and the polished Corinthian capital would be divested of the better part of its gilding and ornament. There would be no sinecures, no pensions, no reversionary grants, no proconsular colonies, and no close boroughs to claim them; nothing, in short, to distinguish men from the beasts of the field! This is the very touchstone of political science; and yet men go on abusing the blockheads and dolts, as if they were a superfluity in nature, and a let and an hindrance to the public at large. But the matter does not stop here. Banish folly from the intellectual complex, and the major part even of the honester callings must cease and be abandoned. The world would become little better than one vast tub of Diogenes, and its population would be as unaccommodated and as idle as the people of Ireland. If the simple desire of fencing out the inclemency of the elements alone presided over the choice of our habiliments, and nothing were granted to folly and ostentation, what would become of the tailor, and of the milliner and mantua-maker? It is folly and vanity that render these trades a means of genteel livelihood to so many worthy citizens; and without them the Stultzes and the Herbots would pine in the same hopeless obscurity as the vilest country botch. How little of the twenty yards of silk which my wife assures me is *indispensable* to the building of a decent evening dress, belong to wisdom and propriety; and how much is dedicated, under the names of *gigots*, *volans à dent*, *ruches*, and *furbelos*, to the service of folly! How little of the stupendous and complicated piece of architecture, called a bonnet, depends upon the capacity of the head which bears it. The helmet of the Castle of Otranto

is but a type of its marvellous disproportion. Like the interior of St. Peter's at Rome, the first aspect of it overwhelms the spectator with a deep sense of awe, and impresses him with as full a conviction as death itself, of the microcosm of man.

With respect to the other great essential of life, the eating and the drinking, folly is no less predominant. Not that I am insensible to the advantages of good cookery, or disposed to set down the labours of Messrs. Ude, and Kitchener (peace to his manes!) among the vanities of vanity. On the contrary, I believe most potently in the truth of that proverb which teaches, that when Divine Providence gave to man the fruits of the earth and the inhabitants of the three elements to make out a dinner, the devil, with a corresponding malice, dragged into upper air that quintessential spoil-sport, a bad cook. "He who does not mind his belly," said Doctor Johnson, the Magnus Apollo of all Church and State maxim-mongers and moralists, "will hardly mind any thing."* To be indifferent to what one eats, is not to know right from wrong; and is one of the few species of folly which is bad in itself, and deserving of universal vituperation. I speak not then of salmis and fricandeaux, and of the other essentials of a good table, but of those numerous inventions for pleasing the eye at the expense of the stomach,—the temples, the flowers, the figures, the carmels, and, above all, of that giant abuse, the plateau, whose ponderous and massive vastness feeds nothing but the pride and vanity of the ostentatious owner. Of the hundreds of articles which go to the set-out of a formal dinner-table, and which occupy the entire morning of a butler and a pantry-boy to display, how few, how very few administer to the real comfort of the meal! Yet, were these not in demand, an host of industrious persons would be thrown out of employment. Then again it would be a sore day for the tobacconist, if mankind were given only to the essentials of a cigar, a pinch of blackguard, or a quid of pigtail. Drive out Folly with her fifty guinea meerschaum, her highly ornamented mull, her cherry sticks, and her ruinously extravagant hookah, and the poor tradesman would starve. The kindred shop of the perfumer affords another illustration of the same verity. It is not the Windsor soap and the toothbrush that enable the shopkeeper to drive his curricle and to sport his villa. These he owes to the essences, the atars, the scents, and the cosmetics, which are dedicated to the service of Folly, together with the gold and silver *nécessaires* that are any thing but necessary to the beaux, who cannot travel a step without them. But it would be ungenerous to push this matter farther. That reader must be far beyond the average folly, which is the subject of this paper, who cannot draw a general conclusion from the foregoing particulars, and satisfy himself that commerce would cease with the existence of fools; and consequently that they are of the last necessity to that complex, which is the pride, boast, and prosperity of the summary of all perfection, the model of all civilization, the type of all morality,—Old England. The utility of fools in the various departments of literature is a mystery of a more recondite nature. You, however, know, Mr. Editor, and so do Messrs. Colburn and Murray, that they are the best customers of the trade. Without fools

* Boswell's Life.

there would be no watering-places, and without watering-places there would be no circulating libraries worth mentioning; without circulating libraries there would be no fashionable novels, no light poetry, no squibs, no autobiography, and (tell it not in Gath) no reviews and magazines; and without all these there would be no authors nor booksellers—miserable sorites! The handsomest and the best books (in the bookseller's sense of the word) are got up exclusively for the fools. Without the aid of fools, both as purchasers and as authors too, there would be no embroiling of the sciences, no factions in literature, no party politics, no angry polemics, no Kantism, no animal magnetism, no phrenology, no eternal disputes on corn and currency; the papermakers might stop their mill-wheels, and the pressmen be placed under the command of a lieutenant of the navy. Without foolish authors criticism would perish for want of its proper pabulum, or at most a blue and yellow octavo would be called for once or so in a century. Without fools the journalists would be no less distressed. There would be no leading articles, no exciting slanders, no slang descriptions of the beastly chivalry of the prize ring, no lengthy columns concerning captivating swindlers and interesting cut-throats; no canting narrations of *fêtes*, nor servile sycophantic pratings of the whereabouts of royal infants, of boating-parties, poney-chaises, of lords in waiting, and "ladies of the domestic circle," and, worst of all, there would be no advertisements, no poetic advocacy of white champagne and black polish, no surgical moralizing concerning "the morning of life and the delusions of passion," no invitations to single ladies of decent competence to marry felons, no notices of tradesmen leaving off business, or of savings of full fifty per cent. in the purchase of calicoes. This multiplicity of advertisements proves to demonstration that the English are the greatest fools under the sun; and are they not the most prosperous of people, the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the entire world?

What more would you have? An adequate supply of fools, moreover, is highly important in a political sense, as the raw materials of standing armies so urgently necessary to society as the first elements of modern government. Poverty and gin, indeed, might go far in raising the necessary contingent of common soldiers, to be shot at and knocked on the head at sixpence per diem. But it would be difficult, I think, to persuade wise men of princely fortunes to forego their ease and independence, and risk their capital in commissions and often-changed accoutrements, for the mere pleasure of strutting about in laced clothes and fur caps, like our sucking cornets and ensigns. The multiplicity of fools, too, is the joyful occasion of the present flourishing condition of the practice of physic. To the folly of mankind, medicine is indebted, at once, for half the diseases on which it operates, and for the fame of its principal remedies. A well-stored apothecary's shop is a standing monument of human credulity and imbecility; and the blue or pink bottle in its illuminated window is a Pharos shining over the sunken rocks of the owner's shallow qualifications. Among the rich variety of its accumulated disgusts, there are, at most, some half dozen or dozen drugs which skill can turn to account. The rest are never better than the innocuous instruments of fool-catching: too often they are either positively or negatively poisons, in the hands of that empiricism which sets

colleges and corporations at defiance. Not, indeed, that the worst quacks are always to be found among men divested of diplomas, or those who disguise the implements of their trade beneath the mystery of a three-halfpenny stamp. No two things can be more distinct than the trade and the profession of physic. The professor administers to the maladies of the patient; the trader to his passions. The professor acquires skill by anatomizing the dead; the trader thrives by cutting up the living. If to flattery and slander he adds a good dash of hypocrisy, and proves his competence in medicine by his progress in theology, his fortunes are made. The fools fall to his share, and he thrives; while the professor, in possession of the wise men, starves by inches upon their custom, and dies in disappointment. In law, likewise,—but why mention law? Its luxuries are too expensive for ordinary indulgence; and, after all, it is only the very greatest of fools that voluntarily rush into its labyrinths: it is the rogue who usually commences litigation. Besides, law is only another name for gaming; and as throwing dice is the gayest mode of trusting to chance, it will probably soon supersede the law altogether. In politics, the utility of fools is unbounded. Without their general interposition between the rogues who lead parties, the latter would come into such close contact, that questions would be settled, one way or other, without delay; and the world would at least lose the amusement of a protracted struggle: and, farther, without the particular intervention of fools, to do the dirty work of politics, and to hazard measures of which the most barefaced villany would be ashamed, policy would be cut off from half its best means, and from all the applause which attends a successful stroke. We all know that this class of persons rush in where wise men fear to go, and are therefore especially formed by nature for fulfilling the functions of a cat's-paw. Without their aid, the town would have lost the very amusing divertisement of the Brunswick Clubs, which may be considered as so many assemblages of that class of Britons who have the lowest pretensions to go at large without a keeper. Without their aid, we should have missed the very stultified correspondence of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon, which, in addition to its political merits, has the singular advantage of affording a psychological experiment on the hitherto latent potentiality of bumps and depressions in sounding the depths of nonsense and absurdity. Without their aid, likewise, the world would never have known the true secret of Orangeism. But why enlarge on this subject? Twenty folio volumes would not exhaust it. Nay, are the Statutes at large any thing else than one vast text-book on the political utility of fools?

Considering the boundless advantages of folly, and the corresponding bounty of Providence in keeping up the stock of fools, it may readily be presupposed that their condition is by no means without its comforts; and the fact corresponds with the presumption. There is no one in life so thoroughly self-satisfied as your thorough fool. It is the miserable prerogative of reason to bring us acquainted with the rich variety of our miseries, and with the empty nothingness of the objects on which humanity fixes its desires. The highest flight of wisdom is to lash the mind to a stoical patience of suffering, and, by bringing a conviction of the realities of life, of their necessity, and their inevitability, to

screw our courage to the sticking-place, and inspire us with a becoming resignation. The fool, on the contrary, sees nothing of all this.*

Folly, says the Greek tragedian, makes the sweetest life, and, of all evils, is the least painful;† and Champfort justly remarks, that Nature in pity relieves us from the load of existence when the passions cease to blind us to the evils by which it is surrounded. Who ever heard of a fool committing suicide, or staining himself with any of the greater crimes which spring from intensity of feeling? The French, before the Revolution, had an exalted but false idea of the philosophy of the English, and this justifies another of their prejudices respecting our tendency to melancholy. However good it may be to be merry and wise, the union of the two is by no means so easy to effect. The Quakers are remarkable for their sense and practical wisdom; but are they not at the same time the muzziest mortals in existence? Your man of wit laughs only when he has good cause; but the fool laughs at every thing—at any thing—at nothing. Our ancestors, whose wisdom is proverbial, and is only called in question by Jacobins and innovators, were thrown upon professional fools or jesters for their merriment. They were too staid and grave a race to venture upon a laugh of their own raising; whereas we moderns, who are too silly to stir a step in safety without their guidance, keep up the circulation of the blood by endless laughing at our own jokes and our neighbours' absurdities. It is then a most merciful dispensation of Providence that multiplies fools, and confines within the narrowest limits those who must either burst with indignation at triumphant villany, or pine into atrophy at the aspect of human misery. The upholding of folly is therefore in itself a virtue, as the denouncing it is a treason against Nature, and a sedition against the State. He who despises a Lord Chamberlain cannot love his King; and he who jests at a Bishop's wig is on the high road to atheism. To disdain pedantry, is almost as wicked as to subscribe to the London University; and to laugh at Sir Thomas Lethbridge, is to level yourself with the Cato-street conspirators. The superiority of folly is observable in the fact, that the greatest geniuses are glad to take occasional refuge in fooling. It is also well worthy of remark, that the rich and the noble, who may command their own company, seldom surround themselves with associates of high intellectual powers, but give a marked preference to those least able to set the Thames on fire. If, from a misplaced vanity, an individual among them now and then is ambitious

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* As the old song of J. Miller, 1744, abundantly testifies.

A fool enjoys the sweets of life,
Unwounded by its cares;
His passions never are at strife,
He hopes, not he, nor fears.

If Fortune smile, as smile she will,
Upon her booby brood,
The fool anticipates no ill,
But reaps the present good.

Or should, through love of change, her wheels
Her fav'rite bantling cross,
The happy fool no anguish feels,
He weighs nor gains nor loss.

When knaves o'erreach, and friends betray,
Whilst men of sense run mad,
Fools, careless, whistle on and say,
'Tis silly to be sad.

Since free from sorrow, fear, and shame,
A fool thus fate defies,
The greatest folly I can name
Is to be over-wise.

† Ajax Mastigophorus.

of appearing clever himself, and seeks to open his table to the lettered, the scientific, and the deep thinker, his choice more frequently stumbles upon some blue-stocking pretender or charlatan, some wholesale dealer in solemn plausibilities, or worthy blockhead, whose accidental acquirements serve only to render his native folly more saliently conspicuous. He who would get on in the world, must sedulously hide from it his superiority. The man of merit, who makes too open a display of his abilities, is distrusted and hated. He *must be* dissatisfied, and therefore *is* dangerous. It is not the dull and the silly who breed revolutions, but that sect, hated of gods and men, the philosophers. Their knowledge is disaffection, and their science infidelity. Had there been no geniuses in France, the world would not have groaned under the oppression of a Bonaparte, and that nation would have enjoyed to all eternity the mild, benignant, and paternal sway of the Bourbons. It is not then wonderful that the wisest governments lay themselves so deliberately out for captivating the good graces of fools. For their benefit, the most expensive ceremonies are instituted; for them, fasts are proclaimed, kings' speeches laboriously conned by heart, Antijacobin and Quarterly Reviews written, ribbons and medals multiplied, and State-trumpeters hired; for their especial amusement, robes and jewels are called into play, and maces surcharged with the very best double gilding. If none but clever persons were to be consulted, there would be no occasion for late debates, tedious explanations of ministerial squabbles, annual budgets, or even for the very expensive farce of Parliamentary votes. The *sic volo sic jubeo* of a Wellington would answer all the purpose, as it does of that other fool-trap, a responsible Cabinet. What, indeed, is diplomacy itself, and the whole code of international law, but a deferential sacrifice to the folly of mankind. This consideration contains the philosophy of Oxenstiern's celebrated axiom, and satisfactorily explains why fools in general make the best ministers. They sympathize with the public for whom they act, and the public sympathizes with them; and they instinctively hit upon the measures which are suited to the intellectual calibre of the majority. They never, by the brilliancy of their conceptions, disturb the settled order of things, nor, by putting mankind upon thinking, disturb their digestion, and force them upon the most disagreeable of the functions of life. James, the most foolish of all possible kings, maintained his empire in peace for a long series of years, and laid the foundation of that national developement which placed England among the first class of nations, or rather put it at the head of European civilization: whereas the clever rogues, the Fredericks, the Louis the Fourteenths, the Francises, and the Charles the Fifths, imbrued their hands incessantly in the blood of their fellow-creatures, and made misery for their subjects. If then, gentle reader, you are not too wise, if you are more worthy of Gotham than of Athens, set yourself down without hesitation as among the privileged order of society. Hold up your head at the highest; set yourself unblushingly in the high places; and laugh to scorn, as an honest man should do, every one who presumes on his intellectual superiority, and has the insolent pretension to think himself better, because he is wiser, than his neighbours, and has got the start of the age in which he lives. Decry talents hardily; neglect genius superciliously;

vote illumination a bore, and consistency a mark of the beast; and above all, as far as your interest and patronage extend, be sure to shut out from preferment all manner of persons who are so unfitted for place or distinction, as not either to be, or at least affect to be, downright fools! M.

BROKEN TIES.

The Broken Ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze
Like a remember'd dream;
Around us each dissever'd chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those Broken Ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms perchance may roam
To distant scenes removed;
Or we have watch'd their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sigh'd to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darken'd and estranged:
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our Broken Ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?—
That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns beyond the skies;—
That hope unites our souls to Heaven
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;
And every pang that rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a safer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

M. A.

THE "ANNUALS."

The number and beauty of these publications would seem to demand from us this year something more than a mere detached notice, independently of their connection with art. All the world knows that we are indebted for them to the Germans; and, as in most other instances, where we have borrowed from the inventions of strangers, we have improved them beyond all hope of foreign competition. It is to Mr. Akermann that the British public is indebted, for the first successful attempt at introducing them into this country. The "Forget me Not" was first published, by Mr. Akermann, in 1823. The "Friendship's Offering" came out next, in 1824. Mr. Watts's "Literary Souvenir" appeared in 1825, and the "Amulet" in 1826. After these there was a pause of two years, until 1828, when the "Bijou" and "Keepsake" appeared, and for the coming year, 1829, two more, viz. The "Anniversary" and "Gem," are announced.

The "Forget me Not," elegant as its embellishments are, does not excel its preceding volumes, and in the literary part, as respects the poetry, falls short of them. The print of Marcus Curtius, from Martin, engraved by H. Le Keux, is a most charming specimen of his art, and Vicenza, from Prout, by Freebairn, is very beautiful; and all are good. Two or three years ago the plates in the present volume would have been deemed the perfection of art; but emulation has been excited, and Mr. Akermann must not lie on his oars. As he was the master of the ceremonies, and introduced these publications, we would fain see him head the race. We cannot agree in the remark in the preface, "that the present volume has a decided literary preeminence," nor that it surpasses those of preceding years. James Montgomery, Hemans, Delta, Hogg, Barry Cornwall, all so well known and valued by the public, are here, but not in their Sunday dress. The poetry is decidedly inferior, and a great deal of it bad. The prose is better. One or two pieces are superior, and furnish a pleasant treat to the reader. "Père Lachaise" is somewhat out of date, though not out of place. Mrs. Hofland has a charming specimen of her pen; the "Goldsmith of Westcheap" is good; "Terence O'Flaherty" lively; and "The Euthanasia," a story of modern Greece, excellent. To give extracts from the prose tales would occupy space, which we can ill afford, for it is not from lack of inclination we do not make them. Notwithstanding the exception we have made, which we trust will stimulate Mr. Akermann to new exertions, we are most happy to welcome him again in his wonted garb of green, and its tasteful embellishments. The Editor is Mr. Shoberl.

The "Friendship's Offering" of this year is much superior to the last, and the binding in leather is uncommonly handsome, indeed quite unique. Of the beautiful embellishments we have already given an account.* It is under a new Editorship, that of Mr. Pringle, himself a poet. The poetry is very superior. The names of J. Montgomery, Hemans, Neale, Mackenzie, Clare, Cunningham, Southey, Gibson, Delta, Hogg, Gent, Barton, H. Smith, the Howitts, Stebbing, St. John, Kennedy, Tennant, &c. &c. are among the contributors. The best piece in the volume, to our taste, is the Editor's own, entitled "Glen-Lynden." It is of that sweet, tranquil, beautiful order of writing, which the public taste did ill to abandon, for a time, for the wishy-washy sentimental, poured forth, like an inundation, the poetry of assumed feeling and affected voluptuousness. This poem, we are informed, is part of a larger one, projected in South Africa, in 1824, and not likely (which we regret) ever to be completed. The tale is simple: The owner of the ruins of Lynden, now a farmer, surrounded by his offspring, and a friendless girl, to whom he has supplied the want of a parent, meets disappointment at home, and emigrates to South

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* Historical Register—Fine Arts. p. 443.

Africa. Here the fragment concludes. The following extract will give some idea of the author's style.

Far up the dale, where Lynden's ruined towers
O'erlook'd the valley from the old oak wood,
A lake, blue gleaming from deep forest bowers,
Spread its fair mirror to the landscape rude:
Oft by the margin of that quiet flood,
And through the groves and hoary ruins round,
Young Arthur loved to roam in lonely mood;
Or here, amid tradition's haunted ground,
Long silent hours to lie in mystic musings drown'd.

Bold feats of war, fierce feuds of elder times,
And wilder elfin legends, half forgot
And half preserved in uncouth ballad rhymes,
Had peopled with romantic tales the spot:
And here, save bleat of sheep, or simple note
Of shepherd's pipe far on the upland lone,
Or linnet in the bush and lark afloat
Blithe carolling, or stockdove's plaintive moan,
No sound of living thing through the long day was known.

No sound—save, aye, one small brook's tinkling dash
Down the gray mossy cliffs; and, midst the lake,
The quick trout springing oft with gamesome plash;
And wild ducks rustling in the sedgy brake:
And sighing winds that scarce the willows shake;
And hum of bees among the blossom'd thyme;
And pittering song of grasshoppers that make
Throughout the glowing meads their mirthful chime:
All rich and soothing sounds of summer's fragrant prime.

Here Arthur loved to roam—a dreaming boy—
Erewhile romantic reveries to frame,
Or read adventurous tales with thrilling joy,
Till his young breast throbb'd high with thirst of fame:
But with fair manhood's dawn a softer flame
'Gan mingle with his martial musings high;
And trembling wishes—which he fear'd to name,
Yet oft betrayed in many a half-drawn sigh—
Told that the hidden shaft deep in his heart did lie.

And there were eyes that from long silken lashes
With stolen glance could spy his secret pain—
Sweet hazel eyes, whose dewy light out-flashes
Like joyous day-spring after summer rain:
And she, the enchantress, loved the youth again
With maiden's first affection, fond and true.
—Ah! youthful love is like the tranquil main,
Heaving 'neath smiling skies its bosom blue—
Beautiful as a spirit—calm, but fearful too!

Their "Farewell Song" to their native shores is very charming, full of that simplicity which tells home to the heart. The reader of true taste cannot but be delighted with it. The following "Cabinet Picture" we also presume to be from Mr. Pringle's pen, by its *naiveté* and simplicity.

A graceful form, a gentle mien
Sweet eyes of witching blue,
Dimples where young love nestles in
Around a "cherry mou'":
The temper kind, the taste refined,
A heart nor vain nor proud,
A face, the mirror of her mind,
Like sky without a cloud:

A fancy pure as virgin snows,
Yet playful as the wind;
A soul alive to other's woes,
But to her own resign'd.
This gentle portraiture to form,
Required not *Fancy's* art;
But do not ask the lady's name—
'Tis hidden in my heart!

It would be invidious to select from any other writer than the editor, where there is so much that is excellent, as the preference might seem unfair. In the prose tales there is great merit. The "Covenanters" is good of its kind, but a little too long. "The Election," by Miss Mitford; "The Brothers," by the author of the "Subaltern," and "Isabella de Jaunay," various in style (the latter, though French in story, evidently an English production) and agreeable in subject, are all good. "Contradiction" is good, though, perhaps, too much of an essay. "The Warning," by Gillies, excellent. "Surprise," by Mrs. Opie, in her best manner. "The Publican's Dream," by the author of the "O'Hara Family," striking, and worthy of his pen. "The Jewish Pilgrim," well written and interesting; and the fidelity of Mr. Fraser's "Zalim Khan," to "keeping," with local manners, we can vouch for. To conclude, we must concede a great improvement this year to the "Friendship's Offering," and pronounce it well worthy of public patronage. Under its new editor, increased success is certain.

Mr. Watts's well-known and elegant "Souvenir" (like the last annual, edited by a poet) is this year excellent. In his engravings Mr. Watts has surpassed any of his former volumes, but these we have already noticed.* Our business now, therefore, is with the literary department. The poetry is of a superior order, as might be expected, and the prose is well sustained. Both are nearer upon an equality of merit, and there is a greater uniformity in this respect than in the other Annuals. Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hemans, J. Malcolm, T. K. Hervey, Rev. T. Dale, W. Hewett, Miss Browne, Delta, Miss Mitford, the Rev. E. W. Barnard, Read, Coleridge, Carrington, with one or two anonymous writers, complete the poetical list of authors, with the addition of the Editor. The poetry is consequently more select, and there is increased room for the interesting prose tales, in which the Editor has been more than usually successful. There are sixty-five contributions in the whole. There are two tales by the author of "Pelham," entitled, "Too handsome for any thing;" and "a MS. found in a Madhouse," admirably but freely sketched. "The Rock of the Candle," by the author of "Munster Popular Tales," is a very charming production—the scene Irish. The "Queen of May" we do not like so well as "Inflexibility." Miss Mitford is as pleasing as usual in her "General and his Lady." The "Vision of Purgatory" is characteristic of its author. "Bridget Plantagenet" good. The "Brief Career" excellent. There are, moreover, a "Chapter on Portraits," by Barry Cornwall; the "Grotto of Akteleg," by the author of the Mummy, and others, the whole constituting a volume of more sustained good quality than any one preceding. To return to the poetry, the lines by B. Cornwall to Pasta are in his best manner, and Mrs. Hemans shines as usual the queen of female verse. We must, however, to avoid the appearance of partiality, as in our mention of the preceding Annual, confine our brief notice to the Editor's own productions, which are some of his very best; one of these we extract, written on burning a packet of letters. We should have preferred copying "Pedro's Revenge" had we space, a poem of great power.

Relics of love, and life's enchanted spring,
  Of hopes born, rainbow-like, of smiles and tears;—
With trembling hand do I unloose the string,
  Twined round the records of my youthful years.

Yet why preserve memorials of a dream,
  Too bitter-sweet to breathe of aught but pain!
Why court fond memory for a fitful gleam
  Of faded bliss, that cannot bloom again!

* Fine Arts, page 443.

The thoughts and feelings these sad relics bring
Back on my heart, I would not now recall:—
Since gentler ties around its pulses cling,
Shall spells less hallowed hold them still in thrall?

Can wither'd hopes that never came to flower,
Match with affections long and dearly tried!
Love, that has lived through many a stormy hour,
Through good and ill,—and time and change defied!

Perish each record that might wake a thought
That would be treason to a faith like this!—
Why should the spectres of past joys be brought
To fling their shadow's o'er my present bliss!

Yet,—ere we part for ever,—let me pay
A last, fond tribute to the sainted dead;
Mourn o'er these wrecks of passion's earlier day,
With tears as wild as once I used to shed.

What gentle words are flashing on my eye!
What tender truths in every line I trace!
Confessions—penn'd with many a deep-drawn sigh,—
Hopes—like the dove—with but *one* resting-place!

How many a feeling, long—too long—represt,
Like autumn-flowers, here opened out at last!—
How many a vision of the lonely breast
Its cherish'd radiance on these leaves hath cast!

And ye, pale violets, whose sweet breath hath driven
Back on my soul the dreams I fain would quell;
To whose faint perfume such wild power is given,
To call up visions—only loved too well;—

Ye too must perish!—Wherefore now divide
Tributes of love—first offerings of the heart;—
Gifts—that so long have slumbered side by side;
Tokens of feeling—never meant to part!

A long farewell:—sweet flowers, sad scrolls, adieu!
Yes, ye shall be companions to the last:—
So perish all that would revive anew
The fruitless memories of the faded past!

But lo! the flames are curling swiftly round
Each fairer vestige of my youthful years;
Page after page that searching blaze hath found,
Even whilst I strive to trace them through my tears.

The Hindoo widow, in affection strong,
Dies by her lord, and keeps her faith unbroken:—
Thus perish all which to those wrecks belong,
The living memory—with the lifeless token!

It is a great pleasure to find the emulation excited by fair and honourable competition, impart every year to these little works fresh claims to public patronage. The "Amulet," the next in age, is this year also an improvement upon the preceding, though its literary contents are very variable in excellence. This work differs from all its brethren in its object, which will be best understood by its title of "Christian and Literary Remembrancer," being devoted to subjects more particularly of a moral and religious character. It is edited by Mr. S. C. Hall, with industry and discrimination. The names of many of its contributors we have already recounted, to which those of Croly, Polwhele, Robert Hall, Miss Porter, L. E. L., and one or two others may be added. The Editor and Mrs. Hall have also con-

tributed to the present volume. "A Strange Story of Every-day," by Kennedy; a "Walk in the Temple Gardens," by Mrs. Opie; "The Fisherman," by Mrs. Hall; "Fragments of a journey over the Brocken," by Coleridge; the "Caldron Linn," and "Poetry and Philosophy," by the Rev. Robert Hall, not forgetting "Little Moses," by Miss Mitford, are the best prose pieces. Those by Mrs. Hall are rather too numerous, being deficient in power, though not in elegance: they give a sameness of character to the work, which, we take it, should be as varied as possible in style and subject. There is much serious poetry of great merit in this little volume, some by the editor himself, which the most fastidious as to religion and morals may peruse with high gratification. The embellishments have been well selected and are very finely executed, and the green silk binding looks uncommonly well. "The Fisherman" is a delightful plate, and the Frontispiece, after Murillo, does the engraver infinite credit. The "Water-cress Girl," the "Wandering Minstrels," and "Guardian Angels," in short all are good, and do honour to the spirit of the publishers.

The second volume of the "Bijou," published by Mr. Pickering, so well known for his elegant pocket editions of the most valuable works, has a character and appearance very distinct from the other Annuals. It is printed in a small type, and decorated with engravings of a peculiar character, for the most part on classical subjects of English history; it is an unobtrusive beautiful little work. The Frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Wallscourt, after Lawrence; and there is a fine engraving of young Lambton, after the same artist. But commend us to the family of Sir Thomas More, after Holbein, very finely engraved by Dean, and bearing the stamp of the elder time; a very charming production. There is a sweet Claude breathing tranquillity, engraved by Dean; Diana of Poictiers, after Primaticcio, stamped with the times past. The Cascade of Tivoli, by Henning, engraved by Cooke; Clisson in Brittany, the retreat of Heloise, from the [illegible]aver of Davis, a delicious scene; Mont Blanc from Turner; the Interview between Charles II. and Sir H. Lee, from Stephanoff, by A. Fox, and Christabel by the same engraver. Among the contributors, besides many of those in the other Annuals, we notice several names new to us. As a whole, we can cordially recommend this year's volume to our readers. The following beautiful lines are on a monument of sleeping children by Chantrey. *From an anonymous pen.*

If Cherubs slumber, such is their repose,
  So motionless, so beautiful they lie;
While o'er their forms, a soften'd splendour glows,
  And, round their couch, celestial breezes sigh.
And such the rest of Eve in Eden's bower,
  Her white brow beaming in the moonlight ray,
Calm she reclined, as some night closing flower,
  To rise more radiant at the break of day.
And such our sleep in happy childhood, ere
  Thought, like a giant from his rest, awoke
To bind the bounding heart, and fasten there
  His iron fetters and his heavy yoke.
Thus as I gazed on that fair fashion'd child,
  Breathing the homage of the heart alone;
In dreams of early blessedness beguiled,
  A silent captive at the sleeper's throne;
Young mothers came, confessing with a kiss,
  The babe, the image of their first-born love;
Or wept for one "more beautiful than this,"
  Gone from its cradle to its rest above.
Blithe children stopp'd their laugh, they would not rouse
  The gentle baby from its slumber deep;
While lofty eyes, and high unbending brows,
  Long'd for the silence of that dreamless sleep.

The "Keepsake," bound in crimson silk, at a guinea, being higher in price than the preceding Annuals, is put forth with great pretension.

Most of the contributors will be found in former years, or in the present in other Annuals, namely, Sir W. Scott, Lord F. L. Gower, Lockhart, Southey, Coleridge, C. Croker, Harrison, Hook, Banim (author of the O'Hara Tales), St. Leger (author of Gilbert Earle), Beazley (author of the Roué), Bayley, Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., and one or two others. There are two posthumous pieces of Shelley's. Two by Wordsworth. The Editor (Mr. F. M. Reynolds, a name new, we believe, in the literary world) has also obtained several names of persons of rank as contributors, to wit, Lords Morpeth, Normanby, Holland, and Nugent; Sir J. Mackintosh and Mr. Luttrel, the clever author of "Letters to Julia." Of the quantum of literary merit we cannot judge, the typography being kept back from our view. The plates are excellent, and fully support the high character of the engraver, Heath, who has executed ten of them himself: the others are by distinguished artists, namely, Finden, Engleheart, Rolls, Wallis, N. R. Smith, Portbury, Goodyear, and Westwood, carrying to the highest point of perfection the art of book plate engraving;

The "Anniversary," like the "Keepsake" in size and price, is edited by that talented author and excellent man so well known to the public, Mr. Allan Cunningham. The plates, eighteen in number, are beautifully engraved, and rival those of the "Keepsake." Of these, some of which are as fine specimens as art is capable of producing, "The Young Cottager," after Gainsborough, engraved by Robinson, is an exquisite production, and conveys perfectly the manner of the artist. "The Author of Waverley in his Study," after Allan, by Goodall, is a very fine engraving; the great novelist is seated in his study, which is hung with ancient arms, and he is represented as busily engaged in writing. His fine and lofty forehead is however sketched rather higher than nature or symmetry will admit. "Newstead Abbey," once the seat of Byron, is a delicious engraving by Wallis, worthy the scene and name to which it owes its celebrity. "Beatrice," after Howard, by Sangster, is very charming; the rich garden scenery and female figures are wonderfully well detailed. "Morning," after Linton, is fine; and "Fonthill," by Webb, a beautiful bit of landscape. "The Earings," by Rolls, after Shee, from a story of Mr. Lockhart's, is a very fine engraving, though rather contemplative than regretful. Robinson has surpassed his former efforts in "The Snuff-box," so has Finden in the "Blackberry Boy;" C. Rolls, after Westall, in "Pickaback," and "Love me, love my Dog," after Hoppner, by Greatbatch, are very superior. We must not omit the "Castle of Chillon," now immortal in Byron's verse. "The Lute," "The Draft Players," "Psyche," and the elegant Vignettes, which show that Mr. Sharpe, the publisher, has spared no trouble or expense to make the illustrations of the "Anniversary" worthy of support. They may indeed be equalled, but will rarely be surpassed; the woodcuts are the most delicate things we have ever seen in their walk of art. The contributors for the literary part are nearly all well known characters. Southey, Wilson, Lockhart, J. Montgomery, Hogg, Barry Cornwall, C. Croker, Pringle, Miss Mitford, the Rev. Edward Irving, Clare, Miss Bowles, and others. There is also a letter of Lord Byron's. The Editor himself has contributed several very charming pieces in verse. Mr. Southey's Epistle to the Editor shows that humour is not the Laureat's forte, yet it is amusing from him. "Edderline's Dream," by Wilson, is a charming production, full of fine poetic feeling. There are some pleasing verses by Mr. Lockhart, but it was bad taste to parody his own sweet translation of the "Earings." The "Castle of Invertime," by Hogg, is a fair specimen of the shepherd's talent. "The Temptation," by Barry Cornwall, is in his best style, tender, and exhaling gentleness and beauty. Of the prose, which we do not on the whole think quite equal to the poetry, "The King at Windsor" is too similar to numerous descriptions of the same kind which have already appeared. "Going to the Races," by Miss Mitford, is one of her best pieces. "Abbotsford" is very interesting from its associations. "The Honeycomb and Bitter Gourd," very entertaining. We doubt whether Sir G. Beaumont possesses interest enough for such a publication as the "An-

niversary." "The Cameronian Preacher" is good, and Mr. C. Croker's "Paddy Kellaher and his pig" very fair. The most singular prose tale, however, is by the celebrated Preacher, the Rev. E. Irving, highly characteristic. The tone of the "Anniversary" partaking decidedly of the Editor's country, Mr. Irving's tale harmonises well with the volume, singular as it is, and is moreover tinted with the hue of the writer's religious opinions, and therefore, more than commonly earnest. It is penned with great power, though eccentric, and will be read with much interest. The following is a specimen from the Editor's pen, with which we must conclude, heartily wishing the "Anniversary" the success it deserves. "On the Psyche of Sir T. Lawrence."

Fair Psyche, thou who wert renown'd
Of old, and on Olympus crown'd;
Art thou come, gladsome goddess, now,
In beauty beaming, breast and brow;
With lips like drop-ripe cherries cleft,
And tresses like Fate's charmed weft?
Art thou come with thy round white neck,
Which gold may dim, but never deck;
Come back to man and earth again,
In loveliness to rule and reign:
With looks too gently meek for mirth,
And more of heaven than's fit for earth?

Thanks, Lawrence, thanks! thy skill hath wrought
A form with soul and sense and thought.
O wondrous art! which thus redeems
The glorious forms which glad our dreams;
Arrests the vision when it dips
Itself in beauty to the lips:
Which calls from days far gone and dim,
Their loveliness to paint and limn.
Fair fall the art which gives of mind
And heaven as much as man can find.
Blind dreamer! Think'st thou Fancy e'er
Could frame a form so real and dear?
No goddess this, with zone and star,
A baptized beauty—nobler far:
A wife—a word that's much to me,
A mother—what can brighter be?
Can Fancy, in her happiest mood,
Like Nature work in flesh and blood?
Create those fair ones who preside
In household state and matron pride;
Who lull—in that dear duty blest,
The baby, happy at the breast?
Or when man's chafed, can smile to flight
Wrath's darkness, and restore his light?
Or when he's sick, can sit and shed
All wedlock's comfort round his bed?
Or rise—should glory gild his name,
And share his love and feel his fame!
Or live—should fortune frown, as one
Who ne'er had wealth or splendour known;
And trim his home, and gently share
His woes, and make his peace her prayer?
Woe worth thee, Fancy! who shall meet
Of thine aught so supremely sweet;
O'er others spread thy splendid wings,
I'm earthly, and love mortal things.

The "Gem," edited by the facetious Mr. T. Hood, did not reach us until we were nearly ready for press. We can only, therefore, give an inadequate description of it to our readers. It is got up in a style of great elegance. The plates are in number fourteen, not including the vignettes:

There is "May Talbot," from Cooper, engraved by I. C. Edwards; The "Death of Keledar," by Warren, also from Cooper, both very fine specimens of art. The "Painter's Study," by Chalon; "Hero and Leander;" "The Farewell;" "The Widow;" "Nina;" "The Young Helvetian;" "The May Queen;" "The Maid of Damascus," &c., are all charming specimens of the respective artists;—Cook, Phelps, Ensom, Mitchel, Davenport, Goodyear, and Engleheart. The typography is hardly equal to that of the other "Annuals" in neatness. The contributions are by Sir Walter Scott, C. Lamb, H. Coleridge, J. S. Stock, E. Herbert, T. K. Hervey, T. Marshall, E. Moxon, B. Cornwall, H. Smith, Bowring, Miss Mitford, B. Barton, Messrs. Kenney, Howett, Dale, and others, besides the Editor, who has several pieces which partake of his accustomed humour. We had forgotten to mention a magnificent engraving, from Martin, by Smith, "The Temptation on the Mount," in which that artist's power of pictorial composition is finely displayed. We have not time to read the volume fairly, and can but quote the following by the Editor, in his usual merry mood. It is "A Picture of Hero and Leander."

Why, lover, why
Such a water rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over*?

Why, lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of *Greece*
Come all *over dripping*?

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter*?

Why, maiden, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair
When he's on the *landing*?

This is something of a lighter cast than our quotations from preceding Editors, and we imagine the volume to be a little too much in this vein.

Not only, as before observed, is there a great improvement in the London Annuals this year, but a publication of the same class from the Liverpool press, "The Winter's Wreath," has this season so much improved, that it equals its metropolitan rivals in typography, and is uncommonly well got up; its engravings are most of them capital, by Goodall, Smith, Radcliffe, Finden, and other celebrated hands; and the literary part, besides numerous contributors of merit, whose names are not known in the metropolis, numbers Hemans, Montgomery, Mitford, Howitt, the respected Roscoes, Bowring, Delta, Opie, &c. &c. Thus among the novelties of the age, works of art and literature, formerly deemed great efforts in the metropolis, are producing in our provincial towns. What wormwood to the Newcastles, Kenyons, and Eldons of the day, are such innovations upon the "good old times." The "Winter's Wreath" is, without exception, the most beautiful provincial publication we have ever seen, worthy the commercial sister and rival of our great metropolis, and entitled, every way, to the public patronage.

Besides the foregoing Annuals, we have this year a series of juvenile publications, edited in a very superior manner, announcing a start in literary works for the young, commensurate with the intellectual progress of the age. Of these, three only have yet reached us, namely, "The Juvenile Keepsake," edited by Mr. T. Roscoe; The "Juvenile Souvenir," by Mrs. A. Watts; and the "Juvenile Forget Me Not," by Mrs. S. C. Hall. The admirable logic taught in old school book-tales, such as that of the "Boys going to swim," who are flogged, some because they can, and others because they cannot swim, is dissipated for ever, and common sense, at length, obtains something like a mastery in tales for youth. These three works are well got up. The principal fault in the "Keepsake," is, that it is too good for the youngest class, and we must therefore divide youth into two periods,—to that from the age of six to twelve, as judiciously fixed upon by Mrs. Watts, in her preface, must be devoted her elegant little book, the plates of which are charmingly executed. The contents show how well females and mothers understand the adaptation of ideas to children's capacities. Mrs. Watts's book is excellently fitted to its object. Its contributors number Mrs. Hemans, Hofland, Howitt, Miss Mitford, Mrs. C. Gore,

Mrs. Opie, Delta, J. Montgomery, &c. nor is that of Mrs. Hall deficient in fulfilling the pretensions with which it set out; the plates are also very good, and her list of contributors highly respectable in name and talent. We are truly happy to greet two such works, in behalf of the hitherto insulted understandings of children. Mr. T. Roscoe's "Keepsake" is best adapted for youth from the age of twelve to sixteen or eighteen. It contains many pieces, of which far worse have appeared in "Annuals" of much higher assumptions. "The Knight Watching his Armour," "The Deaf Filea," "The Albanian Shepherd," and various other pieces, will be read with great pleasure. The poetry is good also, and we feel no hesitation in saying, that this volume, as a whole, is not only calculated for the intermediate station for which it is intended, but may be perused by those more mature in years and knowledge with high delight.

And now, on taking our leave, for this year, of these beautiful publications, we cannot help holding them up as an example of that proud march of mind which the ignorant and bigoted deprecate, but which the man of talent and learning, whatever his creed or party, will, like the present Bishop of London, hail as great and glorious. We do not mean in respect alone to the excellence of the literary efforts they call into exertion, though these are not to be despised, nor to the aid to art which they afford so extensively, but to the incitement they will yield to thousands, whom their very elegancies will entice to read, and study, to the displacement of some frivolous luxury, or childish bauble, and in whom they will awaken thought, and infuse a taste for mental gratification. We recommend the rich to form annually a library of them ALL. And every one, according to his means, to buy one or two of them. All should encourage what is both elegant and entertaining. For the summer walk, or the unoccupied five minutes which so frequently occur in life, they are admirably adapted, as companions, and their crimson and green, or gold bindings, make them ornaments in the boudoir and drawing-room. We trust next year we shall find a further improvement in them, for nothing, in this age, must stand still; and with this hope we take our leave.

THE PENENDEN HEATH MEETING.

ANXIOUS to witness the great assembly of "the Men of Kent," of which the High Sheriff had called a meeting, (having appointed twelve o'clock upon Friday the 24th for the immense gathering,) I proceeded from Rochester to Maidstone at an early hour. Upon my way, I saw the evidences of prodigious exertion to call the yeomanry together, and from the summit of a hill that surmounts a beautiful valley near Maidstone, I beheld a long array of waggons moving slowly towards the spot which had been fixed by the High Sheriff for the meeting. The morning was peculiarly fine and bright, and had a remnant of "summer's lingering bloom;" and the eye, through the pure air, and from the elevated spot on which I paused to survey the landscape, traversed an immense and glorious prospect. The fertile county of Kent, covered with all the profusion of English luxury, and exhibiting a noble spectacle of agricultural opulence, was before me; under any circumstances the scene would have attracted my attention, but upon the occasion on which I now beheld it, it was accompanied by circumstances which greatly added to its influence, and lent to the beauty of nature a sort of moral picturesque. The whole population of an immense district, seemed to have swarmed from their towns and cottages, and filled the roads and avenues which led to the great place of political rendezvous. In the distance lay Penenden Heath, and I could perceive that long before the hour appointed by the Sheriff for the meeting, large masses had assembled upon the field, where the struggle between the two contending parties was to be carried on. After looking upon this

extraordinary spectacle, I proceeded on my journey. I passed many of the Men of Kent, who were going on foot to the meeting; but the great majority were conveyed in those ponderous teams which are used for the purposes of conveying agricultural produce; and, indeed, "the Men of Kent," who were packed up in those vehicles, seemed almost as unconscious as the ordinary burthens with which their heavy vehicles are laden. The waggons went on in their dull and monotonous rotation, filled with human beings, whose faces presented a vacant blank, in which it was impossible to trace the smallest interest or emotion. They did not exchange a word with each other, but sat in their waggons, with a half sturdy and half fatuitous look of apathy, listening to the sound of the bells which were attached to the horses by which they were drawn, and as careless as those animals of the events in which they were going to take a part. It was easy, however, to perceive, to which faction they belonged; for poles were placed in each of these waggons, with placards attached to them, on which directions were given to the loads of freeholders to vote for their respective proprietors. I expected to have seen injunctions to vote for Emancipation, or for the Constitution, or against Popery and Slavery; these ordinances would, in all likelihood, have been above the comprehension of "the Men of Kent;" and accordingly the more intelligible words, "vote for Lord Winchilsea," or "vote for Lord Darnley," were inscribed upon the placards. I proceeded to my place of destination, and reached Penenden Heath. It is a gently sloping amphitheatrical declivity, surrounded with gradually ascending elevations of highly cultivated ground, and presenting in the centre a wide space, exceedingly well calculated for the holding of a great popular assembly. On arriving, I found a great multitude assembled at about an hour before the meeting. A large circle was formed, with a number of waggons placed in close junction to each other, and forming an area capable of containing several thousand persons. There was an opening in the spot immediately opposite the Sheriff for the reception of the people, who were pouring into the enclosure and had already formed a dense mass. The waggons were laden with the better class of yeomen, with the gentry at their head. A sort of hustings was raised for the Sheriff and his friends, with chairs in the front, and from this point the waggons branched off in two wings, that on the left of the Sheriff being allotted to the Protestant, and the right having been appropriated to the Catholic party. The waggons bore the names of the several persons to whom they belonged, and were designated as "Lord Winchilsea's," or "Lord Darnley's," or, as "The Committee's," and ensigns were displayed from them which indicated the opinions of their respective occupiers. The moment I ascended one of the waggons, where all persons were indiscriminately admitted, I saw that the Protestants, as they called themselves, had had the advantage in preparation, and that they were well arrayed and disciplined. Of this the effects produced by Lord Winchilsea's arrival afforded strong proof; for the moment he entered, there was a simultaneous waving of hats by his party, and the cheering was so well ordered and regulated that it was manifest that every movement of the faction was preconcerted and arranged. The appearance of Lord Darnley, of Lord Radnor, and the other leaders of the Catholic party, was not

hailed with the same concurrence of applause from their supporters; not that the latter were not warmly zealous, but that they had not been disciplined with the same care. I anxiously watched for the coming of Cobbett and of Hunt. I not only desired to see two persons of whom I had heard so much, but to ascertain the extent of their influence upon the public mind. Cobbett, I understood, had, before the meeting took place, succeeded in throwing discord into the ranks of the liberal party. He had intimated that he would move a petition against tithes — to this Lord Darnley vehemently objected, and asked very reasonably how he could, as a peer of the realm, co-operate in such a proposal. Several others, however, although they greatly disapproved of Cobbett's proposition in the abstract, were disposed to support any expedient which would have the effect of extinguishing the Brunswick faction. It had therefore been decided first, to try whether the Brunswick measure could not be got rid of, without having recourse to any substitute, and in the event of failing in that course, to sustain Cobbett's amendment. Cobbett had dined the preceding day at Maidstone, with about a hundred farmers, and had been very well received. He there gave intimations of his intended proposition against the Church. His friends said that he had devoted great care to his petition, and that he plumed himself upon it. I thought it exceedingly probable that he would succeed in carrying his measure, especially as he had obtained a signal triumph at a meeting connected with the Corn Laws, and borne down the gentry before him. These anticipations had greatly raised my curiosity about this singular person, and I watched the effect which his coming should produce with some solicitude. He at length arrived: upon his entering the enclosure, I heard a cry of "Cobbett, Cobbett!" and turning my eyes to the spot from which the exclamation came, I perceived less sensation than I had expected to find. Some twenty of the lowest class of freeholders made some demonstration of pleasure at his appearance, and followed him as he made his way towards a waggon on the right of the Sheriff. He was dressed in a gray frieze coat, with a red handkerchief, which gave him a very extraordinary aspect, and presented him in contrast with the body of those who occupied the waggons, who, on account of the public mourning, were dressed in black. He seemed in excellent health and spirits, for his cheeks were almost as ruddy as his neckcloth, and set off his white hair, while his eyes sparkled at the anticipation of the victory which he was confident that he should obtain. He seemed to me to mistake the following and acclamation of a few of the rabble for the applauses of the whole meeting. When, however, he ascended the waggon, and stood before the assembly, he ought to have discovered that he did not stand very high in the general favour; for while the circle about him cheered him with rather faint plaudits, the moment his tall but somewhat fantastical figure was exhibited to the Meeting, he was assailed by the Brunswickers with the grossest insults, which, instead of exciting the anger, produced a burst of merriment among the Catholic party. "Down with the old Bone-grubber!" "Oh, Cobbett, have you brought Burdett along with you?" "Where's your gridiron?" "Will you pay Burdett out of the next crop of Indian corn?" These, and other contumelies, were

lavished upon him, by a set of fellows who were obviously posted in the Meeting, in order to assail their antagonists and beat them down. Cobbett was so flushed with the certainty of success, and so self-deluded by his egregious notions of his own importance, that his temper was not at first disturbed, but looking down triumphantly to those immediately about him, and drawing forth a long petition, told them that he had brought them something that should content them all. I surveyed him attentively at this moment. Cobbett is generally represented as a man of rather a clownish-looking demeanour; and I have read, in some descriptions of him, that he could not, at first view, suggest any notion of his peculiar intellectual powers. I do not at all agree in the opinion. He has certainly a rude and rough bearing, and affects a heedlessness of form, amounting to coarseness and rusticity. But it is only requisite to look at him, in order to see in the expression of his countenance the vigorous mind with which he is endowed. The higher portion of his face is not unlike Sir Walter Scott's, to whom he bears, especially about the brow, a resemblance. His eyes are more vivid than the great author's, while the lower part of his countenance is expressive of fierce and vehement emotions. His attire and aspect certainly suggest, at first view, his early occupations, and the predilections of his later life (for he is more attached to agriculture than to politics); but whoever looks at him narrowly, will see the impress of intellectual superiority upon his countenance, and perceive, under his rude bearing, the predominance of mind. When he first addressed the people, he was in exceedingly good humour; and as he snapped his fingers, and cried out, "Emancipation is all roguery!" the laugh which the recollection of his own devotedness to the Catholic cause created, was echoed by his own merriment, and he seemed to enjoy his political inconsistency as an exceeding good joke. He told the people, that he was well aware that the Sheriff intended to adjourn the Meeting, but that he would stay there, and hold a Meeting himself. Next to Cobbett stood the great leader of the radicals, Mr. Hunt. A reconciliation has been recently effected between them, and they stood together in the front of the same waggon before the people. I was surprised to find in Mr. Hunt, a man of an exceedingly mild and gentle aspect, with a smooth and almost youthful cheek, a bright and pleasant eye, a sweet and urbane smile, and altogether a most gentlemanlike and disarming demeanour. His voice too is exceedingly melodious, and as soft as his manners. This Gracchus of Manchester is utterly unlike the picture which the imagination is apt to form of a tribune of the people; and indeed I do not consider him to possess the external qualifications of a great demagogue, though he is certainly endowed with that plain and simple eloquence which is so peculiarly effective with an English multitude. Near Hunt and Cobbett, the Pylades and Orestes of radicalism, stood Counsellor French, an Irish Catholic barrister, who is now a proselyte among the reformers, but seems to have many of the qualities necessary to constitute an apostle in the cause, and is likely one day to set up for himself. In the waggon next that in which Cobbet, Darrel, and Hunt were placed, sat Mr. Sheil, the Irish demagogue. This gentleman was said, by some people, to have been sent over by the Association; while others asserted, that he had of his own accord embarked in the perilous enterprize of addressing "the Men of Kent." There was a feeling of curiosity, mingled with

distelish, produced by his appearance there. The English Catholics had endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking; and Mr. Darrel, a gentleman of property in the County, was particularly anxious that he should not attempt to speak. Lord Darnley was also very adverse to this adventurous step, and so far from having given Mr. Shiel a freehold, had intimated, I heard, that the death-bed of the Duke of York was not yet so much forgotten, that Mr. Shiel should venture into such an assembly. That gentleman sat in one of the waggons, apparently careless of the impression which he should produce; but his pale and bilious face, in which discontent and solicitude, mingled with a spirit of Sardonic virulence, are expressed, and his restless and unquiet eye, gave indications that he was annoyed at the opprobrious epithets which were showered upon him, and that he was anxious about the event, as it should personally affect himself. There is certainly in Mr. Sheil's face and person little to bespeak the favour of a public assembly; and if he produces oratorical effects, he must be indebted to a power of phrase, and an art in delivery, of which, in the uproar in which he spoke, it was impossible in that meeting to form any estimate. Next to Mr. Sheil was the waggon appropriated to the Committee, where there were some English Catholics; and Lord Darnley's and Lord Radnor's waggons succeeded.

The opposite wing was, as I have mentioned, occupied by the Brunswickers, of whom by far the most conspicuous was Lord Winchilsea. He is a tall, strong-built, vigorous-looking man, destitute of all dignity or grace, but with a bluff, rude, and direct nautical bearing, which reminds one of the quarter-deck, and would lead you to suppose that he was the mate of a ship (a conjecture which a black silk handkerchief tied tightly about his neck, tends to assist) than an hereditary Counsellor of the Crown. Whatever feelings of partiality his late conduct may have generated towards him with his own faction, he is certainly not popular in the county; for he is the terror of poachers, and is most arbitrary in the enforcement of the game laws. It is but justice to him to say, that he has, upon one or two occasions, when he has detected poachers upon his estate, given them the alternative of going to prison or fighting with him; for to his political he superadds no inconsiderable pugilistic qualifications. He seems very well qualified to lead an English mob, and possesses in a far greater perfection than Hunt or Cobbett, the demagogic qualities of voice, which gave him, at Penenden Heath, a great advantage over his opponents. Before the chair was taken, he was actively engaged in marshalling his troops, and cheering them on to battle, and it was manifest that he felt all the excitement of a leader engaged in a cause, upon the issue of which his own political importance was depending. I did not remark any persons of rank about him, and indeed the Protestant was conspicuously inferior in this particular to the Catholic wing. There were, however, on the left side, a number of persons, in whom it was easy to recognize the sacerdotal physiognomy, of far more influence than noblemen could have been; the whole body of the Kent Clergy were marshalled for the occasion; and not only the priests of the established religion, but many of the dissenting preachers of the Methodist school, were arrayed under the Winchilsea banners. It was easy to recognize them even amidst the crowd of men habited in black, by their lugubrious and dismal expression. The clergy at the meeting were so numerous, that the Pro-

testant side had much more a clerical than an agricultural aspect. The different parties being thus distributed, and every waggon having been occupied, and the whole of the area within the enclosure having been filled by the dense crowd, the Sheriff, Sir T. Maryon Wilson, appeared exactly at twelve o'clock, and took the chair. He seemed to me, from the distance at which I saw him, a young man, quite untutored in the business of public meetings; but he had beside him his sub-sheriff, Mr. Scudamore, who appeared to have all the zeal by which his employer was actuated in the cause of Protestantism, and to be perfectly well versed in the stratagems by which an advantage may be given to one party, without affording to the other the opportunity of complaining of any very gross breach of decorum. This gentleman had a coarse, red whiskered, and blunt face, of the Dogberry character, in which a vulgar authoritativeness was combined with those habits of submission to his superior, which are generally found in subordinate functionaries. The High Sheriff having taken his station, delivered a brief speech, in which he stated the object of the meeting to be the adoption of such measures as should be deemed most advisable for the support of the church establishment; and he concluded by enjoining the assembly to hear all parties, a precept which he certainly exhibited no very great solicitude to embody in his own conduct. A letter from the brother of Mr. Honeywood was then read, in which an excuse was made for that gentleman upon the ground of indisposition, (it was well known that he was adverse to the objects of the meeting,) and then Mr. Gipps rose to move the petition. I found it difficult to ascertain exactly who he was; but thus far I learned, that he is not a man of influence or weight from property in the county, and indeed I could see no motive for putting him in the foreground, excepting that he has a clear and distinct voice, which, in a less clamorous assembly would have been probably heard by a considerable part of the meeting. He dwelt upon a variety of the common topics which are pressed into the service of Anti-catholicism, but gave no novelty by any unusual display of diction to the old arguments against Popery. He seemed himself to chuckle at what he conceived to be a peculiarly jocular and picturesque representation of Mr. O'Connel, at the Clare election, bowing down to receive the benediction of a Bishop, forgetting that it was hardly stranger on the part of Mr. O'Connel to go through, what is after all, I believe, a common form with pious Roman Catholics, than for a Duchess to print her beautiful lips on the black and bearded mouth of a coal-heaver, in order to obtain a vote for Mr. Fox. I am surprised that this parallel was not adduced in Mr. O'Connel's defence. After Mr. Gipps had expended himself in a monotonous and wearisome diatribe against the Catholic religion, he proceeded to read a petition, which the liberal party had anticipated would have prayed distinctly against all concessions to the Roman Catholics. To their surprise, it was couched in the following words:—

"Your Petitioners beg leave to express to your Honourable House, their sense of the blessings they enjoy under the Protestant Constitution of these Kingdoms, as settled at the Revolution, viewing with the deepest regret the proceedings which have for a long time been carrying on in Ireland.

"Your Petitioners feel themselves imperatively called upon to declare their strong and inviolable attachment to those Protestant prin-

ciples, which have proved to be the best security for the civil and religious liberty of these Kingdoms.

"They therefore approach your Honourable House, humbly but earnestly praying that the Protestant Constitution of the United Kingdom may be preserved entire and inviolable."

The phraseology of this petition, from its moderate character, excited some surprise; and it was justly said, that no Protestant could object to the matter for which it ostensibly purported to pray. The compatibility of concession to the Catholics with the entirety and inviolability of the Protestant Church, has been always maintained, not only by the Protestant, but Catholic advocates of their claims. This subdued tone of the Petition gave distinct proof that the Clubbists calculated upon a strong opposition to any more forcible interference with the legislature. The object, however, of the Clubbists was obvious, and the Petition was resisted, not so much upon the ground of its containing any thing in itself very objectionable, as that the intent of the Petitioners themselves was avowed. A Mr. Plumtree seconded Mr. Gipps. It was said that he was a Calvinist, and he certainly had the aspect which we might suppose to have been worn by the founder of his religion, when he ordered Servetus to be consumed by a slow fire. He said nothing at all worth note. When Mr. Plumtree sat down, Lord Camden addressed the Sheriff. He occupied a peculiar station. Instead, as was observed in one of the Morning Papers, of taking his place upon the right side, and bringing up his tenants in a body, he came unattended, and selected a place upon the hustings near the Sheriff. He deprecated all kind of partizanship in the course which he took in the proceedings; and certainly his deportment and look indicated that it was with no other feeling than one of duty, and without any kind of struggle for superiority, that he had mingled in the contest. I do not know whether it was his office as Lord Lieutenant of the County that procured him a patient hearing from both sides, or whether before their passions were strongly excited, they forbore from offering an indignity to a person who from his age and rank derived a title to universal respect. He was the only person who was heard with scarcely any interruption. His speech was exceedingly well delivered, in a surprisingly clear, sonorous, and audible intonation. He condemned the conduct of the Catholics in the language of vehement vituperation, but at the same time pointed out the extreme violence with which their demands were resisted. The only circumstance in his speech worth recording is, that he mentioned his belief that some measure of concession was intended by Government. This attracted great attention, and it is difficult to conceive how a person, so prudent and so calm as Lord Camden manifestly is, would have intimated any belief of his upon the subject, unless there were some foundation on which something more substantial than a mere conjecture could be raised. Towards the end of his speech the Clubbists became exceedingly impatient, and one of them called him "an old Radical;" a term of which he protested that he was at a loss to discover the applicability, as he had never done any thing to please the Radicals. This, Mr. Hunt afterwards controverted, and insisted that he had done much to gratify the Radicals by giving up his sinecure—a panegyric which was well merited, and was most happily pronounced.

Lord Darnley followed Lord Camden, but was received with loud and vehement hooting. This nobleman is considered to be very proud, without being arrogant, and to have as full consciousness of the dignity and rights of his order, as Lord Grey could charge any Whig disciple to entertain. He must have been deeply galled when he perceived that his rank and wealth were only turned into scoff, and when in the outset of his speech, a common boor cried out, "That there fellow is an Hirishman. Tim, put a potato down his throat, and choke his d——d Hirish jaw." He was not deterred from going on by the howlings which surrounded him, and with far more intrepidity than I should have been disposed to give him credit for, he proceeded with his speech. He soon, however, received a blow, which wounded him much more than the potatoe proposition; for the moment he began to talk of his estate in Ireland (where he has a very large proparty,) several people cried out, "Why don't you live on your estate, and be d——d to you, and every other d——d absentee!" This was a thrust which it was impossible to parry. Lord Darnley endeavoured to proceed; but the uproar became so terrible, that not a word which he uttered could be heard in the tumult. Whatever faults the Clubbists may have committed, any excessive deference to rank and wealth was not on this occasion, at least, among their defects; and, indeed, with the exception of Cobbett and Sheil, no man was listened to with more angry impatience than the noble Earl. After speaking for about twenty minutes, he sat down with evident marks of disappointment and personal mortification. On his resuming his place, with a determination, I should presume, never to expose himself to such an affront again, Lord Winchilsea and Mr. Sheil rose together. The competition for precedence into which the Irish demagogue was so audacious as to enter with the chief and captain of the Brunswickers, excited the fury of the latter. Mr. Sheil insisted, that as Lord Camden had, as was I believe the case, alluded to him, he had a right to vindicate himself, and there were many who surmised that his motive for presenting himself at this early stage of the proceedings was, that he had sent his speech to London to be printed; and he was heard to say, that he did not care whether the Brunswickers listened to him, provided his arguments were read. Whatever was his object, it was certainly not a little presumptuous in a stranger thus to enter the lists with an Earl, and to demand a prior audience. "I am an Irishman," said Mr. Sheil. "I'll be sworn you are," cried Cobbett: "you are such a d——d impudent fellow." The party on the right endeavoured to support Mr. Sheil, and for a long time both Lord Winchilsea and that gentleman continued to speak together, amidst a confusion in which neither could be heard. At length the Sheriff interposed, and declared that Lord Winchilsea had first obtained his eye. That nobleman proceeded to deliver himself of a quantity of common-place against the Catholic religion, amidst the vehement plaudits of his own faction, intermingled with strong marks of disapprobation from the right. "Mushroom Lord—upstart —go mind your rabbits, and the Papists are not poachers," were the cries of the liberal party; while the Brunswickers exclaimed, "Bravo, Winchilsea!" and waved their hats, as with the lungs of Stentor, with the gesture of a pugilist, and the frenzy of a fanatic, he proceeded. Although utterly destitute of idea, and though scarcely one distinct notion perhaps could be detected in his speech, yet Lord Winchilsea,

by the energy of his action, and the impetuosity of his manner, and the strong evidences of rude sincerity about him, made an impression upon his auditors far greater than the cold didactic manner of Lord Camden or Lord Darnley was calculated to produce. There can be no greater mistake than the supposition that the English people are not fond of ardent speaking, and of a vehement rhetorical enunciation. Lord Winchilsea is perfectly denuded of knowledge, reflection, or command of phrase; yet by dint of strong feeling he contrives to awaken a sympathy which a colder speaker, with all the graces of eloquence, could never attain. He seems to be in downright earnest; and although his personal vanity may be an ingredient in his sincerity, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that his ardour and vehemence are far more powerful auxiliaries to his cause, than the contemplative philosophy of the Whigs, who, contented with their cold integrity of purpose, adopted no efficient means to bring their tenants to the field, and encounter their opponents with the weapons which were so powerfully wielded against them. After having whirled himself round, and having beaten his breast and bellowed for about half an hour, Lord Winchilsea sat down in the midst of the constitutional acclamations of the Brunswickers; and Mr. Sheil, and Mr. Shea, an English Catholic gentleman, both presented themselves to the Sheriff. The Sheriff gave a preference to Mr. Shea, who made a bold manly speech, but was interrupted by the continued hootings of the Protestant party. The only fault committed by Mr. Shea was, that he dwelt too long on the pure blood of the English Catholics; a topic of which they are naturally, but a little tediously fond: it were to be desired that this old blood of theirs did not stagnate so much in their veins, and beat a little more rapidly in its circulation. With their immense fortunes, and a little more exertion, what might they not accomplish in influencing the public mind? Excellent men in private life, they are not sufficiently ardent for politicians, and should remember that their liberty may be almost bought, and that two or three thousand pounds well applied might have turned the Kent Meeting. Mr. Shea having concluded, Lord Teynham rose; and Mr. Sheil, at the Sheriff's request, gave way to him. Lord Teynham had been a Roman Catholic. His name is Roper, and, I believe, he is descended from Mrs. Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More. He was assailed with reproaches for his apostasy by the Protestants; and though he made a very good speech, it was neutralized in its effect by his desertion of his former creed. So universal, however unjust, perhaps, is the antipathy to a renegade, that among the Brunswickers themselves, his having ceased to be a Catholic rendered him an object of scorn. "That fellow's a-going to shift his religion again." "Oh, my Lord, there's a man here as says that what your Lordship's saying is all a d—d Popish lie;" and other ejaculations of the same character warned my Lord Teynham that his change of creeds had not rendered him more acceptable to his audience.

Lord Teynham having sat down amidst the Brunswick groans, Mr. Sheil rose amongst them. He was vehemently applauded on the right, and as furiously howled at from the left. "Down with him, the traitor!" "Down with the rebel!" "Apologise for what you said of the Duke of York!" "Send him and O'Connell to the Tower!" "He got

his freehold last night in Maidstone!"—"Down with him!"—"Off, Sheil, off!"—"We're not the Clare freeholders;"—"See how the viper spits!"—"How the little hanimal foams at the mouth; take care of him, he'll bite you;"—"Off, Sheil, off!" were the greetings with which this gentleman was hailed by the Brunswickers, while his own party cried out "Fair Play!" "Oh, you cowards, you are afraid to hear him!" Of what Mr. Sheil actually said, it is impossible to give any account, and the miraculous power by which the Sun newspaper of that night contrived to publish his oration in three columns, must be referred to some Hohenloe's interposition in favour of that journal. I heard but one sentence, which I afterwards recognized in print, as having been spoken.—"See to what conclusion you must arrive, when you denounce the advocates of Emancipation as the enemies of their country. How far will your anathema reach? It will take in one-half of Westminster Abbey; and is not the very dust, into which the tongues and hearts of Pitt and Burke and Fox have mouldered, better than the living hearts and tongues of those who have survived them? If you were to try the question by the authorities of the illustrious dead, and by those voices which may be said to issue from the grave, how would you determine? If instead of counting votes in St. Stephen's Chapel, you were to count monuments in the mausoleum beside it, how would the division of the great departed stand? Enter the aisles which contain the ashes of your greatest legislators, and ask yourselves as you pass, how they felt and spoke, when they had utterance and emotion, in that Senate where they are heard no more: write 'Emancipation' upon the tomb of every advocate, and its counter epitaph on that of every opponent of the peace of Ireland, and shall we not have a majority of sepulchres in our favour?" With this exception, I do not think that the Irish demagogue uttered one word of what appeared in the shape of an elaborate essay in the newspapers. After having stamped, and fretted, and entreated, and menaced the Brunswickers for half an hour, during which he sustained a continued volley of execrations, Mr. Shiel thought it prudent to retreat, and was succeeded by Mr. Larkin, an auctioneer from Rochester, who delivered a very clever speech in favour of radicalism, but had the prudence to keep clear of emancipation. His occupation afforded a fine scope for Brunswick wit. "Knock him down—going, going, gone!" and similar reminiscences exhibited the aristocracy of the mob. Mr. Larkin was not at all disturbed, but with an almost unparallelled *sang-froid*, drew a flask from his pocket, and refreshed himself for the next sentence, when the uproar was at its height. When he had finished, Sir Edward Knatchbull, the Member for the county, and Cobbett, who had been railing for hours at the long speeches, got up together. The Sheriff preferred Sir Edward, upon which Cobbett got into a fit of vehement indignation. He accused the Sheriff of gross partiality, and while Sir Edward Knatchbull was going on, shook his hand repeatedly at him, and exhibited the utmost savageness of demeanour and of aspect. His face became inflamed with rage, and his mouth was contorted into a ferocious grin. He grasped a large pole, with a placard at the head of it in favour of Liberty, and standing with this apparatus of popularity, which assisted him in supporting himself at the verge of his waggon, he hurled out his denunciations against the Sheriff. The Brunswickers roared at him, and showered contumely of all kinds upon

his head, but with an undaunted spirit, he persevered. Sir Edward Knatchbull was but indistinctly heard in the tumult which his own party had got up, to put Cobbett down. He seems a proud, obstinate, dogged sort of Squire, with an infinite notion of his own importance as an English County Member, and a corresponding contempt for seven millions of his fellow-citizens. He has in his face and bearing many of the disagreeable qualities of John Bullism, without any of its frankness and plain-dealing. He is rude without being honest, and offensive without being sincere. Cobbett was almost justified in complaining that such a man should be preferred to him. When he had terminated a speech, in which it was evident that he was thinking of the next election, at which the Deerings intend to dispute the county with him, Cobbett was allowed by the Sheriff to proceed. His hilarity was restored for a little while, and holding out his petition against tithes, he set about abusing both parties. In a letter published in the Morning Herald, he takes care, in his account of the meeting, to record the opprobrious language applied by the multitude to others; but he omits all mention of what was said of himself. "Down with the old Bonegrubber!"—"Roast him on his gridiron;"—"D—n him and his Indian corn;" was shouted from all quarters. He was not, however, much discomposed at first, for he was confident of carrying his petition, and retorted with a good deal of force and some good humour on those who were inveighing against him. "You cry out too weakly, my bucks!" said he, snapping his fingers at them. "You cry like women in the family-way. There's a rascal there, that is squeaking at me, like a parson's tithe-pig." These sallies amused every body; but still the roar against him continued, and I was astonished to see what little influence he had with even the lower orders by whom he was surrounded. The Catholic party looked upon him as an enemy, who came to divide them, and the Brunswickers treated him with mingled execrations and scorn. At length he perceived that the day was going against him, and his eyes opened to his own want of power over the people. Though he afterwards vaunted that the great majority were with him, he appeared not to have above a dozen or two to support his proposition, and when he sat down, evident symptoms of mortification and of rage against all parties appeared in his countenance. Altogether he acquitted himself as badly as can be well imagined; and it seems to me as clear that he is a most inefficient and powerless speaker, as that he is a great and vigorous writer. Hunt got up to second him, and was received almost as badly as his predecessor, though his conduct and manner were quite opposite, and he did every thing he could by gentleness and persuasiveness to allay the fury of the Brunswick party. But after he had begun, Sir Edward Knatchbull interrupted him in a most improper and offensive manner, which induced Lord Radnor to stand up and reprobate Sir Edward's conduct as a most gross violation of decorum. Mr. Hunt went on, but, whatever may be his sway with public assemblies on other occasions, he certainly showed few evidences of omnipotence upon this. He seemed to be crest-fallen, and to have quailed under the force which was brought to bear against him. One story he told well, of Sir Edward Knatchbull having refused to pay him for four gallons of beer, when he was a brewer at Bristol, because he had sold him a less quantity than that prescribed by the law: altogether his speech, if it might

be so called, when he was not allowed to utter a connected sentence, was a complete failure; but I am convinced that no estimate of his ability can be formed from this specimen of him, as his voice was stifled by the faction to which he was opposed. Indeed both parties seemed to repudiate Cobbett and Hunt, as their common enemies. Before Hunt had finished, there was a tremendous and seemingly a preconcerted cry of question from the Brunswickers; Hunt went on speaking, and immense confusion took place. Mr. Calcraft interfered in vain. Mr. Hodges and Lord Radnor then moved an amendment, declaring that the measure should be left to the discretion of the legislature; and amidst a tumult, to which I never witnessed any thing at all comparable, the Sheriff put the question. It has been stated in the newspapers that the Brunswickers had a great majority; the impression of a vast number of persons was quite the reverse. They were indeed so well disciplined, that their show of hats was simultaneous; while the liberal party hardly knew what was going forward. The Sheriff omitted to put Cobbett's amendment, which seemed to be forgotten by every one but himself; and having announced that there was a large majority for the petition moved by Mr. Gipps, retired from the chair. The acclamations of the Brunswickers were reiterated; the whole body waved their hats, and lifted up their voices; the parsons shook hands with each other; the Methodists smiled with a look of ghastly satisfaction; and Lord Winchilsea, losing all decency and self-restraint, was thrown into convulsions of joy, and leaped, shouted, and roared, in a state of almost insane exultation. The whole party then joined in singing God save the King in one howl of appropriate discord, and the assembly broke up.

Thus terminated the great Kent Meeting; to which, however, I conceive that more importance, as it affects the Catholic Question, is attached than it deserves. I have not room left for many comments, but a few brief observations on this striking incident are necessary. The triumph of Protestantism it not complete. The whole body of the clergy, who are in Kent exceedingly numerous, were not only present, but used all their influence to procure an attendance, and the utmost exertions were employed to bring the tenantry of the anti-Catholic proprietors to the field. No exertion was made upon the other side. Lord Camden boasted that he had not interfered with a single individual; yet it is admitted, that at least one third of the assembly were favourable to the Catholics. The spirit of Lord George Gordon may, by the metempsychosis of faction, have migrated into Lord Winchilsea; but while he is as well qualified in intellect and in passion to conduct a multitude of fanatics, his troops are of a very different character. Will the legislature shrink before him? Or will it not rather exclaim, "*contempsi Catilinæ gladios, non pertimescam tuos?*" Will the Government permit such precedents of popular excitation to be held up? and does it never occur to the Tory party that the time may not be far distant, when republicanism may choose Protestantism for its model, and by rallying the people, act upon the same principle of intimidation? If the Catholics are to be put down by these means, may not the aristocracy be one day put down by similar expedients? Will the House of Lords stand by and allow all the opulence and the rank of a large county to be trampled upon by the multitude? for it must occur to every body, that Lord Winchilsea was the only nobleman on the side

of the Petitioners, while the rest of the Peerage were marshalled on the other. Do the patricians of England desire to see a renewal of scenes in which the nobles of the land were treated with utter scorn, and the feet of peasants trod upon their heads? Let statesmen reflect upon these very obvious subjects of grave meditation, and determine whether Ireland is to be infuriated by oppression, and England is to be maddened with fanaticism; whether they are not preparing the way for the speedy convulsion of one country, and the ultimate revolution of the other.

MY PUBLIC.

"Tout le monde méprise les harangères; cependant, qui oseroit risquer de les offenser, en traversant la halle?"—CHAMPFORT.

"Hold your tongue, and eat your pudding."—PROVERB.

FORMERLY, when "My Public" was rarely addressed, save from a tub, or from the footlights of the stage, it was a modest well-behaved sort of public enough; and, except now and then a little rioting at a Jew-bill, or the burning of a Popish chapel or so, it kept the peace with his Majesty's lieges as a discreet public should do. But now that it has grown into consideration, that it has become "a power," and begins to go for something in congresses and cabinet meetings, it has become, like its brother irresponsible aristocrats, a little capricious and tyrannical. Like Mrs. Quickly, "it is neither fish nor flesh; no man knows where to have it;" while it is so puffed up with perpetual eulogies, and with the constant deference and mouth-honour with which it is treated, that there is nothing of which it does not believe itself capable. "The public," says Dumont, "is a tribunal worth more than all the other tribunals put together;" and he does not seem singular in his opinion if we appeal to facts. If an actress quarrels with her part, or is angry that the manager is not her professed admirer, she files her plea before the public in the columns of the "Times" or the "Morning Chronicle." If an author gets a smart hit from the reviews, he straightway calls on the Editors to answer interrogatories before the same authorities. Does a gentleman get his nose pulled, or a horsewhip waved over his shoulders, he forthwith fires—a letter to the public in all the papers; and if a swindler is dissatisfied with the law, or the commentaries of Sir Richard and his brother beaks, he without loss of time intreats the public to suspend its judgment till the day of trial. Every page of the advertisements of a journal teems with a villanous cajolery of "My Public." It is, forsooth, an humane public, a charitable public, a discriminating and judicious public, and above all, a religious public; and the poor dupe takes all this for granted, and is ready to go to loggerheads with any one who presumes to think for himself, and does not bow the knee before its arrogated infallibility. That so discreet a writer as the commentator on Bentham should fall into this error, at first sight surprised me; but to say of the tribunal of public opinion, that "it is worth all the other tribunals put together," is no such excessive eulogy. It may come to a decision sooner than the Court of Chancery, without being very expeditious; it may proceed upon principles more nearly approaching to common sense than the maxims of our courts of law, without being hyperlogical; and it may be more consistent and rational than the "great unpaid," without being justly

set down for a conjuror. But I am more inclined to be of opinion that Dumont was merely sarcastic; and that he meant slyly to infer that public opinion possesses accumulatively all the errors and absurdities which are boasted of, as the peculiar excellencies of our judicial system. To this conclusion I am the rather led, inasmuch as the whole paragraph has an ironical air. "Though susceptible of error, (continues the acute writer) this tribunal is incorruptible. It tends perpetually to instruct itself; and it contains all the wisdom and justice of the nation." Now, as to the incorruptibility of the public, I don't know with what face such a plea can be advanced in favour of a community whose political system is so based in corruption, that if the constitution were in reality what it is in theory,—if the actions of all its wheels and levers were not perverted and disturbed by the grossest abuses, the machine would confessedly come to a stand-still in an hour. Look, in the name of all that is good, at the doctrine which is preached in the high places,—look at the individuals, who, on the bench, in the pulpit, in the senate, and from the press, set the tone of public opinion, and prompt the judgments of this boasted tribunal; and say, if you can, that the genius of peculation is not the lord of the ascendant. But if it be asserted, that Dumont was not thinking of Armata when he wrote, I answer that the public of that country is at least as good as that of most other communities; and that there is no civilized community in which the greatest good of the greatest number is the object of its professed teachers. That "My Public" has a tendency to self-instruction, I admit: that is to say, it comes at the truth when every body knows it, and not before; *i. e.* after the wise and the learned have for centuries been endeavouring to beat into its noddle, that twice two make four; and have been fined, and imprisoned, and spit upon, and burned for their pains. But when all is said and done, to what does this boasted enlightenment amount?—to the exchanging one set of errors for another; and, like the hind wheel of a chariot, eternally following in the career of intelligence. It is sitting at the round table of knowledge, and living on the scraps and orts of philosophy, after the good and the wise have discarded them, as no longer fitted for their purpose. Then, as for "the wisdom and justice of nations," what is this, but a flourishing phrase to express the sentiments of a congregation of all the fools and knaves of the community? Taken separately, there is scarcely one man in ten thousand of the aggregate which constitutes a public, whose opinion a person of sense would take on the boiling of a potatoe; if indeed, on being closely pressed, they were found to have any opinion they could fairly call their own. How then can the accumulation of all these individual absurdities, of these truly negative qualities, make one positive sum of truth? All the first judgments of "My Public" are mere prejudices, adopted on the *ipse-dixit* of the fashionable authority of the day; and more than nine-tenths of its opinions are either absolutely false, or sophistically employed to gloss over some political wrong. What, for instance, can be more silly than that commonest of all public mistakes, the judging by the event,—the placing criminality in punishment, and idolising every sort of roguery that is successful? With "My Public," to be unfortunate, is ever to be in the wrong; and even kings are not exempted from the bitter consequences of this fatal presumption.

Witness the lamentation of Edward II.* What, also, can be more preposterous and absurd than that reverence with which "My Public" gulps down any nonsense which is uttered *ex cathedra?* Public documents, and the official addresses of the public servants to their masters, (*i. e.* their dupes), like gift horses, are never to be looked in the mouth. To doubt that a wig is wisdom, or that lawn sleeves are logic, passes for little better than sheer Atheism. So, also, to mistake a red coat for courage, a bar gown for wit, and a well-stored purse for every virtue under the sun, is a fundamental point of loyalty and of orthodoxy, from which "My Public" never swerves. Another simple sin with which it has been justly charged from its infancy upwards, is the levity with which it takes up its favourites, and raises them to the skies, only to give them a heavier fall, and to drag them more disgracefully through the mire, whenever its fickleness sends them, without rhime or reason, to the right-about. Scarcely a twelvemonth has passed away, nay not so much, since Mr. Canning was the god of the public idolatry. His wisdom and his virtue were relied upon for carrying the nation to fortune. The stocks rose and fell with the state of his health, and his death was deprecated as an irreparable misfortune. Yet, now, those who decried and vilified him and his works, have usurped his place in popular esteem. The man who is diametrically his opposite in every gift and every acquirement, is thought to "work" as well in his capacity of prime minister; and he is already as implicitly trusted, in his promise of establishing the national glory and prosperity, by running exactly counter to all the schemes of his predecessor. Another weakness of "My Public," which hurries it to the very Antipodes of a sound judgment, is its facility in being led by the ears. Swollen epithets are its delight; and at all times have been received with avidity, in the place of sense and argument. In spite of that dictum of national wisdom, that "good words butter no parsnips," we have too often found to our cost, that even bad ones have an unctuous quality, that makes the public swallow things consumedly hard of digestion. Did not my Lord Castlereagh, for instance, contrive to butter his bread an inch thick, ay, and on both sides too, simply because he

> "Up and down his awkward arm could sway,
> And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
> In one weak, washy, everlasting flood?"

To carry the very worst measure that ever brought a flourishing empire low, nothing more is necessary than one of Lord Eldon's energetic appeals to his own honesty, or a sermon from the Bishop's bench, stuck as thick as plumbs in a pudding, with "glorious constitution," "throne and altar," "wisdom of ancestors," and other similar gabble, "whose true no-meaning puzzles more than wit." Or if these won't do the business, it is but adding a dab of Greek from the fathers, which nobody can translate, or a citation from Scripture, to prove that Moses was an Orangeman, which nobody understands, and you will certainly carry conviction to the bosom of the hereditary counsel of the Empire. But it were an endless labour to recount all the varieties of

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* "Nullus est tam sapiens, mitis, aut formosus,
Tam prudens virtutibus, cæteris famosus,
Quin stultus reputabitur, et satis dispectus,
Si fortuna prosperos evertat effectus."

false logic, weaknesses, and credulities, which influence popular judgments. It is sufficient just to cast an eye at the effects, and let them decide. Was it not public opinion that cast Manlius from the Tarpeian rock, for taking part with the people, against an overweening and oppressive oligarchy? Was it not public opinion that administered the *cicuta* to Socrates? that tied Servetus to the stake? and, to come nearer to our own times, did not public opinion deliver Gilbert Wakefield to a prison, for daring to speak his mind? and did it not burn Priestley's house about his ears, because he lifted his voice against the maddest and most unprincipled war that ever brought a nation to the brink of ruin? Is it not public opinion, or rather the blindest, most confiding, uninquiring credulity, which enables our lawyers to make truth a libel, and the denunciation of fraud an offence at common law?* Cobbett, who should know "My Public" better than any one, having acquired one fortune by loyalty and *altarity*, and then "another and a better one," by abusing kings and priests, never made such a hit, as in his jibing way of calling the public "a most thinking people." What! the purchasers of Corder's rope at a guinea per inch, a thinking people! the nation, who, not satisfied with the legal exhibition of Hunt and Probert, flocked in crowds to the theatre, to see their horse and cart on the stage, a thinking people! The kissers of old Blucher's blood-stained hands, a thinking people! The putters down and the putters up of the Bourbons, a thinking people! Does it then show such marks of thought, to mistake an hierarchy for religion, and an oligarchy for a constitutional government? Is it a sign of thought to sit down contentedly to eat taxed bread? to take the national morality from the "John Bull" newspaper? to refuse rational liberty to Ireland, and place its hopes of tranquillizing the country, in printing the Bible in a language which nobody reads? Is it a proof of thought to be the dupe of Peel's elaborate candour, and his Retford reformations; to put faith in finance committees, and in select vestries; or to squander millions on the word of a scheming attorney and a junta of joint stock directors? Is it a sign of thought, to send silver cradles to Johanna Southcote's tympanitic Shiloh; to swallow Wolf's incomprehensibles about Palestine; or the Hibernian Society's too comprehensible tamperings with the truth in Ireland? Does it show thought to believe in the divine origin of a religion, and yet to imagine temporal grandeur, power, and riches, the end and means of its existence, and the suppression of free inquiry indispensable to its credit? Whichever way we turn, something stares us in the face, to render eminently ridiculous this claim of "My Public's" to superior wisdom. Speak with the vulgar, says the Proverb, but think with the wise. Think, indeed, you may if you please; but tell your thoughts, and be stoned for your pains. Keep your opinions even from the brother of your love, and play the hypocrite from the crown of the head to the soles of your feet, if you would not be the butt of every paltry rascal. If you would live at ease, go hand in hand with the follies of the people; and as soon think of pleading guilty of the Evil, as of discovering yourself to be wiser than your neighbours. Howl out "no popery"

* Let me not be blamed for recurring again and again to this giant abuse. The allusion to it may be *crambe repetita;* but as long as the thing itself subsists, a disgrace to the law, and a ridicule on the nation, it is useful to keep the subject constantly before the public, and if possible to shame the legislature into amendment.

through the streets with the parsons; abuse all foreigners in general, and the French in particular; write paragraphs in praise of our "ancient allies, the Turks," and call the battle of Navarin "untoward;" vilify the Jesuits in Ireland, and laud them to the third heaven at Montrouge; decry Mr. Huskisson and free trade, and exclaim against a multiplicity of foreign markets for your goods, as the surest means of keeping them on the shelf; swear by the efficacy of sinking funds, and the virtues of buying annuities dear, and selling them cheap; vote experience a bore, and maintain that a camp is the best school of political wisdom, and the natural home of liberty; copy Dr. Phillpot, or Harriet Willson; publish the annals of the gaming-house, or the experiences of condemned cut-throats and the conversions of rope-sanctified sinners; —but beware of detecting error, or disturbing prejudice; leave the landmarks of Gothic ignorance unmoved, and lift not the veil through which our Saxon ancestors looked at law, divinity, and the nature of things; be obstinately determined to see no abuse in the principles or practice of the Court of Chancery; allow no vice in high life, except in the person of Long Wellesley Pole, and believe in Lord Eldon's tears, as in another Athanasian Creed; be sure to belong to the Cumberland Brunswicks, and before all things, subscribe to the new loyal church and state university. Let the "Book of the Church" be your *vade mecum*, and the "Vision of Judgment" your psalter. If you touch upon metaphysics, (which is never, by-the-by, quite safe,) plunge deep into transcendentals; or publish a concordat of phrenology and the Thirty-nine Articles; and if you would show your learning, answer the Œdipus Judaicus, or put forth a new system of Greek metres. Do these things and prosper.

Such is the language which a cautious parent would address to his son, on his outset on the career of life, and such the sentiments which are boastfully avowed by half the public men of the day. But it is not the language of honesty, of manhood, or of patriotism. True it is, that the many are credulous, and easily led to repay devotion to their cause, not only with neglect, but with reproach and obloquy.

> "Worth itself is but a charter
> To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr."

But where would be the value, the praiseworthiness of virtue, if the abnegation of self was merely nominal, and required no effort? What is there indeed less contemptible and mean in pandering to the passions of the many, and assisting in their delusion, than in subserviency to the lusts and vices of an individual,—that there should be such difference in the estimation of the public and the private parasite? Why should the want of physical courage be marked with infamy, and the absence of moral courage be regarded with complacency? If nations be weak and credulous, will the cowardice of the enlightened abate the evil? That credulity which renders them ductile in evil, is equally available to lead them to good; and if all who hold sound opinions would manfully own them, and would teach what is right, as perseveringly as the base and the perverse hold forth what they know to be wrong, they are numerous enough to enforce respect, and change the current of public opinion. In all times and nations, this republic of thinkers,—this interior public, if we may so speak,—has existed, and has been the solace of those generous spirits who have dared to run counter to popular error. But in our own more fortunate age, the republic

would be all powerful, if, instead of abandoning the people to their errors, it would but know and exert its energies. The mere mob which are misled to persecute the truth, brutalized as they may be by their fanatical teachers, still speak the sentiments of their heart, and act in obedience to their perceptions of right; and shall the enlightened and the instructed condescend to wear a visor, and to enact an eternal lie? With a consciousness of the approbation of the wise and the good, is there any thing so intolerable in the censure of the wicked? Even to the money-making worshippers of Mammon, the merely selfish, there might be adduced motives which might induce them to abandon their varnish of hypocrisy, and speak boldly the truth, when they perceive it. Is not their wilful self-abuse, the fighting the battles of their most determined enemies? and as for sharing in the general plunder, how few are the elect to whom this is really permitted! What in this respect is commonly called prudence, is nothing better than a short-sighted shallow calculation. Oh! away with this suicidal timidity—this vile crouching, spaniel-like abjection. "Oh! ever while you live, speak truth and shame the devil." It needs but to scrutinize, with some little accuracy, the enemies with whom we have to contend, and we shall find them more worthy of pity than of apprehension; for they are strong only in our weakness, and bully because they encounter no one to oppose them. If, indeed, any considerable sacrifice were demanded, for what can man more worthily sacrifice than for truth? The honour of victory lies but in the contest. If the public were wise and alive to their own interests, to possess useful truths would be no distinction; and to publish them would be no merit. In abandoning the cause of truth, because of the general prevalence of error, we but quit the pump because the ship is sinking. Finally, the perversity of the public is in the order of nature, and should neither surprise nor disappoint us. M.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR, *Paris, Oct. 24, 1828.*

THE political revolution of France, which may, in fact, be regarded as the revolution of Europe, and of the world, began in 1787, was interrupted by Bonaparte on the 9th of November, 1799, and again broke out in 1815, to end heaven knows when. The men who were educated in the interval between 1800 and 1815, now take part in public affairs, figure in fashionable drawing-rooms, and are beginning to acquire reputation in the literary world. The young man who was sixteen years old in 1815, has had his character developed, and has acquired knowledge of men and things from that time to 1828. Having been brought up under a monarchical government, it might be naturally expected that he should be a royalist; but far from it, he is the avowed enemy of the Jesuits, and he is intent only on working his way into a good place under government, whatever that government may be. A young Frenchman, when he comes of age, instead of speculating on realizing a fortune by some profitable business, thinks only of paying his court to Prefects and Ministers, in order to get himself maintained at the public expense, or, as the phrase here is, *manger au Budget.*

In France we have four distinct classes of men in politics and literature; first, the triflers of the reign of Louis XVI., who were twenty years of age in 1788; secondly, the revolutionists, who were only twenty in 1793; thirdly, the Bonapartists, who were fifteen years old in 1800, and who from that time to 1814 were imbued with the love of military glory by reading the Emperor's bulletins; and, fourthly, the young men, who since 1815

and the second restoration of the Bourbons have been educated for the Church, under the influence of the Jesuits. Many of the sons of our noblest and wealthiest French families are educated by the Jesuits at St. Acheul, near Amiens, and at other colleges. Under such tuition they become what is termed men of the world, aud acquire the grand art of serving their own interests by flattering men in power. The Jesuit's colleges have certainly produced many able men; but the youths which now issue from them with the reputation of excellent classical scholars, are sometimes unable to understand the most simple school books, and are quite incompetent to construe a page of Horace or Tacitus. The young students of St. Acheul possess the manners and opinions of the old men who figured twenty years before the commencement of the revolution.

Napoleon restrained the progress of literature from 1800 to 1814. He bribed men of letters by places and pensions, because he stood in awe of them. The last part of the Duke de Rovigo's Memoirs contains an account of the corruption of M. Esménard, a writer who obtained credit for some talent during the empire. It was Napoleon who instructed the French Academy to elect M. de Chateaubriant. His object was to have a claim on the gratitude of every man of talent. From the treatment which Mad. de Staël's "Germany" experienced, it is easy to guess the fate that awaited any writer who might venture honestly to express his opinions. The restrictions to which authorship was subjected from 1800 to 1814, sufficiently show that the revolution has not had time to extend its influence to literature. The necessity of defending the French territory against the combined sovereigns of Europe engaged our attention from 1792 to 1800. Since the return of the Bourbons, the tyranny exercised by the nobles in the reaction of 1816, and the political manœuvres which have terminated by the election of the reasonable and prudent chamber of 1828, have superseded other subjects of interest. However, a great literary revolution is preparing. One department only promises not to rise above mediocrity, namely, metaphysics and logic. M. M. Cousin and Royer Collard (the President of the Chamber of 1828) aim at abolishing the truths established by Locke, Condillac, Tracy, Cabanis, and Bentham, and in lieu of arguments they refer to the poetic reveries of Plato. The majority of young men, educated under the imperial regime between 1800 and 1814, despise Condillac, and admire M. Royer Collard. The political reputation of this gentleman, and the honour of being President of the Elective Chamber, have raised him into popularity, and materially helped Plato's reveries to triumph over the truths of Locke and De Tracy. These circumstances easily explain the offence that has been taken in certain quarters at Dr. Broussais' clever work, entitled *De l'irritation et de la folie*, which, as I mentioned in one of my former letters, is a bold attack upon Plato.

For the reasons I have just stated, the great literary revolution which is about to commence in France, and that hence will spread over the whole Continent, will not extend to philosophy (that is to say, logic and metaphysics), but will be confined to literature alone. The names of Racine and Shakspeare will be watchwords in the conflict; and the question will be which of these two great poets is henceforth to be the model for tragic composition.

M. Ancelot, who, if not a poet, may be called a good versifier, lately brought out a tragedy entitled "Olga," of which I gave some account in my last letter. The success of the piece has proved a source of annoyance to the French Academy, the members of which, who are all partisans of the classic style, think it expedient every now and then to get Shakspeare, Goethe, and Schiller anathematised by their perpetual secretary M. Auger. On the first performance of a new tragedy, the public who are infected with the doctrines of the French Academy, hiss every thing that is imitated from Shakespeare; but on the second or third representation they get tired of all that is imitated from Racine. Thus, a piece written in an inflated and bombastic style is applauded to the skies on the first night of performance, though on the fourth night it will not bring five hundred francs to the theatre, the receipt on which the author's emoluments depend. The poor tragic poet is,

therefore, in an unfortunate dilemma: he must either make up his mind to be hissed on the first night by venturing upon things which were never before witnessed on the French stage; or he must incur the risk of seeing his audience fall asleep on the third night. If no very interesting political events should occur for the next six or eight months, the public will at length decide whether we are to prohibit or allow the imitation of Shakspeare in French tragedy. For the last four years, politics have constantly diverted the attention of the public from this important question, in spite of the urgent remonstrances of all those men of letters who are held to be worthy of respect, because they appear in public ceremonies in the uniform of the Institute, viz. a black coat embroidered with green.

I must call your attention to "The Memoirs of the Empress Josephine," which have just appeared, and which are extremely interesting. They are written by a lady who was born, I believe, in England, during the emigration, and who lived, as *Dame de Compagnie*, with the empress, after the divorce by which she was separated from Napoleon. Madame Ducrest, the niece of Madame de Genlis, is said to be the writer of these very curious and entertaining memoirs. The amiable authoress has painted the manners of the courts of Malmaison and the Chateau de Navarre in a most natural and lively style. Nothing can be more agreeable than to mark the vivacity with which a young lady of eighteen describes a kind of life then so new to her. The book is full of piquant anecdotes, in the midst of which the generous and gracious character of Josephine is prominently displayed. One thing is singular, Madame Ducrest introduces anecdotes of many living persons of distinction, the meeting with whom in society, as she must have occasion to do, will probably cause some embarrassment. For instance, what can be more laughable than the story of M. de Clermont Tonnerre, the minister from whom France was lately delivered, dancing in 1811, heavy and clumsy as he was, before the empress and the young ladies of her court, and of the awkward accident which befel him.

A new novel from the pen of Madame Gay, entitled *Les malheurs d' un amant heureux*, is exceedingly popular in the fashionable circles. It affords a very accurate picture of the manners of high life about the year 1796. The extravagant passion for pleasure with which the French were seized when, released from the horrors of the reign of terror, they found themselves secure under the government of the Directory, is a curious circumstance for the consideration of the philosopher. A civilized nation, after suffering the shocks of a revolution, naturally falls into an insane love of social pleasure, whenever people begin to feel their property and lives secure. We shall probably see an instance of this in Italy, and in other countries, before the middle of the nineteenth century.

Few people, even in Paris, can be said to know the society among which they live. This accounts for the interest excited by a new novel called *Le Maçon*, by M. Raymond. This work presents pictures which, though not of the most agreeable kind, are nevertheless true to nature. The heroine, the wife of a mason in Paris, is the victim of her husband's jealousy and cruelty. In the lower classes of life, as in a savage state of society, the ardour of the lover is too often succeeded by the brutality of the husband. The author of the *Maçon* has pourtrayed the vices of the lower orders of Paris, with a degree of fidelity which is of course more revolting to the French reader than it would be to a foreigner, whose imagination will not aid him in filling up the pictures. The revolution, or to speak more correctly, the sale of the property of the clergy and emigrants, by producing a feeling of respectability among the common people in France, has rendered them the happiest in the world. But the working classes in Paris are still less happy than the *laboureurs* of la Brie, or the *vignarons* of Burgundy. Paris is the point of attraction for *mauvais sujets* from all parts of France, and to this circumstance must be attributed the horrors described in the *Maçon*. The novel is read by every body, from the lady of fashion down to her *femme de chambre*.

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES, NO. II.

Mr. Charles Bell.

This gentleman holds a high rank among modern physiologists, and is one of the most talented men in the profession. His eager, industrious, untiring and grasping spirit, contemning the dogmata of the schools, has marked out a path for its own high energies to traverse; and erecting on that path the standard of independence, he has worshipped the "lord of the lion's heart and eagle's eye," with an ardour and a devotion which have been productive of numerous benefits to science, and which have placed him, the worshipper, on a lofty pedestal of pre-eminence. The history of Mr. Bell's life would abundantly prove, how essentially requisite to the best and noblest interests of science, are perfect freedom of opinion, and a straight-forward, upright manliness of thought and action; and how useless, worthless, and disgraceful is an obsequious deference to existing usages, merely because they *do* exist. The age of idle imitation, and of truckling servility—of debasing prejudice, and of abject mental bondage, is, thank Heaven, passing swiftly and surely away before the light of knowledge. "The school-master is abroad!" and wisdom is daily shedding its brightest blessings upon the barren ground of ignorance.

There are many species of heroes and philanthropists in the world. "Some are born great; some achieve great things; and some have greatness thrust upon them." Some attain mighty renown by their prowess in war; and in proportion to their sanguinary and exterminating exploits are their virtues estimated. Some gain celebrity in poesy, and others in eloquence. But equal to any of these, perhaps greater than all, is that man who, dedicating his talents to the benefits of mankind, and to the instruction of his fellow-creatures, scatters about with an unsparing, although it may be an unseen hand, the benefits of his scientific knowledge.

As one of this illustrious class, for illustrious it is, Mr. Bell stands conspicuous. Not because he is a "Professor of the London University;" nor because he is a leading member of the "Council of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge;" but because he has devoted his lofty talents to the enlightenment of the ignorant, and the imparting additional information to the partially initiated; because, amidst all the toil and worry and fatigue of his professional duties, he has still snatched some hours from the current business of the day for the extension of science. This is not all: even in his professional career he is distinguished as the founder of a new and rational nervous system, established on plain, tangible, palpable principles of physical demonstration.

Mr. Bell began his career in conjunction with one of the most remarkable and able men who has ever dignified the united sciences of physiology and surgery, namely, his brother, the late John Bell of Edinburgh. The boldness of this gentleman's views—the acuteness of his intellect—the manly, independent, upright scientific character of his practice, would, had he lived, have conferred on him the fame and the utility of an Abernethy. He was the very Antipodes of that patchy, empirical, disgraceful practice which then characterized surgery; and, building his knowledge upon the formation and functions

of Nature, he soon distinguished himself as a man of very uncommon and brilliant abilities. Independently of his professional knowledge, he was a man of very considerable scholarship; and he seems to have concentrated all his talent and all his acquirements in the practice of his profession, to which, we have heard, he was most enthusiastically and fondly attached. Indeed, a person who wrote as he did, and who had the rare faculty of enduing the driest and most disgusting subjects with vivid interest, must have felt a keen relish for the science, the principles of which he was thus luminously explaining.

John Bell was one of the first men who endeavoured to put to flight that "scholastic jargon" which had so long been the pride of anatomists and the disgrace of their science. The anatomists of that day avoided plainness, as though it were mean, and were as studious of hard words as if they constituted the perfection of science: it was their trade, their mystery to write obscurely, and full sorely did the student feel it. "There is not," says Mr. Bell, "a difficult or a hard-sounding word, upon which they have any claim, that they have not retained; they have choked their subject with useless minutiæ: they have polluted their language by transferring to it from the Latin many words which, by their continual inflections, in that language, were beautiful; while their unvaried, uncouth termination in ours, is barbarous in the utterance, while it tends but to interrupt and puzzle the sense. They have impressed into the service of their science a great many poor words that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom."

Diametrically opposed to this absurdity was the conduct of John Bell; and he has given us, in his "Anatomy," in the production of which he was very ably assisted by his brother Charles, a plain, straightforward, useful work, replete with an immense body of information, and, without exception, the best book of the kind extant. If the student has any love for the science to which he is about to devote himself, let him read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest "Bell's Anatomy," and if it does not, after this, sharpen his appetite for study, he must be made of sterner stuff than we are. Even the *non*-professional reader will find a vast fund of interest in the pages of this clever book—illustrated, as they are, with Mr. Charles Bell's drawings; and we can have no hesitation in freely recommending it, not merely to every student, but to those who are already well established in practice: they will find it a text-book, to be referred to at all times with advantage, and well calculated to open new sources of knowledge, by stimulating the mind to thought and reflection.

It was, as we have said, in fraternal conjunction with John Bell, that the subject of our present "Sketch" commenced his scientific career; and he could not have had a better guide, or a more advantageous coadjutor. We can easily conceive the interest with which Charles's young and eager mind received the instructions, and watched the operations of his talented brother. There was a masculine boldness of thought and action about John Bell, which must have greatly captivated a mind so constituted as that of Charles; and much, perhaps, of his subsequent celebrity may be attributed to his companionship with such a brother. Not but that the germs of all this excellence were inherent in the Professor's mind: his brother's vigorous guidance served

only the more readily to nurture them, and to train them up into that expansion and fertility which they have since attained.

By the profession Charles Bell is classed among the distinguished few who have materially and largely contributed to the advancement and improvement of physiological science; and his industrious researches, regarding the nervous system, will preserve his name from falling into oblivion, so long as science shall exist among mankind. There is so much interest and beauty in his theory, that we shall endeavour to present our readers with an epitome of it.

Until very recently, people's notions about the nerves were very absurd, extravagant, and ill-founded. Every one knew, because this was demonstrable, that they had their origin in the brain, and in its continuation, the spinal marrow; and they knew, moreover, that it was their direct and uninterrupted communication with these organs that produced the quality which we call *sensation*. How this quality was precisely produced no one knew. And as every debatable point causes dispute in proportion to the difficulty of its solution, so did this question of the *modus operandi* of the nerves, or rather nervous influence, give origin to numerous absurd theories on the subject. Some said that sensation was effected by vibration; others by a fluid, contained and circulating in the nerves, to be discovered, however, only by such a magical microscope as that of M. Baur. Another class of theorists stoutly maintained that all this depended upon electricity, "animal electricity," as it was termed, and to this was attributed divers derangements of the nervous system, and sundry strange symptoms, which the wisdom of the electricians could not otherwise account for. It was a bad thing for mankind that medicine and surgery should have been so wrapped up and obscured by the pomp of learned nonsense, and the utter dereliction of all that was plain, comprehensible, and useful: and this really was the case till within, comparatively, a very few years. The disciples of these sciences—we speak, of course, generally—had no notion of the necessity of making Nature their guide. They adopted this theory or that, not from a conviction of its utility and justice, but according to the number of its followers; so that the poor unfortunate patients were used merely as puppets, wherewith to try experiments upon, and to demonstrate the truth and tangibility of their tormentors' doctrine. Nature must have had some glorious tussles with these same sage theoreticians; and such of the unhappy victims as were blessed with recovery, must have felt most grateful to Providence for their escape from their merciless clutches.

Now we all know, that in nervous disorders different parts of the body are affected, and the functions of different organs deranged, and even suspended. What do we mean by nervous disorders? Certain indistinct, uncomfortable, irritable sensations, which we cannot trace to any one particular organ, but which seem to pervade the whole frame —the head, the chest, the stomach, and every thing else. We have all heard of physical sympathy, and some physicians of our acquaintance will descant very learnedly upon this matter, and explain, to the perfect satisfaction of the patient, how it is that the head is affected from a disordered state of the digestive organs. Does this depend upon electricity? or a fluid? or vibration? or the influence of the moon? Alas, no!—It depends upon what Mr. Charles Bell has unequivocally

established—direct, tangible, demonstrable nervous communication. Ay, but how? We will explain.

There are two sets of nerves issuing from the brain—those which communicate peculiar properties to the senses, and those which supply (so to speak) the machinery of those senses with ordinary sensation. This is Mr. Charles Bell's theory of the nerves—a theory which is borne out by numberless facts, and which is, in every point of view, consistent with our ideas of the beautiful operations of Nature. This subject is so interesting, that we are tempted to enlarge upon it; but only in such a manner as will, we trust, be acceptable to the reader, who must bear in mind that this is Charles Bell's theory—almost his own words.

The nerves of an animal are in strict proportion to the size of his body; and they bear in their distribution and offices a close and careful relation to his necessities, and to the perfection of those organs by which these necessities are supplied. Researches in comparative anatomy, where our range is so extensive, prove to us that the particular habits of all classes of animals have been duly and most exactly regulated by Almighty wisdom, in reference to the size and distribution of their nerves. Thus, if the procuring of food depend upon the acuteness or power of the organ of smell, or upon the ears, or the eyes, or the tongue, or even upon the bill of birds, an additional supply of nerves is provided, or a peculiar apparatus of nerves bestowed, for the express purpose of contributing to this want. There is another provision connected with the nerves, which will strike the attentive observer very forcibly, and which Mr. Charles Bell has demonstrated in his accustomed felicitous and clear manner. Although, in every instance where the use of the organ is not absolutely essential to life, we have a complete command over that organ, or nearly so; yet, where the vital function depends upon a constant, free, and perfect action of any organ, we have no control whatever over *that* organ. We may close the eye, or the ear, or the nose, and so shut out the senses which these organs supply; because, however necessary to our comfort may be their healthy and active condition, they are not essential to life; but we cannot thus suspend the action of the heart, or of the lungs, or of the curious apparatus by which the important function of respiration is performed. These are organs, the perpetual motion of which is absolutely necessary to the grand work of existence, and, therefore, Nature has guarded their functions from interruption or suspension by making them entirely independent of the will, and less immediately dependent upon the functions of the brain.

Equally curious, beautiful, and provident is the manner in which the nervous machinery, which supplies these vital organs, is arranged and constructed. These nerves are a distinct class of themselves, and are formed by contributions from some of the nerves of the senses, having also a direct or indirect communication with every nerve in the body. The commencement of this class of nerves is, like that of all others, in the brain, under the appropriate name of "the great sympathetic nerve." No sooner has it left the brain, than it immediately begins to add to its powers by the formation of what are called "ganglia." These are little tortuous knots upon the trunk of the nerve, which answer two purposes, namely, the more perfect and extensive propagation

of nervous energy by affording a medium of communication with other nerves, and the imparting of additional energy to the particular nerve which forms it. Having effected this, the great sympathetic descends down the neck, into the lower parts of the body, sending its branches in its progress to the heart, lungs, stomach, &c.

From the course and distribution of this very important nerve, we are now enabled to account for that extensive and extraordinary sympathy which exists between parts so remote from each other, and apparently unconnected either by a reciprocity of function, or otherwise. Above all, it will show us the influence which the mind has over the body; and how the different senses, which may be said, in the aggregate, to constitute mind, are distorted and deranged from a corresponding derangement of the internal organs. Here is a direct, continuous and most sensitive sympathy between the senses and all parts of the body; and there are few of us who have not, at some period of our lives, experienced a painful proof of its influence.*

Before we quit this subject, we must advert to the fact of these nerves being independent of the will, and of their enabling the different organs, which they immediately supply, to continue their functions without interruption or suspension. When we say that the will has no power over these nerves, we mean, that a person cannot control the actions of the vital organs, as he can those of his arms, or legs, or hands, &c. that is, while he is in health. But a very little observation will show us that certain passions, emotions of the mind, or irregularities of living, with several other causes, have an especial and a powerful influence over these organs, as far as a derangement, merely, of their functions is concerned; thus establishing what Mr. Bell calls, "a reciprocal influence between the nerves and the vital organs." We all know that violent rage, continued grief or anxiety, deep study, and even great joy, very materially interfere with the healthy actions of the frame, and, if continued, that they eventually affect the whole nervous system. "We must be sensible," observes Mr. Bell, "how often the exercise of the passions, and even the images which occupy the mind, produce physical changes on the body."

Here, then, is a clear, intelligible, demonstrable, nervous system, easily comprehended by the meanest capacity, and the public, as well as the profession, have much reason to be grateful to Mr. Bell for the vast labour, research, and perseverance, which he has devoted to this intricate, interesting, and most important matter. In physiological pursuits, as well as in many others, we ought to estimate a man's labours by their useful application, not by the toil or mysticism by which they are attended. A gentleman, who ranks very high, or, at least who *has* ranked very high among modern physiologists, has devoted much of his time to the discovery of air-bubbles (carbonic acid gas) in the blood, and the Lord knows what in the brain, and, with the assistance of M. Baur's magical microscope, already hinted at, he certainly has made some singular discoveries. Now, all this may be very amusing to the philosopher himself, but *cui bono?* Where is the use of

* To such of our readers as are anxious for information on the subject of this physical sympathy, we beg to refer them to a little work just published by Hurst and Co. "On Nervous Disorders."

it, even if established? or what good—what practical good are such discoveries likely to effect? Charles Bell had too much good sense to mystify his pursuits; and, accordingly, *his* discoveries were not, at first, received with that reverence which they otherwise would have obtained.

We have already seen, and briefly described, the result of one branch of his researches: we shall now mention another equally important and interesting, equally useful in its application to a tangible, practical good. In tracing the nerves, which originate immediately in the brain, and which supply the machinery of the organs of sense, Mr. Bell remarked that each organ was provided with two distinct sets of nerves: one set supplying the sense of the organ, the other its machinery only. For instance, the eye has two sets of nerves; one producing vision, the other distributed to the various muscles, glands, and membranes, that constitute the machinery of the organ. The same with the tongue, the nose, the ear. Now these two sets are totally distinct from each other, both in their distribution and modes of action: and if the nerves of taste in a dog, or ass, or any other animal be divided, so as to interrupt its connexion with the brain, the unfortunate animal will still retain the power of munching or grinding its food, but no power of discrimination as to its quality. This favourite experiment of Mr. Bell was performed upon an ass. The nerves of taste were divided, so as to destroy that sense. Some oats were then placed before the animal, and, after smelling them in the usual way, he thrust his nose into the sieve, and turned the grain over and over with his tongue, occasionally munching a mouthful, but swallowing none; for, the organ of taste being destroyed, he knew not whether the oats were food or poison.

The prosecution of this interesting subject has been the business of Mr. Bell for many years; and now, having overcome all silly, unjust, and bigoted opposition, and all illiberal envy and prejudice, he is regarded, by honest men, as a man of great talent, a master spirit among the philosophers of the age. Mr. Bell is not a man of the world. There is too much independence about him to permit him to truckle to its servile usages. Had he demeaned himself by being one, much of the upright manliness of his character would have been frittered away in idleness and adulation; and science would have lost what fashion and "the world" would have gained.

As a lecturer, Mr. Bell ranks very high. Till his advancement to the chair of physiology in the London University, he supported the credit of one of the first anatomical schools in London, with a dignity and a suavity which have endeared him to all who have reaped the benefit of his tuition; and when we consider the number of able surgeons which that school, originally founded by Hunter, and subsequently supported by Cruikshanks, Baillie, and Bell, has produced, we shall be enabled to appreciate with justice the value of Mr. Bell's qualifications as a teacher. To his pupils, whether at the hospital or in the lecture-room, he is kind, attentive, and abounding in practical information; at the hospital, indeed, his kindness is of the utmost advantage to the poor suffering patients, and they can testify how greatly his attention has alleviated the pangs of disease, and how much it has conduced to their comfort and recovery. This, after all, is the true test of benevolence, for where a person is not paid for kindness, and where

the assumption of it is not necessary to advance his interests, if exhibited at all, it must spring from an inherent habitation in the heart.

As a scientific writer, Mr. Bell is well and widely known. His numerous anatomical and physiological works evince the deep research, the untiring industry, and the unwearied desire to instruct and improve, which so eminently characterize their author; who possesses two qualifications, which distinguish him above all his contemporaries. One is an acute and comprehensive knowledge of mechanics; the other a proficiency in drawing: both of which accomplishments have afforded him the means of illustrating his works in a manner which has added very considerably to their interest and utility.

It is well known that Mr. Bell has already contributed one tract to the library of useful knowledge, namely, that "On Animal Mechanics." We are happy to inform the public that he has pledged himself to give another, and on a subject which, treated as it will be by him, must indeed prove highly interesting. It is on the circulation of the blood, explained, if we are not mistaken, with reference to Mechanics,—in the same manner, indeed, as the "Animal Mechanics." It is pleasant to see the leaders in science condescending to enlighten and instruct the mass of mankind, for it is thus that science, as it becomes popular, becomes also surpassingly useful and enduring.

A DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Oxford is vaunted as the prince (or rather the princess) of Universities; and there is no denying that Europe can show nothing else to compare with it, in point of picturesque and architectural beauty united. But its sister, Cambridge, is not without attractions of a similar kind. There are several things at Cambridge, each of which is well worth a journey from London to see; and, taking the whole of this University together, there is perhaps no other University in Europe (Oxford always excepted) that will so well repay a passing visit.

As we are not aware of our readers being able to find anywhere in print an intelligible sketch, however slight, of the principal points claiming admiration in this famous seat of learning, we shall endeavour to furnish them with such a sketch; only premising that it is not a "Guide" we are about to offer them, but merely a glance, by which they may be led, by the nearest road, to the most noticeable objects, without being needlessly delayed by the way.

The situation of Cambridge is bad, and the town itself devoid of a single point of public interest, except those growing out of it as the seat of the University. We shall therefore confine our attention exclusively to these latter, and shall treat Cambridge itself as if there were no such place; merely placing our readers at once before the objects we wish them to observe, and "cutting short all intermission" between one and another: in other words, we shall avoid all generalities in our descriptions, except in so far as relates to the general effect of the particular object, or set of objects, that we may have to describe.

We are by no means satisfied as to the good effect of keeping back the most striking points of a description to the last. But whether such a plan be politic or not, we confess ourselves to be totally incapable of pursuing it, in cases where the objects to be described have already

taken their stations in our memory according to their respective powers of exciting and fixing the attention and admiration.

Having to describe the architectural beauties of Cambridge, we cannot begin with the pretty little ivy-clothed cupola of the gate of Caius', and so arrive gradually at the splendid *coup-d'œil* formed by the assemblage of buildings in front of St. Mary's Church, but must beg leave to place the reader within view of the latter at once; just as we should do in regard to a visitor who might claim our ciceroneship on the actual spot. Indeed, if the reader will please (in imagination) to accept of our services in the latter capacity, it will perhaps facilitate our object, of exciting his attention towards some of the most striking scenes of their kind that can anywhere be met with.

Placing ourselves at once, then, with our backs to the chief door of the University Church, St. Mary's, we shall see before and about us an assemblage of buildings, that, for richness and variety of architectural beauty, cannot, perhaps, be rivalled even in Oxford itself, within an equally limited space of ground. On the extreme right is the Senate House, where the principal official business of the University is transacted. This is a building uniting simplicity and ornament in so judicious a manner as to produce an effect at once extremely rich, yet perfectly sober and chaste. It is constructed of Portland stone, and after what is understood by the term classical models; and from the point of view which we have chosen, it presents a perfect view of its principal front, and its eastern end; its general form being an oblong square. The end which is next to us consists of four Corinthian columns, supporting a somewhat low pediment, and having the windows one above the other, in each intercolumniation,—except in the centre one, where the place of the lower window is occupied by a carved oaken door. The front or flank (for in a building of this form one is apt, from an association growing out of the form and office of the Greek religious temple, to regard the ends as the fronts, those being invariably the points of entrance, and also those where the chief architectural and sculptural ornaments were placed)—the front or flank, whichever it should be called, consists of a centre compartment, exactly corresponding in form and character with that just described; and on each side of it a wing, about equal in extent to the centre compartment, but ornamented by pilasters only, and surmounted by a balustrade, running the whole length of the building. This handsome erection is detached; though built a hundred years ago, it is in as perfect preservation as if raised but yesterday; and the effect of it is, with one or two exceptions, the most satisfying and complete of any thing that we shall meet with in our examination. Indeed, to those who prefer the classical to the Gothic style, it will perhaps present the most striking object in the University.

At a right angle with the Senate House, and therefore exactly in front of us, stands the chief front of the building occupied as the Schools and the University Library. This building, like the one just described, is in the Roman style; but on account of its being without either columns, pilasters, pediments, or any of those imposing details which usually form a portion of those buildings dedicated to public purposes, it produces but an indifferent effect. As a specimen of domestic architecture on a large scale, it might have attracted and satisfied the attention; or even as part of a separate college of the University; but being erected

expressly for so peculiarly public a purpose as that of the Schools and the University Library, its general effect becomes, by association, poor and inappropriate. It is constructed entirely of Portland stone, and consists of two stories, surmounted by a balustrade, supporting, at wide intervals, six urns. The lower story consists of rusticated arches, forming an open piazza; and above the upper story run festoons of flowers.

Passing the eye onward towards the left, it rests upon what is not merely the great architectural boast and glory of this University, but what may be looked upon as one of the most beautiful and perfect objects of its class now in existence: we mean King's College Chapel. Perhaps the spot whereon we are now standing presents as good an occasion as can anywhere be found of comparing the general characteristics and effects of the modern Gothic and the classical styles of architecture, and of estimating the relative merits of each. Assuredly, we have no wish to institute any such comparison at the present moment, nor would it be in place if we had. But still we cannot resist the temptation of pointing out the triumphant superiority of the one style over the other, so far as the instances here presenting themselves are concerned. We do not know where to point out a more perfect example, and a more effective one for its size, of the Roman or classical style, than we have here before us in the Cambridge Senate House. We are speaking, of course, of modern existing erections, and not of the superb remains of the Greek temples, whether in Greece or elsewhere. But let the spectator who is interested in these matters turn from the classical Senate House to the Gothic Chapel of King's College, and let him admit at once, for he cannot deny, the vast superiority of the latter, in every respect connected with singleness and beauty of external effect. There is, notwithstanding a certain impression of smallness, a majestic solidity and grandeur of general effect about the Senate House, which is not to be denied or overlooked. But the eye refuses to rest upon and contemplate this effect for more than a passing moment, while in presence of its exquisite rival, whose beauties, whether of simplicity or of ornament, of airy lightness or of immovable and majestic gravity, rivet and fascinate the senses, and produce together a general unity, consistency, and appropriateness of effect, which, when once received, can never be forgotten. There is a certain bland and graceful sweetness, so to speak, about this building, which we can compare to nothing but the living and breathing loveliness of a certain class of female forms and faces. We are tempted to believe that something like this general impression was produced upon the spectator by some of the ancient Greek temples, erected previous to and during the era of Pericles. But we do not believe that such impression has attended the contemplation of any specimens of classical architecture erected since, or of any other buildings whatsoever, only excepting some few of the modern Gothic ones; and of those only among the latter which can be seen under favourable circumstances of position, preservation, &c. To see a building of this kind to the best advantage, it must be detached from all other buildings, it must be in perfect general preservation, and you must see the whole of it at once, and from a particular point of view, which shall take in the end and the flank at the same time. In a near view of it there must be no part intercepted; but in a distant one, the intervention of a grove of trees produces an exquisite addition to

the effect. The latter of these conditions may be fulfilled at Cambridge in regard to King's College Chapel; but the former not quite, though nearly so. The end and flank united may be seen, nearly without interruption, from the spot where we are supposing the spectator now to stand; and the south side of it may be seen, without the slightest break or interference, from the new quadrangle of King's College, of which quadrangle it, in fact, forms the whole north side. But it must not be denied, that by uniting to the eastern extremity of this side the new screen, which forms, (with the new gate of entrance,) the eastern side of the said quadrangle, a slight, though perhaps unavoidable injury has been done to the completeness and beauty of the view of the chapel from this point. It is not necessary to describe this building in detail; and indeed any attempt to do so must prove no less dry than unsatisfactory. But the reader who wishes to gain beforehand a general notion of it, should understand that its form is simply an oblong square, each end being, of course, pointed. He should also be told that from each corner of the building rises a lofty and most richly-ornamented pinnacle; and that the intermediate space on either side is occupied by eleven of those smaller pinnacles that are so prevalent in Gothic buildings. These latter pinnacles, like the larger ones, are richly carved, and the whole upper extremity of the roof on either side is also elaborately ornamented. From this portion of the building to within a few feet of the ground, all the stonework is comparatively plain and simple, as it consists almost entirely of the eleven buttresses in which the eleven smaller pinnacles terminate,—or rather, which are terminated by the above-named pinnacles. But the department of the building next the ground on either side, consists of a rich and elaborate screen, looking, in connexion with the simplicity of the upper portion, like a mass of jewellery and embroidery worked into the skirts of a plain robe. The rich and gorgeous tracery of the side windows, one of which lies between each buttress, corresponds with and completes the effect just mentioned. The whole pointed end of the chapel which presents itself to a spot a little to the right of where we are now standing, is nearly filled by one vast oriel window.

In immediate contact with the above-named exquisite, and, in our estimation, altogether perfect specimen of the (so called) modern Gothic style of religious architecture, commences the new buildings, which have very lately been completed, in connexion with and belonging to King's College; and which buildings have, with all their faults and errors, for the first time given to Cambridge a *coup-d'œil* which is worthy of its name and office as an English University.

In order to take an advantageous view of the new buildings of King's College, and of those old ones that are in contact with them, we must now move our position from the front of St. Mary's Church, and passing a little to the left, place ourselves immediately opposite the new Gate of King's. This Gate, and the Screen which unites it with the chapel on one hand, and the new range of buildings forming the wall, &c. on the other, is the most striking and conspicuous portion of the new erections. It is of the Gothic class, and intended to correspond in character with the chapel; and in fact, the Screen itself is a fac-simile of one which runs the whole length of the chapel on each side, connecting all the buttresses together. Seen from the particular point of view

which we have chosen, the effect of this Screen and Gateway is exceedingly striking, rich, and altogether appropriate; and the vista which presents itself through the gateway, across the new quadrangle, and through the opposite gateway, leading to the plantations and gardens of the college, gives an exquisite finish to the whole. But the Gateway itself, though, without exception, the most striking erection of its kind in the University, is subject to the objection of not producing its proper effect, or indeed any specific or distinct effect whatever, except when viewed exactly in front of it, on either side. And the reason is, that the cupola and pinnacles by which it is surmounted, are too many in number for the space which they occupy; the consequence of which is that, except when viewed from the exact relative position from which (so to speak) they were intended to be viewed, the single effect of each interferes with that of the whole, or of any given number, and an entire confusion is the result. Perhaps, the want of this imaginative and prospective eye is the great and distinguishing inferiority which all modern architects seem to have laboured under, as compared with ancient. No set of artists were ever able to produce more perfect erections, on paper, than the architects of the present day; and provided they could divest the spectator of the faculty of seeing their buildings from any point of view but precisely that relative one which their previous drawings suppose, there would seldom be any thing to complain of in their general effects! But, unhappily, neither the projectors and designers of our public buildings, nor any one else—but particularly the former—can form the remotest idea as to what will or will not be the effect of their works from any but one point of view. They are sure of the effect from one point, provided the building be erected in precise conformity with the previously-prepared design for it: and this seems to be all they care about; though the building in question will, in all probability, be seen and judged of from fifty different points of view, from all of which its effect will be different, and from none of which, perhaps, will it be what it ought to be, and might have been, had proper skill and prospective judgment been exercised. The architect of the new Palace in St. James's Park fairly confessed, the other day, that he had beforehand no conception whatever of the effect that would be produced by the principal external feature, the Dome, of that building, as seen from the Park: a building on which his reputation as an artist was to be chiefly if not entirely dependent,—at least with posterity. This is the great failing of our modern artists, in more departments than one: they can see nothing till it becomes visible to their actual senses. Luckily, in painting, the results of this deficiency may be remedied. But in architecture, the remedy—even if circumstances did not, in nine cases out of ten, preclude the attempting it—would be pretty sure to prove worse than the disease.

Leaving the spot on which we have been induced to make the above remarks, and passing through the outer gateway of King's into the New Quadrangle, we shall find ourselves in presence of a set of objects, which, taken as a whole, excite nothing short of a delighted admiration, which, however, will perhaps be not unmingled with a slight degree of regret, arising from a contrast (for it must not be called an incongruity) which we are tempted to wish away—we allude to the splendid building, in the Roman style of architecture, forming the whole west side of this qua-

drangle. The building is in itself admirable, and the single effect of it is entirely good; but forming, as it does one side of a vast open square, the other three sides of which belong to a totally different class of architecture, and are calculated to produce totally different general effects on the spectator, the variety is felt to be at least not agreeable. It is true, the range of building of which we are speaking is entirely detached, and may be looked at, together with the beautiful vista through its noble archway in the centre, as a separate and distinct object. But the moment it ceases to act upon the spectator in its own individual character, its extent and importance are such that it must and will interfere (because it cannot blend) with the general effect of the other buildings. With this single drawback, the New Quadrangle of King's may perhaps be looked upon as the most magnificent thing of its kind in Europe. The glance that we have taken at the buildings within view before we entered this quadrangle, will have shown that its four sides consist, on the north, of King's College Chapel; on the south, of the new Gothic buildings, forming the Hall and Fellows' Rooms; on the east, of the new Gothic Screen and Gateway; and on the west, of the Roman building alluded to above.

With the exception of a gravel walk, running near to the buildings on every side, the whole ground-plot of this quadrangle is covered by an unbroken turf, kept, by means of constant and almost hourly attention, in that exquisite order which is only to be observed in spots devoted to similar purposes, here and at Oxford. The effect of an unbroken plot of turf of this kind and quality, and in a situation like this, is perfectly unique, and perhaps indescribable. It is supposed to be, and in fact is, for all purposes of preservation and beauty, sacred from the foot of man or beast; and the feeling arising from this circumstance, added to the exquisite natural adaptation of the object itself to the purposes of rest and relief from the almost dazzling architectural splendour of the surrounding objects, is such as cannot be communicated by any other means whatever, and we might in vain attempt to describe. It is of such a kind, however, that those who are capable of experiencing it, would as soon think of treading upon the object that conveys it to them, as those who honour Nature would think of rooting up a nest of violets. Speaking for ourselves alone, there is but one thing that can disturb and deteriorate the absolute tranquillity of mind, and peace of heart, which fall upon us, like dew from heaven, on entering a place like that we have attempted to describe above: it is, to see a capped and gowned Fellow, profaning with his footsteps the floor of that in some sort sacred temple, merely because he can, by so doing, reach his habitation by a few footsteps less than if he kept to the path allotted for him. We look upon the act as a species of impiety; to say nothing of its proving, to a demonstration, that the person who commits it is either utterly insensible to the mysterious harmony that subsists between a certain class of natural objects and the heart of man; or utterly disregards that harmony, and sets it at nought. He is, in fact, one of whom it may in one sense be said, that

"He hath not music in his soul."

And we are almost tempted to complete the quotation, by adding

"Let no such man be trusted!"

We will now pass from this new quadrangle to the inner one, taking the path through the archway of the western side, in order that the beauties of the spot may come upon us from the best point of view. Of the two, this exquisite scene is of a higher and more completely satisfying character than even that which we have just quitted; chiefly because it combines the highest and purest beauties of external nature with those of art, which the other did not. This Court consists of an elaborate pile of Gothic architecture, forming the Provost's Lodge, on the left, or south; opposite to this stands a noble mass of stone-work, forming a portion of the adjoining buildings of Clare Hall; at right angles with these two ranges stands the western front of the Roman portion of the outer quadrangle; and finally, the whole western side of the square is open to the grounds of the College, seen across the Cam; which river, however, is not visible from the point of observation which we have chosen above; but the two elegantly-simple bridges (overhung with weeping willows) by which the river is crossed at each extremity of the square space, are visible, and form very pleasing features in the view. This inner Court, like the outer one, is floored by an unbroken expanse of turf; which, from the point where we are standing, appears to be connected with the more distant expanse of the same, which is bounded at its western extremity by a dense grove of magnificent elms, while its northern side is shut in by a similar grove of limes; and in the centre the whole effect is completed, by a company of five or six stately elms, planted so closely together, that now they form one vast mass, and seem to look forth, with an air of proud contentment, upon the whole scene which they have seen rise from time to time before them, as the patriarchs of old may be supposed to have looked upon the new generations to which they must have scarcely felt that they belonged. The only other point of view from which we shall glance at the external features of this noble institution of King's College, will be gained, by passing on to the one-arched Bridge which spans the river at the left-hand corner of this inner court. Here you take the slow-going Cam into the view, which seems to linger through these noble scenes, that have gradually grown up around it, as if it loved and would fain not quit them. At the opposite extremity of the court there is another three-arched bridge; and beyond this deep masses of trees, which close in the view at every point, except those described above.

Before quitting this locality, we must not neglect to enter King's College Chapel. The interior of this exquisite temple of religious worship may be described generally, as in every respect correspondent with its outward character. There is the same oneness of general effect, arising from the same mysterious union of the most absolute simplicity with the most elaborate ornament. In form it presents a vast oblong square, unbroken by a single pillar or projection of any kind, the carved oak screen alone excepted, which bears the great organ, and divides the choir from the other portion of the chapel; so that the splendidly sculptured roof which overhangs the whole, seems to rest in the air, like a rich canopy of overhanging clouds. The effect of this alone is most noble and striking; but united with the rich, yet antique sculpture of the walls—the exquisite carving of the screen, stalls, organ-loft, &c.—the beautiful unbroken marble pavement—the finely grave style of the altar-piece, (the Taking down from the Cross, by Daniel di Volterra)—and, above all, the twenty-six splendid windows, twenty-five of which

are each a mass of orient colours, exhibiting, when gazed at intently, some impressive fact of Scripture,—the whole of these objects produce an effect upon the spectator that is perfectly indescribable, but assuredly among the most elevating and impressive, and at the same time the most absolutely satisfying and complete, that the human mind is capable of entertaining. Before taking leave of this divine temple, we cannot help using the occasion it offers, of pointing attention to the peculiar effect produced by vast antique windows like these now in our view, each of which consists of innumerable pieces of coloured glass, each piece so small as to be without design or meaning in itself, and the whole joined together in what, at the first unthinking glance, seems so clumsy a manner, that you attribute the whole to the rudest times of art, and wonder, half indignantly, at the vast mass of labour that has been so nearly cast away. At first you see nothing but a gaudy confusion of colours, got together as if by accident; though it never happens that even the first momentary impression thus produced is otherwise than perfectly agreeable, and perfectly appropriate to the place in which you meet with it. Presently, however, on continuing to look at any one of these masses of seeming no-meaning, you discover a face with a striking expression, or a form with a noble and dignified contour. You continue to gaze, and there seems gradually to grow around the first form that has fixed your attention, a group of other forms and objects, equally striking in themselves, and seeming to fall one by one into their due places in what now appears to be a grand and consistent design; and at length the whole pageant stands clearly revealed before your admiring sense, a great and comprehensive work of art,—designed, perhaps, by the hand of Romano, or of Raffaelle himself. If those who entertain a due regard for these inestimable relics of a *lost* art, would lift still higher their notions of the objects of their admiration, let them, if they can have patience, compare them with our improved method of constructing and arranging such matters in the present day; let them, for instance, gain a perfect acquaintance with any one of the windows of King's College Chapel, so as to be able to carry away with them an image of it in their memory; and let them take that image, and place it beside the best modern painted window extant. In a word, a fine old painted window, seen in a fit place, and under appropriate circumstances, does nothing less than seem to show a sort of dim and mysterious shadowing-forth, or ante-type, of the abodes and occupations of the beatified dead; while the modern one, (at least all the most vaunted ones that it has been our fortune to see,) does but at best rival the blazing transparencies of an illumination night. And it is remarkable that much at least, if not most, of the grievous inferiority we are complaining of, grows out of the pretended improvement of concealing as much as possible the joinings of the pieces of glass; and of using large instead of small pieces. The old artists knew (if not by induction or experience, by that which was a thousandfold better—the fine instinct for art and its effects which they possessed), that to attempt to paint fine pictures on glass, to be shown by a transmitted light, even supposing they could have had glass as cheap, and its use had been as convenient in other respects as canvass, was a thing not to be thought of, because at direct variance with the very principles on which general pictorial effect mainly depends. They therefore, instead of making their painted

windows as much, made them as little, like ordinary pictures, as it was possible to do. Instead of trying to join their several pieces together invisibly, they placed as the medium of holding them together, portions of opaque matter about each, so as completely to disjoin them in fact, though any thing but so in effect. You shall see, in their best works of this kind, the hand severed from the arm—the body from the limbs—the head from the body—and even the hair from the head to which it belongs. But not the less does the whole unite itself into one perfect form in the spectator's imagination,—whose divine province and privilege it is, Fortunatus like, to wish things present or away, just as the immediate effect which calls it into action may require for its completion.

The College in connexion with which, after King's, we shall find the most matter for notice and admiration, is Trinity. We will enter it from its new Court, on account of the fine effect that we shall thus gain by means of the noble avenue of limes by which it is approached on that side. We shall also, by this arrangement, have an opportunity of noticing, as we pass, the fine addition which the building and grounds of Clare Hall make to this rich assemblage of picturesque and architectural beauty. Passing over the stone bridge which we have pointed out as finishing the left extremity of the inner court of King's, we find ourselves in a large square plot of ground, shut in (on every side except that where the river bounds it) by noble avenues of trees. Crossing this plot of ground at a right angle with the bridge, we presently find ourselves in front of a lofty iron gateway, detached from any buildings, and ornamented with armorial bearings, &c. This gate forms one extremity of an avenue of limes, the other extremity of which is closed by the chaste and simple, but stately front of Clare Hall. It will be well to pass down this avenue, if it be but to gaze for a few moments on the magnificent view which presents itself from the Bridge which must be passed before entering Clare Hall. Resting on the Bridge just named, you look upon a view on all sides, that may be pronounced no less faultless and complete, than it is striking for the varied and magnificent character of its beauty. Our limited purpose in this sketch will not admit of our describing this scene in detail—especially as such a description, to be intelligible, must involve many repetitions of what we have noticed above. Our object in referring to this particular point of observation is, to impress the recollection of it upon the future visitor of Cambridge, as one of those most worthy his attention and admiration. We will only add that the *coup-d'œil* takes in a view of the Cam on either hand, lapsing lazily along into the rich depths of elm and lime groves; many of the most striking features of King's; the whole garden-front of Clare Hall; and, on the whole of the right-hand department, such varied masses of stately trees as it would be difficult to match, within the same space of ground, anywhere in Europe.

Retracing our steps from the above point of view, up the avenue of trees which led to it, and then passing on about two hundred yards to the right of its upper extremity, we shall find ourselves in front of another detached gateway of ornamental iron-work, which forms the upper extremity of, and closes in, another avenue of limes, much more rich and lofty than the one leading to Clare Hall. At the opposite extremity from that where we are now standing, the avenue is closed by

a beautifully simple gateway of stone, of Gothic architecture, flanked by turrets, and forming the western entrance to the New (or King's) Court belonging to Trinity College. From the iron gateway where we are standing, nothing can be seen but the noble vista of limes which is closed by the Gothic gateway at its opposite end; but as we pass down the avenue, we presently see, on the right, the outer face of the newly erected Gothic Court; and, on the left, the singularly simple and appropriate erection, used as the Library of this College. A few paces only before you reach the Gothic entrance to the new court, you pass over a third Bridge; and it is at this point that the spectator will once more pause and look around him; though he will see no new objects, but only portions of those just glanced at. The view, however, is magnificent, chiefly on account of the vast, and perhaps unrivalled assemblage of wood, by which you are everywhere surrounded, and which forms stately avenues parallel with and at right angles to each other, and consisting, one of horse chesnuts, two of limes, and the remainder (together with other irregular masses) of elms,—all of which must have seen at least three generations of men grow up, and flourish, and pass away around them, and beneath their shade.

We now pass on, and entering the Gothic gateway spoken of above, as closing the stately avenue at the eastern extremity, we find ourselves in the New Court of Trinity College. This is among the most simple, regular, and complete, of all the quadrangles that we shall have to examine, and it corresponds in style with the gateway by which it is entered. This court is not of very large dimensions; and it perhaps looks smaller than it is, by reason of the circular form of the turf which covers it, and which form produces an effect more novel than either pleasing or appropriate; for we do not want novelty of effect in the quadrangle of a college. Passing from this court, through an archway on the left, we find ourselves in the Middle Court of Trinity,—the whole of which, except that side formed by the Hall, is built on piazzas, which form a cloistered walk all round. There is nothing more appropriate in its effect, in connexion with a collegiate building, than a cloistered way of this kind; and here, more fitly than anywhere else, does the collegiate dress fall in with the character of the place; it seems a sort of impertinence to meet any one in a scene like this, that does not "walk gowned." This court consists of the antique Hall, which occupies the eastern side, and is approached by a flight of steps; on the west, of the magnificent Library; and on the north and south, of the students rooms: the three last-named sides being built on piazzas; and from that beneath the Library you have delightful views, through unglazed windows, into the noble grounds and gardens of the College.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FANCY BALL.

"A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?"
SHAKSPEARE.

"You used to talk," said Miss Mac Call,
"Of flowers, and flames, and Cupid;
But now you never talk at all,
Your 're getting vastly stupid.
You'd better burn your Blackstone, Sir,
You never will get through it;
There's a Fancy Ball at Winchester,—
Do let us take you to it."

I made that night a solemn vow,
To startle all beholders;
I wore white muslin on my brow,
Green velvet on my shoulders;
My trowsers were supremely wide,
I learn'd to swear "by Allah;"
I stuck a poniard by my side,
And called myself "Abdallah."

Oh! a Fancy Ball's a strange affair,
Made up of silks and leathers,
Light heads, light heels, false hearts, false hair,
Pins, paint, aud ostrich feathers:
The dullest Duke in all the town,
To-night may shine a droll one;
And rakes, who have not half-a-crown,
Look royal with a whole one.

Hail, blest Confusion! here are met
All tongues, and times, and faces,
The Lancers flirt with Juliet,
The Brahmin talks of races;
And where 's your genius, bright Corinne?
And where your brogue, Sir Lucius?
And Chinca Ti, you have not seen
One chapter of Confucius.

Lo! dandies from Kamschatka flirt
With beauties from the Wrekin;
And belles from Berne look very pert
On Mandarins from Pekin;
The Cardinal is here from Rome,
The Commandant from Seville;
And Hamlet's father from the tomb,
And Faustus from the Devil.

What mean those laughing Nuns, I pray,
What mean they, Nun or Fairy?
I guess they told no beads to-day,
And sang no Ave Mary;
From Mass and Matins, Priest and Pix,
Barred door, and window grated,
I wish all pretty Catholics
Were thus emancipated.

Four Seasons come to dance quadrilles,
With four well-seasoned sailors;
And Raleigh talks of rail-road bills,
With Timon, prince of railers;

I find Sir Charles of Aubyn Park
Equipp'd for a walk to Mecca;
And I run away from Joan of Arc,
To romp with sad Rebecca.

Fair Cleopatra's very plain,
Puck halts, and Ariel swaggers;
And Cæsar's murder'd o'er again,
Though not by Roman daggers:
Great Charlemagne is four feet high,
Sad stuff has Bacon spoken;
Queen Mary's waist is all awry,
And Psyche's nose is broken.

Our happiest bride, how very odd!
Is the mourning Isabella,
And the heaviest foot that ever trod
Is the foot of Cinderella;
Here sad Calista laughs outright,
There Yorick looks most grave, Sir,
And a Templar waves the cross to-night,
Who never cross'd the wave, Sir.

And what a Babel is the talk!
"The Giraffe"—"plays the fiddle"—
"Macadam's roads"—"I hate this chalk"—
"Sweet girl"—"a charming riddle"—
"I'm nearly drunk with"—"Epsom salts"—
"Yes, separate beds"—"such cronies!"—
"Good Heaven! who taught that man to valtz?"—
"A pair of Shetland ponies."

"Lord D——"—"an enchanting shape"—
"Will move for"—"Maraschino"—
"Pray, Julia, how's your mother's ape?"—
"He died at Navarino!"—
"The gout by Jove is"—"apple pie"—
"Don Miguel"—"Tom the tinker"—
"His Lordship's pedigree's as high
As ——"—"Whipcord, dam by Clinker."

"Love's shafts are weak"—"my chesnut kicks"—
"Heart broken"—"broke the traces"—
"What say you now of politics?"—
"Change sides and to your places."—
"A five-barred gate"—"a precious pearl"—
"Grave things may all be punn'd on!"—
"The Whigs, thank God, are"—"out of curl!"—
"Her age is"—"four by London!"

Thus run the giddy hours away,
Till morning's light is beaming,
And we must go to dream by day
All we to-night are dreaming;
To smile and sigh, to love and change;
Oh! in our heart's recesses,
We dress in fancies quite as strange
As these our fancy-dresses.

Φ.

NARES'S LIFE AND ADMINISTRATION OF LORD BURGHLEY.*

This is of a good school: by a veteran in literature—familiar with the story of the times in which his hero flourished, and evidently fond of discussing them—bringing to the task he has undertaken, the advantages of long practice and matured experience—accustomed to search and sift, to unravel intricacies, to balance probabilities, and fix results—neither daunted by labours, nor shrinking from difficulties, but boldly diving into the depths of his subject, and bringing forth treasures new and old. His authentic materials were abundant: Lord Burghley was a man of business, carefully gathering papers and documents, and his descendants have religiously preserved them. They have been picked and culled by numbers, but never with the direct purpose of illustrating the merits of the original possessor. Singularly enough, Lord Burghley has never had fair justice done him—his actions have never been fully detected and canvassed—though confessedly the leading counsellor of the whole of Elizabeth's reign, the main spring and support of a successful government for forty years, at a period when society, thrown into a state of disturbance by the fermentation of new opinions and principles, required the very wisest and most watchful management while superintending its subsidence. He has been mixed up, impersonally, with the general government, and has, in a measure, lost some of the individualizing features of the man.

In the common estimate, which after all perhaps seldom very widely misses the mark, Lord Burghley is the very representative of prudence and political sagacity—a man of a Macchiavelian cast, not, apparently, very nice about the means of accomplishing important ends—the protector of Protestantism and the church hierarchy—the persecutor of heretics—the unscrupulous agent of Elizabeth's worst excesses; but, at the same time, the resolute defender of his country's superiority—the seaman who safely conducted the vessel among shoals and quicksands—the pilot that weathered the storm. Let his faults have been what they may, success has thrown a veil over them, and success, with those at least who share the advantages of it, if it be not made the measure of worth exactly, is pretty sure of a liberal construction. Besides, the depreciators of Lord Burghley were a defeated, we need not add, an oppressed party, and a party notoriously distinguished (we are not speaking with any invidious allusion to existing circumstances) for sticking at no calumnies or corruptions; and therefore the less entitled, and the less likely, in the long run, to fix a lasting stain upon those they desire to asperse.

Nevertheless, looking to the unmitigated facts of Burghley's history—and few do more—the balance is decidedly against him. We know him to have been charged with betraying both Somerset and Northumberland—we know him to have been trusted by the one, and to have acted officially under the other; and we find him successively in the service of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. The bare facts irresistibly suggest the existence of pliancy of principle; and yet the known influence he possessed with *one* party, permanently and uninterruptedly, shows a sort of confidence which nothing surely but consistency, steadiness, and sincerity, in no common degree, could justify or originate. That he must, however, have submitted to compliances is indisputable—the question will be, how far they were warrantable, how far they were specifically prompted by private interests, or how far they were directed and contributed to the establishment of permanent and pervading good. The end is not to justify the means; but the greatness of the end will nevertheless, in the eyes apparently of the sober and practical moralist, and certainly in the estimate of common observers, excuse occa-

* Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By the Rev. Edward Nares, D. D. Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. 4to.

sional obliquity. We are much afraid, if it were even nakedly stated, that his conformity to Catholic rites and practices enabled him to further the interests of Protestantism, few would be found staunch enough to censure him very deeply for conforming; and Dr. Nares, upon due examination, and full evidence of the fact, discovers reasons for justification, evidently, with very little difficulty.

Glancing at the character of the man generally, we must conclude him to have been a very able person—originally well introduced, and closely and early connected with a set of men, scholars and statesmen, who were bent upon introducing the 'new learning'— when favoured with opportunities for action, active, prompt, and prudent—useful by these qualities to political leaders—advanced by them to places of trust and confidence, and by his efficiency, gaining at every step new influence—when repulsed, never defeated nor disheartened—yielding to the storm, bending till it blew over—when associates and patrons were suffering, himself by dexterity escaping—when thrown out of office by one party, quickly recalled by another from his known experience and promptitude of expedient—and finally, when what was strictly his own party recovered the ascendency, becoming, all competitors being now swept away, their sole and acknowledged leader—a post, which in spite of court favourites and political enemies, in troops, he maintained for forty years—a result which implies, no doubt, extraordinary talent, but also extraordinary pliancy and management.

Dr. Nares has taken a large and liberal view of the matter, and entered very fully into the chief events of the times, the more fairly and completely to estimate the actions and importance of the subject of his biography. He has successfully traced his agency upon occasions in which he was before scarcely known to have had any share, and has thus been enabled effectively to rebut and remove some calumnies, and alleviate the pressure of others. He finds him to have been a much more influential person in the days of Edward, than he was before supposed to have been, and at a very early period regarded, by the scholars of the day, and the chief of the reformers, as the main pillar, at least politically, of the great cause of Protestantism. From the very extensive range which the author has taken, the biography is brought down, in the very considerable volume before us, only to the death of Mary. This, however, is the period of Cecil's life, with which the public is least acquainted; after Elizabeth's accession, his course is better known; and it is always more interesting, more instructive, to trace the rise of an extraordinary person while fighting his way to distinction, than to contemplate his after-career, when the character is fixed, the authority established, and all plain sailing. We shall, therefore, glance over this early period, which will enable us to appreciate the author's success—how far, we mean, he has succeeded in one main object of his performance, removing the calumnies which have been penned upon Lord Burghley—effacing the stains which have somewhat tarnished the splendour and purity of his fame.

Cecil was born in 1520 at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, and though not, beyond all dispute, as his admirers eventually asserted, descended in a right line from the Roman Cæcilii, yet undoubtedly of a very respectable Welsh family, the Sitsils. His father was Master of the Robes to Henry VIII. Young Cecil, at the age of fourteen, according to the custom of those times, was sent from Grantham school to St. John's, Cambridge, where he was quickly distinguished by propriety of conduct, and extraordinary acquirements. At a period when Greek was but newly introduced at Cambridge, he entered eagerly into the study of it; and before he was nineteen actually gave volunteer lectures on the language. Greek came in with the 'new learning,' which in those days meant the new doctrines of Protestantism, and all the early promoters of Greek at Cambridge were either avowedly favourers of them, or laboured under the scandal of being so. Cecil's acquaintance lay wholly among the leading scholars, all of them older than himself, and some considerably so—Smith, Cheke, Parker, Ascham, Bacon,—and among them seemed destined for academical distinctions.

Circumstances, however, not at all developed, diverted him from this course;

and at twenty we find him at Gray's Inn, where he had the reputation, with great ardour, of coupling antiquarian researches with his legal studies. These must have quickly met with interruptions, nor indeed is it known that he was studying for the bar. From his father's position, the Court seemed open to him, and a political career the most obvious. Scarcely had he been three months at Gray's Inn when he married a sister of Cheke's; and the same year chance introduced him personally to the King's notice. On some occasion, in the presence-chamber, to which his father's office gave him a ready entrance, he got into a dispute with two chaplains in attendance on the great Irish chieftain O'Neale, and by dint of argument fairly reduced them to silence. The dispute had been carried on in Latin, was long and warm, and excited the notice of some of the courtiers, who, by way of chit-chat, told the King young Cecil's victory. The King sent for him forthwith, and after a long talk with him, being exceedingly delighted with his ready and prudent answers, desired his father to find out 'a suit for him,' which of course was speedily accomplished, and the reversion of Custos Brevium in the Common Pleas accordingly solicited and granted. The dispute apparently concerned the King's supremacy—a subject of deep interest with the King; and Cecil luckily took the right side. The reversion did not fall in till after the King's death, and it is not certainly known that he either obtained any thing else, or ever had another personal interview. But his connexions with the Court were rapidly increasing. Cheke, his brother-in-law, was appointed tutor to the young Prince; and in 1545—his first wife dying within two years of the marriage—he married one of the learned daughters of Sir Antony Cooke, himself one of the Prince's governors. Cooke's other daughters, being all of them well married, multiplied Cecil's Court connexions, and tended of course materially to forward his interests.

Through Cheke apparently he became known also to Somerset (then Lord Hertford) and Cranmer; and immediately on the accession of Edward, he reaped the fruits of these fortunate, or rather, perhaps, well-chosen connexions. About this time also the reversion of Custos Brevium fell in, worth then, it appears, 240*l.* a year; and among the first acts of Somerset was Cecil's appointment to be "his Master of Requests,"—a matter of great importance, as bringing him in immediate contact with the Protector. The office, whatever it might really have been, is spoken of as a new one, and Camden, it is stated, asserted that Cecil told him, he was the first who ever held it; but Courts of Requests, if not instituted in the reign of Henry VII., were certainly in existence in that of Henry VIII., for Sir Thomas More had been a master. This office of Cecil's was undoubtedly something quite different, and though represented as destined for the "furtherance of poor men's suits, and for the more effectual speeding them without the delays and charges of law," it seems more probably to have been what in modern terms would have been called the private secretaryship. Still the office was in some degree recognized as a public one, and evidently by the numerous letters still in existence, addressed to him, was considered as the direct and regular channel of communication with the Government. The duties, some of them at least, were such as have since merged in those of the Secretary for the Home department. The circumstances of the times made it of considerable importance, and more, as Dr. Nares suggests, was certainly done in those days by *letter* than now—a suitor could not so readily then be whisked from one end of the country to the other.

The same year Cecil accompanied his patron in the expedition to Scotland, —"the rough wooing,"—partly in his capacity of "Master of Requests," or private secretary rather, for the office plainly attached him to the Protector, and partly also, apparently, as one of a Judge-Advocate Duumvirate. One Patten, who published an account of the expedition; and the battle of Pinkey, calls himself a judge of the Marshalsea, and speaks of Cecil as his colleague. Robertson evidently understood this to be a military appointment—a sort of Provost-Marshalship, and accordingly calls him Judge-Marshal of the Army; but he may be wholly mistaken, and the office, after all, nothing but a civil one, and connected, as appears from Patten's titlepage, with the Marshalsea

courts. Dr. Nares, who is probably somewhat too much disposed to magnify Cecil before his time, and on all occasions to find full employment for him, conjectures that he may have been consulted in this new capacity, or actually engaged in penning state papers; but *that* his quality of private secretary to the Protector, for such we must persist in thinking it to have been, might call upon him to do. Cecil supplied the materials, or at least some part of them, to Patten's "Diarium Expeditionis Scoticæ."

In the mean while Cranmer, who had become paramount in ecclesiastical matters, was pushing the progress of the Reformation, or "Restoration," as Dr. Nares would have it called, in every possible way; and, among other changes, the Bishops were called upon to take out new commissions, Cranmer himself setting the example—the *congé d'élire* was suppressed, and a patent substituted, and the office held during pleasure. A royal visitation also was appointed, consisting of civilians and divines, during the exercise of whose functions all episcopal powers were suspended. The first book of Homilies was published, and Erasmus's Paraphrase of the Gospels translated and circulated. To all these innovations Gardiner and Bonner were vehemently opposed: Gardiner in particular declared the visitation altogether illegal, and was, in consequence of his intemperate declarations, by the Council committed to the Fleet. He was, however, very soon offered his liberty, on condition of admitting the Homilies; but still objecting to the Homily on Salvation in particular, he required a few days to consider, and was remanded. During this interval, Cecil and Dr. Ridley were especially commissioned by the Protector and Cranmer to visit and confer with him, and they finally overcame his scruples. The bishop's own account is—the matter, to be sure is, not a very important one, except that Cecil was personally concerned—that he re-appeared before the Council at the end of a fortnight, and still persisting in his objections, was committed a prisoner to his own house, and that not till then did Cecil and Ridley attend him. Dr. Nares contrives to make this version of the story tell still more to Cecil's glory; for, on the Bishop's own showing, Cecil and Ridley (they were two) did more in one short interview, than Gardiner's own cogitations could accomplish in a whole fortnight.

Gardiner, however, did Cecil and Ridley little credit, for he quickly forgot his convictions, and being again summoned before the Council, in a few months, was commanded to "tarry in town." This was about Whitsuntide, and on St. Peter's day he preached before the King, but so intemperately, or at least so hostilely to the ruling party, that he was forthwith committed to the Tower, for obstinately resisting the King's authority. How Gardiner came to be allowed to preach on this occasion, is a matter of warm dispute—whether, that is, he demanded permission to do so, in order to give himself an opportunity of expressing his sentiments in the most public manner, or whether the task was imposed upon him, for the purpose of showing him up to his friends, as a man who succumbed to his masters. Cecil was a prime agent in the business, and, accordingly, Dr. Nares discusses the matter at some length. We may, we think, safely take his conclusion, which is, that Gardiner did in fact, with whatever view, ask permission to preach, and that St. Peter's day was assigned him on his own request—that after this permission had been thus indiscreetly given, Cecil was despatched to propose to him to preach from notes, to be seen beforehand by the Council, to acknowledge the legality of the acts of the Council, and abstain altogether from controverted points—that the Bishop naturally spurned at these conditions—that finally Cecil failing in his embassy, Sir Thomas Smith, the secretary, was then employed on the same errand, and failing also, the Bishop was left to take his own course. Gardiner treated the whole affair—the Council and their agents, with entire contempt—he neither *wrote* his sermon, nor acknowledged the Council's authority, nor abstained from controverted matters—a great tumult was excited among the audience by his contumacy, and he was committed, as was said, to the Tower. Cecil's commission will at least serve to show the degree of importance which he had obtained with the Protector and Cranmer;—the employment was still a subordinate one—that of an *agent*.

Soon after this event, Cecil was taken into the Secretary of State's office; not made one of the two principal secretaries, as has been supposed, chiefly from a misconstruction of Cecil's Latin. The words in his journal, are, "Sept. 1548, co-optatus sum in officium Secretarii," by which he probably meant he was appointed first clerk, or under secretary, as we should phrase it. It was not till two years after this, that under the patronage of Warwick, he succeeded Wootton as *Secretary*. At this period there were but two principal secretaries, and the names of both are known—Smith and Petre; nor was it till quite the end of the reign that a *third* secretary was appointed, apparently for a temporary purpose.

The execution of the younger Seymour, with the consent of his brother, gave the final blow to the popularity of the Protector, and furnished his rival Warwick with a complete triumph. The ground of the quarrels of the Seymours has been attributed, perhaps falsely, to the jealousies of their wives —the younger Seymour had married Katherine Parr, and there were probably squabbles about precedency—and Cecil has been charged, though no evidence now exists, with pricking on the hostility of the parties; but for what purpose likely to benefit either himself or his patron is scarcely conceivable; and it is too much to suppose him all the while a secret tool of Warwick's, or that Warwick could so early have believed his ambitious views would be promoted by the quarrel of the brothers, or that such quarrel could have brought about the death of the one and the ruin of the other.

On the committal of the Protector to the Tower, Cecil, as one of his confidential agents, was also sent thither, but was released before the Duke, and soon, apparently, recovered the stroke, for within a few months we find him, under Warwick's supremacy, actually appointed Secretary of State. Except the bare facts just stated, nothing is known of the matter; the circumstances are wrapt in obscurity. In the severe handlings Cecil met with from his political opponents, he was charged with betraying his patron. Dr. Nares makes an elaborate defence, and perhaps an effective one. He deprecates the use of the term *patron*; but truly this is mere fastidiousness. Dr. Nares would have us believe Cecil, at this early period of so much importance in the state, as to be in reality the obliger, and not the obliged; but in matters of this kind, it is not a man's potentialities that give weight and station. The fact is indisputable, that in the common language and understanding of the term, Somerset was the patron, and Cecil the protégé—he was the Protector's *servant*, and so called. Of treachery there is, we think, no direct evidence. Cecil held office, and high office under Warwick, the rival and enemy of his first patron; but then he had *suffered* with that patron—that patron had himself been reconciled to Warwick, the son of one had married the daughter of the other, and had besides been readmitted into the Council, over which Warwick ruled supreme. The utmost that can be safely affirmed against Cecil is, that he was not so passionately devoted as to sacrifice a new chance of advancement by useless adherence to an impotent patron. Cecil could then probably bend and accommodate, as he afterwards undoubtedly showed he could do.

Under Warwick's dominion, at all events, Cecil grew and prospered. He was made Secretary of State—knighted—employed in an embassy of honour —appointed Chancellor of the order of the Garter—had an annuity from the crown—and the reversion for sixty years of Wimbledon rectory, where we find him residing the next year, and it may be supposed in some state—for in his journal is an entry, on his appointment to the Chancellorship of the Garter; "Paid the embroiderer for xxxvi schutchyns for my servants coats at 2s. each 3*l*. 12s., that is 32 servants;" but possibly they might have had more than one coat apiece.

Through the remainder of the reign Cecil, no doubt, was an active and effective member of the Government—still, it must be remembered, under Warwick—in settling the church, arranging the finances, in protecting trade; especially in reducing the privileges of the foreign merchants in the Steelyard, and was one of Cranmer's chief coadjutors in furthering the Reforma-

tion, to whom, indeed, together with Cheke, he submitted the forty-two articles, as to "wise and good men, very well seen in divine learning, and the two great patrons of the Reformation at court." To the young King himself he was personally acceptable, and was supposed to have had no small share in those productions, which are ostensibly attributed to him—particularly the letter addressed to his sister Mary for her conversion—"Ah," said she, on receiving it, "good Mr. Cecil took much pains here."

Just before Edward's death, Warwick, then Duke of Northumberland, had prevailed upon the dying boy to change the order of succession—setting aside his sisters as illegitimate, and appointing Jane Gray as his immediate successor. To the act of Council, sanctioning this appointment, the members affixed their signatures—some of them at the earnest importunity of the King, and among them Cranmer and Cecil. This document, a part of which Dr. Nares has printed, bears evident marks, by the erasures and interlineations in Northumberland's own hand, of trickery. It seems pretty manifest Edward had been seduced into setting aside his sisters under the notion of excluding females, and Jane Gray among the rest.

By this act Cecil, with the rest of the Council, was brought into difficulties on Mary's accession: but before Edward's death, penetrating the purposes of Northumberland, he had holden back, and for a time even feigned sickness to be out of the way; and on the King's death, when he as well as the Council were all at Greenwich, and Northumberland required him, as Secretary of State, to prepare a proclamation setting forth Jane's title, he refused; and again, also, when commanded to pen a letter justificatory of that title, in which Mary was to be designated *bastard*. So far from Cecil's seconding his views, Northumberland had apparently, for some time, been contemplating his removal, and from some distrust of him it probably was, that he at this time appointed Cheke a third secretary.

Cecil, according to his own account, "practised" with the members of the Council; and as soon as they had withdrawn to Baynard's Castle, Lord Arundel and Sir W. Paget were despatched to Mary with an offer of service, and were soon afterwards followed by Cecil, who met with a very gracious reception. In the arrangements consequent on her accession, the new Queen offered to continue him in the office of Secretary, if he would change his religion,—a condition which he, of course, rejected. This we learn from the testimony of his "domestic," who wrote a brief account of his master, and from whom the chief information, indeed, relative to his earlier days is derived—a man who was in his service twenty-five years, apparently in some confidential employment, secretary perhaps, or steward, and "incapable," as Dr. Nares says, we do not know why, "of flattery." But be the story true or false, he was dismissed, and moreover the Chancellorship of the Garter was taken from him; but within a very few months matters are prodigiously changed, and no good reason assigned for it. The main pillar and stay of Protestantism conformed,—*outwardly*, says his excellent biographer, which may be very true—he had a priest in his house, he confessed, he attended mass, was, in short, a professed Catholic. Upon this change too, and it ceases to be a matter of wonder, we find the good man in favour again, though not restored to his old office, but actually appointed, in company with Lord Paget and Sir Edward Hastings, to go to Brussels and conduct to England Cardinal Pole, then invested with a legatine commission. This, Dr. Nares is with some regret compelled to acknowledge, is something extraordinary, but then it is extraordinary on both sides, not only that Cecil, so stout and staunch a reformer, should accept the appointment, but that Mary and her Council should trust a Protestant:—why the truth is, he was no Protestant, —he "conformed," or, in plain terms, he relapsed—he had a priest, confessed, attended mass, &c.

The probability which finally suggests itself to the biographer is, that he must in this otherwise unaccountable embassy, have been also politically employed, to discuss, perhaps, the affairs of Europe with the Emperor, admirably fitted as he must be allowed to have been from the confidential situa-

tion he had held under the late King, and his "well-known eminence." But this is all pure conjecture. The Emperor, to be sure, was at Brussels—Pole was there at his court—and thither the commission went to fetch him—and time enough, no doubt, there might be to talk of the affairs of Europe; but this is not evidence. In his journal he says, "vi. Nov. 1554, cœpi iter cum Dom. Paget et Mag. Hastings *versus Cæsarem* pro reducendo Cardinale;" but surely it was perfectly natural to say he was going to the Emperor's (this we suppose is all that was meant—very little can be said at any time for Cecil's Latin) without its involving a political implication. Nor did Cecil's connexion with the Cardinal cease with the embassy; he was remarked on his return to have had more of the Cardinal's favour than any other Englishman, and he again accompanied him when he went back to the Continent to negotiate the peace. At Court he was so much in favour, that when summoned before the Council on a somewhat suspicious occasion, he was dismissed with the utmost courtesy on his own simple explanation; and though not conspicuously employed—there might perhaps have been no present opportunity—he was among those who presented and received new-year's gifts, no slight distinction in those days.

But all this his friends in their confiding good-nature, and certainly, by a natural bias, his able and amiable biographer, are willing to understand as a wise compliance with the times, for the sake of watching over the latent interests of Protestantism, and protecting, and counselling, and advising the Princess Elizabeth. It is pretty evident that he did keep up a correspondence with her, and did advise her on all important occasions; and if all this intercourse did not escape the notice of the Court, as we can scarcely imagine it could, then the fair inference is, that he was playing a double and a triple game, and we must admire the good luck with which he finally fell on his legs.

But if we cannot concur entirely and absolutely with the biographer in his admiration, and even veneration for his very distinguished subject, we can well appreciate his own merits—they are of the very highest order. His work exhibits great research, great honesty, powerful statement, good feeling, liberal interpretations, and no little ingenuity; and no man, be he king, priest, or minister, need wish for a gentler chronicler.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.*

"Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie."—*Madame de Stael.*

THERE was music on the midnight;—
From a royal fane it roll'd,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight;—
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street;
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it near'd the Minster-gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

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* Don Pedro of Portugal, after his accession to the kingdom, had the body of the murdered Inez taken from the grave, solemnly enthroned and crowned.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest.

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from th' encircling band,
Stept Prince and Chief, midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death, Death! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of Life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
—It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes and the blaze of light,
All gather'd round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro with a jealous eye
Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he look'd not
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turn'd,
Save of the breathless Queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
'Twas not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
  The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
  Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed—bear back the Dead
  Unto the chamber deep,
Lay down again the royal head,
  Dust with the dust to sleep.

There is music on the midnight—
  A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
  In dark procession go,
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
  And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
  With her, that Queen of clay.

And tearlessly and firmly,
  King Pedro led the train—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
  When they lower'd the dust again.
—'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above,
  Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?
  Mightier thou wert and art!

F. H.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD. NO. II.

Passing almost a century, and with it many holy characters well worthy of notice, we meet the old Irish priest, second in renown to St. Patrick, namely, St. Columba, or St. Colme, called Colmekil in Ireland, to distinguish him from other saints of the name; the adjunct having been suggested by the number of *cils*, or *kils*, which he founded; as many, indeed, as a hundred, in Ireland and Scotland.

While his predecessor, St. Patrick, is peculiarly honoured for his general conversion of our island sister, and for his celebrated miracle, Colmekil's fame chiefly rests in Ireland upon his prophetic powers. Until a few years ago, it was firmly believed there, that he had foretold every thing remarkable, and many things unimportant, which, since his death, happened in the three kingdoms; for example, the battle of Aughram, and mail-coaches; "the hard summer," and the coming-in of rats. And certain quaint couplets, or sometimes triplets, ascribed to him, were also believed to span much of the future. These awful scraps of the sibyl leaf related, indifferently, as his accomplished prophecies had done, to vast events, and to very humble local accidents. One promised, for instance, that Spain, which, five thousand years ago, sent Milesius to Ierne, would, some day, spirit over a great army to make his descendants the first and happiest people of the earth: another, that a little lough was to spring up in a field of a few acres; or, that myriads of huge, hairy eels, which led an unhallowed life in a certain haunted pond, would make an incursion into the adjacent meadows, seeking whom they might devour.

But two of his most considerable predictions totally failed within my own memory; and it is to be feared, in consequence, that the doctrine

of his infallibility is on the decrease in Paddy's land.' One which I had heard from my childhood, and which my grandmother had heard from hers, boldly asserted that

> "While the clouds hold hail and rain,
> The Fourth George would never reign;"

and my astonishment only equals my merriment when I recollect how many respectable people—to say nothing of millions of their inferiors—believed this; nay, how many educated people could scarce bring themselves not to build on it. For many years, events absolutely seemed to promise fair for the "untoward" prophecy. Our late good monarch grew old, and it was a question if he would not outlive the heir apparent. Then he grew indisposed; but still he was "every inch a king;" and the illustrious object of Colme's denunciation could only be called Regent. He recovered, and re-assumed his regal state, and so did Colme. He relapsed! the pulses of Colme's believers beat high in anxiety:—he finally withdrew from public life—but still, and still, "the Fourth George did not reign." Matters stood thus for many years. The Regent's health broke—all was tranquil certainty. Meantime, the royal recluse of Old Windsor seldom appeared to his subjects' eyes, and many rural politicians of Ireland began to found specious theories on the fact. I heard a spruce gentleman-farmer say, half in earnest, though he tried to laugh it off, that in his opinion "the poor old King had been dead and gone many a day;" and that he was only kept stuffed, like some great foreign bird, and now and then exhibited in order to baffle people; the measure being the result of subtle cabinet policy, which deemed it inexpedient, at the time, to proclaim a new successor; and, "the blinded cratures, that was all they could see in it, when a man, with half an eye, might perceive that it was all permitted by Providence, just to make sure of the prophecy." I was in a large city in Ireland upon the evening when the English packet announced to us the actual removal to a better world of good George the Third; and I shall never forget the impression made by the tidings upon many of the middling ranks of the city, who crowded our public news-room. At first, they would not believe the papers. What! give up Colmekil? And when, in silent mortification, they were at last compelled to give him up, the dolorous glances they interchanged might be taken, by an imaginative eye, as a giving up of the ghost along with their "time-honoured" prophet. In truth, one felt for them. Nothing was now certain in life—at least, nothing of the future. Henceforward, they were to rest satisfied with whatever knowledge they could themselves acquire, and that solely a knowledge of the present or the past. This sudden loss of the power of believing was like the loss of a sense, of hearing or seeing; or like getting a paralytic stroke—

> "Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

And then, Colmckil proved a false prophet!—Tremendous. Not the chagrin of a friend deceived by his friend; of a lover, when he gets his letters and miniature returned; of a husband, when, coming back from a jovial dinner-party, or a jovial fox-chase, he finds his wife has eloped with a guardsman, or a masquerading clergyman, and that, as the latter would say, "the laugh is against him:" in a word, no chagrin could be compared to that. Nor let the innocent reader imagine

that any disloyalty mingled with the feelings of these honest citizens, or any demur to the throne being filled by the individual prince who succeeded to it. Not a jot of such extraneous matter was in the case. Colmekil had been confounded, that was all. And even his present gracious Majesty is, doubtless, prepared to vouchsafe an admission to the same effect, in generous recollection of the Irish *cead mille-phalteagh*, which millions of these very believers in Colme gave him, a few years after, upon their shores.

Colmekil's second failure was about the late Duke of York. It was an expectation, "as auld as the hills," that his Royal Highness would go once to Ireland at the head of a great army, to fight a battle against the people; and that a certain mysterious boy with two thumbs was to hold the bridle of his war-horse, and those of six of his generals, during the engagement. The only difference in the universal credulity arose from the natives of various districts, all over Ireland, assigning a certain place in their own neighbourhood as the site of the battle-field. It is here unnecessary to mention in what manner some of the public conduct of the Royal Duke seemed to give awful promise of the fulfilment of this prophecy also. The boast of a political faction in Ireland that he had accepted the title of their Grand-master, particularly strengthened the fears of the bulk of the people, and at the same time their reverence of Colmekil. And let spiteful individuals say what they will, his Royal Highness's death *was* deeply lamented amongst our neighbours; if for no other reason, at least because it happened before he could do what the prophecy commanded him to do. The boy with the two thumbs had actually been born, and was then in good health, and turned of nine years of age.

But of the sin of false oracles, in these instances, our saint may be held innocent. Authority, that Mr. Charles Butler calls highly respectable, invests him, indeed, with "an extraordinary gift of prophecy;" but it is doubtful if any of his learned biographers or eulogists ever attributed to him the popular predictions laid at his door in Ireland. In towns and cities in that country, there are "pounds" in which the mayor's bailiff, an amateur representative of the regular beadle of England, imprisons all the little pigs he finds marauding through the streets; in like manner, all the stray puns of the green Isle used to be driven into Joe Miller's pound, as well as all those of this witty nation (we now drive them into Lord Norbury's in the one country, and into Mr. Hook's in the other); and in like manner, again, it is pretty certain that the lax ravings of many a hedge-schoolmaster of Connaught or Munster have been fixed upon the much-wronged Colmekil.

Turning to something that can more certainly, as well as more creditably be ascribed to him, we find that amongst the religious establishments made by him in Ireland, were a celebrated abbey of Augustinians, in the now ultra-orange city of Derry, and the monastery *Dair-Nagh*, in the King's county, now called Durrough. Ware mentions an ornamented manuscript copy of the Gospels, still extant, which was preserved in this monastery, and which was prefaced by an inscription, testifying that it had been written in twelve days by the industrious saint. "King Dermot, or Dermeticus," says Mr. Alban Butler, "being offended at the zeal of St. Columba in reproving public vices, he passed into North Britain, now called Scotland, taking with him twelve disci-

ples, and arrived there, according to Bede, A. D. 565." The conversion to Christianity of Bradius, the most powerful king of the Picts, soon followed, from Colme's zeal and preaching; so that he is the apostle of that ancient people. As some requital for his good service, they gave him the little island of Fly, or Iona, where he built a monastery, which for ages was the seminary of North Britain, and for a still longer time the burying-place of successive saints, and of kings of many countries.* The simple style of Mr. A. Butler is worthy of another quotation.

"He was of such authority, that neither king nor people did any thing without his consent. When King Ædhan, or Aidanus, succeeded to his cousin Connell on the throne of British Scotland, he received the royal insignia from St. Columba. Four years before he died, St. Columba was favoured with a vision of angels, which left him in many tears, because he learned from those heavenly messengers that God, moved by the prayers of the British and the Scottish churches, would prolong his exile upon earth yet for four years. Having continued his labours in Scotland thirty-four years, he clearly and openly foretold his own death; and on a Saturday, the 9th of June, said to his disciple Dermot—'This day is called the Sabbath, that is, the day of rest, and such will it truly be to me, for it will put an end to my labours.' His body was buried in Iona, but some ages after removed to Down, and laid in one vault with those of St. Patrick and St. Bridget."

The latter fact has been disputed; but Cambrensis thus affirms it:

> "In Down three Saints one grave do fill,
> Bridget, Patrick, and Colmekil."

Before parting from Mr. A. Butler, it is to be remarked that while he makes Colme very exemplary in his devotions and penances, he adds that the saint never appeared morose in consequence of them: in fact, that he showed "an incomparable mildness and charity towards all men." The same beautiful character beams forth in the following lines, written by him as an adieu to his *cil* in Derry: I have found them annexed to an account of the siege of that little city, property of certain Cutlers of London, compiled by an Orange clergyman of the Established Church; and the reverend author attaches some importance to them, adding, that the translation (in which they appear) was made from Colme's Latin, or Irish, by a dignitary of his own cloth—

> "My fragrant banks and fruitful trees, farewell,
> Where pensive mortals mix'd with angels dwell;
> Here angels shall enjoy my sacred cell,
> My sloe, my nut, my apple, and my well."

But old Geoffrey Keating, before mentioned, altogether denies that Colme was a sweet-tempered saint. He asserts, in the first instance, that a very holy person, called Molaise, sent Colmekil into Scotland, and enjoined him never again to behold Ireland with his eyes, as a religious penance to correct the vindictive nature of the saint, who had embroiled the kingdom in great confusion, and, to gratify his revenge, was the promoter of many bloody engagements."

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* Lewis's Ancient History of Great Britain says, that amongst its ruins remained a churchyard in which were the tombs of forty-eight kings of Scotland, eight kings of Norway, and four kings of Ireland. What brought the Irishmen so far from home?

This is terrible—to say nothing of its assigning a very different reason for Colme's expatriation from that given by the author of the Lives of the Saints. But, in truth, I do not mean to set up our very Irish chronicler against Mr. Charles Butler's relative; and extracts are continued to be made from him only in the hope of gratifying the reader. Keating will have it, according to his "ancient manuscripts," that, after Colme's settlement in Iona, he revisited Ireland, to attend a national council upon some important occasion;* and now comes in a sufficiently strange proof of his vindictive and revengeful qualities.

"When he came near Drumceat, where the principal of the kingdom were assembled, the wife of Hugh, King of Ireland, was incensed at his arrival, and commanded her son Connell to use those religious foreigners (many 'prelates, presbyters, and deacons,') with contempt and disrespect, and not to regard their office, nor give them the least countenance or protection. This uncivil design was soon communicated to St. Collumkil, who, being of a quick resentment, refused to enter the assembly until he had obtained his revenge upon the Queen and the Prince for this treatment; and therefore he addressed himself to Heaven, and importunately petitioned for an exemplary stroke of vengeance; which was, that the Queen, and her waiting-lady, who attended near her person, might be punished with a disease, which, though not incurable, yet should afflict them with long and lingering pains! This infliction was sent by Heaven, and obliged the Queen and her attendant to confine themselves to their apartments, and not to come abroad."

What follows is curious:

"During the time of their confinement, the superstitious people of the country imagined that they were turned into cranes; for it happened that two cranes, that were never observed before, frequented an adjoining ford."

Keating agrees, however, with Mr. A. Butler, as to Colme's austerity:

"This Irish saint mortified his body by a continued course of abstinence and austerity, which, by this severe usage, became so macerated, that his bones had almost pierced out through his skin; and when the wind blew hard through the wall of his cell, which was unplaistered, and forced aside his upper garment, his ribs became visible through his habit: for, by his fasting and other acts of devotion, he was no more than the image of a man, and was worn to a very ghastly spectacle."

Although thus he had not always been:

"He was naturally of a hale and robust constitution; for, when he used to sing psalms, his voice might be distinctly heard a mile and a half from the place where he was performing his devotions: and as we find expressly stated in his vision, no evil spirit could bear the divine and harmonious sound of his voice, but fled away far out of the reach of it."

Upon the authority of this vision, "The amrah," which is doubted, however, even by Geoffrey Keating, "his guardian angel, who always attended him, was known by the name of Axall; and his evil genius,

* Evading Molaise's penance by keeping his eyes covered with a piece of cloth all the time he was in Ireland, and even during his voyages to and from the country.

who followed him as a plague to infect his mind and inspire him with impious thoughts and wicked designs, was called Demel."

To part from Colmekil, leaving him in the hands of such a biographer, might seem to imply a sneer at his pretensions to a respectable name, and praiseworthy actions. I shall therefore establish him in the opinion of the reader, by an eulogy gleaned from a very different source; namely, the speech of a Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. Irving, of Little Dunkeld, delivered, in the year 1818, before the Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, met to consider the necessity of erecting new parishes in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland:

"The Highlands and Isles were the seat of religious knowledge when the rest of Britain, I may say of Europe, was involved in ignorance and barbarity. This arose from the exertions of the disciples of Columba, the missionaries of Iona, whose light was never totally extinguished in the Highlands and Isles; and I must do the Popish hierarchy the justice to say, that her priests, or parish ministers, though they taught errors not yet altogether eradicated from amongst Protestants, propagated most diligently the fundamental truths of the Gospel, as I had often an opportunity of observing."

Upon a future occasion, I shall recur to this speech of Dr. Irving, of Little Dunkeld.

The next Irish priest likely to prove most interesting to us, and living a little later than Colmekil, appears to be the princely-born, the immaculate, but the hard-hearted woman-hater, St. Kevin, or Colmegen, (fair-begotten). His precocious talent for sanctity was as surprising as that of poor Chatterton for poetry. At twelve years of age, he was placed under the care of three eminent anchorites, Dagain, Lochan, and Enna: and at fifteen, having diligently studied with them the Holy Scriptures, he took the monastic habit. "Some time after," when, it is presumed, he could not be more than twenty, he founded the monastery of Glendalough (valley of the lakes), in perhaps the most peculiarly romantic spot in the county of Wicklow. His reputation, and that of his new establishment, attracted crowds of pious people, and the solitude of Glendalough became covered with a celebrated and holy city. Having been created a bishop, Kevin erected a cathedral church, in the same place, to St. Peter and Paul. The ruins of seven or eight buildings yet stand in the lonely valley, bleached and weather-stained and moss-spotted, some of them half embedded in their own rubbish, or in the greensward that hides it. Separate from every other relique, and much more ancient than every other, towers one of those round pillars, found only in Ireland and the East, upon the era of the building of which, or upon their use or purpose, no two antiquaries can agree. Doubtless, it was Kevin's attraction to found in Glendalough his first monastery; for, whenever the primitive priesthood of Ireland met with one of those mysterious indicators of a forgotten people, there they constructed their simple cells. Hewn in the solid and perpendicular rock of a mountain, which blackens with its shadow the waters of the valley, is a cave well-known as "St. Kevin's bed," and as the scene of his abominable cruelty to the love-sick Cathleen. It hangs at a fearful height over the lough, and in order to enter it, you must first ascend above it, and then creep down an in-sloping ledge,

where a single false step were destruction. And yet, to the edification of the natives, the then Great Unknown safely achieved the task two or three years ago; and so did the poor Cathleen thirteen hundred years ago, but not with his impunity. The young, the comely, the famed St. Kevin, had been haunted by her fluttering sighs, and her sad, sad glances, out of all his cloisters in the valley, and he scaled this mountain and hewed this cave to hide himself from her. But the persevering maiden, rendered sagacious by a passion that indeed often makes us wise (after it has made us fools), tracked him, in her searchings and wanderings, after his disappearance, by the fresh-pulled green rushes which he had provided for his flinty couch; and which, during his progress up the mountain, had fallen from his bundle. Careless of the perils of her way, she suddenly presented her blue, tearful eyes, her streaming golden hair, and her glowing cheeks, at the threshold of the boy-hermit's cell: and he, as suddenly, started from his chilling meditations, and pushed her into the deep, black waters beneath. The young tiger! Had Potiphar's wife been—not Potiphar's wife, but a tender, lovelorn, love-inspiring virgin, it is odds that Joseph himself would have left him the shadow of a precedent for such conduct: at all events, the generous-hearted brother of the little Benjamin could never have murdered the poor girl. Even St. Senanus, in the opinion of Mr. Thomas Moore, must have hesitated; for the melodious bard of Erin, though he faithfully records the rude refusal of the saint of the Shannon to allow the lady to land out of her skiff, on a very dark night, upon the shores of his prudish Island, yet surmises, that if she had taken no notice of his surliness, but waited till morning,

> "And given the Saint one rosy smile,
> She never had left his lovely isle."

By the way, the beautiful version of this tragical story of Cathleen and Kevin in the Irish Melodies, endeavours, in poetical mercy to Kevin's character, to soften the atrocity of his act. Mr. Moore insinuates that previous to the real appearance of his unhappy admirer, the barbarous young saint had been asleep and dreaming of her proffered endearments, and that when he actually pushed her into the lake, he had only started up, in the impulse of his dream, to inflict that unmeasured punishment upon her shadow. But this account would sink, rather than raise St. Kevin, in the opinion of all Christian people. In the situation of a dream, above all other situations, his iron nature ought to have been off its guard; but instead of that it prompts him to be as ferocious as in his most severe waking moments even he could be. So that Mr. Moore would, for his sake, have done better by adhering to the plain prose of the fact, as authentic tradition relates it.

There is a pretty circumstance connected with this tale, about the sky-lark never being heard or seen in the neighbourhood of Glendalough, which I fear I forget, or at least do not distinctly remember. Perhaps the peasants, giving different accounts of the means by which Cathleen discovered her murderer's retreat, told me something like what follows. After much disconsolate wandering through the valley, she sat herself down to rest upon the shores of the gloomy water, and fixing her eye on one of those aerial songsters, as he shot upward from a tuft close at hand, unconsciously followed his ascent into the

heavens, until, as he passed Kevin's bed, the morose Saint peeped out to deprecate his interruption in his devotions, and thus became revealed to her glance ; and after the catastrophe, the Saint, blaming the sky-lark for the whole misfortune, cursed him in all his generations, and commanded him and them never again to appear in Glendalough ; an injunction which ever after, and to this day, he and they reverently observe.

We have already found Dr. Ledwich vainly endeavouring to deny the existence of St. Patrick. We now meet him making a similar attempt on the life of the next old Irish priest we would glance at—St. Canice, namely, or Kenny. In his "Antiquities of Irishtown and Kilkenny," the Doctor says—"The first settlement of the Gael seems to have been on low ground, along the margin of Nore"—(my native Nore! my own gentle, curving, crystal river! on thy tufted banks were woven my first wild-garlands of song, and wooed and won the smiles that then and now make sunshine for my heart! Blooming and joyous be those banks for ever! Clear and untroubled thy waters, laughing in the sun!—Still may the earliest water-lilies spring up upon thy edge, and the earliest sigh of spring dimple thy shining face! At the mere sound of thy soft name, behold how I leave the dry Dr. Ledwich to gambol one moment by thy side—but I must return to him—and to repay thee for the separation, perchance, my native Nore, thou may'st some day command exclusive honours from my pen. Reader, forgive me, and look back to the last word of the quotation.) "The high land was covered with a wood, and from this circumstance had a Celtic name, and was called *Coil* or *Kyle-ken-uï*, the wooded head or hill, near the river, and by the natives, Cillcannigh, or Kilkenny!" Stating, however, that by other accounts Kilkenny is named after St. Canice, or Kenny, and his *cil* or *kil*, built near the old round tower which he found on the spot, Dr. Ledwich proceeds to scout "the vulgar and groundless notion."—"We have," he continues, "numberless instances of the monks, in dark ages, personifying rivers and places like the heathen mythologists. Thus they have made of the river Shannon or Senus, St. Senanus, and of the town of Down or Donun, St. Dunus." How does he know? and is it not just as good an assertion—for the Doctor only asserts—that of St. Senanus, and St. Dunus, they made Senus or Shannon, and Donun or Down?—are not places called after persons, as often, at least, as persons are invented out of places? But no matter. All this means, though the meaning is only insinuated, that no such person as Kenny built a *cil* or *kil* on the site of the present cathedral of St. Canice; for if it be admitted that a man of that name did so, *Kil* and Kenny joined together, would certainly come nearer than does the Doctor's round-about derivation to the compound—Kilkenny. Would he say that the syllable *Kil*, which begins so many* old names of places in old Ireland, is not generally allowed to mean church? P. 71 of his own work, he admits that in several instances it does: and why not in this one? Merely because he wants to make problematic the exist-

* For example: a nervous English writer of Erin met a fierce-looking Irish giant, with a great shillelagh in his hand, on the road side, and the following dialogue occurred between them. "Pray, where have you been?"—"I went to Kilone!"—"And where are you going?"—"I'm going to Kilmany!"—"And then?"—"I'll be going to Kilmore!"—"Ay! and then?"—"Why, then, I'll go to Kilenall!"—The catechist ran away.

ence of the good St. Kenny. But he stands alone in his etymology. "The Nore floweth beside Kilkenny," writes Camden; "which is as much as to say, the cell or church of Canice, who for the sanctity of his life was much renowned." Holinshed also testifies against the levelling Doctor:—"Canicus, a holy and learned abbot, after whom this town is called Kilkenny, was born in the county of that name, or, as some think, in Connaught. So does Ware, Harris, Archbishop Usher; and hear even the Encyclopædia Britannica (ed. 1792): "Kilkenny takes its name from the cell or church of St. Canice, who was an eminent hermit."

Having now set the old Saint on his legs again, let us mortify the Doctor's friends (for it will mortify them) by continuing his history. "So remarkable was he for piety and learning, that he was reputed of all men to be as well a mirror of the one, as a paragon of the other. Being stepped farther into years, he made his repair into England; where, cloistering himself in an abbey, he was wholly wedded to his books and his devotions. Having received orders, he travelled, by consent of his fellow monks, to Rome; and in Italy he gave such manifest proofs of his piety, as to this day, in some parts thereof, he is highly renowned."—*Holinshed.* "He returned from Italy to Ireland, where he was occupied preaching to the inhabitants of the northern parts; and returned again into Britain, living an eremitical life at the foot of a great mountain, amongst the Picts. But some religious men of Ireland discovering where he was, sent messengers to him, and persuaded him, against his will, to return to a more useful life, in preaching the Gospel in Ireland."—*Sir James Ware, Writers of Ireland.* Ware adds that he wrote a life of Colmekil, and a volume of the Four Evangelists, called by the ancients Glas-Kynnock.

What does Doctor Ledwich want to do by these attempts to destroy our belief in the old Priesthood of Ireland?

LONDON LYRICS.

Merchant Tailors' School.

At Merchant Tailors' School, what time
  Old Bishop held the rod,
The boys rehearsed the old man's rhyme
  Whilst he would smile and nod.

Apart I view'd a little child
  Who join'd not in the game:
His face was what mammas call mild
  And fathers dull and tame.

Pitying the boy, I thus address'd
  The pedagogue of verse:—
"Why doth he not, Sir, like the rest,
  Your epigrams rehearse?"

"Sir!" answered thus the aged man,
  "He's not in Nature's debt;
His ears so tight are seal'd, he can-
  Not learn his alphabet."

"Why not?" I cried;—whereat to me
  He spoke in minor clef:—
"He cannot learn his A, B, C,
  Because he's D, E, F."

THE LAST OF FROBERG'S REGIMENT.

It was, I think, in the year 1807 that an event, or rather a series of events, marked by no ordinary features, took place in the Island of Malta. The wonder-workers who patch up romances out of the refuse of fiction and scraps of incredible history, have not, hitherto, employed the circumstances, some of which will be now detailed, to assist the sluggishness of their wits; and no other reason can be assigned for this omission than that the facts themselves have not been accessible to them. They were hushed up at the time by those who had any interest in them as performers or bystanders, for the discredit with which the promulgation of them would have been attended. Their origin carried with it some imputation upon the discernment and honesty of our Government; and the extent to which they were driven seemed, in no small degree, owing to the uncertainty and feebleness of the measures instituted by the local authorities. The period, also, was a stirring one; and those who actually were acquainted with these events, undervalued their importance when set by the side of the great political occurrences of the day; and perhaps also from regarding them at too close a point of view, were prevented, as in all other cases, from measuring their real magnitude. A stranger piece of detached history will not, however, be discovered in the busy annals of that critical time; and some amusement may be found in the imperfect recollections which a score of years has not been able to efface.

During the progress of the war, when the necessity of large military supplies was hardly satisfied by the resources of our own country, the expedient was adopted by our Government of entering into a commercial contract with different speculators, who engaged, for a certain remuneration, to levy troops according to the emergency from the peasantry of different countries, to be rendered disposable for foreign service, where that service did not appear to require more trustworthy or more veteran troops. A French noble, devoted to the Bourbons, and *par consequence* an emigrant at the time, proposed to raise for the Mediterranean service, a regiment composed entirely of Greeks. The bargain was struck, and M—— proceeded to gather together from the Levant, the Archipelago, and the Continent, a horde of various men, Greeks, Albanians, Sclavonians, and what not, who were to be enrolled under the English banners, with the title of Froberg's Regiment. He took with him some German coadjutors, not merely to assist in raising the recruits, but also to assist in their training, and to introduce the discipline of their own nation. In a short time the men were equipped, and so far brought into a show of martial order, as to be deemed fit for employment on some southern station. Accordingly, they were transported to Malta, and appointed to occupy one of the insulated districts of strong fortification with which that renowned Island is covered. Fort Ricasoli, placed at the extreme projection of an angular neck of land, corresponds with Fort St. Elmo on the opposite shore, and the two together command the entrance of that harbour, which is esteemed one of the most easy and secure in the world. In itself a post of considerable strength, it is additionally guarded by the outworks which extend and ramify with the extension of the ground itself, until they fall into the Cotonera Lines,—a series of communicating fortifications in the interior, planned, I believe, and in part executed, by French engineers, during the occupation of the island by Napoleon. From the sea, this fort, if tolerably garrisoned, would be quite impracticable. From the land-side it could only be reached by surmounting a long succession of strongly defended posts, at each of which the assailants would be subject to immense, almost insuperable disadvantages of position.

It was here, then, that Froberg's Regiment was destined to pass its noviciate; and in order to perfect them still farther than their first commanders unassisted could have done, an English drill-serjeant or two, with an officer, were appointed to the same duty, and some artillerymen, as usual, remained in the garrison to superintend the guns. Still, however, the German adjutant and his co-operators had the chief burthen of methodizing these crude

elements, and their severity might not have been more than is indispensable among Germans. But the majority of the soldiery, having been lured with very specious but hollow promises of professional dignity, found this system neither accordant to their expectations, nor congenial with the free irregular lives they had formerly led. A frequent use of bodily punishment, and that, too often inflicted at the momentary caprice of any superior officer, gave them a distaste both to the service and its *employés*. Some scarcely repressed the angry temper with which they received the arbitrary orders of their commanders; and when at last a few remonstrances were made by the more impetuous, and followed by increased severity, there seemed little wanting to circulate through the whole corps that mutinous spirit which had already made way in the majority. This event was not long delayed. Rising up against their officers, this wild crew proclaimed themselves independent, killing some of their superiors, expelling others, and finally closing the gates against the whole garrison of Valletta. In their strong hold they bade defiance to the numerous troops that were at that time stationed on the island; and the dubious measures of the military governor, then second in command, General V——, so far assisted them, as to leave nothing to be dreaded but the consequences of the blockade, which was diligently established forthwith. Among the rest who still were imprisoned within the fort, were some English officers, one of artillery particularly, who, of course, were compelled to serve with the mutineers, point their guns, direct their mechanical works, and threaten the community, in which they could number nothing but friends, countrymen, and kindred. The officer alluded to bore no small share in these unnatural duties; and the scenes he then witnessed harassed his mind, and so preyed upon his constitution, that though he survived the consummation to which they led, he was yet incapable of continuing longer in the service, but retired to finish elsewhere his term of life thus prematurely.

Although no effective operations were carried on against the regiment, yet the blockade was sufficiently strict to intercept all supplies of provision from without, and confine the mutineers to the accidental stores laid by in the granaries of the fort. This quantity was insufficient for their consumption beyond a short siege. The rations were daily diminished: the commoner food was distributed unduly in proportion to the meat and wine; and one of those expedients began to be adopted which mark the progress of a siege by different degrees of privation. It is easy to believe that the disorderly party had no stomach for this species of distress, any more than for the former hardships of military discipline. The absence of internal subordination, also, prevented those sensible arrangements which might have retarded the time of want by economizing the original stock. Little quarrels ensued; and presently the whole regiment was broken up into factions, partly divided by differences of country, partly by varieties of opinion. These cabals became more and more serious. Every hour gave birth to some ground of dispute, which terminated in bloodshed, as a matter of course. No man was secure of his scanty allotment of food, for some hostile neighbour would interfere with his possession, and, if the stronger party, wrest it from him. Ill looks, harsh words, fatal encounters, hate, revengefulness, malice, converted the barrack into a hell; and the soldiers seemed as though they would destroy each other before the offensive acts of the assailants should harm them in their den. But this issue was warded off by the voluntary flight of a large section, who, in concert, burst open the gates, threw themselves into the midst of the English troops, and left, as the relic of their regiment, about a hundred and fifty men, who still kept possession of the fort, and defied the besiegers.

These resolute fellows, relying on the natural strength of their situation, and the apparent torpor of their enemies, had hopes of being able to daunt them into an acquiescence with favourable terms of surrender. Accordingly, they still persisted in manning the walls, and maintaining the same hostile appearances as before. They not even showed any greater forwardness in

conciliating, or making overtures of conciliation, but remained silent, sullen, menacing, and determined. There was one thing more in their favour; they were now left without much dissension or bickering, for the malcontents had carried with them the principal factions, and the remaining men were principally Greeks, and unanimous in their intentions. Their affairs, however, were soon to receive a new aspect. An English naval officer, I think a Captain Collins, volunteered and ventured upon a well-conducted assault by night; and having stormed the works, he got possession of the whole fort except one important building—the powder magazine. The great body of the mutineers fell into their hands; and upon reckoning up their prisoners, they found that the post which they had failed in carrying, was garrisoned by six men only! This building, situated nearly in the centre of the fort, a sort of Acropolis, was not defensible in itself; but, as containing an immense store of ammunition, was a gigantic weapon in the hands of these desperate men. It was in vain to attempt force; they knew that their last and easy resource would be as fatal to themselves as to the mutineers. Threats were equally ineffective; and all milder negotiations were prohibited by the stern policy of General V——, who insisted only upon immediate and unconditional surrender.

Leaving affairs within Fort Ricasoli thus circumstanced, the fate of the prisoners who were captured on the night of the assault, deserves to be recorded. Most of these were sentenced, of course, to death; some to be executed, others shot. The fact of so many criminals condemned to die, was alone appalling and remarkable; but doubly so from the want of any precedent of the kind since the Island became a possession of the English. Military punishments had hitherto been kept within the extreme limits; and now that, for the first time, an occasion was presented of putting into execution the mortal sentence of martial law, it seemed that the judgment of those who were responsible for the administration of that law had become paralyzed, or was startled away from its due exercise. The preparations for inflicting the final punishment were slow and imperfect. The scaffolding and gibbet were as awkward and cruel, as the executioner was timid and inexpert. Tales were told of the sufferings and prolongation of misery, at which our nature shudders, and for which we cannot be comforted but in the revengeful consciousness of those retributive pangs which the blundering supervisors must themselves have endured. But those who received the other sentence, if possible, were more horribly handled than their unfortunate comrades. Careless of the mode, so the mere letter of the sentence were observed, this ill-fated troop were brought out to be shot; pinioned, indeed, but not blindfolded; and thus exposed, not merely to the anticipations of a torturing death, hastened by their own wrong, but to the more wretched power of observing and distinguishing all the minute plans and preludes to their suffering, slowly and drearily lengthened out before their eyes. There is a French painting representing a military criminal sentenced to the same death; he is kneeling before his messmates, who are drawn up in line to fire, and a dog, his own household animal, has broken away from a party of bystanders to caress him once more, and add a new pang to his last farewell. The nation from whom the artist sprang, indulges in such conceits rather painfully, but not truly. The spectator acknowledges the sentiment; but the criminal on the threshold of eternity cannot be drawn back even in thought,—nor will such a pretty association waken any new regrets, or startle feelings that have not had their full excitement. But a real and tangible cruelty was inflicted on these men; whose eyes, resting on the firelocks of their executioners, could watch each look and movement, anticipate, deceive, and torture, till the distinctions between life and death would seem too nice, or entirely obliterated. They could not draw a boundary line, and stepping over it say, "That space which I have left was my human life; I bid it now adieu with its pains and pleasures, and with one foot on this boundless land I count myself a denizen in it, for that which shall make me so is but the work of an instant, and may be done ere I have thought it." No! they were for ever pulled back

to their mortality, and tied to the remnant of poor life, which they knew indeed to be lessening, but which they could not call quite ended, till those muskets were primed and loaded, and those men in their places—the preparatory words given, the firelocks raised—the signal made—and then—and then—ay! a chance still left behind! What horror in the idea, what barbarity in thus allowing it! But I must proceed. The parade at the Floriana is a large open space, nearly square, lying beyond the outer circle of fortifications which render the city of Valletta impregnable but by bribery or famine. On one side is the wall of a long narrow garden, open to the public; opposite to it are bastions, overlooking the smaller, or quarantine harbour, called also the Marsa-muscet: the other two sides are formed by the glacis on the one part, and a row of houses on the other. In this square, then, were placed the sufferers; and here, too, were drawn up a certain number of troops appointed to inflict death according to sentence. After the first discharge of shot, several of those who received but slight or no wounds, and not resigned as they who are secured in the usual and legal manner, felt the strong natural throbbings of the love of life augmented, if not occasioned, by the exact knowledge they had of what was proceeding around them: the necessary delay before the next discharge, the irresolution of the officers, the blunders of the men, and, above all, the scene and situations in which they might pick out an escape. Accordingly, many of them started from their posts, and, pinioned as they were, ran helter-skelter over the open ground. As they fled, the armed soldiers were ordered to pursue. Some leaped the heights, or skulked beneath hiding-places; others continued their flight like hares over the country, aimed at every instant by the soldiers, and of course, in the end, brought down, as if by a sportsman in a shooting excursion. But one, beyond the rest, was signalized for his hardihood and desperate attempts to escape. There was in the centre of the Floriana an old well, then partly blocked up by rude stones loosely thrown upon it, but still occasionally resorted to by the natives to fill their buckets, which could easily be dipped into the water by displacing a few of the thin blocks placed on the top. The soldier, impatient to die, and thinking it a luxury to perish by any means rather than the lingering and uncertain method so clumsily put in practice on that occasion, rushed forward to this spot and would have darted headlong into the water but that his feet, caught by some obstacle near it, failed him in that crisis, and brought him to the ground. He reeled for a moment, then finding himself headed by his pursuers, abandoned this scheme, and taking another course, ran transversely across the square in the direction of the Bastion. This he reached before any one could overtake him. Then vaulting upon one of the embrasures, he hurried on to the verge of the scarped wall, and plunged instantly into the ditch below. He fell down a descent of perhaps sixty feet; but, alighting on soft ground, was still alive when the party of soldiers discovered him from the heights above, and finished the pangs of death, struggling and protracted almost beyond a parallel.

Having thus recounted the fate of one portion of Froberg's regiment, it is time to return to the pitiful remainder, who still kept possession of the powder magazine in the very centre of Fort Ricasoli. These six men, at first confident of making advantageous terms with the Governor, but afterwards dispirited by the obstinacy of their opponents, and the failure of their own provisions, were now employed in frequent attempts at negotiation, more submissively, but still very artfully offered. From time to time, some one presented himself with a new proposal, which was invariably answered by a flat denial to receive any but an unconditional surrender. The countenances of the men were every day more haggard; and it was clear that they must become victims of starvation if they attempted to hold out any longer. The applications were multiplied, and their ingenuity increased with the critical aspect of their situation. Sometimes a truce of a few hours was requested; sometimes their surrender was promised upon the receipt of certain articles of food, or what not. But all this dallying failed. Six days passed away, and

the poor wretches appeared on the verge of a most miserable death, pale, sunken, and exhausted. On the morning of the seventh day, one who had officiated as their commander, presented himself at the usual place of communication with a fresh demand. His name was Anastasio Ieramachos, well known not only as the first who had broken the allegiance to his superior officers, but as the subtle and resolute supporter of all the rebellious deeds which followed; a crafty, clever Greek, with boldness enough to execute a dangerous act, and skill enough to keep away as much danger as was by human means avoidable. He appeared on one side a small aperture, made for this especial purpose, and demanded an interview with some agent of the Governor. It was conceded to him. He said "that his followers were in the greatest imaginable state of want: that a new enemy had attacked them in the shape of unconquerable thirst: that they had long ago drained their bags and scanty reservoirs, and that they must soon perish or be driven to madness. He and his party threw themselves upon the humanity of the Governor; a little water was all they asked. Such was their distress, that they had resolved to endure it no longer, and had come to a determination of blowing themselves up that very evening, unless a previous supply were granted to them. He stated, as usual, that all they wished was to avoid the extreme cruelties of military law; that any death to them was far more to be desired; and that they had deliberately decided, that by exploding the fort, they should perish with less pain and infamy. At nine o'clock that night, unless some concession were previously made to them,—at the first tolling of the bell of St. John's Cathedral, they would set fire to the magazine;—a few drops of water would prevent that catastrophe."

Whether the other party discredited the declarations of Ieramachos, and conceived the threat held out only for the sake of gaining what they needed, or that General V——, having read certain maxims in the legislative works of the army, fancied no deviations in any case allowable, cannot at this time be decided. A negative was returned to the request of the Greek, and the day passed in a calm of horrible suspense. Again and again some one appeared on the same errand, re-stating their need, and deepening the picture of their misery, but always concluding with the one constant announcement, that a refusal would be heard more of at the hour of nine that night. And at the hour of nine it *was* heard of! A tremendous burst, as of a thousand riven rocks, startled every one from his security. A shock felt for miles around, and the blaze of a huge conflagration, told to the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, and the villages scattered even to the farthest corners of the Island, that these despairing men had kept their word. Windows of houses at the other side of the city of Valletta were shattered into atoms; and when the first dreadful crash had subsided, the shrieks of men in agony reached far and wide through the quiet evening sky, and declared that the authors of this catastrophe had not died unrevenged. When a survey could be made of the extent of the disaster, it was terrible indeed to find what havoc it had caused. The fort ruined and torn into fragments; its walls strewn with corpses, and its fosse streaming with human blood not yet cold.

The feeling throughout the Island was very generally one of commiseration for the poor wretches who had been urged to this conduct by what was considered an almost unnecessary display of austerity on the part of our officers. It was thought that men not inured to military discipline, born, too, under another sky, and accustomed to different habits, should have been handled in the first instance with greater softness and indulgence. It seemed that many of their measures were but the natural and excusable projects of men scarcely yet reclaimed from barbarism, certainly not modelled into the prim pieces of mechanism which older soldiers become. A little clemency then shown might have soothed the ill-temper they manifested at the sword-and-stick system of the German adjutant, and prevented the completion of this disaster. But their fate was provoked by measures neither humane nor politic, and the sympathy of the public was greatly on their side.

The sensation caused by these occurrences was beginning to wear away, and a week had now passed since the event without changing the popular sentiments on the subject. An old priest was at this period riding home to his *casal* in some secluded district of the interior, and the panniers upon which he balanced his legs were furnished in priestly wise with sundry dainties, fish, flesh, and vegetables, accommodated to his peculiar palate. The old donkey he bestrode marched leisurely along the unfrequented byway, and flapped his long ears to disturb the pestilent flies which hived thereon, much, however, to the inconvenience of his master, whose nose received the migratory swarm, and was discomposed much beyond the degree permitted by the usual serenity of the man. But this occasional affliction did not much interfere with the low, solemn piece of psalmody, or what not, that continually issued from his lips with the words of their national song, like a country-dance played upon the organ of Haarlem. Still proceeded he with the memorable

"Tĕn en hobbok jaua calbi,"*

words perhaps too amorous for his cloth, but, nevertheless, the theme of all, young or old, phlegmatic or unctuous, in that country, where the tempers appear as unanimous as the sky is uniform. "Jaua calbi," repeated the old man, a little put out by a sudden jerk of his donkey, and sidelong movement to the right. "Jaua calbi," once more he murmured, but in a subdued tone, as he began to fancy that some cause must exist for this eccentricity of his beast; and, looking cautiously about him, what saw he but a musket directed towards him upon the level of a stone wall, and the head and shoulders of a soldier planted behind it? The incognito called upon him to stop; but his order was futile. The old man rolled from his donkey, collected his youthful speed, and never ceased running and hallooing "Aima! Aima!" till he reached the village of his home, and was safely ensconced in a fortifying circle of his fraternity. To them he related his adventure with some depth of colour: he said that a ghost had appeared to him dressed like a chasseur, and for all the world like one of Froberg's men, but ghastly and lean as a ghost should be. He narrated all the circumstances; and the tale reaching the ears of the police, a strict search was made over the face of the country, to ascertain the bodily condition of this spectre. The zeal and number of the persons so employed, soon led to the discovery they desired. In a rude, retired hovel, far from any inhabited quarter, they came upon some men whose looks were not so inhuman but they could recognize under them the six desperate Greeks of Froberg's regiment! Almost skeletons, their hair hanging about them unshorn and lank, their countenances distorted by disease,—the offspring of protracted want and bad food, they stood like shadows, or scarecrows, an easy capture to the police officers. After the first astonishment had passed away, and it was too sure that no farther escape was possible or conceivable, they were questioned as to the mode by which they had preserved life, both during the explosion, which had been fatal to so many, and afterwards when subjected to detection at every hour of the day. Without reluctance or concealment, Ieramaches gave answer to these inquiries, and told the singular tale which shall conclude this narrative.

He said that from the first moment of occupying the magazine, he had projected a plan of escape which was agreed to, and nobly sustained by his staunch associates. No part of their actions afterwards was the result of

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* The commencing words of a stanza of the only indigenous song Malta can boast. They may be thus rendered—

"I love you in my heart,"

And proceed with,

"But I hate you before the people:
There is no reason to ask me why;
You, darling, know the reason."

accident, but arose from the deliberate contrivance of one great plot. It was this. Being thoroughly acquainted with the dimensions and position of the fort, they believed from the first that it might be so undermined as to afford an egress to seaward, and they lost no time in attempting this plan of escape. While the besiegers lay quietly above them, they were employed in excavating, little by little, a passage to the sea-wall of the fortification, which they might make use of as they had the means. The softness of the rock facilitated their labour, and the progress they made was unexpectedly rapid. Having assured themselves of the practicability of an opening, the next difficulty was how to procure an opportunity of using it. This object was attended with many obstacles. The shell of the outer wall could not be burst through without some noise. By day there would be no chance of getting out unseen; and by night the sound of their operations would be distinctly heard. After long deliberations, the scheme was decided upon which was executed as we have seen. Though actually in great distress, they determined to heighten the appearance of it, and so by degrees bring things to such an extremity that it might appear their pitiable condition drove them to their ultimate act of desperation. For this reason they made such repeated demonstrations of their misery, and finally put the consummation of their rebellious acts upon the pretext of extreme thirst. At the appointed hour they placed themselves at the farther end of their subterranean passage; and having laid a communicating train of gunpowder to the heart of the magazine, they awaited only the first bell of St. John's Church as the signal for the hazardous experiment. At a moment quitting the train, and themselves bursting through the stone partition which bounded their excavation, they were instantly beyond the reach of death, and of suspicion into the bargain. They relied on the effect of their own display of wretchedness to confirm the opinion that this act was the result of despair; and they knew that the blackened tunnel through which they had crawled, would be attributed to the fury of the explosion, and considered as a channel forcibly, but spontaneously burst, by the volcano they had erected.—They were hitherto right in their surmises. But beyond this fortune deserted them. They wandered by stealth over the deserted parts of the sea-coast, in vain attempting to procure a boat in which they might pass over to Sicily. Discovered once in a scheme to purloin a speronara* privily, they were in imminent danger of being then delivered up to justice, and were compelled to wait almost hopelessly for a more favourable time. The necessity of lying quite concealed prevented their procuring any but the vilest and least nutritive food. A few vegetables were all they had subsisted upon, but leaves and grass, since the hour of their escape. They bore up, however, manfully, and despite the extreme indigence to which they were reduced, no one committed himself by any unseasonable exposure until the day when one of the least provident, goaded by insufferable pangs of hunger, made the unlucky attempt upon the Maltese priest, which led to their detection.

They were marched into the city, guarded by two lines of troops, and the forlorn aspect they presented will be remembered by many a spectator till his dying day. Even then they were not dejected. Their eyes were all brightness in the midst of their desolation, like a fire in the darkness of night; and the pitiful natives crouched beneath those glances, which told that they were not malefactors, or could not so esteem themselves. In a few hours they were sentenced to the death they had so long succeeded in parrying; and in the last instant of life they manifested the same heroic bearing, which has left in the minds of all who saw them a recollection glowing and full of admiration for the last of Froberg's Regiment.

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* Speronara, a little picturesque boat, commonly seen on the channel between the two islands.

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.*

THE world, the heartless world, may deem
 But lightly of a loss like thine,
And think it a romantic dream
 For such an one in grief to pine:
A gentler creed, my friend, is mine,
 Knowing what human hearts can bear,
And how a Mother's must enshrine
 The object of its love and care.

For was he not, though on him fell
 A cloud that wrapt his soul in night,
The tenderest tie, the strongest spell,
 That could thy heart to earth unite?
His was a child's endearing right,
 By helplessness but made more dear;
Nor can he vanish from thy sight
 Unwept by Nature's mournful tear.

But when the bitterness of grief
 Hath been allow'd its sacred claim,
What soothing thoughts must yield relief,
 And fan a purer, holier flame!
Whatever plans thy heart might frame,
 Had he survived thee, for his sake,
Could others have fulfill'd each aim,
 Or effort, love like thine would make?

A Mother's heart, and hand, and eye,
 Alone could do as thine have done,
And unremittingly supply
 The wants and claims of such a Son:
But now thy love its meed hath won,
 Thy fond solicitude may cease;
His race of life is safely run,
 His spirit fled where all is peace!

And who may tell how bright the ray
 Of light and life from Heaven may fall
On minds which, in their mortal clay,
 Seem'd bound in dark Affliction's thrall?
Think not that HE who governs all,
 Whose power and love no bounds can know,
Would *one* into existence call
 To suffer helpless, hopeless woe.

With humble hope to Him entrust
 Thy mourn'd one; in strong faith that He
Can call forth from his slumbering dust
 A Spirit from all frailties free;
And yet permit thy soul to see
 One who on earth seem'd vainly given,
A form of light, to welcome thee
 Hereafter to the joys of Heaven.

BERNARD BARTON.

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* The unfortunate subject of these verses had lived, or existed, from childhood to manhood, in a state of most pitiable mental and bodily infirmity. To some, the death of such a sufferer may seem to claim little sympathy. But the heart of a mother is naturally bound up in that of her child, especially an only one; and no common void must be caused by the removal of such an object of years of anxious solicitude.

D. You deny, I think, that personal identity, in the qualified way in which you think proper to admit it, is any ground for the doctrine of self-interest?

B. Yes, in an exclusive and absolute sense I do undoubtedly, that is, in the sense in which it is affirmed by metaphysicians, and ordinarily believed in.

D. Could you not go over the ground briefly, without entering into technicalities?

B. Not easily: but stop me when I entangle myself in difficulties. A person fancies, or feels habitually, that he has a positive, substantial interest in his own welfare, (generally speaking) just as much as he has in any actual sensation that he feels, because he is always and necessarily the same self. What is his interest at one time is therefore equally *his* interest at all other times. This is taken for granted as a self-evident proposition. Say he does not feel a particular benefit or injury at this present moment, yet it is he who is to feel it, which comes to the same thing. Where there is this continued identity of person, there must also be a correspondent identity of interest. I have an abstract, unavoidable interest in whatever can befal myself, which I can have or feel in no other person living, because I am always under every possible circumstance the self-same individual, and not any other individual whatsoever. In short, this word *self* (so closely do a number of associations cling round it and cement it together) is supposed to represent as it were a given concrete substance, as much one thing as any thing in nature can possibly be, and the centre or *substratum* in which the different impressions and ramifications of my being meet and are indissolubly knit together.

A. And you propose then seriously to take "this one entire and perfect chrysolite," this self, this "precious jewel of the soul," this rock on which mankind have built their faith for ages, and at one blow shatter it to pieces with the sledge-hammer, or displace it from its hold in the imagination with the wrenching-irons of metaphysics?

B. I am willing to use my best endeavours for that purpose.

D. You really ought: for you have the prejudices of the whole world against you.

B. I grant the prejudices are formidable; and I should despair, did I not think the reasons even stronger. Besides, without altering the opinions of the whole world, I might be contented with the suffrages of one or two intelligent people.

D. Nay, you will prevail by flattery, if not by argument.

A. That is something newer than all the rest.

B. "Plain truth, dear A——, needs no flowers of speech."

D. Let me rightly understand you. Do you mean to say that I am not C. D. and that you are not W. B. or that we shall not both of us remain so to the end of the chapter, without a possibility of ever changing places with each other?

B. I am afraid, if you go to that, there is very little chance that

"*I* shall be ever mistaken for *you*."

But with all this precise individuality and inviolable identity that you speak of, let me ask, Are you not a little changed (less so, it is true,

than most people) from what you were twenty years ago? Or do you expect to appear the same that you are now twenty years hence?

D. "No more of that if thou lovest me." We know what we are, but we know not what we shall be.

B. A truce then; but be assured that whenever you happen to fling up your part, there will be no other person found to attempt it after you.

D. Pray, favour us with your paradox without farther preface.

B. I will try then to match my paradox against your prejudice, which as it is armed all in proof, to make any impression on it, I must, I suppose, take aim at the rivets; and if I can hit them, if I do not (round and smooth as it is) cut it into three pieces, and show that two parts in three are substance and the third and principal part shadow, never believe me again. Your real self ends exactly where your pretended self-interest begins; and in calculating upon this principle as a solid, permanent, absolute, self-evident truth, you are mocked with a name.

D. How so? I hear, but do not see.

B. You must allow that this identical, indivisible, ostensible self is at any rate distinguishable into three parts,—the past, the present, and future?

D. I see no particular harm in that.

B. It is nearly all I ask. Well then, I admit that you have a peculiar, emphatic, incommunicable and exclusive interest or fellow-feeling in the two first of these selves; but I deny resolutely and unequivocally that you have any such natural, absolute, unavoidable, and mechanical interest in the last self, or in your future being, the interest you take in it being necessarily the offspring of understanding and imagination (aided by habit and circumstances), like that which you take in the welfare of others, and yet this last interest is the only one that is ever the object of rational and voluntary pursuit, or that ever comes into competition with the interests of others.

D. I am still to seek for the connecting clue.

B. I am almost ashamed to ask for your attention to a statement so very plain that it seems to border on a truism. I have an interest of a peculiar and limited nature in my present self, inasmuch as I feel my actual sensations not simply in a degree, but in a way and by means of faculties which afford me not the smallest intimation of the sensations of others. I cannot possibly feel the sensations of any one else, nor consequently take the slightest interest in them as such. I have no nerves communicating with another's brain, and transmitting to me either the glow of pleasure or the agony of pain which he may feel at the present moment by means of his senses. So far, therefore, namely, so far as my present self or immediate sensations are concerned, I am cut off from all sympathy with others. I stand alone in the world, a perfectly insulated individual, necessarily and in the most unqualified sense indifferent to all that passes around me, and that does not in the first instance affect myself, for otherwise I neither have nor can have the remotest consciousness of it as a matter of organic sensation, any more than the mole has of light or the deaf adder of sounds.

D. Spoken like an oracle.

B. Again, I have a similar peculiar, mechanical, and untransferable

interest in my past self, because I remember and can dwell upon my past sensations (even after the objects are removed) also in a way and by means of faculties which do not give me the smallest insight into or sympathy with the past feelings of others. I may conjecture and fancy what those feelings have been; and so I do. But I have no *memory* or continued consciousness of what either of good or evil may have found a place in their bosoms, no secret spring that touched vibrates to the hopes and wishes that are no more, unlocks the chambers of the past with the same assurance of reality, or identifies my feelings with theirs in the same intimate manner as with those which I have already felt in my own person. Here again, then, there is a real, undoubted, original and positive foundation for the notion of self to rest upon; for in relation to my former self and past feelings, I do possess a faculty which serves to unite me more especially to my own being, and at the same time draws a distinct and impassable line around that being, separating it from every other. A door of communication stands always open between my present consciousness and my past feelings, which is locked and barred by the hand of Nature and the constitution of the human understanding against the intrusion of any straggling impressions from the minds of others. I can only see into their real history darkly and by reflection. To sympathise with their joys or sorrows, and place myself in their situation either now or formerly, I must proceed by guess-work, and borrow the use of the common faculty of imagination. I am ready to acknowledge, then, that in what regards the past as well as the present, there is a strict metaphysical distinction between myself and others, and that my personal identity so far, or in the close, continued, inseparable connection between my past and present impressions, is firmly and irrevocably established.

A. You go on swimmingly. So far all is sufficiently clear.

B. But now comes the rub: for beyond that point I deny that the doctrine of personal identity of self-interest (as a consequence from it) has any foundation to rest upon but a confusion of names and ideas. It has none in the nature of things or of the human mind. For I have no faculty by which I can project myself into the future, or hold the same sort of palpable, tangible, immediate, and exclusive communication with my future feelings, in the same manner as I am made to feel the present moment by means of the senses, or the past moment by means of memory. If I have any such faculty, expressly set apart for the purpose, name it. If I have no such faculty, I can have no such interest. In order that I may possess a proper personal identity so as to live, breathe, and feel along the whole line of my existence in the same intense and intimate mode, it is absolutely necessary to have some general medium or faculty by which my successive impressions are blended and amalgamated together, and to maintain and support this extraordinary interest. But so far from there being any foundation for this merging and incorporating of my future in my present self, there is no link of connection, no sympathy, no reaction, no mutual consciousness between them, nor even a possibility of any thing of the kind, in a mechanical and personal sense. Up to the present point, the spot on which we stand, the doctrine of personal identity holds good; hitherto the proud and exclusive pretensions of self "come, but no farther." The rest is air, is nothing, is a name, or but the common ground of

reason and humanity. If I wish to pass beyond this point and look into my own future lot, or anticipate my future welfare before it has had an existence, I can do so by means of the same faculties by which I enter into and identify myself with the welfare, the being, and interests of others, but only by these. As I have already said, I have no particular organ or faculty of self-interest in that case made and provided. I have no sensation of what is to happen to myself in future, no presentiment of it, no instinctive sympathy with it, nor consequently any abstract and unavoidable self-interest in it. Now mark. It is only in regard to my past and present being, that a broad and insurmountable barrier is placed between myself and others: as to future objects, there is no absolute and fundamental distinction whatever. But it is only these last that are the objects of any rational or practical interest. The idea of self properly attaches to objects of sense or memory, but these can never be the objects of action or of voluntary pursuit, which must, by the supposition, have an eye to future events. But with respect to these the chain of self-interest is dissolved and falls in pieces by the very necessity of our nature, and our obligations to self as a blind, mechanical, unsociable principle are lost in the general law which binds us to the pursuit of good as it comes within our reach and knowledge.

A. A most lame and impotent conclusion, I must say. Do you mean to affirm that you have really the same interest in another's welfare that you have in your own?

B. I do not wish to assert any thing without proof. Will you tell me if you have this particular interest in yourself what faculty is it that gives it you—to what conjuration and what mighty magic it is owing—or whether it is merely the name of self that is to be considered as a proof of all the absurdities and impossibilities that can be drawn from it?

A. I do not see that you have hitherto pointed out any.

B. What! not the impossibility that you should be another being, with whom you have not a particle of fellow-feeling?

A. Another being! Yes, I know it is always impossible for me to be another being.

B. Ay, or yourself either, without such a fellow-feeling, for it is that which constitutes self. If not, explain to me what you mean by self. But it is more convenient for you to let that magical sound lie involved in the obscurity of prejudice and language. You will please to take notice that it is not I who commence these hairbreadth distinctions and special-pleading. I take the old ground of common sense and natural feeling, and maintain that though in a popular, practical sense mankind are strongly swayed by self-interest, yet in the same ordinary sense they are also governed by motives of good-nature, compassion, friendship, virtue, honour, &c. Now all this is denied by your modern metaphysicians, who would reduce every thing to abstract self-interest, and exclude every other mixed motive or social tie in a strict, philosophical sense. They would drive me from my ground by scholastic subtleties and newfangled phrases; am I to blame, then if I take them at their word, and try to foil them at their own weapons? Either stick to the unpretending *jog-trot* notions on the subject, or if you are determined to refine in analysing words and arguments, do not

be angry if I follow the example set me, or even go a little farther to arrive at the truth. Shall we proceed on this understanding?

A. As you please.

B. We have got so far then (if I mistake not, and if there is not some flaw in the argument which I am unable to detect) that the past and present (which alone can appeal to our selfish faculties) are not the objects of action, and that the future (which can alone be the object of practical pursuit) has no particular claim or hold upon self. All action, all passion, all morality and self-interest, is prospective.

A. You have not made that point quite clear. What then is meant by a present interest, by the gratification of the present moment, as opposed to a future one?

B. Nothing, in a strict sense; or rather in common speech, you mean a near one, the interest of the next moment, the next hour, the next day, the next year, as it happens.

A. What! would you have me believe that I snatch my hand out of the flame of a candle from a calculation of future consequences?

D. (laughing.) A. had better not meddle with that question. B. is in his element there. It is his old and favourite illustration.

B. Do you not snatch your hand out of the fire to procure ease from pain?

A. No doubt, I do.

B. And is not this ease subsequent to the act, and the act itself to the feeling of pain, which caused it?

A. It may be so; but the interval is so slight that we are not sensible of it.

B. Nature is nicer in her distinctions than we. Thus you could not lift the food to your mouth, but upon the same principle. The viands are indeed tempting, but if it were the sight or smell of these alone that attracted you, you would remain satisfied with them. But you use means to ends, neither of which exist till you employ or produce them, and which would never exist if the understanding which foresees them did not run on before the actual objects and purvey to appetite. If you say it is habit, it is partly so; but that habit would never have been formed, were it not for the connection between cause and effect, which always takes place in the order of time, or of what Hume calls *antecedents* and *consequents.*

A. I confess I think this a mighty microscopic way of looking at the subject.

B. Yet you object equally to more vague and sweeping generalities. Let me, however, endeavour to draw the knot a little tighter, as it has a considerable weight to bear—no less, in my opinion, than the whole world of moral sentiments. All voluntary action must relate to the future: but the future can only exist or influence the mind as an object of imagination and forethought; therefore the motive to voluntary action, to all that we seek or shun, must be in all cases *ideal* and problematical. The thing itself which is an object of pursuit can never co-exist with the motives which make it an object of pursuit. No one will say that the past can be an object either of prevention or pursuit. It may be a subject of involuntary regrets, or may give rise to the starts and flaws of passion; but we cannot set about seriously recalling or altering it. Neither can that which at present exists, or is an object

of sensation, be at the same time an object of action or of volition, since if it *is*, no volition or exertion of mine can for the instant make it to be other than it is. I can make it *cease* to be indeed, but this relates to the future, to the supposed non-existence of the object, and not to its actual impression on me. For a thing to be *willed*, it must necessarily not be. Over my past and present impressions my will has no control: they are placed, according to the poet, beyond the reach of fate, much more of human means. In order that I may take an effectual and consistent interest in any thing, that it may be an object of hope or fear, of desire or dread, it must be a thing still to come, a thing still in doubt, depending on circumstances and the means used to bring about or avert it. It is my will that determines its existence or the contrary (otherwise there would be no use in troubling one's self about it); it does not itself lay its peremptory, inexorable mandates on my will. For it is as yet (and must be in order to be the rational object of a moment's deliberation) a non-entity, a possibility merely, and it is plain that nothing can be the cause of nothing. That which is not, cannot act: much less can it act mechanically, physically, all-powerfully. So far is it from being true that a real and practical interest in any thing are convertible terms, that a practical interest can never by any possible chance be a real one, that is, excited by the presence of a real object or by mechanical sympathy. I cannot assuredly be induced by a present object to take means to make it exist—it can be no more than present to me—or if it is past, it is too late to think of recovering the occasion or preventing it now. But the future, the future is all our own; or rather it belongs equally to others. The world of action then of business or pleasure, of self-love or benevolence, is not made up of solid materials, moved by downright, solid springs; it is essentially a void, an unreal mockery, both in regard to ourselves and others, except as it is filled up, animated, and set in motion by human thoughts and purposes. The ingredients of passion, action, and properly of interest are never positive, palpable matters-of-fact, concrete existences, but symbolical representations of events lodged in the bosom of futurity, and teaching us, by timely anticipation and watchful zeal, to build up the fabric of our own or others' future weal.

A. Do we not sometimes plot their woe with at least equal good-will?

B. Not much oftener than we are accessory to our own.

A. I must say that savours more to me of an antithesis than of an answer.

B. For once, be it so.

A. But surely there is a difference between a real and an imaginary interest? A history is not a romance.

B. Yes; but in this sense the feelings and interests of others are in the end as real, as much matters of fact as mine or yours can be. The history of the world is not a romance, though you and I have had only a small share in it. You would turn every thing into auto-biography. The interests of others are no more chimerical, visionary, fantastic than my own, being founded in truth, and both are brought home to my bosom in the same way by the force of imagination and sympathy.

D. But in addition to all this sympathy that you make such a rout about, it is *I* who am to feel a real, downright interest in my own future

good, and I shall feel no such interest in another person's. Does not this make a wide, nay a total difference in the case? Am I to have no more affection for my own flesh and blood than for another's?

B. This would indeed make an entire difference in the case, if your interest in your own good were founded in your affection for yourself, and not your affection for yourself in your attachment to your own good. If you were attached to your own good merely because it was *yours,* I do not see why you should not be equally attached to your own ill—both are equally yours! Your own person or that of others would, I take it, be alike indifferent to you, but for the degree of sympathy you have with the feelings of either. Take away the sense or apprehension of pleasure and pain, and you would care no more about yourself than you do about the hair of your head or the paring of your nails, the parting with which gives you no sensible uneasiness at the time or on after-reflection.

D. But up to the present moment you allow that I have a particular interest in my proper self. Where then am I to stop, or how draw the line between my real and my imaginary identity?

B. The line is drawn for you by the nature of things. Or if the difference between reality and imagination is so small that you cannot perceive it, it only shows the strength of the latter. Certain it is that we can no more anticipate our future being than we change places with another individual, except in an *ideal* and figurative sense. But it is just as impossible that I should have an actual sensation of and interest in my future feelings as that I should have an actual sensation of and interest in what another feels at the present instant. An essential and irreconcileable difference in our primary faculties forbids it. The future, were it the next moment, were it an object nearest and dearest to our hearts, is a dull blank, opaque, impervious to sense as an object close to the eye of the blind, did not the ray of reason and reflection enlighten it. We can never say to its fleeting, painted essence, "Come, let me clutch thee!" it is a thing of air, a phantom that flies before us, and we follow it, and with respect to all but our past and present sensations, which are no longer any thing to action, we totter on the brink of nothing. That self which we project before us into it, that we make our proxy or representative, and empower to embody, and transmit back to us all our real, substantial interests before they have had an existence, except in our imaginations, is but a shadow of ourselves, a bundle of habits, passions, and prejudices, a body that falls in pieces at the touch of reason or the approach of inquiry. It is true, we do build up such an imaginary self, and a proportionable interest in it; we clothe it with the associations of the past and present, we disguise it in the drapery of language, we add to it the strength of passion and the warmth of affection, till we at length come to class our whole existence under one head, and fancy our future history a solid, permanent, and actual continuation of our immediate being, but all this only proves the force of imagination and habit to build up such a structure on a merely partial foundation, and does not alter the true nature and distinction of things. On the same foundation are built up nearly as high natural affection, friendship, the love of country, of religion, &c. But of this presently. What shows that the doctrine of self-

interest, however high it may rear its head, or however impregnable it may seem to attack, is a mere " contradiction,"

" In terms of fallacy, in fact a fiction,"

is this single consideration, that we never know what is to happen to us before-hand, no, not even for a moment, and that we cannot so much as tell whether we shall be alive a year, a month, or a day hence. We have no presentiment of what awaits us, making us feel the future in the instant. Indeed such an insight into futurity would be inconsistent with itself, or we must become mere passive instruments in the hands of fate. A house may fall on my head as I go from this, I may be crushed to pieces by a carriage running over me, or I may receive a piece of news that is death to my hopes before another four-and-twenty hours are passed over, and yet I feel nothing of the blow that is thus to stagger and stun me. I laugh and am well. I have no warning given me either of the course or the consequence (in truth if I had, I should, if possible, avoid it)—this continued self-interest that watches over all my concerns alike, past, present, and future, and concentrates them all in one powerful and invariable principle of action, is useless here, leaves me at a loss at my greatest need, is torpid, silent, dead, and I have no more consciousness of what so nearly affects me, and no more care about it, (till I find out my danger by other and natural means,) than if no such thing were ever to happen, or were to happen to the Man in the Moon.

" And coming events cast their shadows before."

This beautiful line is not verified in the ordinary prose of life. That it is not, is a staggering consideration for your fine, practical, instinctive, abstracted, comprehensive, uniform principle of self-interest. Don't you think so, D—— ?

D. I shall not answer you. Am I to give up my existence for an idle sophism? You heap riddle upon riddle; but I am mystery-proof. I still feel my personal identity as I do the chair I sit on, though I am enveloped in a cloud of smoke and words. Let me have your answer to a plain question.—Suppose I were actually to see a coach coming along and I was in danger of being run over, what I want to know is, should I not try to save myself sooner than any other person?

B. No, you would first try to save a sister, if she were with you.

A. Surely that would be a very rare instance of self, though I do not deny it.

B. I do not think so. I believe there is hardly any one who does not prefer some one to themselves. For example, let us look into Waverley.

A. Ay, that is the way that you take your ideas of philosophy, from novels and romances, as if they were sound evidence.

B. If my conclusions are as true to nature as my premises, I shall be satisfied. Here is the passage I was going to quote : " I was only ganging to say, my lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, " that if your excellent honour and the honourable court would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once and let him gae back to France and not trouble King George's government again, that any six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead ; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch

them up to ye myself to head or hang, and you may begin with me the very first man."*

A. But such instances as this are the effect of habit and strong prejudice. We can hardly argue from so barbarous a state of society.

B. Excuse me there. I contend that our preference of ourselves is just as much the effect of habit, and very frequently a more unaccountable and unreasonable one than any other.

A. I should like to hear how you can possibly make that out.

B. If you will not condemn me before you hear what I have to say, I will try. You allow that D——, in the case we have been talking of, would perhaps run a little risk for you or me; but if it were a perfect stranger, he would get out of the way as fast as his legs could carry him, and leave the stranger to shift for himself.

A. Yes; and does not that overturn your whole theory?

B. It would if my theory were as devoid of common sense as you are pleased to suppose; that is, if because I deny an original and absolute distinction in nature (where there is no such thing,) it followed that I must deny that circumstances, intimacy, habit, knowledge, or a variety of incidental causes could have any influence on our affections and actions. My inference is just the contrary. For would you not say that D—— cared little about the stranger for this plain reason, that he knew nothing about him?

A. No doubt.

B. And he would care rather more about you and me, because he knows more about us?

A. Why yes, it would seem so.

B. And he would care still more about a sister, (according to the same supposition) because he would be still better acquainted with her, and had been more constantly with her?

A. I will not deny it.

B. And it is on the same principle (generally speaking) that a man cares most of all about himself, because he knows more about himself than about any body else, that he is more in the secret of his own most intimate thoughts and feelings, and more in the habit of providing for his own wants and wishes, which he can anticipate with greater liveliness and certainty than those of others, from being more nearly "made and moulded of things past." The poetical fiction is rendered easier, and assisted by my acquaintance with myself, just as it is by the ties of kindred or habits of friendly intercourse. There is no farther approach made to the doctrines of self-love and personal identity.

D. E. here is B. trying to persuade me I am not myself.

E. Sometimes you are not.

D. But he says I never am.—Or is it only that I am not to be so?

B. Nay, I hope "thou art to continue, thou naughty varlet"—

"Here and hereafter, if the last may be!"

You have been yourself (nobody like you) for the last forty years of your life: you would not prematurely stuff the next twenty into the account, till you have had them fairly out?

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* Waverley, vol. iii. p. 201.

D. Not for the world, I have too great an affection for them.

B. Yet I think you would have less if you did not look forward to pass them among old books, old friends, old haunts. If you were cut off from all these, you would be less anxious about what was left of yourself.

D. I would rather be the *Wandering Jew* than not be at all.

B. Or you would not be the person I always took you for.

D. Does not this willingness to be the Wandering Jew rather than nobody, seem to indicate that there is an abstract attachment to self, to the bare idea of existence, independently of circumstances or habit.

B. It must be a very loose and straggling one. You mix up some of your old recollections and favourite notions with your self elect, and indulge them in your new character, or you would trouble yourself very little about it. If you do not come in in some shape or other, it is merely saying that you would be sorry if the Wandering Jew were to disappear from the earth, however strictly he may have hitherto maintained his *incognito.*

D. There is something in that; and as well as I remember there is a curious but exceedingly mystical illustration of this point in an original Essay of yours which I have read and spoken to you about.

B. I believe there is; but A—— is tired of making objections, and I of answering them to no purpose.

D. I have the book in the closet, and if you like, we will turn to the place. It is after that burst of enthusiastic recollection (the only one in the book) that Southey said at the time was something between the manner of Milton's prose-works and Jeremy Taylor.

B. Ah! I as little thought then that I should ever be set down as a florid prose-writer as that he would become poet-laureat!

J. D. here took the volume from his brother, and read the following passage from it.

"I do not think I should illustrate the foregoing reasoning so well by any thing I could add on the subject, as by relating the manner in which it first struck me. There are moments in the life of a solitary thinker which are to him what the evening of some great victory is to the conqueror and hero —milder triumphs long remembered with truer and deeper delight. And though the shouts of multitudes do not hail his success—though gay trophies, though the sounds of music, the glittering of armour, and the neighing of steeds do not mingle with his joy, yet shall he not want monuments and witnesses of his glory—the deep forest, the willowy brook, the gathering clouds of winter, or the silent gloom of his own chamber, 'faithful remembrancers of his high endeavour, and his glad success,' that, as time passes by him with unreturning wing, still awaken the consciousness of a spirit patient, indefatigable in the search of truth, and the hope of surviving in the thoughts and minds of other men. I remember I had been reading a speech which Mirabaud (the author of the 'System of Nature') has put into the mouth of a supposed Atheist at the last judgment; and was afterwards led on, by some means or other, to consider the question, whether it could properly be said to be an act of virtue in any one to sacrifice his own final happiness to that of any other person or number of persons, if it were possible for the one ever to be made the price of the other? Suppose it were my own case—that it were in my power to save twenty other persons by voluntarily consenting to suffer for them: Why should I not do a generous thing, and never trouble myself about what might be the consequence to myself the Lord knows when?

"The reason why a man should prefer his own future welfare to that of

others is, that he has a necessary, absolute interest in the one, which he cannot have in the other—and this, again, is a consequence of his being always the same individual, of his continued identity with himself. The difference, I thought, was this, that however insensible I may be to my own interest at any future period, yet when the time comes I shall feel differently about it. I shall then judge of it from the actual impression of the object, that is, truly and certainly; and as I shall still be conscious of my past feelings, and shall bitterly regret my own folly and insensibility, I ought, as a rational agent, to be determined now by what I shall then wish I had done, when I shall feel the consequences of my actions most deeply and sensibly. It is this continued consciousness of my own feelings which gives me an immediate interest in whatever relates to my future welfare, and makes me at all times accountable to myself for my own conduct. As, therefore, this consciousness will be renewed in me after death, if I exist again at all—But stop—as I must be conscious of my past feelings to be myself, and as this conscious being will be myself, how if that consciousness should be transferred to some other being? How am I to know that I am not imposed upon by a false claim of identity? But that is ridiculous, because you will have no other self than that which arises from this very consciousness. Why, then, this self may be multiplied in as many different beings as the Deity may think proper to endue with the same consciousness; which, if it can be renewed at will in any one instance, may clearly be so in a hundred others. Am I to regard all these as equally myself? Am I equally interested in the fate of all? Or if I must fix upon some one of them in particular as my representative and other self, how am I to be determined in my choice? Here, then, I saw an end put to my speculations about absolute self-interest and personal identity. I saw plainly that the consciousness of my own feelings, which is made the foundation of my continued interest in them, could not extend to what had never been, and might never be; that my identity with myself must be confined to the connexion between my past and present being; that with respect to my future feelings or interests, they could have no communication with, or influence over, my present feelings and interests, merely because they were future; that I shall be hereafter affected by the recollection of my past feelings and actions; and my remorse be equally heightened by reflecting on my past folly and late-earned wisdom, whether I am really the same being, or have only the same consciousness renewed in me; but that to suppose that this remorse can re-act in the reverse order on my present feelings, or give me an immediate interest in my future feelings, before they exist, is an express contradiction in terms. It can only affect me as an imaginary idea, or an idea of truth. But so may the interests of others; and the question proposed was, whether I have not some real, necessary, absolute interest in whatever relates to my future being, in consequence of my immediate connexion with myself—independently of the general impression which all positive ideas have on my mind. How, then, can this pretended unity of consciousness which is only reflected from the past—which makes me so little acquainted with the future that I cannot even tell for a moment how long it will be continued, whether it will be entirely interrupted by or renewed in me after death, and which might be multiplied in I don't know how many different beings, and prolonged by complicated sufferings, without my being any the wiser for it,—how, I say, can a principle of this sort identify my present with my future interests, and make me as much a participater in what does not at all affect me as if it were actually impressed on my senses? It is plain as this conscious being may be decompounded, entirely destroyed, renewed again, or multiplied in a great number of beings, and as, whichever of these takes place, it cannot produce the least alteration in my present being—that what I am does not depend on what I am to be, and that there is no communication between my future interests, and the motives by which my present conduct must be governed. This can no more be influenced by what may be my future feelings with respect to it, than it will then be possible for me to alter my past conduct by wishing that I had acted

differently. I cannot, therefore, have a principle of active self-interest arising out of the immediate connexion between my present and future self, for no such connexion exists, or is possible. I am what I am in spite of the future. My feelings, actions, and interests, must be determined by causes already existing and acting, and are absolutely independent of the future. Where there is not an intercommunity of feelings, there can be no identity of interests. My personal interest in any thing must refer either to the interest excited by the actual impression of the object, which cannot be felt before it exists, and can last no longer than while the impression lasts; or it may refer to the particular manner in which I am mechanically affected by the idea of my own impressions in the absence of the object. I can, therefore, have no proper personal interest in my future impressions, since neither my ideas of future objects, nor my feelings with respect to them, can be excited either directly or indirectly by the impressions themselves, or by any ideas or feelings accompanying them, without a complete transposition of the order in which causes and effects follow one another in nature. The only reason for my preferring my future interest to that of others, must arise from my anticipating it with greater warmth of present imagination. It is this greater liveliness and force with which I can enter into my future feelings, that in a manner identifies them with my present being; and this notion of identity being once formed, the mind makes use of it to strengthen its habitual propensity, by giving to personal motives a reality and absolute truth which they can never have. Hence it has been inferred that my real, substantial interest in any thing, must be derived in some indirect manner from the impression of the object itself, as if that could have any sort of communication with my present feelings, or excite any interest in my mind but by means of the imagination, which is naturally affected in a certain manner by the prospect of future good or evil."

J. D. " This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard,
C. D. " It is the strangest fellow, brother John!"

A LETTER OF ADVICE

From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour in London.

" Enfin, Monsieur, un homme aimable :
Voila pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer."—*Scribe.*

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say ' No!'

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week:
You gave me a ring for a token,
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain,—is it broken?
My own Araminta, say ' No!'

Oh think of our favourite cottage,
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh;
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook:

How fondly our loving lips falter'd,
  "What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same,—is yours alter'd?
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

Remember the thrilling Romances
  We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
  Would picture for both of us then:
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
  They had vanquish'd and pardon'd their foe—
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?—
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
  Drove off with your Cousin Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
  And whisper'd "How base she has been!"
You said you were sure it would kill you
  If ever your husband look'd so;
And you will not apostatize,—will you?—
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

When I heard I was going abroad, Love,
  I thought I was going to die;
We walk'd arm-in-arm to the road, Love,
  We look'd arm-in-arm to the sky;
And I said, "When a foreign postilion
  Has hurried me off to the Po,
Forget not Medora Trevilian;—
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'"

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
  Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
  And feel that your heart is mine still.
And he who would share it with me, Love,
  The richest of treasures below,—
If he's not what Orlando should be, Love,
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
  If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
  If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
  If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson," or "Skinner,"
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he studies the news in the papers,
  While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps and the vapours,
  While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
  If he has not a musical 'Oh!'
If he does not call Werter delicious,—
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he ever sets foot in the city,
  Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
  If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,

If his lips are not redder than roses,
  If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,—
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
  If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
  Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
  If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,—
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

He must walk like a God of old story,
  Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile, like the sun in his glory,
  On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh, from its ivory portal
  Like music his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk, like a mortal,—
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
  Don't hear what they tell of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
  Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
  And see if he turns out his toe;—
If he's only an excellent person,—
  My own Araminta, say 'No!'

Φ.

SKETCH OF A LATE NAVAL CHARACTER.

There are people in the world so constitutionally fortunate that, do what they will, they always fall upon their legs like cats. Without one grain of talent, without any abilities whatever, without any exertion on their part, and almost against their will, they succeed in whatever they undertake; indeed, in some cases, without undertaking any thing, fortune is as it were forced upon them. Captain —— was one of these:—he had none of the advantages either of manners, appearance, or education; he had got on by sheer good fortune, and shrewd common sense; he was brave from ignorance of fear, and kind and benevolent from natural goodness of heart. He had prevented his friends from bestowing on him any of the advantages of education in early life, by running away from them; and had indulged his aquatic propensities by commencing his career on board a coal-barge. Of course he was lost to his family for some time; for who could have imagined that any human being in the rank of a gentleman could possibly have selected such a profession from choice? But Will did not do things like any body else, and God knows to what honours he might have risen in the coal-trade, had he not been accidentally discovered by his friends.

It so happened that two of his sisters were on a visit to a family which resided on the coast of Kent, and the whole party were very much alarmed one evening by a prodigious uproar in the kitchen. On hastily proceeding in a body to learn the cause of this disturbance, the sisters, to their great astonishment, found their long lost brother

established on the fat cook's lap, with a can of ale in his hand, roaring out "Tom Bowline," or some favourite sea song. It may easily be imagined they did not suffer him to return to his collier, but did all they possibly could to inspire him with better taste, and make him forego his low propensities. But all in vain; Will had a will of his own, which no persuasion could overcome,—an obstinacy of purpose which lasted all his life, and on this occasion prompted him to set off again; so that it was long ere his family heard any thing of him—indeed, they had almost given him up.

The first accounts they received were from the Cape of Good Hope; they informed them that he had been pressed into H. M. Ship L—— from an Indiaman, on board of which he was serving in the honourable and lucrative capacity of cook's mate. He was now in the way to be made a gentleman of, in spite of himself; for his family, exerting themselves in his behalf, got him rated a midshipman on board the ship into which he was pressed, and his career in the service was as fortunate as his forced entrance into it had been extraordinary.

The service was not then quite the same as it is now; naval officers were not such fine gentlemen as they are at present; but I doubt if they had more honourable devotion to their country's welfare. Be that as it may, the L—— proceeded to the East Indies, and Will underwent the usual routine of a midshipman's life. The season happened to have been unusually sickly, and there was a great want of officers on the station, so that Will, before his time was served, was appointed acting lieutenant of the ——, a small brig mounting sixteen nine-pounders, then under orders for the Cape station. Here his usual good fortune followed him; for he had not been long at the Cape of Good Hope before the first lieutenant was taken ill and obliged to go to the hospital, so that he became commanding officer whenever the Captain was absent; and in this state of things the —— proceeded to, I forget the name of the Bay, where a number of Indiamen were at anchor, to protect them from attack.

It so happened that a French frigate of forty-four guns had been long cruising off the coast; and coming into the Bay, disguised as an Indiaman, in hopes of taking a few prizes, she anchored in the midst of them without being aware that there was a man-of-war in the roadstead. Will, who had a sort of instinct for discovering an enemy, and could tell a Frenchman under any disguise, determined, with a very unusual exertion of prudence, to wait until it was dark before he commenced his operations against the intruder. By a still more strange coincidence, he was left on this occasion entirely to his own resources; for the Captain was on shore, and the surf ran so tremendously high that it was quite impossible to communicate with him, and still more so for him to have got off had he known what was the matter. Will quietly prepared for action, harangued his men, whose numbers were greatly reduced by sickness, and, as soon as it was dark, slipped his cable without the least noise; and getting athwart-hawse of the frigate within pistol-shot, opened a most destructive fire of grape and canister on the unfortunate Frenchman, who was quite unprepared for such an attack. I have said before that Will was as brave as a lion, and it required no small exertion of bravery to engage so very superior an enemy; but, taking advantage of his first success, he kept up such an

incessant fire on the frigate as left her no time to deliberate, when a report was made to him that the cartridges were nearly all expended. Here, again, his good fortune interposed, and what would have been any other body's ruin proved his advantage; for by some accident Will had got a woman on board, of a sort of piebald, half-caste mixture, who turned out a perfect Amazon at this pinch, and relieved her gentle officer's difficulties by converting all the stockings on board into cartridges, which she unremittingly filled with powder with her own fair hands. Will, delighted with this new expedient, looked down with admiring approbation on his coadjutress, seated with a barrel of gunpowder on one side, and a pile of stockings on the other, filling them as fast as she could; while he ran about the deck encouraging his men, rubbing his hands, and calling out, in a voice of thunder, "More stockings, Nan; I say, Nan you ——, more stockings!"

The fire was kept up with such spirit and success, that it was quite impossible for the Frenchman to resist; the first broadside killed a number of his men as it raked the ship "fore and aft," and several of the officers who were seated at supper in the gun-room, were swept off before the cloth was removed. Perceiving that the brig had judiciously kept at a sufficient distance to prevent boarding, there was nothing left but to cut and run, and "La Preneuse," of forty-four guns, was obliged fairly to make off from our little brig of sixteen long-nines, with a terrible loss in killed and wounded.

The noise of the guns brought the Captain and the Governor-General of the Cape, who happened at that time to be there, to witness the action; and nothing could exceed the admiration of the one, and the vexation of the other, at not being on board to fight his own ship; although he generously allowed that he could not have done it better himself. So little did Will think he had done any thing at all out of the way, that, in the simplicity and singleness of his heart, he was not even going to write to the Admiralty, when his messmates and the master and surgeon actually wrote for him and made him sign it. This exploit excited so much admiration at home, that orders came out to make Will a commander as soon as his time should be expired, and this proved his first stepping-stone to fortune. It also gained him the friendship of Governor Dundas, who never failed to show him every attention, and invited him to all his parties,—a favour which Will would very readily have dispensed with, as he had an invincible objection to wearing braces, and I dare say very much preferred Nan's company to Lady Dundas's.

Honours, they say, change manners, but Will's remained incorruptibly the same: he was even constant to Nan as long as he continued on the station; and observing that his brother officers occasionally sent home the produce of the East as presents to their friends, he thought he could not do better than send a little specimen of himself, which proved his connexion was not entirely platonic. Accordingly he despatched a little yellow-pelted boy and girl to his sisters, with one of the very few letters he was ever known to have written in his life, informing them that "he had sent them two *natural curiosities*, excellent specimens," in which he must have adopted the phraseology he heard on all sides, as he was not much given to be facetious. If I recollect right, these little animals were placed at some cheap seminary in Yorkshire,

until they could be put apprentice to some trade that would enable them to get their own living. A much wiser method than that which generally falls to the lot of the unfortunate offspring of such amours, who are either deserted at their birth, or pampered for a few years, and taken out of their station, until the caprice or economy of their fathers prompts them to some alteration in their intentions, when they are turned adrift without a sufficiency to support the false ideas that have been instilled into them, or left to perish under an accumulated weight of misery and neglect.

Fortune, however, continued to follow our young captain wherever he went; and after various acts of bravery, he was actually made post-captain into a line of battle ship *by mistake*; and after an absence of less than ten years, he returned to England in the command of the very ship into which he had been pressed from under the cook's table in the Indiaman!

Circumstances in the mean time had equally befriended him at home; for, during his absence, one of his sisters had married an officer of high consideration and rank, from which circumstance Will derived additional consequence. On taking his flag, this officer, of course, out of consideration to his lady, nominated her brother his flag-captain, and in this capacity he joined us at Jamaica. It was there I first saw Captain ——, and a more extraordinary-looking being I do not think was ever created. As he was universally allowed to be a sort of privileged person, he took no pains whatever to conceal or moderate his defects of either manners or appearance; he never cared in the least what he said or did, and every body wondered what sort of an animal the Admiral had imported. He was extremely plain in his person, but had nothing stern or forbidding about him; on the contrary, an expression of kindness and benevolence overcame his natural ugliness of countenance, in spite of his grotesque appearance, which he seemed to have done all in his power to heighten. In the hottest day in the West Indies he wore thick worsted stockings and coarse blue trowsers, which no other person could have endured; with a sailor's jacket, having no insignia of his rank except the straps on his shoulders, which indicated his right to wear epaulets; and his wizen face, which was more the colour of the underpart of a toad's stomach than any human complexion, was surmounted by an old three-cornered cocked-hat, such as Admiral Benbow might have worn. This was his usual attire, but on great occasions the Admiral would prevail on him to dress himself suitably to his rank and station; though he was the only person who had sufficient influence over the Captain to effect such a change. It was evident, on these occasions, that his dignity was extremely irksome to him; but he loved and reverenced his brother-in-law, and obeyed him with the simplicity and deference of a child. With other people he was inflexibly obstinate, the more so when most in the wrong; but his shrewd sense whispered him on this particular occasion, that his own interest required blind obedience and non-resistance to his relative's will, whom he knew to be kindly disposed towards him. I have seen him, when escaped from all control, galloping about the park at the Penn, on an untamed South American horse that nobody else would have mounted, without saddle, bridle, or stirrups, dressed in tight buckskin pantaloons, in the full heat of a broiling Jamaica sun; and when reminded that the Admi-

ral might want him, he would hurry to his own room to get himself dressed in time, when it would take the utmost exertion of two of the black servants of the Admiral's establishment to get him out of his buckskin inexpressibles, which stuck to him like a wet wash-leather glove from heat and perspiration. Nothing could be more ludicrous than this operation, which bore more resemblance to skinning an eel than to any thing I have ever seen.

His brother-in-law's care was now to enrich him, having placed him in a station which his family consequence required, and his frequent trips to the Spanish Main fully answered that purpose. But Fortune was not yet tired of loading him with her favours: he had attained rank earlier and more rapidly than most of his brother officers, riches had actually been put into his pocket;—but all this was not sufficient—the Admiral died, and he became Commodore and Commander-in-chief on the West India station! He sincerely lamented his benefactor's loss, and faithfully reverenced his memory, and I believe was more sorry for his death than he could have been for any thing else in the world. He, however, did not fail to secure his interest on the whole, partly for the sake of the Admiral's family, and partly for his own; for he collected all the specie he could find in the island, and leaving the station to shift for itself, he set sail for England, with his precious freight on board, which yielded him an abundant harvest. He was greatly blamed for quitting his post; but Will was a sort of person who did not much care what any body thought now that the poor Admiral was no more; and the conduct of those he left behind showed that they only wanted the same opportunity to do the same thing; for he was no sooner gone than each, as they succeeded to the command, set off for different parts of the Spanish coast, that inexhaustible El Dorado of the Jamaica station.

Will arrived safely in England, having realized about 20,000*l.* by freight, prize-money, and his previous successes in the East. But on shore he was a greater oddity even than at sea. He had married his mother's housekeeper on his first return to England, so that he had a home to go to; but as that lady had nothing to recommend her but her fat and good-nature—for she was as big round as the capstan of his own ship—she was not much countenanced by his family. Luckily, this tender union was not blessed with any results, and as he had no progeny, it is most probable that his money will go to his benefactor's children. The Commodore's good fortune attended him to the very last, and he was fortunate enough to die before he had experienced any reverses. His health had suffered considerably from hot climates, and his death was in my opinion an additional piece of good fortune, as it saved him from a painful and peevish old age; and he had no resources within himself, having never read any book but "Steel's List" in his life.

I do not think it possible to find a more perfect instance of unvarying good fortune than in this worthy but extraordinary man. One sees people possessed of talents, connexion, industry, and exertion, toiling through a long life to eke out a miserable competency without success; and this man, by sheer luck alone, attained rank, riches, and power, and all that is most desirable, at an early age, and died before he had experienced a single reverse. He certainly, when once in the road to fortune, did nothing to mar it; but he did nothing to deserve

it; he had not even high feelings or spirit to enjoy it. When we do meet with such examples, it almost inclines us to believe in predestination, and give up every thing to Providence; indeed it would be easy to adopt this Turkish feeling, if one did not occasionally see instances of virtue, talent, and perseverance meeting their just reward; and when we do behold the contrary, it is salutary and comfortable for us to believe that these things are intended for some wise purpose which we cannot comprehend, and that, if we are not rewarded according to our liking in this world, we may be in the next; for man is an egregious over-rater of his own merits.

NO MORE.

———" There came a sound of song
From the dark ruins—a faint strain
As if some Echo that among
Those minstrel halls had slumber'd long,
Were murmuring into life again.

Ah! where are they, who heard in former hours
The voice of song in those neglected bowers?
They are gone—they all are gone!
'Tis thus in future hours, some bard will say
Of her who sings, and him that hears this lay,
They are gone—they too are gone."—*Evenings in Greece.*

No more!—a harp-string's deep, sad, *breaking* tone,
A last low summer-breeze, a far-off knell,
A dying echo of rich music gone,
Breathe through those words—those murmurs of farewell—
No more!

To dwell in peace with home-affections bound,
To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,
To feel the spirit of her love around,
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—
No more!

A dirge-like sound!—to greet the early friend
Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
Or join the household laughter by the blaze—
No more!

Through woods that shadow'd our first years to rove,
With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
And turn, and meet our own heart's answer *there*—
No more!

Words of Despair!—yet Earth's, all Earth's—the woe
Their passion breathes—the desolately deep!
That sound in Heaven—oh! image *then* the flow
Of gladness in its tones!—to part, to weep—
No more!

To watch in dying hope, Affection's wane,
To see the Beautiful from life depart,
To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the heart—
No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
For human love, and never quench that thirst;
To pour the soul out, winning no return,
O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—
No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,
To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead;
To send our searching spirits through th' unseen,
Intensely questioning for treasures fled—
No more!

Words of triumphant music!—bear we on
The weight of life, the chain, th' ungenial air;
Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,
To learn in joy:—to struggle, to despair—
No more! *

* "*Jamais, jamais! Je ne serai aimé comme j'aime,*" was the mournful expression of Madame de Stael.

A RENCONTRE IN THE DESERT.*

The black tents soon disappeared: in a few moments we found ourselves once more in the great solitude, with the worst auguries and the most dangerous companions around us. A gallop across the Desert, pathless and boundless as it appears, on the fine Arab courser of these Bedouins, is a glorious pleasure. The spirit exults within one at the interminable expanse; you lose in some degree the sense of humanity, and stretch away into infinite space as if disembodied already from its incumbrances. But the trot of an old hack camel is a very different description of enjoyment. Immediately on starting from the camp, each Arab resumed his seat behind us, and goaded his animal into a sort of reluctant canter. For a moment, we flew across the sands and herbage with a painful celerity. The trot or canter of a camel is less disagreeable in general than his walk, but these camels had lost all the elasticity of their youth; they went lumbering on, and soon relapsed into their ordinary gait. This provoked the Arabs to new efforts, and we again rushed forward as if in full flight from some powerful pursuer. The saddles added to our afflictions; they were composed of crossed boards and sharp projections; every step was felt through the entire frame. It was in vain to appeal to the Arabs: they were sufficiently refractory on leaving Homs; they now affected to command us: if they were not really such, they at least deemed themselves our masters. We at last left every thing to their discretion. Homs in the perspective consoled us. As the day now declined every object became more and more beautiful: the sun sunk at once as if at sea; the stars seemed to rush out together over the deep blue sky; the young gazelles were seen glancing and playing at a distance before us; at one time a group of five or six very nearly approached us. In about two hours we reached a small rivulet, and it being now quite dark, proposed resting. We dismounted, but were obliged instantly to continue our route; the Arabs peremptorily interposed. They observed to us, with their usual exaggerated gesticulation, that a moment's unnecessary delay in such a spot might prove fatal: it was the accustomed watering-place of their enemies: their camels were usually to be seen in the neighbourhood about sunset. These representations were not to be contested; we crossed the rivulet, and in a short time after got into a safer situation, immediately under a small stony eminence, and spread what small portion still remained of the provisions of the preceding day. The Arabs watched these arrangements for some moments in silence,

* Concluded from page 231.

but scarcely had we commenced eating, when they instantly rushed forward and demanded their share of the repast. This was done in so peremptory a manner that we at first declined complying with their wishes; but brooking no opposition, these ferocious freebooters turned round on Mersheb and the soldier with violence, and proudly exclaimed, "What! is this the reward of our hospitality? Is it thus that these strangers repay us? Have they not eaten of our honey, and have they not drunk of our coffee? Have they not this morning sat down under our tents? and is it now that the Infidels refuse us bread?" We observed to them that their conduct had hitherto merited little kindness or consideration; but, to prevent the possibility of any new differences between us, they should be permitted to take whatever might be left. They received the answer with a sullen and frowning countenance, broke the bread in silence, and retired, without a word of thanks, to the edge of the stream, at a small distance from our group. They had not been there long when a new and alarming circumstance presented itself. We had spread our abbas on the ledges of the rock, and were preparing to throw ourselves down, for a few short hours of very doubtful repose, when we saw Mersheb, with two of the Arabs, running towards us from the circle near the brook, and calling in a loud and clamorous tone once more to mount. We expostulated, we demanded an explanation: the Arabs shook their heads; Mersheb placed his finger significantly on his lip; we had no means of resistance; we were alone; we were once more compelled to submit. This debate was more important to us than at the time we imagined: it nearly concerned our personal safety. We afterwards heard, that on receiving the bread and retiring from our group, two of the more turbulent, who had watched our movements with unusual attention, at a little distance from their party, returned, and in a low voice and very intelligible gestures, communicated to their fellows the prospects which were opening before them. "They had now, they represented, a very favourable opportunity of retaliating in full. We were about to stretch ourselves down upon the rock, and in a few moments would, undoubtedly, be asleep." This produced a rapid and discordant consultation; but it is difficult to say how it might have terminated had not Mersheb intervened, in a critical moment, and partly by entreaty, partly by menace, succeeded in baffling the projects of our two Arab friends. He drew a powerful picture of the great importance we were to the Pasha of Damascus, and how much he cherished us, and how inconsolable he would be at our loss; that an Inglis Bey was not an every-day sort of personage; and, for aught he knew, every hair of our heads might be valued at the life of an Arab, and God knows how many camels to boot. These considerations, urged with great solemnity, and probably with profound conviction of their truth, had, fortunately, their due influence. The Arabs began to balance their revenge against their lives and their camels, and for this time at least we were permitted to escape. We mounted our camels once more, and, with a cheer or two for Homs, answered rather surlily by the guttural growl of our disappointed protectors, again set out in full flight over the desert. The moon had not yet risen: there was a thick, stifling haze over the earth, steaming up after the violent heat of the day; we could scarcely see each other, though scarcely at the distance of ten paces; the ground was broken, rough, unequal; we were not allowed to keep together, and the Arabs prohibited us from uttering a single word. When an inquiry or a call to each other escaped us, "The enemy—the enemy!" was the instant reproof from the accompanying Arab, the "atra cura," behind us. These fears were partly feigned, and partly sincere. As we cleared the low hillocks immediately connected with the site of our late bivouac, they goaded on their beasts with increased velocity towards Homs. Every instant we felt increased apprehensions, not indeed that we should miss the way (the stars were sufficient guidance for our navigation), but that the camels, now nearly as much fatigued as ourselves, would stumble over the loose, ridgy plain, and precipitate us, with as much violence as if jerked from the top of an opposition stage-coach, from their backs. A camel is a very formidable

description of *monture*; a faux-pas, in his instance, as in more serious cases, is without remedy; there is no possibility of bringing him up, and you must make up your mind, when you get on such vehicles, to all risks of breaking, at least, an arm or a leg. One of our companions, whose patience we had found on other occasions *à toute épreuve*, at last interposed. "Tell him," says he to Antoon (the interpreter immediately near him), "tell this rascal of an Arab behind me, that though we wish to reach Homs, it is not, surely, at this intemperate rate." The Arab listened—heard; and after a few moments' pause (the camel in a long trot the whole while), coolly lifted up a heavy wooden mace which he held in his hand, and brandishing it three or four times over our friend's head, proudly exclaimed, "Now, by the Prophet, let him not think of stopping the camel again, for she goes well; or, as I live, this which you now see shall descend forthwith upon his neck." The argument was cogent; the camels were of the opinion of their Arab masters, and refused all obedience to every other hand. We found ourselves fully in their power, in the centre of their territory, without assistance, without numbers, without arms; resistance, unless forced on us, would have been folly; we consented to ride on at the same precipitate, neck-breaking rate, in silence, separate, and alone. In about an hour, a bright sort of dawn towards the west, announced the approaching appearance of the moon. She soon cast the mists before her, and arose in great power and splendour. We could easily conceive, how in such a climate and in such a country, where the elements of external nature seem so few, where the outward world seems composed of almost nothing more than the flat, dry earth, and the broad, blue, embracing sky, the might and magnificence of the celestial bodies, the sun and the moon, and the whole host of the heavens, must at all times have compelled human nature to an admiration nearly akin to absolute idolatry. The origin of star-worship must have been immediate; nothing could be more natural than the transition, in such a land, from the great Author of all things to his images. The moonlight, bright beyond our usual experience, soon relieved us from all apprehension of falling; but the uncertainty of our situation,—those squalid and ill-omened figures behind us,—the deep and gloomy silence, broken only by a harsh menace, or an indistinct and distant sullen howl over the wild expanse of the wilderness, proceeding either from the wolves and jackals on their nightly prowl, or, what was still more perilous, from the marauders of some hostile camp upon their accustomed foray,—all these circumstances combined, left us scanty motive for consolation. We had now advanced during very nearly four hours from the rivulet where we had supped, when one of our guides, turning round abruptly, addressed the soldier. A partial conversation ensued; we immediately demanded its purport.

"They require that you shall dismount, and sleep here," replied the soldier; "to-morrow you shall reach Homs."

"And why not to-night? They have hurried us on to this spot, in spite of our remonstrances, for no other purpose but to reach Homs before morning. This from the beginning has been their assertion. We will not dismount: such is our answer."

"But Homs is still at a great distance," returned the soldier.

"How far?" we replied.

"About three hours, or more."

"Well, but the night is clear; it is yet early; we are the best judges whether we can accomplish it or not."

"It is useless," replied the soldier; "they refuse to go farther; they have said and sworn that you must and you shall sleep here."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when they rushed forward, and proceeded to put their threats into execution. Their object was no longer disguised. Finding it difficult to reach Homs before daylight, as they originally intended, and apprehending, as they repeatedly had said to Mersheb, and Mersheb to the soldier, during the latter part of the journey, ample retaliation on the part of the Governor on our arrival in the city, they saw no alternative left

them but the compelling us immediately to dismount, and when asleep, to accomplish their object with the utmost rapidity, into the heart of the Desert. This at all events, and at all hazards, we were resolved to oppose. We were but very partially acquainted with our situation; we knew not with any accuracy our distance from Homs; we could not rely on the fidelity either of Mersheb or of the soldier, and had some grounds for supposing that they had views, perhaps, upon our very lives. We remained tranquilly upon our camels: the guides leaped down; they struck the camels on the knees with their staffs; grasped the bridles, and by means of that harsh guttural noise, which every camel implicitly and instantly obeys, we had them in a moment falling simultaneously beneath us. This was a manœuvre for which we were scarcely prepared, and at the same time so ludicrous, that for some moments, from laughter and other causes, we made no effectual resistance. But the clamour of our antagonists soon recalled us to a sense of our danger. We succeeded, but with great difficulty, not speaking Arabic in a manner sufficiently intelligible to a camel, in compelling them to rise. The same stratagem was repeated; they were struck again, clucked again, and they fell again. Our second attempt failed; they continued obstinately fixed to the ground; they resisted all importunities; we found we had no chance with their masters. We had retained, however, even in the fall, full possession of our seats, and now came the struggle to dislodge us from this vantage-position. Captain B. was first attacked. His guide came up, placed his foot against the side of his camel, and with loud denunciations of war, caught the Captain peremptorily by the leg. The Captain resisted, rescued with great dexterity his leg, planted it unceremoniously in the face of his adversary, and at the same time succeeded in wresting from his grasp one of those formidable maces which had been already raised up, with a shout, in the full intention of crushing him. The Arab reeled back into the sand, and the Captain seizing the favourable interval, leaped from his saddle, and girt himself up with great alacrity for the combat. The fortune of war in other parts of the field was nearly similar. My friend Mr. G. was pulled off by two Arabs from his camel, and would have been more severely treated, had not Mersheb, who was much alarmed, providentially interfered. I experienced a similar fate. Mr. B. who was close by me, was struck with a lance, or its staff, in the back, but not wounded. We were all of us now upon our legs, and the engagement became instantly general. The "enemy" had one matchlock (it was out of order, and useless), a few lances, several maces, sticks, &c. We were totally unarmed. Both hosts, in point of number, were quite equal. The onset commenced on the left wing with the lances, and in the first charge Captain B. was wounded in the arm, and our servant Nicole, I think, in the thigh. We retreated for a moment, and, on turning round, found one of our party, who had incautiously separated from the main body at the commencement of the altercation, and had been walking on ignorant of our situation, in the midst of an obstinate struggle with his guide, who had treacherously attacked him in rear. We flew to his relief, and took his Arab, with all his arms, prisoner. In the mean time, Nicole, who had recovered from his blow, had seized the matchlock, and each of us had succeeded in obtaining a stick or mace, when the Arabs whom we had left behind us, rejoined us with their lances, and followed up the charge with a heavy volley of stones. We were immediately compelled to release our captive, and stand in as close rank as we could upon the defence. Captain B. who was in our front, was again unfortunate. He was wounded in the forehead, though slightly, and, stunned with the blow, fell. The wound was dangerous; we imagined it for a moment fatal. There was a little eminence near; we grouped round our companion, and getting the hillock in flank, prepared to defend him with what skill we could. Whilst occupied in these dispositions, and every moment imagining that we should have to support a second charge, with their usual cry of "Infidels!"—"Nazarenes!"—"Dogs without faith!" &c. we were much surprised to find that our enemies had profited by this suspension of hostilities, mounted their camels, and had suddenly disappeared.

[illegible] gallop across the Desert. For so inexplicable and precipitate a movement we could only account, on the presumption that they had fallen back upon some friendly camp in the neighbourhood, and that infallibly we should have to encounter the vengeance of the entire tribe. We looked around for Mersheb and the soldier—they were not to be found. This confirmed our suspicions: we had now to make up our minds, with what resolution we could, to our certain fate. Captain B. still lay on the sand; he bled profusely, and, from loss of blood, was nearly insensible: there was no water near; we had no means of reanimating him; we apprehended every thing from his wounds. On examining, however, they were, fortunately, less dangerous than had been apprehended: we tore a shawl in two, bound up his arm, and carrying him between us, proceeded, with as much rapidity as possible, on our retreat. We had not advanced many paces when, much to our surprise, we discovered a path; but had scarcely entered it, when we heard in the distance a tumultuous and incessant barking of dogs. This, in our imaginations, explained every thing: the Bedouin camps have usually, as well as the Turcoman, a large population of these animals for the protection and watch of their flocks, and we made no doubt that their barking announced the arrival of our enemies amongst their countrymen, and their immediate return with assistance to the field. We held council for a few instants, and agreed, that as in either case it was probable we should not escape, and as the path might perhaps conduct us direct to the camp, it would be quite as well, at least for the present, to stand still, and meet the danger calmly in the face. B. was placed for a moment on the ground, and we stood in silence around him. This had scarcely been done, and the barking of the dogs ceased—an evidence of the departure of our late friends—when we heard distinctly, and every instant approaching nearer and nearer, the trampling of horses and camels, and the discharges of guns and pistols, and the cries of men, and the shouts, and the threats, and the curses of multitudes. The fatal moment had arrived; we stood awaiting our certain destruction; when, along the pathway which we had just quitted, we recognised in the moonlight once more our two protectors, Mersheb and the Governor's soldier. All alarm was in an instant dissipated. They came down in full gallop amongst us; their horses foaming and panting; their swords brandished; their pistols presented: with them were two other horsemen, with their long Bedouin lances glancing in the moonshine, burning for immediate encounter. Their disappointment at the escape of our Arabs was extreme; they had fully anticipated an easy victory. We now found, that the barking of dogs which we had just heard proceeded from the small village of Dehr El Baalbek, which we had passed on leaving Homs, and from which we were distant not much more than two or three miles. The inhabitants had got the alarm, and would be instantly in pursuit. This at once explained the anxiety of our Bedouins to get rid of our party, and, with what expedition they could, to return with their booty to the Desert. Mersheb and his escort, after inquiring what direction they had taken, and pointing out to us the road to Dehr El Baalbek, set off in pursuit of the enemy across the plain. It was now nearly three o'clock in the morning, and B——, who suffered much, was growing every moment, from increased loss of blood, more and more faint. We again raised him up in our arms, and took the path to the village. We soon reached it. The inhabitants came out to meet us in crowds; our wounded companion was brought into the principal house, and attended with all possible care. In half an hour after the soldiers returned; we heard several reports of guns, pistols, &c. in the distance, but it did not appear they had encountered any one; some of our baggage was recovered which had fallen down at the commencement of the engagement, and which they had not time to carry off. The Sheikh of the village now arrived, and we were allotted mats, and a large and comfortable room to sleep in for the night. A messenger had already been despatched to Homs to inform the Governor of the whole affair, who, it was not doubted, would take immediate and effectual measures to see us fully redressed.

After many Allahs of surprise, and the most friendly congratulations at our providential escape from the hands of these Philisthijm, we retired, when the dawn was just glimmering over the Desert, to our chamber, threw ourselves on the floor, and in a moment after were buried in the most profound repose.

The soldier who had been sent to Homs returned a little after daybreak. The first intelligence we received on rising was a message from the Sheikh, informing us that the Governor had seized a large quantity of camels in town; that they had subsequently been released; that their masters had escaped; that several detachments of Turkish cavalry were seen scowering the environs, and that some of them had taken the route to the interior of the Desert. We procured two asses with great difficulty; and after a little refreshment, and thanking the good Sheikh for his attentions, immediately proceeded to the City. B——, who was now considerably better, we placed on one of them; the other was at the service of the remainder of the party. He did his duty well, and we had no reason to regret the exchange we had made for the camels. We had scarcely quitted the village when we saw two large bodies of Arabs, well mounted on dromedaries, the first amounting nearly to sixty, the second to eighty persons, advancing in full gallop upon us. We immediately drew aside with our asses, to allow them to pass. As they rushed full speed beside us, the foremost of the party exclaimed, "Save yourselves! in the name of the Prophet, save yourselves! To the Desert! To the Desert! The Osmanli is after ye!" We were in the Arab dress, burnt and parched by the sun of Syria; our beards long, and our appearance on the whole savage and Bedouin enough. Nicole perceived the mistake, and profited by it. The advice was repeated as the line passed on; he answered them with an abundance of salaams, and professions of great veneration and attachment for the Pasha. "God grant you," said he, "a safe journey! but we have nothing to dread; we are friends and allies of his Highness." In a moment they had passed us. It was a fine sight; and a more lively picture cannot be conceived of Desert warfare. They hurried by us in a confused, fierce, and crowded mass, and were instantly followed by the Turkish horsemen. The Turks were few, well armed, and earnest. Our friend, the Kiaia, came last, and alone; we gave him our salaams in passing. He looked round, glanced at us, and scarcely returning them, rode on. His whole mind was absorbed by the pursuit; his foot set firmly in his stirrups; his lance, head, and whole body bent forward and identified with his horse, who appeared not less eager for the chase than his ferocious rider. We now entered the town, and were greeted variously as we passed along through the crowded streets. Some compassionated the failure of their Christian friends; others rejoiced visibly over the mortification of the Nazreen dogs; others gazed at us in uninquiring silence, seemingly indifferent either to the dogs or the Christians. The report had spread and circulated with rapidity that one of our number had been slain, two wounded, and the remainder scattered like dust over the Desert. The Governor, not less alarmed than his subjects, sent immediately on our arrival one of his court to make the necessary inquiries and congratulations. He found us in the Turkish costume, which we had once more with joy exchanged for the Arab, and, with the exception of B——, all well, and considering our disappointment, in very reasonable spirits. The Divan presented a new enjoyment, and we returned to our cards and books with appetite. Towards evening we had, as usual, a very crowded levee. All the male gossipry of the town attended. Then came our servants, Achmet, Khalil, and Andriko, with their queries and assiduities. Andriko, a tall, gaunt-looking Greek, faithful and attached, far beyond the general character of his countrymen, had, during our absence, been afflicted with the most portentous dreams, and prophesied, for the last two days unceasingly, disasters of every fatal hue to the travellers. Khalil, a Bosniote Turk, counted up the sinister rumours immediately buzzed about on our departure; Achmet had serious intentions of following us; every one was in movement. But Antoon and Nicole, who had accompanied the expedition, soon threw all

their companions into the shade. Antoon was the most eloquent of the party, and, as it may be imagined, in perpetual occupation and request. The tale of our adventures, with fresh embellishments each time, was repeated for every new comer. It was an amusing thing to see him, kneeling down in the centre of his astonished audience, and dealing out, with "his hairs on end at his own wonders," and all the dramatic accompaniments necessary to such narrations in the East, some new and improved fragment of the Arabian history. In the midst of all this rushed in Achmet, and stood for a moment breathless before us. "What has happened?" we exclaimed at once, half rising from our divan. "A dreadful catastrophe," was the reply. Achmet had just seen in the neighbouring narrow street, in the midst of a crowd of people, two heads paraded about on lances, and advancing rapidly with shouts towards the market-place. They were the trophies of the last engagement. The soldiers had come up with the Arab party whom we had met on quitting the village; the Arabs defended themselves for some time with great spirit, but being indifferently armed, were at last obliged to give way, and fall back upon the Desert. The soldiers professed themselves anxious to spare blood, and desirous only of seizing such a number of camels and prisoners as might ensure the chastisement of the real offenders, and the repayment of the six hundred piastres which they had carried off. The Arabs were either ignorant or reckless of these intentions: a soldier was wounded with a stone in the forehead a little beyond the brook; this was the signal for a general engagement. The soldiers closed in upon them on all sides: an Arab was killed, then another; a third leaped down a pit and perished; the rest fled. The heads of those who had fallen were immediately brought into town, and their numbers, of course, soon magnified. Whilst Achmet was still speaking, the Seráf's son himself entered, and after mysteriously counting us twice over, asked us, in a low and anxious whisper, "whether we were yet satisfied? we were six in number, and six heads had been just cut off—one for each of us,—which, all things considered, he deemed, with our good leave, sufficient." We found it impossible to impress him with our feelings of horror and regret at this proceeding: though half Arab himself, he appeared profoundly convinced of the justice and expediency of such retribution. The soldiers, however, had not altogether escaped; two of them had been severely wounded towards the close of the encounter. On their return, the Mouzzelim strongly testified his displeasure; they had much exceeded their orders. To our friend, the Kiaia, this violation of duty was generally, and I believe justly, ascribed; his anti-Bedouin propensities, as we had apprehended, had betrayed him too far, and the Mouzzelim had him put under arrest the moment he appeared before him. In the interval, a full report of the entire proceeding was despatched to Damascus, and serious apprehensions were entertained at Homs of the probability of an approaching war.

A little time after our arrival, we had sent to the Mouzzelim to inquire whether we might not be permitted to see him on the ensuing morning, and had received the kindest assurances in return. We accordingly proceeded the next day, according to our arrangement, to his wooden palace, at a very early hour. We found his little court extremely gloomy, and stripped of most of his usual attendants. Scander alone appeared. On entering, the Mouzzelim addressed us the ordinary salutations, and a few words of condolence and felicitation. He was perfectly acquainted with all the details, and acquitted us of the slightest shadow of blame in every stage of this unfortunate adventure. The mere circumstance of being totally unarmed, was in itself sufficient evidence of our peaceful intentions. We should immediately be reimbursed all advances of money; he had already given orders to his Seráf for that purpose; in due season, he hoped he should find means to compel the tribe to refund. At the same time, much as he lamented our late misfortune, he thought that the expedition might still be attempted, and he was ready to offer us all military and other assistance in his power; his force was not considerable, but he had a sufficient number of troops to make us respected, even at Tedmor. We returned him our repeated and unfeigned thanks for this new mark of his kindness, begged he would apply the money

advanced to the use of the soldiers who had fought and been wounded in this "untoward" affair; and concluded by assuring him that we felt extremely obliged by the kindness of his proffers, though at the same time we found it quite impossible to accept them; we should be sorry indeed to gratify our curiosity, however great, at the risk of exciting new differences, and perhaps involving him and his people in an immediate, and possibly a protracted war. He regretted our decision, but at last, after a long pause, seemed to think we were in the right. The Sheikh of Tedmor's son, whom we had seen on the preceding evening, left no doubts in our minds upon the subject; had we ventured on a second attempt, little question existed that we should have shared the fate of the Pasha's troops in the Hauran. The money he peremptorily refused accepting; his soldiers were Osmanli, and paid from the Imperial or Vice-regal treasuries; they had moreover exceeded their orders, committed excesses, and were much more deserving of punishment than reward. The Kiaia himself was at that moment in prison; he should remain there until he had fully atoned for his disobedience; the money belonged to us only, and to us only should it be repaid. He then inquired when we intended leaving Homs, and what route we proposed taking. We fixed on the morrow for the day of our departure, and on the road to Tripoli for our route. He assured us it was now quite safe, with the exception, perhaps, of a short strip of intermediate desert, through which we should be accompanied by two of his own soldiers. We reiterated our assurances of gratitude for the numerous attentions and other services for which we had been indebted to his courtesy; and after the usual salutations, kind, but grave, we took our final leave, and retired. Nothing could give a more advantageous opinion of the Turkish character than the conduct of this singularly honest man. From the commencement to the end, we found him solicitously and unaffectedly zealous in discharging the duties of hospitality. Frank, simple, and decided, he anticipated our wishes with a cordiality and earnestness we have not since seen equalled. We had often to regret the divan of the Mouzelim of Homs amidst the bureaus and passports of civilized Europe.

The same evening the whole six hundred piastres were repaid us by the Seraf's son; and a white Cashmire shawl was sent to the Governor, with our thanks and respects, and another presented to our host, in acknowledgement for the many civilities which we had received during our long stay. We then paid him our farewell visit. We found the old man in a retired chamber, at the farthest extremity of the inner court. He was sitting up in bed when we entered, and his pale, emaciated, but still venerable countenance, his long beard and faltering voice, presented a very lively illustration to our imagination of the dying scenes of Isaac and Jacob in the Old Testament. His daughters, veiled in the Mahomedan manner, crossed the court precipitately on our appearance: his sons served around him. He had for many years been an invalid, and daily expected his dissolution. After the usual indispensable entertainment, coffee, pipes, fruits, &c. the conversation, as we had apprehended, recurred to Tedmor and the Bedouin Arabs. Antoon was called in, and began from the beginning: in mercy, however, to the Seraf, we insisted on the omission of all episodes. In return, the old courtier gave us a sketch of his early adventures, and some interesting information on our late enemies. It appears they were of a tribe very recently arrived in the vicinity of Homs, from the Deserts near Bagdad. We observed indeed that they seemed intimately acquainted with that country, and frequently offered to conduct us thither. The tribe Anazy, under Sheikh Nazr, had been originally in possession of the territory round Tedmor; in consequence of having murdered two of an adjoining tribe, and some other differences between them and the Governor of Homs, they were compelled to remove to the vicinity of Damascus, where they were now settled, but did not long continue on amicable terms with the Pasha. The tribe Anazy was composed of seven several tribes; amongst them were the Hamour and Feddaan. The Hamour did not amount to more than two hundred men, and remained in possession,

[illegible] The Sabak [illegible] under [illegible]
[illegible] changed their [illegible] of the Governor. They subsequently entered into a close league with the Governor, and to their cooperation he was principally indebted for the conquest of Tedmor from the [illegible] tribe of Hamdun. The Hamdun afterwards rejoined the Anazy. The Sabak were much favoured by the Governor, and their camels permitted to browse close to the city walls. Since the occupation of their present territory they have become very powerful; the tribe counted a population of about five thousand souls, and could muster, on an emergency, nearly eight hundred cavalry. They retained their ancient hostility to the Anazy, to whose frequent and fierce incursions they were still exposed. The Anazy, though on doubtful terms of friendship with the Mouzzelim, were yet allowed to visit Homs, and to carry on their trade in soda, &c. which they collected in large quantities in the Desert. The Sabak lived principally on the [illegible] of the neighbouring villages, of goats and camels. They maintained a brisk whole-sale trade with many of the towns of Syria, and took [illegible] in exchange. In their hands also, in common with others of the Bagdad tribes, lay the principal management of the Damascus caravan to Mecca; and as the annual mortality of camels, &c. was usually very great, it was a source of considerable revenue. They were still, however, very inferior in importance to the Anazy, as they in turn to the Benisakr. The Benisakr occupy the Hauran down as far as the Catholic town of Salt, and are by much the most numerous, formidable, fierce, and independent wanderers of the Deserts of Syria.

We now repeated our thanks, and took a last farewell. In a few days afterwards we sailed from Tripoli for Smyrna. On arrival we found Mr. B——. He had taken the route by Aleppo to Constantinople, and on his way had met the Sheik Douaki, who expressed himself in terms of unmeasured indignation at the faithless and disgraceful conduct of his tribe. Whether this was a portion only of the drama, and intended to throw a deeper veil over their perfidy, or was the frank and full expression of his honest anger, we had no means afterwards to ascertain; but we already had too many illustrations of the treachery of the Bedouin to put much faith in the professions of their princes; and from reports which we heard on our return of later travellers, we had every reason to congratulate ourselves at not having been subjected to a second experiment upon our credulity.

ENGLISH RESIDENTS ABROAD.

Among the various motives that induce such multitudes of our country people of all sexes and ages to travel, a love of the picturesque is certainly not the foremost; else why do they voluntarily select situations for residence the most unattractive? Ostend, for instance; St. Omer; the miserable Besançon: places that are enough to make an Arab, if he saw them, wish himself back in his deserts; dreary flats, hills of sand,—and yet years are spent there with perfect resignation and contentment. Not only so, but it is considered by many, whose journeys have not been very extensive, as living on the Continent, as conferring the taste and the *éclat* of a foreign residence. In general, indeed, it is observable, that fine views and delicious scenery, however much admired in passing, do not enter into the plan of a settled residence. Whether this be in a deep inclosed valley, on the banks of dank canals, or on interminable plains, there are the greater number of resident travellers to be found. The dull City of Tours, with its flat and monotonous scenery, is crowded to overflowing; while the elegant and elegant Dijon, little inferior to Paris in its diversions and resources and luxuries, immeasurably superior in the beauty of its women, who are re-

nowned through all France—and, last, though not least, in the list, cheap in its prices, is almost wholly forsaken and overlooked. Scarcely an English family ever thinks of living there, though its French society is of the choicest in France, from the number of ancient families who reside there; and its means of education, libraries, &c. excellent. Ghent and Bruges, which look like enormous bastilles, are most favourite residences, probably for their extreme cheapness. Again, there are very many families who are independant of any consideration of this kind, who, being once established in a place which they have heard praised and admired at home, never think of quitting it. The mournful routine of a French provincial town passes on, and excites no ennui, no thirst for a change; the sad and formal *soirée*, the *eau sucrée*, the gentlemen with their hats under their arm, the ladies ranged nearly in a row—but all without the soul or spirit of enjoyment—these things come and go, and one year ended, another commences under the same auspices, and with the same animating prospects. It would be difficult to conceive what enables so many, not only to tolerate such a life, but to cleave to it; except that one is aware there is a secret charm attached to the idea of living abroad; a consciousness of being travelled people—a triumphant feeling in corresponding with one's friends at home, who have never or rarely quitted their own shores. The details of French, Dutch, or Italian manners; the passing bitter and derisive critiques on them; the expressions of scorn or hauteur perhaps indulged in—there is a sweetness in all this, an elevation, an excitement, which our provincial towns, country-houses, or manufacturing cities do not and cannot afford. Or perhaps the tide of feeling is that of pleasure: foreign dresses, faces, and habits, are seen with ecstasy, and enjoyed with a relish that time does not diminish;—then what are the inconveniences of a small French town in the balance; the stiff and cropped, and meagre boulevard for the only walk; the same French faces that have grown withered since the Revolution, or demure and devout since the Bourbons have set the fashion?

Look at that tall, dun, antique-looking building, six stories high; a fountain with a venerable statue, the face and limbs of which are half shorn by time, and the never-ending gush of waters of which have been the resort of all the grisettes of the town for more than two centuries. On the first floor lodges an English family, in a lofty, airy suite of apartments, whose mirrors, defaced in some measure of their gilding, and other old-fashioned array, still look rather imposing. Below, joining the street, is a china shop; and above, in a more confined, and far cheaper abode, is another family, that has come from the far and healthy isles of Shetland to see the Continent: an ancient family, that had lived, like its ancestors for many generations before them, in great respectability and a fulness of comfort, on a comparatively small income. They had their old and roomy dwelling not far from the sea: had an ample stock of salted geese: could command at all times abundance of excellent salt-fish from the store, or fresh from the sea that stretched before them, and at no expense. They were related to the best families on the island, and visited often, and were visited in turn, and substantial and jovial were the entertainments. The good old whiskey was never spared: strong ale, of their own brewing, flowed in abundance; and not only the dinner hours, but those of the night also, flowed in cheer-

fulness and gaiety away. It so happened in an evil hour that these people took it into their heads to travel: some friends who had gone from the Isle by sea to the Continent, either wrote such flattering accounts of what they saw, or returned and told, in glowing terms, of the delight they had experienced. From that hour their own bleak coasts and watery skies grew distasteful to them; the sameness of the rocky and wild scenery, and the expanse of ocean, had never struck them before; they had never found them tedious, or sighed for a change. But now it seemed cruel and painful to be shut up all their lives within so small a compass, and never to wander over the world beyond. The husband thought it would give him enlargement of mind, and a vast sphere of observation; the wife dwelt with rapture on the graces, dresses, and singular manners of the foreign women, so far removed from those that adorned the fair of her own Isle. They might live a long life and die there, they both said, without seeing or enjoying any thing more than they had hitherto done. The resolution was at last taken to go abroad for two or three years; but it was not so easy to execute as to resolve. Though their income was sufficient for all the comforts and luxuries of their own Isle, it did not give them the command of much ready-money, that *summum bonum* in all travelling. A few months were passed in preparation, part of the stock was disposed of, and at last, full of the most sanguine anticipations, they sailed in a merchant-ship from their own remote shore, and landed on that of France. In a few days after, they reached the capital, and were infinitely delighted with its splendour and the novelty of its various sights. Here they would willingly have lingered long; from the solitude of their own Isle it was like dropping on a new world; but its enjoyments could not be possessed without many bitter things attached to them. Accustomed so long to a spot where all the comforts of life were so cheap and plentiful, the French capital seemed to drink up their not ample resources with daily and insatiable avidity. Economy, so long practised, could do nothing here; and it was with a heavy heart and slender purse, that they bent their way after a few weeks, with their children, to the interior. They arrived in this small town; its cheapness they had heard extolled, and took a mean suite of apartments on the second-floor, directly over the far more affluent family that has been spoken of before. It is true, the scale of expense was suited to their resources; provisions were cheap; wine, that had been a rarity in their own land, cost but little, and was good and plentiful. For a few months they were pleased and reconciled, though they both felt the bitterness of disappointment; the manners of the people, the aspect of the country, the style of the little society they frequented, all were new. Time brought some sources of vexation and annoyance, even in that small and unambitious French town. The English family that lived on the first-floor was considered to be wealthy, and was so in that situation. They had left a good house in one of the towns on the southern coast, and a pretty numerous circle of acquaintance, to come and reside there. Several of their countrypeople also dwelt in the town, but were unable to keep up so good an appearance as this family, which dearly prized the distinction of being the first and most stylish travelled people in the place, and was resolved to maintain it against all new comers. The superior attentions paid them by the na-

[illegible] with avidity; they gave *soirées*, and once or twice a ball [illegible] splendour, and the success with which it went off, was the subject of conversation for weeks afterwards, in every visitable dwelling of the town. Dearly did the lady—dearly did her daughters prize this *éclat*; it was more than sufficient recompense for the bad tone of most of the society of the place, and the want of any thing singular about them. No sooner did a new family or individual of either sex arrive, than their property, family, cause of travelling, &c. were instantly canvassed by their charitable countrypeople all over the place. However generous and honourable the behaviour of the English may be to each other in their own land, it is a frequent observation, that abroad they have neither feeling, kindness, and scarcely common humanity. A diligent inquiry, or rather investigation, is set on foot among all the old residents, who square their looks, civility, and address, according to the real or fancied result. Great is the astonishment of the French oftentimes at these cavalier airs and pitiless feelings; they imagine, erroneously, that the natives of our isle, meeting in a foreign place, in an isolated situation, and dependent, in no small degree, on the kindliness and goodwill of their fellow-creatures, would promote their happiness by being cordial and gentle to each other. Alas! they know not the fierce pride and indomitable feeling of an English bosom, whether male or female—to whom, to lose the opportunity of putting on cold and reserved looks, and a calm, habitual haughtiness, is a real misfortune. So thought the family that lived on the first floor, and so it felt towards the unfortunate strangers from Shetland. Not that they, or any of the other families, wished them evil, or would neglect an opportunity, if it offered, to do them a real service, provided it did not much inconvenience themselves. But they were poor—this was quickly known, and in an English eye this is a cardinal sin: the whole style and details of their household, the denials they were obliged to practise, and the absence of all luxury at their meals—all this was delicious intelligence to the ears of the previous residents. The Scotch travellers were invited occasionally to pass the evening with their neighbours below, and were treated with pointed kindness; but there was a studied air, an ostentation about the thing, from which the warm and ancient blood of the Shetlander revolted. The luxuries he could not afford, and which they knew he could not, were heaped on them; then an allusion sometimes escaped the mother or the daughters about narrow circumstances, and the mistaken love of travelling, and how widely and singularly it was diffused everywhere, even in spots that one could scarcely imagine. Then if the couple sought to invite in return, and they knew they ought not to do it: it was politely waved, and they knew not whether to accept with pleasure or be offended with the excuses that were made. They soon found, indeed, they were marked people in the place; others who came for cheapness were yet richer than they: at the unexpensive *soirées* given by their country-people, they were sometimes invited, but generally declined to go. It was then that the high-spirited Shetlander felt somewhat like Rasselas, escaped from the happy valley, and pined to return. He thought of his wild coasts, and wilder waves; of the bare heaths and moors that spread inland, that had once been dear to his eye; and he longed again to gaze on them, far more than on the vine-covered hills around

him. He thought of the universal respect in which he lived in his own Isle, where his family was known and honoured, where he was as rich as most of the other lairds, and the few who were more affluent lived not more happily, or received more marked attention. But here, in this small provincial town, they were slighted and looked down upon by many, whose families were obscure compared to his own. Then they had more substantial comforts too, which had always been their portion, and of which they were now deprived of: the substantial and well-spread table — the joyous circle — the songs of the highlands — the inspiring whiskey, inferior only, when old and mellow, to champaigne itself: how differently then had many an evening glided away, to the cold, ceremonious, meagre parties of this uninteresting place! The contrast was too great; and after a long and painful struggle, it was resolved they should bend their steps, after a time, to their own country once more, with defeated expectation, but with a certainty of future and lasting comfort.

Another inducement for many a prudent and anxious mother of a family to travel, and even to reside abroad, is the view of marrying her daughters; and this end is not seldom answered. How many hundreds of English women have found French and Swiss husbands, and have settled for good amidst vineyards and at the foot of the Alps. But in the aforesaid town there did not appear much prospect of such a consummation; the men were not rich; in general quite the reverse; and at the balls there was always a large proportion of women for one. — About this time there came a stranger to the town, that happened to be one of the very few places habitable in France which her steps had not visited: a maiden lady, who owned to thirty-two, but certainly drew nearer to the calm and unlovely age of forty. Yet did she carry her years well and spiritedly, as if resolved to war with the fierce strides of time; — a clear dark eye and fresh complexion, and hair partly but not all her own, so admirably adjusted by a skilful *coiffeur*, that men saw nothing to warn them away, but much that invited to pause and look again. An income much more than sufficient for her own wants or pleasures, it was soon known that she possessed; and more than one half-pay officer, who had made the place his last and cheapest retreat from more attractive scenes, and more than one or two rather young Frenchmen of good condition, but small fortune, thought they could not do better than pay their homage to the fair spinster. They soon found it was neither the absence of youth or poverty that had conduced to make the wanderer pass on her way in single blessedness: she was still a finer woman than most of the French dames of the place, who were ten years younger; had read much, and had a well cultivated mind. But from morning to night her career was one of constant and little singularities: it was strange her long travelling had not cured them, but they grew by daily and hourly indulgence. In the middle of a brilliant and sultry noon she chose to have the shutters closed, and candles lighted; and the Frenchmen, who called to pay their homage, in the idea of finding Madame —— in her most tasteful costume and gracious airs, perceived her seated in a dishabille at a small table, a dog sleeping on each side of her, and a book of massive size, and from its aspect neither of light nor luxurious contents, open before her, and the head bent intently over it. Their compliments were listened to with evident indifference or impatience; and [illegible]

that sparkled with their best lustre at similar things the day preceding, were now scarcely lifted from their occupation. The visitors stared and swore in their hearts; they had known many singular and strange things done by the English, they said, but this surpassed all. Then her *femme de chambre* dined with, as well as read to her; and followed closely her mistress's footsteps as she sallied forth at times in the night without the gates, (for the town was walled,) and ruminating on high themes, or taken with the aspect of nature, though it was as dreary and bare as could well be conceived, returned not for hours to her residence. Tastes such as these, with some few others of a similar kind, seemed to repel the soft passion; the intelligent conversation of the lady, and at times the animated manner, with a good income, and no incumbrance, were scarcely deemed sufficient to banish such formidable peculiarities. But the fierce rivalry that soon sprang up between the new visitor and the family that had so long ruled the roast, banished from her thoughts, for the time, the dear prospects and dreams of love and marriage. It was with bitterness of heart that the lady and her daughters saw their ascendency, by degrees, decline before the vicinity of so formidable a neighbour, who was a cleverer and more accomplished, though far more eccentric woman than themselves. There was no compromising matters either: civilities and compliments passed on each side, and visits were interchanged; but ere a few weeks had elapsed, the tongue, that source of all mischief, had committed deeds that no time could wash away. Ridicule, biting, unsparing ridicule, had been cast on the tastes and habits of the stranger; all this, of course, had been quickly and faithfully carried to her ears by the dear friends of both. War, secret, and on that account the more deadly, was declared; and the sides of the two parties were espoused by all the travelled people in the place. The curé too, the *maire*, and several of the Frenchmen, could not preserve their neutrality; the two former being elderly and steady men, adhered to their first acquaintance, the widow and her family; the manners and little attentions and compliments of the former being more suitable to their taste than the independent, and sometimes derisive spirit of the maiden lady. But the many, and the young, and the gallant Messieurs, went over to the new side; they admired her wit and talents, they knew she was rich, and they laughed at her sallies against priesthood and the Bourbons, and also at the keen satire she cast on the rival family. Keen and fast fell the shafts of her wit and scorn; and their ostentation, their many pretensions, and ignorance in many things, afforded a richer and more copious subject than her own eccentricity did to their malice. They felt it deeply, and writhed beneath it; they saw their influence on the wane; the morning levees were little less numerous, but the obsequious and devoted tone of manners of many were changed into carelessness or coldness. Their rides into the country, their shopping, their *soirées* no longer possessed universal *éclat*, or were watched, besieged, and lauded from the pavement to the attic. It was vain to strive with the torrent that had thus taken a new direction. There are spirits, that, having been habituated to take the lead, disdain to play second, or be less than the first: of such texture was the haughty widow's heart. The rides they took almost every fine day, for no other purpose than to display a handsome carriage, did not bring the same feeling of delight. There was little charm of scenery in the

dreary roads and bare hills that stretched on every side around the town: the latter were covered with vines, but scarcely a tree grew on them; the soil had a yellow, unsightly hue; and a canal moved slowly onward, as far as the eye could reach, for the purpose of conveying in boats the immense quantities of wine made in the province. Admiring eyes had attended and followed the equipage, filled with the widow and her daughters, in all the extreme and variety of French taste; and amidst the many bows and compliments that often impeded the progress of the wheels along the narrow and dirty streets, their hearts owned the luxury of reigning supreme objects of notice and attention in a remote and poor French town. But the reins of empire now hung loosely in their hand; for their rival appeared sometimes at the same hour, mounted on a handsome pony, which she sat and managed with much grace: and the looks of pleasure and surprise that were cast by the loungers in the streets on the air and equipment of the spinster, were of a more earnest and flattering kind, it was evident, than the slow rolling of the carriage, or the ostentation of its owners, drew. This could not be long endured: important intelligence from home was pretended, by which their presence there was immediately required, and the decline of August saw the family, that had been paramount in the place for nearly a year, long ere winter's frost commanded a retreat, quit the field to their younger and triumphant rival, and depart for the capital.

MEMOIRS OF SAVARY, DUKE OF ROVIGO.*

Of all the agents of Napoleon's tyranny, Savary has been supposed the most sanguinary, reckless, and thorough-going—to have shrunk from no infamy, and stuck at no crime—the ready and willing instrument of any deed of darkness or treachery—taking the foulest by preference, and ambitious of the most degrading eminence. Give a dog a bad name and hang him, coarsely but closely expresses Savary's fate. The Royalists denounced him as the murderer of D'Enghien, while the real authors of the tragedy made him the scape-goat; and all, who had aught to dread from the world's censures, joined in the cry to hunt the unhappy man down. Stung into indignation and book-making, he at length turned upon his detractors and vituperators, and unveiling all concealments without scruple or reserve, has assigned to every man his share in the agency and crimes of Napoleon's power. Of Napoleon himself he is the constant apologist, or rather the steady eulogist, for he scarcely ever supposes him to require defence. The main objects of his very extended memoirs are to exhibit his master's career, to establish his own faithfulness and devotedness, to clear up his own reputation, according to his measure of purity, and to lay open the blunders and treacheries of his fellow-soldiers and ministers, and especially those of Bernadotte, Talleyrand, Fouché, and Murat. The actions and motives of hundreds besides are freely exposed; and he has accordingly brought down upon himself the fiery attacks of many of the survivors, all of whom, however, affect to treat him with contempt—as a man utterly unworthy of credit. Of these the most distinguished at present are Talleyrand, Hullin, Trouton, Kellerman. The Duke, indeed, knows too much for one man; he assumes an almost exclusive fidelity to his master, and an extent of information, which nothing but the powers of ubiquity and omniscience could well warrant; and too often leaves it doubtful whether he is delivering the testimony

* Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, (M. Savary,) written by Himself: illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon. Four Volumes. 8vo.

own experience, the results of inquiry, or the reports of others. He tells too much to be universally credited; but why he is to be absolutely and universally scouted, we cannot at all understand; and we are quite sure that his memoirs will come to have a very marked influence upon future histories.

The bias of the man is evident enough, and can generally, we imagine, be readily measured. With some of the arts of a special pleader, he has a good deal of the frankness of a soldier; and often reports, without seeking to apologise, what tells against himself—disclosing, without any perceptible feeling of impropriety, schemes and stratagems practised under his direction, of which a more cultivated conscience would have been ashamed, and a more cunning spirit have suppressed. He was himself always an agent; he considered himself always as such; his principal was responsible. The Emperor's safety was at all hazards to be secured; and if every thing which every body was doing could be discovered, plots might be dispersed and treasons be crushed; and accordingly the whole energies of his being were bent to the acquirement of intelligence, and none were deemed too high or too low to be looked after. As Minister of Police, he had spies in all quarters, and spies upon spies; was of course often deluded—defeated—put upon wrong scents—baffled by his own agents—dreaded by the timid and ignorant, and laughed at by the bold and crafty. The merit of the man is, that, in such a position, he did comparatively little mischief, and committed few enormities—comparatively, we mean, with reference to the unlimited range of his action, the extensive command of men and money, the objects aimed at, and the means employed. He was, in fact, we take it, not from defect of activity, but inevitably, inefficient; and if his master had not lost all as he did, would himself have been dismissed for incompetency, though no other—not Sartines or Fouché—could ever have realized the perfect inquisition apparently aimed at. The attempt, indeed, was absurd; agents and sub-agents were indispensable; and with those who are employed in under-hand schemes, roguery is catching, and the temptation to cheat the employer quite irresistible.

We take our impressions from the book itself; and to us it appears evident, in a few words, that Savary meant honestly, according to his conceptions of honesty—that he was devoted to the Emperor as the maker of his fortunes, and free from any desire of deceiving him—that others, while looking to the same quarter for the same purpose, were ready to grasp at any means to push him from his stool, and seize it for themselves, or support any one under whom they might gain greater authority—that he detected these sinister views, indiscreetly exposed them, and raised up a nest of hornets about his ears, which will never cease to harass him to the day of his death. Devoted, as he undoubtedly was, to the Emperor, that Emperor was taught to distrust him, though all the while sacrificing character and credit to his interests. The measure of his conduct was plainly the Emperor's will; and his object, the accomplishment of what he conceived to be his duty. He was often plain-speaking, but he had clearly not impressed his master with any extraordinary talents for advising, and was only regarded by him as an unscrupulous, indefatigable, and resolute minister of his purposes. To consider him severely, and by the standard of enlightened reason, he was a worthless tool—to judge him more liberally, by the common standard of common judgments, he was a faithful servant, who executed orders, and trusted to his master for reward.

Savary was born in 1776, and was, of course, quite a boy at the outbreak of the Revolution. He was not, as the Anti-Jacobins used to report, the son of a pot-house porter; his father had retired from the service with the rank of major and the cross of St. Louis; and his elder brother was serving in the artillery, when himself, at fifteen, obtained a commission in a regiment of cavalry. Joining the troops assembled under the command of Bouillé to subdue the revolted garrison of Nancy, he stood fire the first day. In the war commenced on the part of the Allies, he was successively under the or-

ders of Custine, Pichegru, and Moreau; and quickly distinguished by some display of temerity, he became an object of preference with his superiors for the execution of any hazardous enterprise; and was early appointed aide-de-camp, first by Ferine, and afterwards by Desaix. With Desaix he lived on terms of great intimacy, and accompanied him as one of his aides-de-camp in the expedition to Egypt; of which, and of the country, these memoirs present the best and clearest statements we have anywhere seen. Returning with him from Egypt, he still accompanied him to the battle of Marengo, where his activity and intrepidity first fell under the cognizance of Bonaparte; and after the battle, he was, along with Rapp, appointed aide-de-camp to the Consul. This important office brought him in continual contact with Bonaparte, and Bonaparte was not a man to let any body about him sleep. For the next three or four years we find him actively and incessantly employed in different directions, on special commissions—in inspecting and reporting upon the state of the Italian towns—the condition of the forces under Massena and Brune—superintending the execution of particular orders—the sailing of Ganthaume—the preparations along the coast, and especially at Boulogne for the invasion of England,—till, in 1804, when, as Colonel of *gendarmerie*, he was employed in the destruction of the Duke d'Enghien.

Of this wicked act the author professes to give the minutest particulars—driven to the detail as well by the infamy attached to his chief, the stain which has always stuck close to himself, and the contradictions more recently flung on him by Hullin. With respect to himself, he had, he seems to think, only to tell certain facts relative to the matter, to clear himself of any censurable share in the business. Though very much employed by the Consul, it had been as yet wholly in a military capacity; he was not admitted to his counsels; he was comparatively insignificant; he was but twenty-eight; and in the particular case, actually knew nothing of the matter, but by public report, till the 20th of March, the very day on which the Duke was brought to Paris and conducted to Vincennes. On this day, according to his account, and he has not been contradicted on this point, Savary had only been two or three days returned from his mission to Dieppe, where he had been two months engaged in detecting Georges' confederates,—on this day, about five in the afternoon, when on duty at Malmaison, he was summoned to the Cabinet of the Consul, who gave him a sealed letter, and commanded him to deliver it forthwith to Murat, then Governor of Paris. Of the contents of this letter Savary declares himself perfectly ignorant. Murat took the letter, and told him he would presently send him orders. These orders were simply to take a brigade of infantry to Vincennes. A detachment of gendarmerie, of which Savary was himself colonel, had been ordered to proceed to the same place. When he arrived at Vincennes, it was dark, and the troops coming in from different quarters of Paris, and at different hours, and little or no accommodation provided for them, he was engaged through the night, till about three in the morning, in disposing of them. In the meanwhile the Commission, consisting of Hullin, the President, and the colonels of regiments belonging to the garrison of Paris, had assembled, and the trial of the Duke proceeded.

The room where the Commission was held was open to all within the walls; and when Savary was at liberty to go in, after seeing the troops settled, he had great difficulty in getting behind the chair of the President, where he wished to get to enable him to see the better, but where he remained but a very few minutes, because, being chilled with passing so much of the night out of doors with the troops, he was driven to go and warm himself at the fire, which was in front of the President's chair. At this period the trial (if such it can be called) was already over, and the Commission were in warm discussion. Savary was just in time to hear the last words of the prisoner's defence. The room was now ordered to be cleared, while the Commission deliberated, and Savary went out with the rest, and withdrew with other officers to the troops that were stationed on the esplanade of the Castle. In about two hours after he quitted the room,

the commandant of the infantry which was posted in the court of the Castle, informed him that the Commission had passed sentence, and that a picket was required for execution. Savary recommended to him, as usual, he says, in such cases, to place it so as to prevent accidents; and the spot which seemed to the commandant best suited for the purpose was a spacious ditch of the Castle. "While these arrangements were taking place, I ordered," says Savary, "the troops under arms, and acquainted them with the sentence which the Commission had passed, and told them they were to attend its execution." The Duke was brought down, and executed, in their presence, immediately—about six o'clock. Savary then took the orders of the President to send back the troops to the barracks, and repaired himself to Malmaison to report to the Consul.

He peremptorily denies the allegation of Hullin, who, in his own defence, has publicly stated, that Savary took the matter out of his hands; and that on pronouncing judgment, he proposed to write to the First Consul, to inform him of the Prince's wish for an interview, and to recommend him to mercy, but Savary took the pen out of his hand, and said "That is my business." This, however, is impossible, if the fact really be, that Savary was excluded during the deliberation. As Savary represents the matter, he himself was merely the commander of the troops—had nothing to do with the trial, but acted under the orders of the President; who, when he had passed sentence, gave orders for a picket, which Savary obeyed, and with the rest of the troops witnessed the execution. According to Hullin, he too had nothing more to do with the matter than preside at the court-martial; for though compelled by his duty to pass sentence, yet when he wished to save the victim, Savary interposed, and executed the sentence without his orders. What may be the *truth*, we shall probably never know. Murat, Hullin, and Savary, were the chief agents. Murat was Hullin's superior, and Hullin was Savary's. Hullin must have had specific orders from Murat, and as he was Savary's superior officer, could have commanded—could, if he had chosen, have forbidden Savary from carrying the sentence into execution, unless Savary had specific orders, of which Hullin would naturally have demanded proof; and if proof had been produced, would of course have said as much. He does not say this, and must consequently submit to the obvious inference. He was the superior, and could have enforced obedience. He was at the head of the Commission, and the troops were present to protect the Commission and execute its orders.

On the other hand, it is pretty clear, Savary has not told all,—or why should *he* report to the Consul? Naturally he would surely report to Hullin, Hullin to Murat, and Murat to the Consul. Savary knew nothing, according to his statement, from the Consul; he had his orders from Murat, but none, or he would have told us, to report immediately to the Consul; and yet, instead of going from Vincennes to Murat, he proceeds straight to Malmaison, and reports personally to Bonaparte. What does this imply, but that he had orders from Bonaparte?—a conclusion which vitiates the whole story. The truth is, Savary succeeds only in crushing Hullin's tale—Hullin probably knew more than he felt it safe to disclose, and, thus shackled, gave an advantage to Savary, which he has dexterously seized. We seem to ourselves to see the whole story, but in a way to annihilate the credit of all parties. There was no general confidence—Murat, Hullin, and Savary, had each their parts assigned them. Murat picked out the Commission and the troops, and had no more to do with the matter; Hullin presided over the trial, and passed the sentence, and had no share in the execution; Savary superintended the execution, and had no concern with the trial. Hullin lies about Savary, and Savary lies in telling us he took his orders from Hullin. If Savary had said, I had orders from Murat, or the Consul, to see that the Duke was shot, we should have believed him.

The real author of the mischief is represented to have been Talleyrand; but *his* motives—to exasperate the Bourbons and commit the Consul—are not well worked out. He it was, it seems, who led Bonaparte to believe that the Duke d'Enghien was connected with Georges, Pichegru, and Moreau,

and that the mysterious personage seen with Georges, and afterwards shown to have been Pichegru, was D'Enghien—the particular fact, which impelled Bonaparte to order the Duke's arrest and execution. Misled or not, Bonaparte must have intended his execution—he might not have directed the details. The craft of the contriver, if Talleyrand were the guilty contriver, might have accelerated the process with such unseemly haste, and made a midnight murder of what might have been done in open day, and out of the walls of the Castle—which will sufficiently account for Bonaparte's surprise when Savary reported to him, and his declaration that there was "something in the business he could not fathom," and also, perhaps, his emphatic remark "that a crime had been committed which led to nothing."

Close upon the heels of this abominable act followed the Coronation; and while the new Emperor was gone to Italy to receive the iron crown of Lombardy, Savary was again despatched to inspect the troops from Dunkirk to Etaples, and inquire into the state of the preparations for the invasion of England, which, according to Savary's account, was seriously intended and vehemently urged, and abandoned only by the breaking out of the Austrian and Russian war. To this war Savary accompanied the Emperor, as one of his aides-de-camp; and after the capture of Vienna, while the Russians were at Olmutz, where the Emperor of Russia had joined them, he was despatched with a letter of courtesy to him; "And tell him," says Napoleon, "that hearing of his arrival at his army, I have sent you to salute him in my name. If he questions you, you know what answer ought to be given under such circumstances." Savary had the honour of an interview, and a long colloquy ensued, which the author, who often piques himself on his memory, has reported in a dialogue form, as if it were given verbatim, in which the Emperor taxes Napoleon's ambitious measures, and Savary excuses or defends them. On Savary's communicating this conversation, Napoleon bade him hasten back to the Emperor, and propose an interview, to which Alexander replied he must first confer with the King of the Romans, but in the mean while would send Prince Dolgorouki with Savary to express his sentiments to Napoleon. But Dolgorouki was deficient in tact, says Savary, in delivering the message with which he was charged, and Napoleon dismissed him roughly with—"If he will have it so, we must fight—I wash my hands of it." The battle of Austerlitz was the consequence.

Two days after this battle, which was fought on December 2, 1805, an interview took place between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria, at which the Emperor of Russia was not present. This absence is attributed by Savary to trickery. The allied Emperors wished to withdraw the relics of their armies by the bridge of Goding, near Hollitsch; and, unluckily, Davout's corps was near enough to intercept them. To save these relics before terms were entered upon, was the policy of the Emperors. Austria accordingly proposed an interview, at which the parties seemed, says Savary, "to be in excellent humour; they laughed, which seemed to us all to be a good omen: accordingly, in an hour or two, the Sovereigns parted with a mutual embrace. Each of us ran to his duty; and as I approached, I heard the Emperor Napoleon say to the Emperor of Austria,—'I agree to it; but your Majesty must promise not to make war upon me again.' 'No, I promise you I will not,' replied the Emperor of Austria; 'and I will keep my word.'" Scarcely was the Emperor gone, when Napoleon called out to Savary—"Run after the Emperor of Austria; tell him that I have desired you to go and wait at his head-quarters for the adhesion of the Emperor of Russia, as far as he is concerned, to what has just been concluded between us. When you are in possession o this adhesion, proceed to the corps-d'armée of Marshal Davout, stop his movement, and tell him what has passed." Savary accordingly went to the Emperor's quarters, and while waiting to see him, the Austrian officers were talking of an action in the morning, about which there had been great anxiety, but the French general (Davout) had desisted as soon as he had received Alexander's letter. This was all an enigma to Savary. After supper he was admitted to the Emperor of Austria, who

directed General Stuttenheim to accompany Savary to Alexander's quarters; and he would himself give his own answer; and Davout's army, he added, was nearer the Russian quarters than his. On Savary's arrival, Alexander expressed the readiest acquiescence—he had come solely to help Austria, and was at her command. Stuttenheim was accordingly directed to conduct him—this was the morning of the 5th—to Davout's advanced posts; but in the mean while the Russian troops were *already* retreating, and Savary stopped to count them. Communicating to Davout Napoleon's orders, he discovered what had taken place the day before. Davout had commenced the attack, when a note in pencil from Alexander was delivered to him, announcing that a conference was that instant taking place between the Emperors of Austria and France, and of course an armistice was implied. Davout gave full credit to the correctness of the message, and suspended his operations. The destruction of the Russians had been inevitable, but for this manœuvre. It was obviously arrangement. The Emperor of Austria went to Napoleon, and Alexander was left behind to take advantage of the fact, by anticipating the result.

In the Prussian war, which began in Sept. 1806, Savary was with the army, and employed this campaign in different commands—in October, at the head of a brigade of Bernadotte's division against Blucher—in November, in the attack of Hameln, which capitulated to him; and in a few days after, Nieuburg—in January 1807, from the ill-health of Lannes, he was present at the battle of Eylau, in command of the 5th division; and soon after occurred the affair of Ostrolenka, in which the Emperor was so well pleased with Savary, that he sent him the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and the patent of a pension of 20,000 francs, but which was accompanied with a despatch from Berthier, containing advice and remarks calculated to temper any exultation he was likely to feel. "I must tell you in confidence, my dear Savary, that the Emperor finds your despatches obscure, because there is no arrangement observed in them. In the first place, you must relate the facts; describe the respective position of the two armies; then explain your own position; but in reasoning, you must be careful to distinguish the different hypotheses. You should consider that the letter you are replying to is no longer fresh in the Emperor's memory; and that in discussing his letters, it is necessary to give the questions to which your answers apply, &c." At the very commencement of the campaign of 1807, he was despatched to the assistance of the Duke of Berg, with a brigade of the fusileers of the guard, and twelve pieces of cannon; and in the course of an engagement had a sharp altercation with the Grand-duke. Napoleon was well pleased with the first essay of this young corps; "but he blamed me," says Savary, "for not having paid more deference to the Grand-duke of Berg. In defending myself, I ventured to say that the Grand-duke was a madcap, who would some day or other cause the loss of an important battle; and that it would be much better for us if he were less brave, and had a little more common sense. The Emperor cut me short, by observing that I was passionate; but he did not think the less of what had passed."

On the capture of Kœnigsberg, Savary was made governor of the town. The peace of Tilsit followed close; and Napoleon, before he set out for Paris, went to Kœnigsberg, and sending for Savary, commanded him to follow the Emperor of Russia to St. Petersburgh—"I have just concluded," said he, "peace. I have been told that I have done wrong, and that I shall find myself deceived. But, truly, we have had war enough, and it is time that the world should enjoy repose. I wish to send you to St. Petersburg, till I make choice of an ambassador. You will manage the business for me. Recollect I do not wish to go to war with any power whatever. Let this principle be the guide of your conduct.—In your conversation carefully avoid any thing that may be offensive. For instance, never speak of war. Do not condemn any custom, or comment upon any absurdity. Every nation has its peculiarities; and it is too much the habit of the French to compare all customs with their own, and to set themselves up as models. This is bad, &c."

At St. Petersburgh, where he arrived in July 1807, he spent six months, in

a manner generally free from all anxieties; he was well received by the Emperor—had nothing but pleasant communications to make—no discussions—no differences—and was only ennuied by the inactivity of his position. The Count de Lille was at this time residing at Mettau, and one morning news arrived from the Governor of his sudden departure for Sweden. The Emperor himself showed Savary the Governor's letter, and assured him he knew nothing of him. "On my departure from Moravia, in 1805, I could not pass through Mettau without paying him a visit.—I am convinced that the Bourbons can never re-ascend the throne, except by extraordinary events which human intelligence cannot foresee. They will end like the Stuarts." Savary, however, considered it his duty to make due inquiries, and communicate the result to Napoleon, to which he made this laconic reply—"General Savary, I have received your letter of ——. Thank the Emperor Alexander for the communication which he directed you to make to me. He is mistaken if he supposes that I attach the least importance to any thing the Count de Lille can do. If he is tired of his residence in Russia, he may come to Versailles. I will make every necessary provision for him. I pray God, &c."

To relieve the weariness with which his residence at St. Petersburg occasionally oppressed him—it was some time before he was generally received by the courtiers—Savary walked once into a bookseller's shop, and accidentally casting his eye on several pamphlets printed in England against the French, and particularly the Emperor, he purchased the whole collection, and returned home with his carriage completely filled. They were full of falsehoods, he says, the meaning and application of which he often could with difficulty guess, though he knew all the individuals alluded to. Yet from these contemptible publications, public opinion on the French Revolution had been formed, both in England and Russia. In one of them he found a biographical sketch of himself, accompanied with his portrait, physical and moral. Neither the one nor the other was a flattering likeness. He was represented as the son of an innkeeper, and as having enlisted to escape the punishment of some legal offence; but being a man of some shrewdness, turned it to account during the disorders and sanguinary scenes of the Revolution—with a profusion of abuse, adds Savary, and epithets which no hangman could better have deserved.

On the appointment of Caulincourt to the Russian embassy, Savary was recalled, and almost immediately after, when the new nobility were created, he was named one of the sixteen dukes, and in March was sent to Madrid, to report upon the state of the royal family, and specifically to ascertain if Charles had voluntarily resigned, or if he wished to resume his authority; and if not, to collect all the information that could be relied upon relative to Ferdinand. "I say again," said Napoleon, "if the father wishes to re-ascend the throne, I am ready to second him; but if I can come to no arrangement either with the son or the father, I will make a clear house of them. I will assemble the Cortes, and begin the work of Louis XIV. over again. I am ready for that emergency." The interference with the affairs of Spain, Savary distinctly imputes to Talleyrand, who had urged the peace of Tilsit especially to leave the Emperor at liberty to carry this measure into execution. A single proclamation, he reminded him, had thrown the whole country into alarm: and if another battle like Eylau, and in the heart of Russia, should occur, the Spaniards and Austrians would be at the gates of Paris before he could hear of their approach. Talleyrand was the first, Savary repeats, who thought of the Spanish expedition. He laid the springs which it was necessary to bring into play to complete the work. "It is very true," he adds, "he wished to carry it on in a different manner, and perhaps he might have brought it to a better conclusion; but chance would have it, that just at this juncture he retired from public affairs."

Savary had not been eight and forty hours in Madrid before he discovered an extreme desire to obtain the sanction of France to the deposition of Charles; and of course, if the change had been fair and voluntary, there would have existed no such anxiety. Ferdinand's party, nevertheless, wished

to have nothing more to do with France; Cevallos especially—"We can arrange matters very well without the Emperor," was his remark. The Duke of Berg urged Ferdinand to go and meet the Emperor at Bayonne. His importunity was far from agreeable to Ferdinand, and the sudden determination he at last took to see the Emperor, is assigned by Savary to his apprehension lest representations would be made unfavourable to his interests, and lest his father, if he should again resume, would bring back the Prince of the Peace.

At Vittoria, Ferdinand stopped short, and Cevallos announced the Prince's resolution to go no farther. After some expostulation, Savary found himself obliged to set out by himself to make his report to Napoleon. At Bayonne, a long conversation ensued between the Emperor and Savary, in which the whole miserable mismanagement of the business, with the mistrusts of Ferdinand, is imputed to the blundering, or the ambition of the Grand-duke of Berg. "He must be quite a fool," said Napoleon. "No," replied Savary, "I do not believe him quite a fool, but he appears to have taken it into his head he shall himself be King of Spain." The next day, Savary was hurried back to Vittoria with a letter from Napoleon, informing the Prince, in substance, that the Prince of the Peace must be exiled; and if, on inquiry, he found Charles had really abdicated, he would acknowledge Ferdinand forthwith. A council was immediately assembled, and the result communicated to Savary was, that Ferdinand would proceed to Bayonne. The tumults excited in the town on his attempting to start, and the cutting of the traces, Savary considers as nothing but a little getting-up for the occasion, and hinting his opinion to the Duke del Infantado, within half an hour the mules were recovered, and the party set off, accompanied by Savary. While at Bayonne, a despatch of Ferdinand's was seized, addressed to his uncle, in these words—"Put no trust in ——. He is a traitor, devoted to those rascals the French, and will spoil every thing. Bonaparte entered the town today; only about a score of ragamuffins ran before his horse, crying, 'Vive l'Empereur!' and even they were paid by the police."

In May or June Murat was ill, too much so to attend to business, and Savary was sent—not precisely to assume his office, but to peruse all reports addressed to the Duke de Berg, to return answers, and issue orders in cases of emergency, though not to affix his own signature; and do every thing in the name of Belliard, in his capacity of chief of the staff; and all this, which was in effect taking the Duke de Berg's office, till the new King's arrival at Madrid. Things were growing precarious. Dupont in Andalusia, and Moncey in Valencia, were both in some peril. Savary opened communications with both, and took upon himself to command Dupont to evacuate Andalusia, recross the mountains, and establish himself in La Mancha—"warning him, above all things, to be on his guard against a misfortune, the results of which it would be impossible to foresee." Dupont was obstinate, and the disasters of Baylen followed. The King was now arrived at Madrid, and it became evident, after the "misfortune" of Dupont, that without farther assistance, which was not to be had, Spain would be too hot to hold them. "But what will the Emperor say?" asks King Joseph. "The Emperor will scold," replies Savary, "no doubt; but words are not blows. What would he not say, if we were to furnish him a second representation of the part acted at Baylen?" The abandonment of the capital was the consequence. "I certainly do not claim," observes Savary, on quitting Spain, "the approbation of every one for the part I took in the management of Spanish affairs. I may nevertheless be allowed to point out to the attention of censurers, that the whole of the grand army and of the marshals, with the exception of Marshal Davout, have been successively employed in that country; and yet, what has been the result of their efforts?" The tone of a very second-rate personage this!

Savary now left the King, and hastened to make his report to the Emperor, having very narrowly escaped the effects of Spanish indignation on the road. He overtook him at Tours, and expected to meet with but a cool reception; but at the same time he was resolved he should hear the truth. This was not then so dangerous as, from the adulation of the courtiers, it af-

terwards became. It was nothing new for Savary to despise the opinion of courtiers, and to rely on the Emperor's justice. Though he might at times be angry with the friends who spoke without disguise, he invariably returned to them with increased esteem and confidence. The explanation Savary had to make was well and calmly received. He shrugged up his shoulders in sheer pity at Dupont's conduct, making a sign of the cross at the same time, which was a sure indication of the contempt he felt for any one—"Let us rather suppose," said he, "his was an act of pure stupidity, otherwise no punishment would be too severe for his deserts; but as I will not permit any cowards to be about my person, I have directed that he should be required to give in his resignation."

The presence of the grand army was still demanded in Prussia—the contributions imposed were not yet paid. "If I can leave the army, said Napoleon, in Prussia, I shall have no war there; but if I withdraw it, *must* I have war? Now is the time to try the stability of the Treaty of Tilsit. If I can withdraw the army from Germany, I shall soon settle Spain." The meeting with the Emperor of Russia at Erfurt was, in consequence of these embarrassments, determined upon, which took place in October, and of which Savary, who was present, gives a very minute account. "But how this meeting," says he, "came not to be followed by a lasting peace, I am quite unable to explain; there must," he thinks, "have been great duplicity, bad faith, want of courage, or voluntary ignorance, at least, in the cabinets; or, after so many interviews, and so many thousand opportunities for explanation, mankind would not have been visited by new calamities, for the sake of gratifying the self-love of some and the avidity of others. These are melancholy reflections; and it can no longer be said, that if justice and probity were banished from among men, they would find refuge in the hearts of kings." Stuff! "*Which* of the two sovereigns failed in his engagements, we may judge," says he, "by the event which ensued, and which would not otherwise have occurred—the war of Austria." While at Erfurt, Napoleon offered Savary the embassy to St. Petersburgh; and when he pleaded some inadequate excuses—"I perceive," replied the Emperor, "you are rather hurt at not having been the first ambassador appointed after the Peace of Tilsit." —"Rather so," I good-humouredly replied, "although I actually exerted my endeavours to be recalled from St. Petersburgh. I felt anxious to know upon what footing I was to consider myself, and the appointment of M. de Caulaincourt was the only reply I received," &c. On presenting himself to Alexander, when quitting Erfurt, and recommending himself to his favour, the Emperor said—"Where I have once bestowed my esteem, I never alter." "In the days of adversity," adds Savary, "I relied upon this assurance, and had cause to repent it."

Returning to Paris, Napoleon, after opening the session of the legislative body, lost not a moment in flying to Spain, accompanied still by Savary. Early in December, the French troops re-entered Madrid; but the Emperor went to Chamartin, where he was engaged in organizing a new administration, till the end of the month, when intelligence was brought of the English forces, under Moore, being at Salamanca; and he immediately commenced the pursuit. At Benavente he was overtaken by a courier; and upon reading the letters, proceeded at a moderate pace, very thoughtful, to Astorga, where he expressed his intention to commit the army to Soult, and return to Paris. The despatches he had received announced the unusual preparations of Austria. He still clung to the Emperor of Russia's adherence.

Savary again accompanied the Emperor to this new war, and was actively engaged throughout the campaign. Speaking of Ebersberg, which was burnt to ashes, and where all the wounded had been burned to death, and describing the wretched appearance of the place, he adds,—

"Can any thing be more dreadful than the sight of men, first burned to death, then trodden under the horses' feet, and crushed to atoms by the wheels of the gun-carriages. The only outlet from the town by the gate where General Cohorn had lost so many men, was by walking through a heap of baked human flesh, which produced an insufferable stench. The evil was so great, that it became necessary

to procure spades, such as are used for clearing the mud from public roads, in order to remove and bury this fœtid mass.

"The Emperor came to see this horrid sight, and said to us, as he went over it, 'It were well if all promoters of wars could behold such an appalling picture; they would then discover how many evils humanity has to suffer from their projects.'"

Savary particularizes the events of this perilous campaign; but as nothing distinguishes *him*, and space presses, these must be omitted in our hasty sketch. The Emperor's activity was never more conspicuous. After the battle of Essling, speaking to Savary of Russia, he said—

"It was fortunate for me that I placed no dependence upon such allies. Could worse have happened to me had I not made peace with the Russians? What advantage do I derive from their alliance, if they are not in a condition to guarantee to me the permanence of peace in Germany? It is much more likely that they would have turned against me, had not some regard for character restrained them from so soon breaking their plighted faith. I must not give way to a vain illusion. They have all sworn my ruin, but have not the courage to compass it."

We have now arrived at the term of Savary's military career. In June 1810, he succeeded Fouché as Minister of Police. Ouvrard had excited some suspicions; and the Emperor, distrusting Fouché, commanded Savary to arrest Ouvrard. This he dexterously accomplished. "I had never before," he observes, "been intrusted with such commissions, and it never happened again; or to speak more plainly, during a period of sixteen years, he only availed himself twice of my services on similar missions, although it was imagined that I was daily employed upon them." A few days after Ouvrard's arrest, the Emperor asked Savary if he had courage to undertake the duties of Minister of Police; to which he replied, he had resolution enough to devote his life to his service, but that such a business was quite foreign to his pursuits. Every thing is to be learnt in time, was the answer. Fouché was left in possession of the apartments full three weeks, during which he destroyed papers of all sorts, and left Savary in utter ignorance of every thing, and even of the names of the agents. The whole process of action was obliged to be worked out anew; and only by trick and subtilty, to which it must be allowed he showed a singular aptitude, could Savary discover the established sources of intelligence. The Emperor gave him some personal instructions—delivered to him, in short, the principles of his administration, which are worthy special note.

Savary seems to have quickly completed his official arrangements. He had his agents in every class and coterie of society—to the very labourers and artizans; and spread his nets over the provinces, in the large and small towns, and even in foreign countries. His labours were not, however, always exerted for mischief or politics; he had a scheme for registering servants, finding robberies were chiefly committed by this class—but it was defeated by the indolence of their employers; and many of his suggestions, for similar purposes, were rejected by the Council of State, who seem to have thought him too busy. The existing system of *gensdarmerie* is the fruit of his arrangements. Very early in his ministry, he was called upon to report on the state prisoners. Under this term of state prisoners were classed all those who were confined on the urgency of families to escape public disgrace, precisely on the principle of the old *lettres de cachet*. Another set consisted of such as had been brought before the Courts, but who, though implicated, could not be legally convicted—"accomplices," Savary says, "of certain predatory bands, plunderers of public chests and public conveyances, assuming, perhaps, the name of Royalists, or the acknowledged leaders of bad characters in a district." These detentions were grounded on the necessity of maintaining order and public tranquillity, but never on *arbitrary* grounds. A third class were detained for political crimes. This was supposed to be very numerous, but Savary says it did not exceed forty for the whole population of France, Belgium, Piedmont, Tuscany, and the Roman States. Among state prisoners also were included persons arrested in consequence of the civil war, and ringleaders in perilous enterprises, the greater part of whom, if brought before the tribunals, would have been assuredly condemn-

ed; but Napoleon opposed, "because time allayed all ferments, and would bring them to their senses." Among them, too, were some whose sentence of death had been commuted for imprisonment; some too, curiously enough, who had been arrested for attempting, under the cloak of their spiritual profession, to sow disunion in families; some who had availed themselves of the confessional, to persuade young and weak women to separate from their husbands, on the ground of their having served the State, or purchased national domains; some who had refused to christen children born of marriages contracted during the Revolution: and others who had been guilty of seductions among their youthful catechists. These were not brought to trial, out of regard to public decency, and respect for the clergy. Altogether, these different classes of state prisoners, however, amounted to not more than between six and seven hundred, including some foreigners, Spaniards, who had sworn allegiance to Joseph, and betrayed him. A commission was appointed to visit all these persons; and on the report being read to the Privy Council, the Emperor in person took the opinions of all present, as to their discharge or retention.

Savary also gives an account of some ladies, who were said to have been exiled. Madame de Stael was *not* banished, he says, but was *only* ordered to a distance from the capital, in consequence of an intrigue, in which some rivals had involved her.

Madame Recamier, again, was *not* banished. Her husband's unsuccessful speculations compelled the family to retire to the country, and she chose to pass herself off as the victim of tyranny. The Emperor had given orders that, if she returned, she should no longer be allowed to collect about her a circle of discontented people; "and I owe it to candour," observes Savary, "to acknowledge, that I wrote to her to desire she would dismiss from her mind all thoughts of coming to Paris for the present;" and then adds a hint that he had done her a kindness, for she was contemplating a something, for which he appeals to her own consciousness, which would have involved her in trouble. Savary boasts of his *influence* among literary men—Esmenard, *Chateaubriand*, Etienne, Jay, Michaud, Tissot—some of whom he made academicians. But interesting as is the whole of his account of the police, from the singular *naïveté* especially with which he details the artifices employed—never glancing at its incompatibility with the principles of civil liberty—we must quit the subject, to trace slightly the subsequent career of this very prominent person.*

So inefficient were Savary's efforts to serve the Emperor in his extremity, that it would answer no purpose to trace them—it must suffice to observe, that he was not allowed to take leave of him at Fontainbleau. From Orleans, whither he had accompanied the Empress and Joseph, he returned to Paris, and through Czernicheff solicited Alexander's protection, who commanded him not to stir from Paris. He was thus a prisoner, though with all Paris for his prison. Receiving afterwards an order to quit the capital, he withdrew to his estate, and busied himself in agricultural pursuits. His potatoes failed, and he sent for a considerable supply from Paris, which drew on him a visit from the police, and a charge, he says, of buying up provisions for starving the city of Paris. Soon after this visitation, a communication was made to him of a plot to assassinate him, and he returned to Paris to baffle the conspirators. There he discovered indications of the impending revolution, but its ramifications he learnt only after the return from Elba. He was himself altogether a stranger to it.

The very day of the Emperor's return, while he was at dinner, upon some communication being made, he asked for the Minister of Police; and some hesitation ensuing, he called out for Savary by name. He was at hand, and took his directions—every body expecting, of course, his appointment was fixed. An interview followed, in which Savary resolutely refused the office;

* "Once in a letter," observes Savary, "the Emperor said, there were two arbitrary powers in France over and above what there ought to be—HIS OWN POWER AND MINE."

which seems to have relieved the Emperor, who told him, he must then take charge of the *gensdarmerie*, for he was compelled to give the portfolio of the police to Fouché, "against whom," said he, "you have always proved my best safeguard." Savary assures us, that the Emperor publicly declared he was indebted to no one for his return—he had no other party in France than the Moniteur, which had warned him of the moment at which it behoved him to quit the island of Elba—alluding, probably, to the reports of the intention to carry him off from the island to St. Helena, which he was resolved to baffle.

Savary was not with the army at Waterloo; but he was one of those who faithfully adhered to the Emperor, and proposed to accompany him wherever his destinies led him. He went with him on board the Bellerophon; but was compelled to separate, when removed to the Northumberland. Lallemand and himself were conducted to Malta, where, without any decent pretence, they were thrown into prison, and confined till the following Spring, and then turned adrift, to shift for themselves. They embarked in a vessel which was to touch at Smyrna and Constantinople. At Smyrna Savary met with an acquaintance, who introduced him to an Englishman of Liverpool; and when the Englishman left, he was received by a French family, who kept him concealed for six months. Lallemand went to America. Savary continued at Smyrna about a twelvemonth, till he learned from the papers he had been sentenced to death *par contumace*, and letters arrived urging him to fly. He threw himself, accordingly, into the first vessel that sailed, and was landed at Trieste, where he was instantly seized, and carried to Gratz, and, to his surprise, there set at liberty. By great good luck, the Emperor of Austria, with Metternich was passing through Gratz. With Metternich he obtained an audience, who expressed his regret at the privations he had suffered, and engaged to procure him permission to withdraw to Smyrna again. This permission was finally granted by Richelieu. He was visited by his wife and eldest daughter, and being furnished by her with money, he returned to Smyrna, from which, in April 1819, he found himself again compelled to remove by the vexatious interference of the French Ambassador at Constantinople. Harassed in this way, he finally took the resolution to face the danger, return to Paris, and demand a trial. He was accordingly brought before a court martial, acquitted, and suffered to go at large, and live where he pleased.

Such has been the career of Savary, a very distinguished person in a very eventful period. He was closely in contact with Napoleon, and had opportunities, perhaps, beyond any other man, of observing and estimating the chief agents of his government. He has liberally poured forth his observations and complaints, and scrupled little at expressing his judgments; furnishing thus a profusion of materials for the speculator and historian. But no book that ever was published required a more vigilant eye. Between the statements of facts and the deductions of reasoning, the reader will readily distinguish. He may as readily guard against taking without examination estimates of character; for such estimates depend for their value upon the individual who makes them, who may be incompetent, or malicious, or prejudiced; but in the details of facts he can less secure himself from delusion, for he cannot always supply omissions, nor always measure exaggerations; and Savary certainly leaves an impression upon us, that in matters which concern himself, and the Emperor especially, he is often making a colourable story, and seldom leaves a plain tale to work its own effects. But reason enough though there be to question closely, enough remains, and to a great extent, to make these memoirs indispensable for completing a full and faithful measure of the great agents of Napoleon's power, and through them of Napoleon himself—a man whose energies and faculties were developed beyond those of any other on record, and who has yet to be judged—free from prejudice and passion,—and weighed in the scales of equity and sound reason.

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END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME.

ERRATA.

Page 115, line 28, dele "Note," and refer it to "Constantinople," line 35.
117, line 27, *for* "principal opinion," *read* "principle of union."
——— 51, *read* "between the Turks and the Greeks."
119, line 36, *read* "by admitting their right as a belligerent to blockade the ports and fleets of their enemy."
124, line 4, *read* "un re."—line 29, *read* "Ex-Count."—line 35, *for* figures," *read* piques."
125, note, line 2, *for* "struggle," *read* "strength."——Page 128, line 13, *read* "disfatto."
168, line 3 from the bottom, *for* "*is* well commented," *read* "*are* well commented."
172, line 11, *for* "expectations of," *read* "expectation of."
465, lines 3, and 6, *for* "Mrs. Hall," *read* "Mr. Hall."

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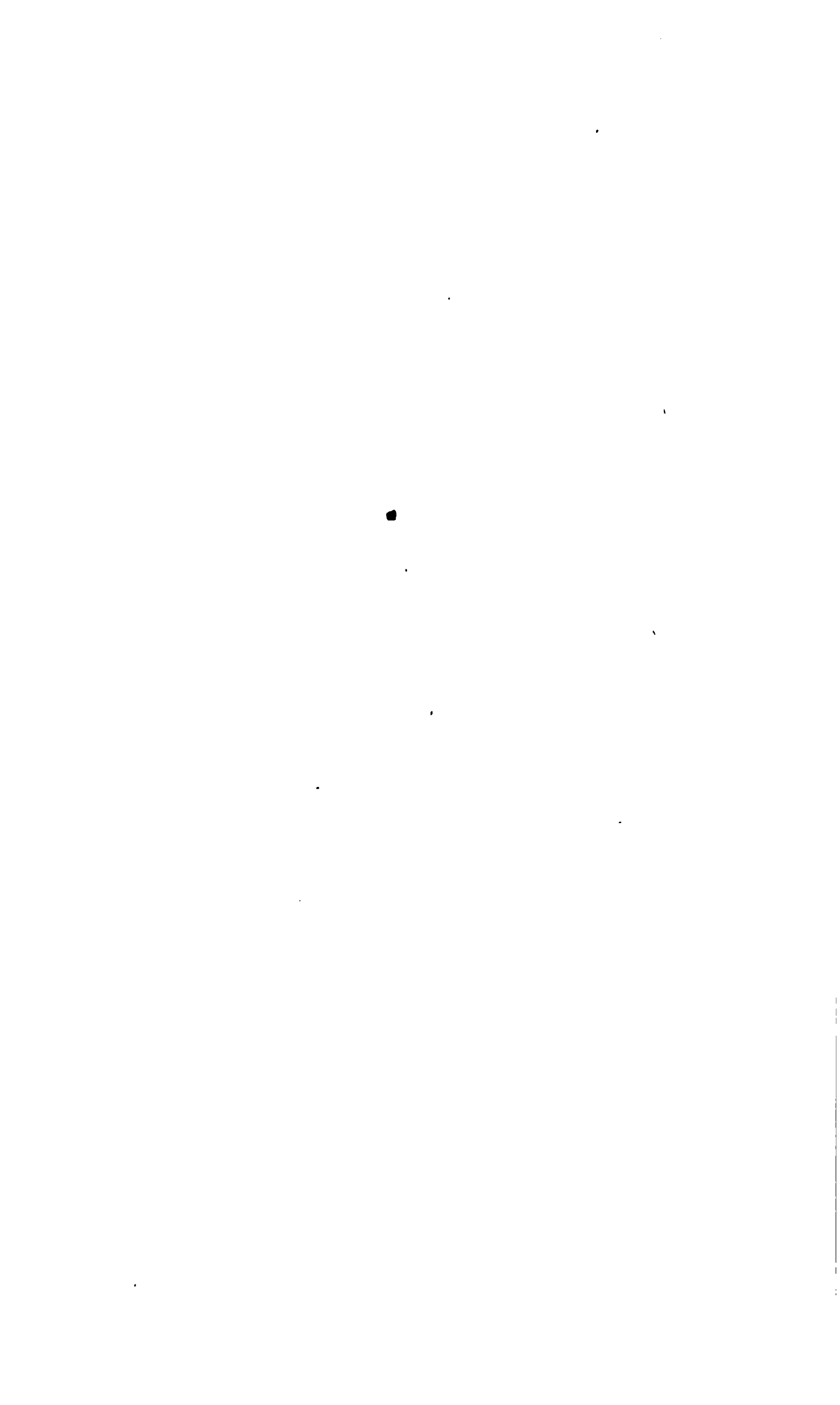

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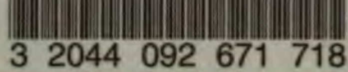
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